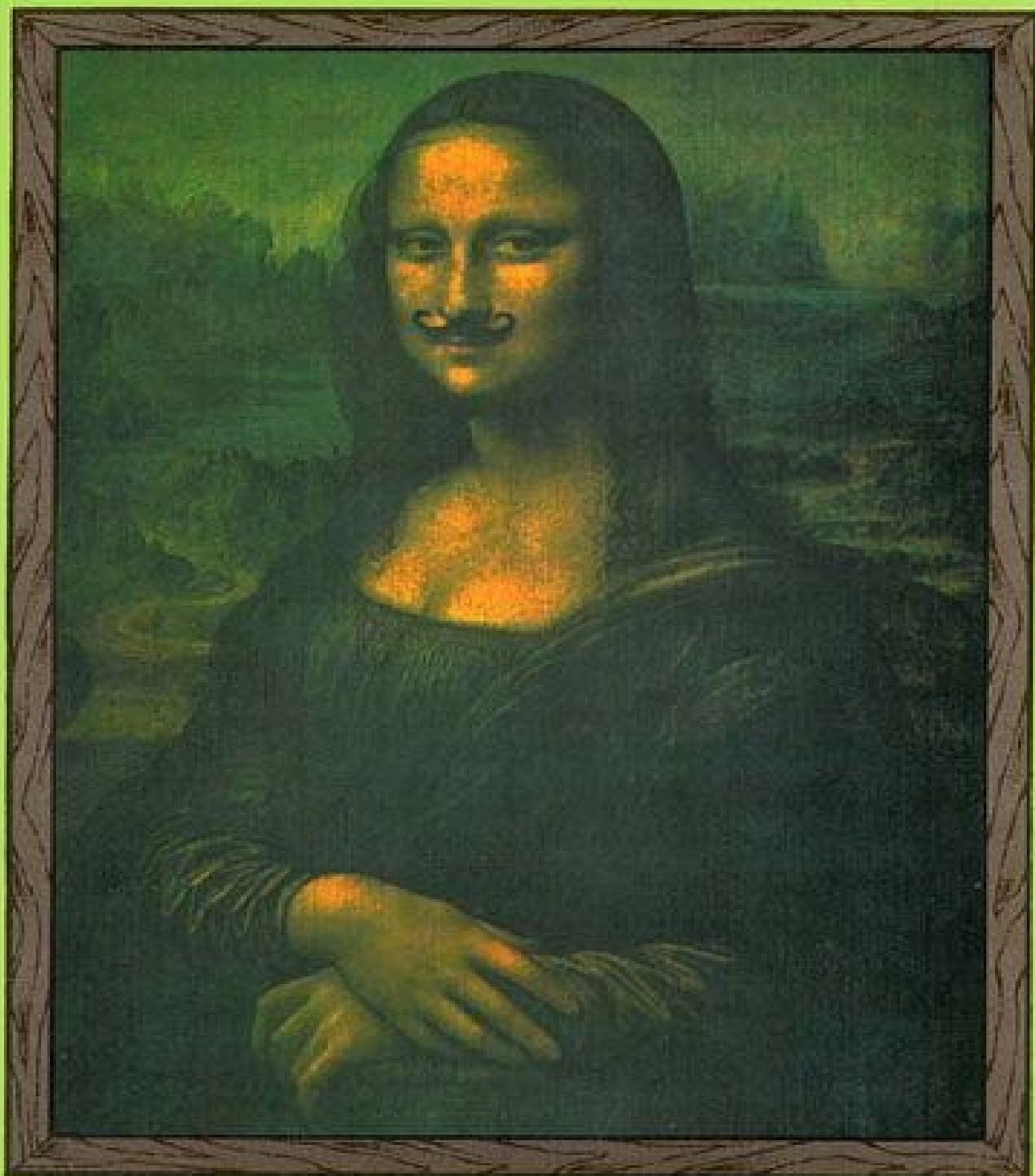


Art and Artists

By Dr. Peter S. Ruckman



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Introduction

The following pages constitute a series of seven essays on “The Art of Painting.” More than 300 artists are listed, and the works of at least 250 of them are discussed. Altogether, over 400 paintings are listed in these essays. The author deals with the following “schools” of painting: Classic, Baroque, Renaissance, Naturalism, Realism, Romanticism, Impressionism, Expressionism, Futurism, Surrealism, Dadaism, Cubism, Primitive and Naive Art, “Hard Edge” Art, Non-Objective Art, Abstract Art, the Space Mystics, the “Ash Can” School, the Nature Mystics, Pop Art, Abstract Expressionism, and Humanism.

In addition to this, one will find an analysis of the never ending war between the “artists” and the “illustrators,” and why there is so little respect shown to the “illustrators.” The relative merits of the “Old Masters” are compared to the “New Masters,” and the evaluation of the actual “talent” found in the works of the artists (say, Monet, Manet, Picasso, Cezanne, Goya, El Greco, Miro, Rembrandt, Klee, et al.) and the illustrators (say, N. C. Wyeth, Norman Rockwell, Gregg Hildebrandt, John Held Jr., Dana Gibson, Howard Pyle, Paul Detlefson, et al.).

The student of “The Art of Painting” will find the remarkable “triple parallels” that exist between art, music, and literature, as they approach their peaks, simultaneously, between 1880 and 1918, and the fall-off into primitive, pagan, distortions of the “ARTS.” The author has used a minimum of scriptural references, so as not to convert the essays into “sermonettes,” but, from time to time, references will be made to the scriptures, which also reached their peak in 1880, and fell completely apart after 1900.

There is no art work by the author in this book; but if the student of “The Art of Painting” wishes to sample the painting talents of the author, he will find more than 200 full-color plates published in *Ruckman’s Apocalypse* (Bible Baptist Bookstore, 1993).

Author's Preface

I have waited till this late in life (seventy-one years old) to write anything about my third vocation: that of an artist. My first calling (following my conversion to Christ) was to be a preacher, and a teacher of the Book. Most of my life, since 1949, has been occupied with that calling. My second calling was that of an author (1959); it led to the writing and publishing of over 120 books and booklets. These works dealt, in the main, with Biblical subjects or Biblically-related subjects: soulwinning, the local church, missions, manuscript evidence, Bible translations, the falsities of philosophy and humanism, church history, verse-by-verse commentaries, and so forth.

But I was a self-taught artist *twenty seven years* before I ever picked up a Bible to read it (see *The Full Cup*, 1993, Chaps. 1-7). The only branch of my “family tree” that ever sported an “artist” was the uncle-branch. An uncle on my mother’s side (Alfred Armstrong) was an artist. He was six-feet-two, and liked to fish. He was raised in Pasadena, California and lived most of his life in Wilmington, Delaware. Like my mother and my “Aunt Katherine,” he was a chronic alcoholic.

I began my “artistic career” by copying cartoons in the “Funny Papers”; notably, Mutt and Jeff, Bringing Up Father (“Maggie and Jiggs”), *Mickey Mouse*, and *Popeye*. Later (after thirteen years of age), I began to copy *Tarzan*, *Flash Gordon*, and the pen and ink sketches of Capt. John W. Thompson, a Marine who wrote *Fix Bayonets*. I never went to art school anywhere. I learned the anatomy of the human body while lifeguarding on the beaches of Rehoboth Beach, Delaware. Between fifteen years of age and seventy-one years of age, I learned to draw and paint in pencil, crayon, charcoal, colored inks, pastels, watercolors, oil, and acrylics; in that order. I sketched and painted “live” subjects in Alabama, Kansas, Hawaii, the Philippines, and Japan, and then painted portraits (both “live” and from photographs or drawings). I copied colored paintings of landscapes, still lifes, and seascapes, and then painted hundreds of pictures from pure imagination. My final “life work” turned out to be something like 208 paintings (oil and acrylics) on the Book of Revelation (called *Ruckman’s Apocalypse*, 1993), which took about fifteen years to complete.

I have never been a very good painter; my sketching is much better than my painting. I can take pen and ink (or a pencil) and catch the movements of boxers, or Kendo and Judo fighters, right while they are in motion. When it comes to color, my eyesight has never been more than “average.” At a glance, I could distinguish, perhaps, one hundred different hues and shades; most artists can detect 300, and some could discern 400. I have seldom executed a painting without going over every inch of it at least three times; sometimes fifteen times. I know the color I want when I finally see it on the canvas, but I seldom “see it” on the canvas till the fifth trial. My brush technique can be described quite simply: I *attack* the canvas with the brush. My murals (more than two dozen baptistries) each had to be done with a new set of brushes. All of the “rounds” and “squares” were worn down to the “nub” by the time I had finished one painting. I can handle oil paints but prefer acrylics because of their speed in drying.

All of my life (since I was three years old) I have loved to study pictures. Though I have little eye for subtle shades of colors, I can spot an artist's "style" if he does any kind of drawing. I knew when Seegar's "understudy" took over his Popeye strip (*Thimble Theatre*) as soon as Seegar's last pen stroke touched the cartoon strip. I knew when Chester Gould had quit drawing *Dick Tracy*, and I knew when George McManus laid down the pen on *Bringing Up Father*. If Walt Kelly's backlog of cartoon strips lasted even a year beyond his death (*Pogo*), I would know that first strip that his hand failed to draw. I developed that peculiar ability somewhere between seven and ten years old. Of course, I could not spot every artist's style that quickly, especially if he was the author of one of the ten thousand pointless "abstract" pictures of the twentieth century; or, again if he was one of the cloned Catholic painters of the Renaissance. But if I ever studied forty paintings by one man (I saw as many as 400 cartoon plates by one cartoonist), I would know the man's work if I saw it again, even with forty years intervening.

I have always been a student of great painters and great paintings. This work you are about to read is about that subject: painters and paintings. It might also be called *The Triumph of the News Media Over the Art Gallery*, or *The Triumph of the Press Over the Palette*, or, perhaps, *The Press's Control of the Painter*.

I hope you enjoy these brief essays that deal with my third vocation: that of the artist.

They are: *Music, Art, and Talent; Mona Lisa and Van Gogh; Pablo Picasso, Blind Leader of the Blind; Inspiration vs. Fabrication and Improvisation; Illustrators and Masterpieces; Cowardice versus Quality; and Transubstantiation in the World of Art.*

CHAPTER ONE

Music, Art, and Talent

There are three great “creative functions” of the male, which he uses as a substitute for his inability to be the **“mother of all living”** (Gen. 3:20). To compete with the female, he creates three exercises known as Art, Music, and Literature. In America, it is the news media’s job to make great music out of noise, great literature out of nonsense, and great art out of *nothing*. From the standpoint of history and reality—not that of CBS, NBC, ABC, CNN, *Life*, *Time*, *Parade*, *People*, *Newsweek*, *USA Today*, etc.—three of the world’s smallest volumes would have to be “Great Women Composers,” “Great Women Authors,” and “Famous Women Painters.” “Grandma” Moses and Mary R. Rhinehart (detective fiction) are no competition for the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, or *All Quiet on the Western Front*. Perhaps, somewhere, there is a list of great women symphony orchestra conductors but no one has ever found it. (If such a thing shows up, it will be due to the political and news media efforts of left wing radicals, who are determined to pervert nature and history into something it never has been, or ever will be.)

Now, all college-educated writers, journalists, editors, and news commentators deeply resent statements like that. They are engaged in changing human nature. All of them are occupied with what we call “the do-gooder’s” religion: “making the world a better place to live in” by *leveling races, sexes, classes, and nations*. These dangerous fanatics are extremists when it comes to four projects:

1. Giving blacks control over whites.
2. Giving women control over men.
3. Giving sex perverts control over “straights.”
4. Giving criminals the “edge” over law enforcement officers.

These four religious projects—and they constitute a religious creed as dogmatic as the dogmas of the Council of Trent (1546)—are pursued with the zealous fanaticism of a whirling dervish, “egged on” by a Jesuit priest. They constitute ninety percent of any telecast of “news,” morning, noon, and night, seven days a week. (See *Discrimination, the Key to Sanity*, 1992).

The male “creates” because he cannot *create*. He creates art, literature, music, inventions, civilizations, philosophies, “und so weiter” (etc.). This is a great historical fact; if it is disbelieved, or ignored, and one tries to make the sexes “equal,” then any nation that follows that “one” is going to lose its national SANITY. A man who thinks that men and women are the same (or “equal”) is a sick man. He needs to see a “shrink.”

Having taken this position, not only on the sexes, but on classes, races and crime, the American news media now has their work “cut out for them.” Their job is to sow as much confusion and chaos as possible so that crises are created: these constitute “news.” The way you do it is pit black against white by forcing them together, and then pretend that they must love each other, after you have forced them to do something they did not want

to do. Again, you force men and women together in “work situations” (the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps, for example) and then when they clash—and, buddy boy, they clash!—you pretend the fault is with the male. (In the former case (race mixing), you pretend the fault is with the white.) Finally, in promoting crime, the news media in America slam the police and the “street people” together, and then blame the police for what goes wrong. All of this is done under a guise of “granting civil rights,” “promoting social justice,” “ending Apartheid,” “helping the oppressed minorities,” etc. It is done just as piously as Innocent I murdering Albigenses and Waldenses (1487).

Since we are talking, here, about “creationism” in male versus female, we are not to mention the fact that for every “masteress” of painting, there are twenty “masters.” In *The Annotated Mona Lisa*, (1992), Carol Strikland—in keeping with the news media’s official dogmas and decrees—occasionally includes a “token black” or a “token female” in the list of artist “greats” (Berthe Morisot, Artemisia Gentilesch, Mary Cassat, Romare Bearden, et al.), but the effort is obviously an attempt to sell a book by being “politically correct” in the 1990’s. For every female classical composer of music, there are forty males.

All radical, left-wing extremists (those who deny nature, history, experience, and reality) call this kind of thing, “chauvinism”: it is too “macho” for them. One reason for this is that National Public Radio, CBS, NBC, CNN, and the staffs of *USA Today*, and the “journalists” (especially the “feature” writers) are thirty-five percent women.

Now we are prefacing our essays with these remarks because we are about to demonstrate the difference between real “art,” and what the news media promotes as “art.” This time, the media will include the art critics and professional tradesmen, as well as the artists themselves. We will show how LITERATURE, not ART, has determined a painter’s talent, *independently of his actual talent*.

The main thing to remember in approaching our subject is that the average man, in any age, on any continent, has only *three responses* to a painted work of art, or a piece of music:

1. “I don’t like it.”
2. “I like it.”
3. “It’s fair (passable).”

This, at times, is amplified to:

1. “It’s great! I love it.”
2. “I hate it. It’s lousy.”
3. “I guess it’s all right. It doesn’t do anything for me.”

Now, in this series of papers, we are not approaching art in this fashion. We are going to talk about what is necessary to produce a *real, genuine* piece of visual art, and what is passing off these days as art without any of the necessary “materiel.” If these were essays on music, we would occupy ourselves largely with analyzing a musical piece (concerto, suite, aria, chorale, symphony, rondo, fugue, etc.) from the standpoint of rhythms, melodies, dynamics, tone, chord progression, volume, pitch, cohesion, chromatics,

modality, tonality, consonance, dissonance, harmonies, etc. Since we are not dealing with music but with art—in this case, paintings—we will be judging a work not just by *our feelings* about it, but by the work that went into it. This will deal with knowledge of the spectrum, the nature of color, irradiation, optical illusions, light refraction and reflection, color chords, chroma and values, stimulus and color sensation, shadows, pictorial space, depth, perspective, compositions, proportions, brush strokes, subject matter, and artistic intent and “inspiration.”

Without saying what “real” art is, or what “good” art is, I will begin by saying that *any artistic work* (and in this context we are talking about painting as a visual art) that comes from a talent that has not *disciplined* itself, *analyzed* itself, *critiqued* itself, *exercised* itself, *developed* itself, and *improved* itself, is not real talent; it cannot produce any real art. It is plastic ersatz, fabricated; it is a matchmeet for the twentieth century, which is controlled by a news media so deluded, and so jaded, from fifty years of “double speak” that they don’t even know when they are lying and when they are telling the truth. I do not recall one major item (or project) the news media has ever “pushed,” since 1929, that turned into anything but a national disaster (see *The Damnation of a Nation*, 1992): *repeal of prohibition, gun control, women’s lib, aid to Russia and Croatia, free distribution of pornography, affirmative action, evolution, the rights of sex perverts, civil rights*, etc. There is no reason to think that their handling of “modern art” will produce anything else. This is the age of the hot air expert, and nowhere on earth will these withering blasts of heated siroccos be more in evidence than when the press begins to talk about art and artists.

Art and music are the most subjective fields of man’s creative endeavors. “Beauty is in the eyes of the beholder,” “Wagner’s music is not as bad as it sounds,” etc. Musical and artistic “tastes” are so individualistic and subjective that recently a man (1993) paid \$420 for an abstract painting that was painted by a four-year-old baby. The baby’s mother entered the work in an art exhibit as a joke on the art critics—the WRITERS. She sacked them. They declared it was a genuine “work of art”—just like they called Picasso’s *The Studio* a work of art. (Carly Johnson, Manchester, England, *Rhythm of the Trees*).

How did the professional art critics arrive at this booby hatch type of mentality? We will show you.

Returning to analogies in music: southern hillbillies do not enjoy the string quartets of Haydn and Mozart. You will “look a piece” before you will find a country preacher in Tennessee, or North Carolina, who actually enjoys Brahms’s *Symphony No. 4*, or Wagner’s *Overture to the Flying Dutchman*. I have never met anyone, in sixty years, on this earth, who loved to listen to Beethoven, Schubert, Mozart, Boccherini, and Haydn who really *enjoyed* anything the Beatles (or Elvis Presley) put out, in a lifetime. Once you get “acclimated” to Korsakov, Schumann, Strauss, Vivaldi, Bach, Rachmaninoff, and Von Weber, you just don’t “dig” Madonna and Michael Jackson, or Loretta Lynn, Hank Williams, and the “Judds.” It is true that every year you will find some classical musician trying to deny history, nature, reality, and experience (see above) to get news media publicity. So he, or she (or “it”), will condescend to play some “pop” stuff, but this has to do with publicity and income; it has nothing to do with “music appreciation.”

Now when we come to the visual arts, the tastes are not quite so varied. Most viewers of art simply want to look at a picture they can understand without being told what it is supposed to represent (or to “mean”). They don’t want to have to have an art critic “explain” it to them. There are many jokes about this kind of thing.

“What is that supposed to be a picture of?”

“It is supposed to be a picture of a cow.”

“Well, if it IS, why AIN’T it?”

(Or again, one hippy to another, gazing at some botched up mess like a “masterpiece” by Chagall or Braque):

“Com’on, man, let’s bug off out of here before somebody says WE did it.”

Again: a woman is standing before a large gilded frame in a gallery that sports some primitive scribbles by Picasso and Mondrian.

She says to the museum guide: “And I suppose this is one of those ghastly creations you call ‘Modern Art’?”

“No, ma’am,” says the guide, “that’s a mirror.”

There are actually only about ten “schools” of the painting arts for viewers to respond to, and these are limited to about eight mediums: pastel, crayon, engravings (wood blocks), oil, acrylics, gouache (tempera paints), pen and pencil, and watercolor. There are more than thirty musical forms: concertos, chamber music, suites, the blues, rondos, swing, symphonies, “Bop,” marches, polkas, waltzes, arias, overtures, jazz, intermezzos, rock, sonatas, ragtime, madrigals, lullabies, “Dixieland,” tone poems, rhapsodies, etc. And more than twenty mediums: xylophone, marimba, lute, flute, lyre, harp, piano, oboe, cello, fife, bagpipe, viola, harmonica, banjo, guitar, violin, etc. Music is the third largest industry in America. It covers a vast spectrum. Art can be pretty well summed up in Baroque and Renaissance; then the Primitives, Impressionists, Cubists, Fauvists, Realists, Romanticists, Surrealists, Expressionists, Abstractionists, and Minimalists; then Futurism, Naturalism, and Constructionism. Only fifteen kinds are around. This is why art has a hard time keeping up with music.

It is for this reason also (\$\$\$) that the press and the art critics have had to erect a trade with tradesmen’s terminologies. To line the pockets of its devotees, the art critics and the artists (in conjunction with the *news media*) have produced a “literature” to push the trade. It is a huge pile of philosophical terms that deal with what the artist was *trying* to convey, NOT what he was *able* to convey. (See *The Damnation of a Nation*, 1992). It is the press’s job to see that a mammoth pile of rhetorical nonsense is preserved intact, from decade to decade, to help these “tradesmen” (\$\$\$). The problem with modern art is “How do you convince anyone that a tasteless ball of scribbles like *The Tribulations of St. Anthony* (Ensor, 1887) are artistic, or even worth looking at?” Matisse’s (1869-1954) *Blue Nude* is a childish cartoon that is so poorly done that it couldn’t claim the talent behind it that went into drawing one issue of *Marvel Comics*. But Henri Matisse is listed as a “master” in every art book on the market. He has been called one of the “TITANS” of the twentieth century. He couldn’t paint, and he couldn’t draw. The press said of him: “He can produce

perfectly evoked nudes in line drawings with barely a dozen strokes.” No, he couldn’t. He never did, *one time*. The imagination of the WRITER filled in the missing lines: they weren’t there. Matisse couldn’t draw them. “Suggestive forms...dazzling colors... emotional impact...he attained a form filtered to its essentials.” Do you know what that means? It means Matisse quit painting and cut out strips of colored paper and pasted them together. They were called “THE ULTIMATE PAPER CUTOUTS.”

Matisse’s sense of proportion is that of a blind man. You justify his childish nonsense by saying “distortion is artistic,” or “caricature is artistic,” “the artist did it purposely.” (Matisse, “I have worked for years in order that people might say, ‘It seems so easy to do!’”). No, he did not do it on purpose; he did it because it was all he was able to do with his limited talent; his absolute inability to draw or paint *anything*. The pen and ink sketches of Flanagan, Neal, Pennfield, Gibson, Coll, et al., show us that Matisse could not draw anything well enough to deserve the title of “artist,” let alone “TITAN.” When Picasso’s “drawings” are compared with the drawings of Robert Schultz (*Partners*, 1990, etc.), or Theodore Kautsky (a watercolorist), they look like the work of a four-year-old placed alongside the engravings of Gustave Dore.

In a lifetime, neither Picasso, nor Gorky (1904-1948), nor Arthur Dove (1920), nor Kandinsky (1866-1944), nor Beckmann (1884-1950), nor Daumier (1808-1879), or Modigliani (1884-1920), ever produced one sketch that could match Dore’s mastery of anatomy, proportion, shading, texture, or movement. Gustave Dore will not be found listed in any *Almanac* under “Noted Artists of the Past.” His “sin” was that he illustrated books (*Dante’s Inferno*, *Aesop’s Fables*, *Gargantua*, *The Bible*, etc.).

The alibi given for the sketches of men like Da Vinci, Rembrandt, and Van Gogh is that the “free-hand, loose, unrestrained, jot-down” of the first inspiration is “artistic.” I have never been recognized, by any group of artists, as an “artist,” but for fifty years I have been able to put a pen, or pencil, to a piece of paper and, *without removing the point from the paper one time*, reproduce credible sketches of infantrymen, hockey players, boxers, animals, and faces. This is NOT the case, at all, in such instances as Gauguin (1848-1903), Klee (1879-1940), Marin (1870-1953), Hartley (1922), or Cezanne (1839-1906). The last man, Cezanne, “liberated art from reproducing REALITY by reducing reality to its basic components.” This is a high class type of news media “double speak” which means, “He got rid of reality because he couldn’t reproduce it.”

Many critics in Cezanne’s day “had his number,” but the trouble is, with the passage of time, there grows a continual *acceptance of sin and filth, distortion, and perversion* that eventually converts a junkie into a “genius” or a “pioneer” (see pp. 28-29). The news media cannot handle this truth, as all of them are humanistic *progressives*. As all good monkey men, they swear by Darwin. They would say that Cezanne’s rejection by the “peons” of his day (one said about his work: “he is a madman, painting the fantasies of delirium tremens”) proves how “unvisionary, bigoted, narrow-minded, and blind” they were. To the contrary, they were prophets, and history bears witness to their accurate prophesying, for Jacques Lipchitz said, later, “The greatest source of ‘CUBISM’ was unquestionably the late works of Cezanne.” *It was “cubism” that put Picasso on the map.*

Now this is the eye of the hurricane, for if the critics of Cezanne’s day were right, he

was a pioneer in the debasement and defilement of art, and his successors (Picasso) and followers defiled and debased it further: ANTI-EVOLUTION. If they were wrong, then Picasso's "cubism" is an advance on the works of Monet, Manet, Vermeer, Hals, and Rembrandt. EVOLUTION. "It all depends on how you look at it." Gauguin never learned how to reproduce what he could see: neither did Picasso. The latter alibied his basic deficiency by saying, "I paint what I KNOW." (You are now in the realm of dialectic philosophy, and shrewd and crafty word games: art is nowhere visible anymore.)

What Picasso "knew" could be found in ten books.

Nearly every major, "recognized" artist, since 1900 and onward, has to have someone around to explain, *in print*, what he had been up to, or what he was producing. These undisciplined amateurs, with their lack of talent, cover-up their incompetency and justify it with things like this: "My art is creative; I am responding to the promptings of my 'inner life'." "I avoid photographic likenesses because they call attention to something else other than my IDEA," etc. All profess to be up to some great, "new," forward movement in "self expression." But Cezanne's colors are muddy (*LeChateau Noir, Monte St. Victoire*, etc.), his compositions are not balanced (*Portrait of the Artist's Father, Bibemus Quarry*, etc.), and his famous sense of "eye level" and multiple "perspectives" were just his alibis for not being able to reproduce what he was looking at.

The cubists (who followed Picasso) all say: "That is the way I really see it, so I have accomplished my goal by treating the subject as I have treated it." They treated their "subject" like Michael Jackson would "treat" a violin concerto by Brahms. Vincent Van Gogh could draw fairly well; to tell the truth, his sketches for paintings are much better than his paintings (*View of Aries, The Craufrom Montmajour, The Rock of Montmajour*, etc.). But Vincent Van Gogh could only sell one painting in thirty-seven years. The only one he sold did not sell until after Vincent got a write-up—LITERATURE, not "art"—in an avant-garde magazine. The press intervened. Without the press, Vincent wouldn't have sold one painting in a lifetime.

CHAPTER TWO

Mona Lisa and Vincent Van Gogh

The news media in America, today, is so powerful that it not only controls the music and art industries, the State Department, both political parties, and the federal judges, but also the *private speech* of individuals. Fines as high as \$130,000 have been imposed upon Americans by federal judges who took the news media's "politically correct" positions (which they, themselves, established). These fines were leveled on private individuals for misuse of words in their *private conversations*. As anyone in America knows, under "Hillary and Biliary," *The Constitution* and *The Bill of Rights* are a joke. No one can vote on income taxes, no one has "pro-choice" when it comes to choosing a school, no businessman can hire or fire employees according to his own standards, no American has a right to privacy from computerized IRS snooping, although his children have a right to disobey, sue, and divorce their parents and they can be given "the third degree" in private (HRS), and this "evidence" can stand in court. I have studied the press along with my studies of Correggio, Titian, Tintoretto, Raphael, Boticelli, Rubens, Murillo, Corot, Canaletto, DeLacroix, Bougereau, Chardin, Constable, Reynolds, Marsh, Benton, Bellows, Rockwell, Van Gogh, Holbein, Bosch, Breugel, et al. I will tell you what I learned about art from the *news media*.

1. I discovered that "artistic talent" rarely determines the value of any painted "work of art."

2. I discovered the most treasured "value" among modern day art critics is the ability of an "artist" to violate the laws of composition, light and shadow, proportions, color harmonies and perspective.

3. I learned that the value (\$\$\$) of a "work of art" depends mainly on three factors:

1. The MORAL CONDITION of the "social milieu" that is judging the painting.

2. The comparative "newness" (or novelty) of the work; not its subject matter, or content.

3. What the art critics and the Vatican think of it.

I have here, before me, nearly 1,000 color plates depicting the works of Norman Rockwell, Leonardo Da Vinci, Jan Vermeer, Gregg Hildebrandt, Grant Wood, Albrecht Durer, Hans Holbein, Reginald Marsh, Carl Evers, Thomas Eakins, El Greco, Caravaggio, Peter Paul Rubens, Maxwell Parrish, John Sloan, George Bellows, Hieronymus Bosch, Pieter Breugel, Frank Franzetta, Claude Monet, Salvador Dali, Gustave Courbet, Winslow Homer, Frederic Remington, Howard Pyle, J. M. Turner, John Constable, and fifty more.

Of these paintings, the Roman Catholic *La Gioconda* ("The Mona Lisa") was valued the highest; it is worth \$100,000,000. The runner-up is a sloppy piece of work by Vincent Van Gogh called *Portrait of Dr. Cachet*. It raked out at \$83,000,000. Another one by Vincent was valued at \$53,900,000. Further down the commercial scale was a "nothing"

self-portrait of Picasso (\$47,000,000), and a God-forsaken mess by Willem De Kooning (b. 1904), worth \$20,680,000.

Da Vinci, Van Gogh, Picasso, and De Kooning.

I have thirty portraits done by Norman Rockwell that would make *Mona Lisa* look like a wax doll. I have fifty watercolors of flowers, painted by artists since 1940, that would make Van Gogh's *IRISES* (value: \$53,900,000) look like a wilted dandelion. *Iris*es was so mediocre that when *Time-Life* published a 182-page book on Van Gogh's works (1969), it omitted the *Iris*es. Believe it or not, sixteen years later *Iris*es sold for \$53,900,000. Question: "What did Vincent do in those thirteen years that so improved his 'maddened genius' and 'brilliant drawing techniques' that a piece of junk became worth over \$53,000,000"?

Answer: Nothing. He couldn't have done anything. He had been *dead* ninety years before the painting was sold; he had been dead more than *seventy* years before *Time-Life* wrote him up. What happened? Was someone just late in recognizing Van Gogh's "genius"?

Don't kid me. Go kid the art galleries and the "connoisseurs" of art.

Van Gogh was so in love with himself that he made forty portraits of himself (Rembrandt made one hundred of himself), and, after spending some time in the nut house, he shot himself through the guts and died two days later. Van Gogh's daddy was an orthodox, Dutch Reformed minister. He was grieved to have a son who spent his time in the cat houses (brothels), and finally cut off one of his ears and gave it to a prostitute. It was Irving Stone (*Lust for Life*) who helped put "Vince-baby" on the map. When the press goes to work to make a "genius" out of this poor, psychotic tramp, it says, "His ruthless honesty...tormented by reoccurring moments of insanity...a tortured soul battling desperately against the terrors that surround him...his eye hypnotic...in full control of simplified forms...zones of bright colors... expressive brushwork...he was more than a painter; he was a great philosopher...turned out one masterpiece after another...etc."

Good press: gets your "eye," doesn't it? Add the fact that his girlfriend poisoned herself while he spent a good bit of his time getting drunk and carousing around whorehouses, and you have a true "pioneer" who "liberates" twentieth century artists from "traditional forms," etc.

In Van Gogh's \$83,000,000 portrait of Dr. Cachet—which wasn't worth fifteen cents, even ten years after he painted it there is no light: not even artificial light. The attempt to create light with blues and yellows fails miserably, because Van Gogh didn't know where to place them. The "Doctor" is dying of anemia; all of the blood has left his face and hands. The books, in the "masterpiece," are crooked; the glass in the "masterpiece" is crooked; the flowers are wilted, and if Dr. Gachet (1890) had a face like Vincent painted on him, he should have hired out as a woodsman's axe to split kindling. That isn't all. The \$83,000,000 "masterpiece" is little more than a mirrored reflection of Vincent. The doctor has Van Gogh's eyes; he has Van Gogh's chin; he has Van Gogh's hair, and he has Van Gogh's complexion. We may assume they were twins.

There is no artistic "talent" found in the portrait. The talent was invented by the press.

Some sucker paid \$83,000,000 to get some publicity in the news media. He did not get a “masterpiece. “He didn’t even get a good *picture*. It was the press that converted an \$80.00 painting of a psychotic tramp into an \$83,000,000 piece of bum art so a “buyer” could brag about owning it. The press would back him up.

This illustrates the power of *USA Today*, *Life*, *Time*, *Newsweek*, CBS, NBC, ABC, and CNN in the “latter days.” *They can create something out of nothing*. They can convert the finger-paintings of an eight-year-old into a “masterpiece” by a “master,” who made “Mastery out of Despair.” There isn’t one line of history, in Van Gogh’s thirty-seven years on earth, that ever indicated he mastered anything, let alone color mixture, perspective, painting texture, brush technique, visual perception, or subject matter. He never mastered self, diet, depression, income, bad habits, bad thought patterns, or even daily living. In short, he was a perfect ROLE MODEL for a modern, American teenager: a manic depressive on drugs (1987).

That is why one of his paintings is now (1987) worth \$83,000,000.

It took civilization ninety-three years to catch up with Van Gogh.

Now the same may be said of nearly *anything* Vincent tried to paint. “The brilliant colors of his future works,” foreshadowed in *View Across Paris* (1887), are NOT colors that give anyone the idea of brilliant sunlight, brilliant moonlight, brilliant atmosphere, or even brilliant electric lights. They are simply raw reds, raw yellows, raw blues, and raw greens slapped together with no regard for any *source of light*. This brings us to an interesting literary and philosophical deduction: since Vincent has no SOURCE of light in his paintings, and cannot CREATE any real light in his paintings, is not this simply his public profession that he lived and died “WITHOUT ANY LIGHT”?

All of Van Gogh’s landscapes lack real sunlight. His *Plain Near Avres* (1890) has no warmth in it, and no sunlight, let alone “brilliant light.” There is no brilliance, or even illumination, here; it is just a series of monotonous flat swirls and daubs that resemble no landscape on earth. Van Gogh had no sense of contrast when trying to reproduce light, so a close-up of his “palette-knife” techniques shows nothing but thick, gluey, brilliant colors: they do not emit brilliant *light*. These thick, gluey greens, browns, and yellows simply picture the state of Vincent’s MIND: they are not “landscapes” at all. Note how the press is unable even to discuss Van Gogh’s paintings due to their lack of understanding of the most simple and basic technique of producing “brilliant light”; it is done, always, by contrast. Any fool knows that the whitest paper and whitest colors you can use are ten times as *dark* as sunlight. Therefore, the only way to reproduce real sunlight is by darkening every color on the palette at least three shades.

One study of any outdoor painting Vincent ever made reveals that his perception of color was as far “off base” as left field. The critics mistook jarring colors and color clashes for “intensive coloring,” and failure to produce realistic shades of color with “brilliant colors,” for “coloration.”

The millions of dollars wasted on Van Gogh’s works has nothing to do with *genius* or *masterpieces*. It has to do with a display, on canvas, of the raw, torn, bleeding, destroyed “inner life” of an unsaved sinner who was a suicidal failure. “His expressive use of color

and firm sense of composition” in *Wheat Field and Crows* (1890)—called *Crows Over Cornfield* in *The Annotated Mona Lisa*—shows poor composition, rotten drawing, lack of perspective, and a wheat (or “corn”) field that could pass for a yellow lake, or a pile of yellow noodles. Van Gogh’s so-called “last rush of genius” (*Road with Cypress and Stars*, *The Church at Avers*, *Dr. Cachet*, and *Hospital Corridor*) does not represent genius in any form known to man or beast. Every cloned commentator who took the “politically correct view” of the pictures—the news media view—had to claim (alternately) realism and faithful reproduction of an atmosphere or mood, along with the reverse: emotional expression, simplified objects, etc. Van Gogh’s last paintings are nothing but poorly executed daubing which were compelled by despair; Van Gogh knew, all of his life, that he couldn’t *paint*. His paintings are things he neither saw, nor imagined to see. They are simply, and exactly, the pictorial outworkings of a demented mind that could produce nothing “real” which was not the distorted emotional outburst of a frustrated fool. If it had not been for the *Mercure De France*—a magazine! the press!—he would have died without selling one painting in a lifetime.

Paul Detlefsen (a “calendar” artist) could get more real sunlight into a picture than Van Gogh got in 200 attempts to reproduce the “Sunlight at Aries.” What *Time-Life* calls “a sunburst of painting” (*The Sower*, 1888) is a dull sun, a blue field, a blue farmer, and a sky that is as bright as the “sun.” The genius had no conception of light or shadow.

Let us now look at Vince’s girlfriend, who earned \$17,000,000 more than he did. Her name is *Mono. Lisa*. Here she sits (or stands; no one ever found out which) before me, to illustrate the greatest “snow job” ever pulled on the public since the Cainites told the pre-Deluge populace (Gen. 5, 6) that it couldn’t rain WATER.

Da Vinci’s *MONA LISA* is, without a doubt, one of the dullest, most bland, insignificant, poorly executed portraits in the history of Western Art. The portrait is a dull, tasteless picture of a woman who could pass for a man if she had her hair cut. Her blood all ran down into her *fingers* when it left her face, and her pale green skin is matched by a pale green background that is poorly drawn and shows no sense of depth, or perspective. The right side of the background is out of balance, and since the *Mona Lisa* is supposed to be sitting outdoors—there is no window or window frame in the picture—we must assume that there had just been a nine-tenths eclipse of the sun at midday. There is no “overcast” visible; there is no cloudbank, or even a direction for the sun to shine from. There are no real shadows anywhere.

What the work looks like is a worn-out snap-shot somebody took in a twenty-five cent photo booth in a bus station at Fort Ord, California in 1943.

This piece of Roman Catholic trivia is worth \$100,000,000.

Miss (or Mrs., or whatever) Mona Lisa is the most overrated character in history, surpassing even Martin L. King Jr., Joe Namath, Nelson Mandela, Jack Kennedy, Bill Clinton, FDR, Andy Warhol, and Barbra Streisand.

Eight major versions of this painting have been made since 1503, the last one being a full nude. Most of them (as the original) look like homosexual tennis players.

One may ask, “How in the world does such artistic trivia get a value of millions of

dollars placed on it”? I will show you the secret. It is a news media secret. Behold!

“This is aerial *perspective* at its finest...this *beauty* into which the soul with all its maladies has passed...ALL THE THOUGHTS AND EXPERIENCES of the world have been etched and molded here! The sins of Borgias... she is older than the *rocks on* which she sits...monumental!...the mingled sense of *charm and chill* that radiates from the Mona Lisa...his background, too, is perhaps the *finest*... its details are precise...a romantic vision of the EARTH and the DAY AFTER CREATION!”

That is how you get \$100,000,000 for a pale green portrait poorly executed. Good press. Roman Catholic press.

1. No man on earth who ever met (or dealt) with a wicked woman could find a “chill” on patsy-pootsy’s face with a laser light. She is not even smirking. (She actually looks like she hasn’t got brain one in her head.) She could no more be “the woman” (the famous “femme fatale”—Candy Rice, “Lady” Diana Spencer, Donna Rice, et al.: see Ecc. 7:26 in *The Bible Believer’s Commentary*, 1993) than could Martina Navratilova, or Hillary Clinton.

2. No man on earth who ever met (or dealt with) a “woman of charm” could find enough “charm” in Mona Lisa to start a conversation with her. She looks like a Catholic nun who wants to play in a movie with Whoopi Goldberg.

3. There is no “aerial perspective” in evidence anywhere. The circus barker gave you that “pitch” because there wasn’t any window frame, and the background was painted lower than her head. It could have been a tapestry on a wall behind her head. Da Vinci couldn’t have painted well enough for you to tell the difference.

4. There are no real details *anywhere* in the background, and to say that this news media “god” contained “all the experiences of the world” (see above) in an ersatz nun is not just “poppycock” (balder-dash, rubbish, and Quatsch) but FRAUD. You can’t find a bigger “snow job” in the history of art, literature, or music.

Face it: old “Mona” got rich by getting “good press” through 400 years: *pro-Catholic press*. Her worth was assigned without any regard for subject matter, color schemes, color harmonies, brush technique, light and shadow, texture, or an ability to draw. Da Vinci *can* draw, but his landscapes are pitiful. Da Vinci’s work was judged by the impression it made on some Catholic, chomping at the bit to say SOMETHING. You couldn’t find any real genius, or even talent, in Sister Mona with a talent machine. All you could say would be that Leonardo painted a fair portrait for that age (1500) with the materials he had on hand. Beyond that, there is nothing but a four century long Sirocco: a blast of hot air from the east that would dry up a catfish pond.

Pablo Picasso could not draw. Alongside Robert L. Schultz (*Partners*, 1990), Picasso couldn’t draw flies. He found you could make millions by “cuttin’ the fool,” while you probably couldn’t put bread on the table DRAWING what you saw. (All the “modernists” found that out quickly.) Picasso had three strikes for him:

1. He was interested in prostitutes (that matches 1940-1990).
2. He thought African masks were “magic” (that brought him in line with African

Americans).

3. And he was a Communist-Catholic, like John Paul II. That brought him “up to date” (1980), the veritable “man for the hour.”

You say, “What about his art”? *What art?* He couldn’t paint a barn (see Chap. 3). I’ve seen better paintings at a State Fair in Kansas.

The press sells an (\$\$\$). Carl Evers knew more about ocean waves, winds, currents, tides, colors, and texture than Winslow Homer ever found out in a lifetime. Carl Evers is not found MONA LISA AND VINCENT VAN GOGH 19 in any list of famous painters, or famous noted artists. One painting by Frederic Remington, showing daylight on the plains, has more real sunlight in it than any five that Van Gogh painted in a lifetime: but Remington didn’t cut off his ear and give it to a whore, and then shoot himself in the guts. Any “Western” painting by Frank McCarthy has landscapes and atmospheres in it that would put Leonardo Da Vinci in purgatory, and Picasso into the pawn shop. Painters are converted into geniuses *after they are dead*; this is done by pretending the genius *knew what he was doing while he was alive*. You read your own ideas back into his work, and then *pretend* that he had them in the back of his mind all along. You don’t have to guess what Carl Evers had “in mind” when he painted the seascapes in *The Romantic Challenge*, *Old South Street*, *Caribbean Surf Heavy Duty*, and *Star of Finland*. No one has to guess what he “had in mind.” Carl has transported the viewer into the middle of real oceans. His brush and palette never fail him once. When Frank McCarthy sets up a finished painting in front of your face (*Apache Horse Thieves*, *The Long Sentinel*, *After the Storm*, *The Fugitive*, *The Savage Taunt*, *The Attempt on the Stage*, *The Cry of Vengeance*, etc.) you don’t even need a TITLE to see what is going on, where it is going on, who is doing it, how they are doing it, or why they are doing it. *Real* artists don’t need a writer to tell you about their talent. *It is self-evident.*

CHAPTER THREE

Pablo Picasso:

Blind Leader of the Blind

We are talking about the demise of genuine art due to the ascendancy of the news media to the seat of the final authority in “all matters of faith and practise.” We have not yet bragged too much about the art of commercial artists, yet nearly any commercial artist like N. C. Wyeth, Howard Pyle, Maxwell Parrish, Carl Evers, Gregg Hildebrandt, Frank Frazetta, or Paul Detlefsen, can out paint a modern “avant-garde” fakir, blindfolded. We are talking about a peculiar culture that arose at the end of the nineteenth century (Laodicea, Rev. 3) which justified lack of talent and lack of ability on the grounds that if a thing is “NEW” or “different” (see Acts 17:21 and Ecc. 1:10), it has to be *good* art. The schools of the futurists, cubists, expressionists, Fauvists, Dadists, functionalists, etc., were all built on this false philosophical premise. From a Bible-believer’s standpoint, these matters should be studied, for Jeremiah 6:16 tells us that the “**old paths**” are the right paths many times; this applies to art and music, as well as moral standards and character development.

The “new paths” include things like this: a black canvas, five feet square (Ad F. Reinhardt, *Black Painting*, 1960-1961), was hung in a national “an” gallery and called art. This ridiculous blot on the wall consisted of nine muddy squares of dirty red, green, and blue, all “grayed down” to a neutral “black.” Believe it or not, this pitiful excuse for a wall decoration was lauded by critics. When someone asked about why the blockhead who did it could only paint in black colors, a press news agent said: “Because it was the work of a dedicated purist.”

Did you get that word “dedicated”?

That word came from Deuteronomy 20:5. It is found as “dedicate” or “dedicated” (or “dedicating” and “dedication”) more than forty times in the English Bible (AV). Every time it occurs, it is a reference to something (or someone) being *wholly given to God*. If you add the word “purist” to it you get someone who is dedicated to being and remaining PURE (see p. 103). Thus, the kings of Ballyhoo—the press reporters—have injected into your mind the idea that Reinhardt was *pure* and *dedicated*. The truth of the matter is, what they meant was “This man thinks that purity means refusal to paint a recognizable object, and even when making fourth grade designs, using nothing but ONE COLOR.” Double-speak: news media double-speak.

Another incredible amateur, like Reinhardt (Barnett Newman), produced *Who’s Afraid of Red, Yellow and Blue* (1966). Not knowing how to paint with red, yellow, or blue, he gives you a red canvas with a thin yellow strip and a thin blue strip running vertically on the canvas. The two strips take up less than one-tenth of the surface. If this impostor had actually been unafraid of “red, yellow and blue,” he would have put them together in equal quantities, rubbing against each other. Am I right? Of course I’m right. The title of the picture showed what the artist was *trying* to prove, and he proved nothing: he was afraid to

really *use* red, yellow, and blue.

But what comes out? “Newman is interested in the *interaction of colors*. “Too bad he never learned how to paint. When you paint, you usually use “colors”; unless, of course, you are a “purist.”

This is “good press,” converting garbage into masterpieces. The press release is the *substitute* for talent and inspiration. There have not been five contemporary painters, since 1900, who could produce anything but wallpaper designs, and most of these are so garish and “impacting” that no one would paper any room with them. Joan Miro (1893-1983) couldn’t even design wallpaper, but he had “exuberant colors.” (You can find exuberant colors on a circus Ferris wheel.)

As art reached the summit (1880-1900) and leveled off, before dashing into the abyss (see p. 114), the camera began to replace the brush. In a frantic effort to preserve what little PABLO PICASSO: BLIND LEADER OF THE BLIND 23 was left of appeal in painted works, the moderns tried everything on earth—everything, believe me!—to attract attention. Nonetheless, any artist (like myself) who frequents bookstores for more than five decades, notices how the art section of the store becomes the “Art and Photography” section, and then, in the 1970’s and 1980’s, the books on “the masters” gradually thinned out until a man had to go into as many as four different bookstores (through a period of six months) if he wanted to obtain decent reproductions of the paintings of Peter Paul Rubens (1577-1640), Jean F. Millet (1814-1875), Franz Hals (1580-1666), Eugene Delacroix (1797-1863), or even John Singer Sargent (1856-1925). Cezanne and Picasso had led the art of painting into a dead-end; it never got out. The reason for this is that the direction they took was the way of *flat designs over pictorial space*. This is not a personal theory. The camera corroborates it.

In 1970, some ingenious soul made some aerial photographs of the mud flats near Brieuve, France, and photos of electrons of zinc oxide smoke (enlarged 44,000 times). When the films were developed, out popped two of the finest “abstract” masterpieces that ever came from the mortal brush of mortal artists. They were as good as, or superior to, *anything* that Gorky, Miro, Klee, Pollock, Guston, DeKooning, Still, or Motherwell (*Elegy to the Spanish Republic*, for example) produced in a lifetime of messing around to get the attention of the newspapers. Electro-micrographs of particles of “vat dye,” and cubes of magnesium oxide will match anything—like *anything*—that Gottlieb Rothko (*Blast I, No. 18*, etc.), Barnett Newman, or Jasper Johns (*Numbers in Color*, for example), produced in fifty years. It doesn’t take any talent of any kind to produce the works of the moderns—those who went “forward” from Cezanne and Picasso. All it takes is a good camera, some good film, some good lighting and one click of a shutter.

Let us now look at the chief guru of the “upward, onward, and forward, progressive movement” as it tumbled downhill, after 1900. I will use Picasso as the starter since he is the outstanding news media “god” of modern art. Their god in the sixteenth century was Leonardo Da Vinci; their god in the seventeenth century was Rembrandt; their god in the eighteenth century was Velazquez (or J. Turner); their god for the nineteenth century was Van Gogh, and their present god (twentieth century) is Pablo Picasso. He “got them where they are now.”

Here is the press, commenting on a work called *The Mirror*. It is a distorted cartoon that Pablo made of a woman (she could have been his wife, or a prostitute, or a “mistress,” Pablo had all three, at times). “His eyes fixed upon the model, he translates WHAT HE SEES...I think it is wonderful MAGIC...a poetic idea...I don’t know of another painting IN ALL HISTORY which does that.”

1. The word “translate” has been used to camouflage the fact that Pablo could not paint what he looked at. Between him and the model was a screen of cubes and geometrical lines which just as well could have been painted on some glasses for him to wear. The puffer-up, in the press, forgot (altogether) that there are *good* translations and *bad* translations: a major and disastrous oversight on the part of the “viewer.” A bad translation of “MOKUSATSU” in August of 1945, cost more than 30,000 people their lives. We are to assume that Pablo’s worshipper, and Pablo, himself, were ignorant of what the word “translating” or to “translate” means. The *NIV*, as an English “translation” of the Holy Bible, is about as much poetical magic as Picasso’s *Mirror*. Neither translation is worth the binding, or the easel. Pablo said he only painted what he knew. Then he certainly didn’t know the difference between *good* translating and *bad* translating. (As we said before, what he “knew” could be found in ten books.)

2. The “wonderful magic” (i.e., transubstantiation—see p. 106) is nothing but childish incompetence. The woman and her image are nothing but distortions of anatomy. All Pablo attained was a decorative effect. The picture is only “creative” in the sense that it perverts and distorts reality till it is unrecognizable. This is where CBS, NBC, CNN, ABC, *USA Today*, *Life*, *Time*, and *Newsweek* are at NOW (1993). They followed the “master.” (Truly Pablo was a “pioneer genius” ahead of his time. It took perverted and distorted truth nearly fifty years to catch up with his translating abilities.)

3. *The Mirror* produces nothing constructive or enlightening. It delivers no truths, or even information; it is totally nonproductive. But it got “good press.”

We now go down the hallway a few steps, and stop before *Night Fishing at Antibes* (1939). What Pablo evidently tried to do here—with no evidence showing!—is picture someone trying to “gig” flounder at night. Since all of the avant-garde tell us that we should “study” a picture (see p. 31) let us study this one; and make some notes.

1. There is no light on the canvas. Nothing representing sunlight, starlight, moonlight, or even electric light, can be found.

2. The fisherman’s “gig” has hooks on the prongs that wouldn’t pierce a cow pie, and the “flounder” resembles no flounder you ever saw on the bottom of a bay, or on a sea-food market counter.

3. The fisherman is not in the water. Further, he has stepped on a red-headed poodle while trying to gig fishes whose mouths have been stitched shut.

4. What looks like a sun (or a moon, etc.) is square and is wrapped up in a green cord; it is shooting out a yellow metal spring to a point that contacts nothing.

5. Finally, in one concentrated burst of a monumental effort to give people something to talk about (and thereby get a reputation for “creating a new field of art”), Pablo sticks in

a woman riding a bicycle, *who is trying to eat her fingers*.

This is “translating.” It has nothing to do *with painting or art*.

Pablo only paints what he “knows.”

One is reminded of the story about the French policemen who were looking for a thief who had robbed Picasso’s studio. Since Pablo had seen the thief, they asked him to draw a picture of the rascal so they could identify him and arrest him. Pablo complied. Upon receiving this *translation* (by this “genius”), they went out and arrested a bicycle, a nun, and the Eiffel Tower.

That is the “poetic magic” in a nutshell. It is the sum of Pablo Picasso’s genius. He not only couldn’t draw or paint, he couldn’t even *translate*. He would have made another million if he had sat in on the *NKJV* committee, or the *NASV* committee (1982 and 1959). Birds of a feather, etc.

Night Fishing is worth about \$4,000,000. That is the news media price. It is not a “masterpiece¹” of art. It is a simple series of colors splashed on to a canvas to form a design embellished with cartoons; cartoons that any sixth grader could paint. But it is “CREATIVE.” So was Jim Jones’ settlement in Guyana. So was the plot that killed Bobbie Kennedy. So was the way the Mafia got rid of Jimmy Hoffa. So was the war that Adolph Hitler created. So was the placing of signs like “shower” over the gas chambers of Auschwitz and Treblinka. *So was the Brinks armored car robbery*.

So where are we now? Easy: we’re in the twentieth century. Jim Jones, Bobbie Kennedy, David Froesch, Jimmy Hoffa, Adolph Hitler, Rudolph Hess, and Franz Stangl were all *creative*; they just *translated* a little differently.

Get what I mean, jellybean?

Picasso’s *Les Demoiselles D’Avignon* is worse than *Night Fishing*.

The whores in the picture—that is what he said they were—were painted after Pablo went to Africa and picked up some masks used by witch doctors, and so forth. Consequently, one whore is a witch doctor, one has a black face and a white body (*integration*, prophesied accurately long before 1964!), one is wearing a bull’s mask, and two of them are practically bald. This is “art,” is it? Why was it called *The Ladies of Avignon*, if it was real art? Why wasn’t it called *The Results of Race Mixing in the Ghetto*, or *Five Mutant Lesbians* ? What was the point in covering up the artist’s lack of talent by refusing to tell what he actually painted? But note that Picasso meets all the requirements for the late twentieth century:

1. He is interested in Africans.
2. He is interested in African whores.
3. He is a Roman Catholic.
4. He is a Socialistic-Communist.
5. He notes BEASTIALITY (observe the “bull’s head” above).
6. His paintings are mainly *perversion* and *distortion*.

Now THIS is why a panel of experts, in 1985, said in *The London News* (press, baby! news media!) that Picasso's *Guernica* was one of the ten best paintings ever painted in the history of art, since the days of Giotto and Botticelli.

In short: Pablo was politically correct, according to the news media. His talent and ability as a *painter* are not factors in his fame and fortune. He was just "the right man, in the right place, at the right time," The timing was perfect: the talent was something else.

John Martin's *Sunset, Casco Bay* (1919) is a tragedy.

Georges Rouault's *Seated Clown* (1945) is not even that. I have seen better coloring (and figures) in a class of seventh grade students who weren't even studying "art."

Jackson Pollock (1912-1956), a miserable drunken egomaniac, could only turn out wallpaper designs. He never painted a real "picture" a day in his life; he didn't know how to do it. He found (as others like him) that you could get by with flat, decorative designs because the press was always interested in the wild, off-beat, left-of-center, radical, sensational attempts of anyone to violate the laws of nature and the standards established by history.

Paul Cezanne (1839-1906). Here is *Landscape with Viaduct* (1887). No sunlight, no color contrasts, no shading, no reality, and an unbalanced composition (to the left). The pitiful work would make the watercolor landscapes of more than 500 amateur artists, in America, look like masterpieces equal to Rembrandt's *Return of the Prodigal Son* (I do not consider ANY of Rembrandt's "Biblical" paintings to be masterpieces, but the art experts do.)

Now if this essay seems to be a little too harsh in its treatment of the "masters," let me remind the reader of two great standard LIES that are the props on which all news media propaganda sits. Both of these lies are founded in Darwin; both of them match the philosophies of Lenin, Stalin, Engels, and Marx. You see, since all major journalists, editors, commentators, and press correspondents (and "reliable sources") are humanistic evolutionists, they believe these two lies are fundamental religious truths.

1. The first of these is that "change" is synonymous with "progress." If a thing is "NEW" (see Acts 17:21), it not only has to be a forward move, but a "good" move. "All change is progress," according to the fundamentalists that control the news media. The unpardonable sin among the change agents of psycho-politics is to return, or go back to, a way of doing things as they were done in the past.

By some macabre stroke of fate and "coincidence," it is these forward moving *progressives* who restore jungle music, jungle clothing, jungle morals, and jungle "lifestyles" to civilizations. They do not merely refuse to go forward; they go right back into the jungle where they profess—all Darwinians profess to have come from South Africa—they came from. This is the lead of Cezanne and Picasso.

2. The second lie is that if the new thing creates a following, so that thousands (or in some cases, millions) condone it, or promote it, or imitate it, or worship it, the thing has to be "good." After abandoning all standards of goodness and holiness, as laid down in the Bible (see Exod. 20, Gal. 5, Eph. 4, 1 Thess. 4, Rom. 4, and 1 Cor. 5-6), the word "good"

is read into any radical movement that gets a following.

All evolutionists think exactly alike (see *The Christian's Handbook of Science and Philosophy*, 1986).

Again, by some macabre stroke of time and circumstances, this lie doubles up and destroys its adherent with a backlash that would take you three hours to untangle.

You see, Adolph Hitler did something “new” and he got a following. He got such a following that today, in America, the Hillary-Billaries are setting up a National Socialist dictatorship that would make the Third Reich look like a Republic. The Beatles gave you something new and different, and their following included Charles Manson (a demon-possessed murderer) who took their *Helter Skelter* to heart. So did 400,000 teenagers who took their dope to heart; all of the Beatles were drug addicts. Elvis Presley gave American youth something new, and he got a following that would make Cezanne and Picasso look like two “lone wolves” on the backside of Satskatchewan. How is that these *art experts* never observed—and God knows an art critic should be *observant*—that Clark Gable was the first man to use “damn” in a public moving picture? Did others follow him? Did they take their cues from him? What did it accomplish? The first time Hollywood presented a “lovable” prostitute was in the person of Mae West. Since that time, *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas* brought you dozens of cute little, “nice” whores. Mae set the pace: so did Cezanne and Picasso. The first president to overthrow the Constitution (Lincoln, in 1861) “pioneered in new vistas that opened up unlimited possibilities for a liberated type of Democracy that emphasized the bare essentials, and boldly did away with the extraneous traditions of the Constitution, etc.” FDR followed him when he dumped your gold, and thirteen Democratic Senators followed FDR when they rammed the Civil Rights Act through in 1964 (see *Discrimination, the Key to Sanity*, 1993). And this is *good*, is it? Of course it is, in the eyes of every Darwinian monkey man who ever wrote for a magazine or a newspaper.

Want a ground breaker—a real “pioneer” and “genius,” way out in the avant-garde? Why don't you pick up JFK? He was the first president to order a Mafia hit on two of his own church members (Diem and Castro: *all three of them were Catholics*); he was the first president to step out on his wife publicly; he was the first president to shack up with a Mafioso's girlfriend (see the tapes on “*The Roman Catholic Brotherhood*”), and he was the first president to get his brains blown out after shacking up with a Hollywood starlet.

Why brag about Picasso as a role model when you have material around like *that*?

Are you going to follow the artist (1992) who painted Christ standing in urine, or the one who painted Him giving Himself an injection of heroin (1993)? How about following the “forward, onward, upward” lead of that NBA artist who painted a dozen vaginas seated at a table (1992)? After all, “change” is progress. If it is *new* it has to be *good*.

Footnote: **“Thus saith the LORD, Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein...But they said, We will not walk therein,”** (Jer. 6:16).

Did Hitler get a following? Did Mao Tse-tung? Did Miro and Klee? Did Mussolini get a following? Did Jim Jones? How about DeKooning and Pollock? Did Elvis Presley have

a large following? How about Van Gogh and Matisse? If the artists “revolutionized” so much art that hundreds had to follow them, what would this prove? Did Stalin get a following? Did FDR? Do you think that more people followed Picasso than followed Madonna or Michael Jackson? What are you trying to say?

Progress? Did you ever study a chart on crime, abortions, rapes, assaults, armed robbery, and illiteracy in America *since 1964*? Why haven't you? That is when the Civil Rights Act allowed the federal government to enforce race-mixing with bayonets. You talk about a *change*, honey! You talk about something *new*. *Every major news media outlet in America (radio, magazines, TV, and newspapers) recommended that change.*

Someone has to face the truth. If you judge any art work by news media standards, you are no judge of art. “There is no new thing under the sun” (see *The Bible Believer's Commentary on Ecclesiastes*, 1993) so not even “originality” (see Hitler, Charles Manson, Stalin, Jim Jones, Madonna, et al., above) can take the place of real talent. No man is one hundred percent original. Picasso owed his success in a large part to Bosch, El Greco, Cezanne, and AFRICAN WITCHDOCTORS. Everybody borrows from everybody, in music and art. This means that here, in the “end time” (see Dan. 11, 12, Gen. 49, 2 Tim. 3, and Matt. 24), you only have two lines of “borrowers”; those who borrowed from poor artists who couldn't paint or draw, and those who borrowed from the ones who could paint and draw. This distinction has now been obliterated completely by LITERATURE, not “art.”

The press triumphed over the palette. Publicity overpowered the painters.

When Picasso was accused of producing blanks, he said, “There is no *abstract* art.” By this, he meant, “You can't identify me just because I can't paint what I see.” He declared all art was *the same*. That is, he supported *total integration*. This means he was “the man for the hour” (see above). His own problem was that he couldn't draw molasses.

It is the *writers* who convert charlatans into “geniuses.” They have been doing it with musicians, politicians, military men, black civil rights workers, environmental “activists,” and crooked politicians for fifty years. In a moment, we are going to go about judging “the masters” by *painting standards* instead of CBS standards. But before we do, let us see how the art experts prepare the prospective buyer (\$\$\$) to accept *nonsense* for art.

The news media's justification for convincing you that painters like Chagall, Braque (1882-1963), Matisse (1869-1954), and Jackson Pollock were artists, goes like this:

“Look at the picture and FEEL [Warning! Don't *see* or *think!*]...*Don't* try to think too much. [Exactly what the news media wants you to do when you watch a newscast.]...The vitality of the painting can only be understood by *experiencing* its purely visual presentation. This means ‘think in terms of art.’ Don't ask, ‘What is the picture about?’ Don't ask, ‘What does it mean?’ [i.e., It has no meaning, because it is ‘about1 nothing.].... This will prevent you from learning something NEW. Pollock's paintings should be ‘groped for’ because he ‘groped.’ His work is *profound* and has *suggestions* of other kinds of *experiences* in them.”

Do you understand these things are being said about a wallpaper decoration that doesn't have on it one real object, or one real image of anything?

“His art is an *illusion* from some other world. Follow the threads of a given color, see what *rhythms* result and in what sort of *musical sense* the colors are related. Do large groups transform themselves when you squint your eyes? Where is the *surface* of the painting? How it is *maintained*? What is being expressed? [Compare THAT statement with “Don’t ask, What is the picture about?” See above!] You might *sense* wisps of moonlit clouds against an inky sky, with exploding stars, or you might *sense* experience in the realms of the geological or meteorological, or the ectoplasmic...it is in a sense metaphysical...it can only be done MEANINGFULLY in the twentieth century.”

Now that is the twentieth century gas bag.

Do you actually realize what you have just read?

You were being told that the way to judge the *value* of a painting is to stand in front of it and FEEL to the point where you “sense” things that are not in front of you, or behind you, or over you, or under you (“an ILLUSION from another world”). You are to give free play to your imagination so that *anything*, from *any* source, can cause you to “experience” not only what is new, but what wasn’t in the painter’s mind before, or after, he painted the work.

I will now take on a God-forsaken mess by Jackson Pollock (*Number 6*, 1949) and apply the dictums of the press, as they set up their guidelines for Supreme Court Rulings. (I will do this, in spite of the fact that, having “read the instructions” given above, I realize that if I stood before a tree, or a washing machine, or a tractor, or a slot machine or an outhouse, and give “free play” to my imagination, I could sense *anything* I could sense in front of *anything* that Pollock did in his short and disastrous forty-two years on earth.)

1. “Feel.” I feel like I am looking up through a camouflage net thrown over a gun emplacement.

2. “Learn something new.” Well, let’s see: “Brown, yellow, green, and red can go together.” Oh no, there is nothing “new” about that! I learned that from painters in the eighteenth century. Well, let’s see! You can make an interesting design with scratches and blobs. Let’s see. I see some pixies and hobgoblins and stick figures in the patterns. But they were in Bosch and Grunewald, 300 years ago. Well, let’s see. Something *new*. Oh! I’ve got it! Nobody ever painted anything exactly like this before Pollock painted it! Oh, joy to the world, I learned something *new*!

Am I “groping”? Yes, I believe I am. It is a downright burdensome effort to find one redeeming factor in the entire mess. I am groping to find meaning almost as hard as Pollock did.

3. Am I “following the threads of a different color”? Well, I am until they get lost in the threads of a different color. What is the musical sense? That’s easy. This is a cover jacket for Heavy Metal playing “Dung on Your Spotted Pillow Case.” (I got that one!)

4. What happens when you squint your eyes? Why, silly, the same thing that happens when every artist who ever squinted his eyes, squinted his eyes: *distinctions blend into units*. Every painter from Giotto to Norman Rockwell did that *before* he painted, and *while* he painted. But, when I squint my eyes at *Number 6*, I get brown spiders and brown

butterflies on a sheet.

5. “Where is the surface and how is it maintained”? Easy: the whole thing is flat as a pancake and is maintained by a deliberate refusal of the artist to work with three dimensions.

6. “What is being expressed”? Manure, I suppose. Or else manure with a touch of vomit in it, indicating someone had been eating green beans, red peppers, and boiled squash.

Let’s talk about something a little more “edifying.”

The greatest artists in this century will be found exhibiting their works in *Southwest Art* and *Watercolor Magazine*, two monthly magazines which anyone can buy on a newsstand. Not all of these artists have real talent, and not many of them could be called “masters” of their mediums, but many are true masters of color harmony, composition, light and shadow, texture, feeling, and pictorial space. They will never go down in history as great artists. The reason for this is that they can *draw* and *paint*, and drawing and painting are not the high points, or the desirable values, in today’s art. These artists are prevented from hiding behind a screen of verbiage about “hidden revelations,” “other worlds,” “magical experiences,” “outpourings of truth,” or “creating cosmic order out of chaos,” etc., to camouflage the crippled talents of professional con men like Cezanne, Matisse, Picasso, Braque, Pollock, Chagall, and Kandinsky (1866-1944).

In Pollock’s case: “He overcame the painter’s instinct to create concrete illusions; instead, he sought to contact his deepest FEELINGS and communicate them in the most vivid and direct way possible.” That is exactly what Van Gogh had done fifty years before Pollock showed up. “It was a *demanding* and *difficult* task but he succeeded.” (i.e., It didn’t require the training, discipline or work required of an apprentice electrician working in a shipyard.)

By 1933, the press had triumphed over the painter.

This shows you, again, how Van Gogh got to be worth \$83,000,000. Someone talked the sucker (who bought the picture) into thinking he had purchased a “masterpiece.” The chump got one piece of canvas that represented the emotional jags of a psychotic tramp, who expressed his insanity on canvas as well as in his own personal life activities. The man couldn’t *paint* anything; but he could express *personal insanity* with paints.

Now let us look at the masters (and some of their retinue), but let us use art standards as a standard for judging their works, instead of news media standards. News media standards—at least in the twentieth century—are somewhere below the moral standards of an alley cat, and somewhere below the intellectual standards of Mike Tyson.

CHAPTER FOUR

Inspiration versus Fabrication And Improvisation

Any talentless bungler can crawl out of being a real artist by either ignoring art standards, or by violating them. All he has to do is create something “new” and that will justify his incompetence.

The first thing that needs to be checked on is what we call “pictorial space.” It simply means that in reality—in ANY form; even from another world—everything is *three dimensional*. There does not exist on any planet (in inner or outer space) *any* one or two-dimensional figures: they do not even exist in the imagination. A decorative flatness in a picture is simply a “design.” It is NOT a picture. Kandinsky’s *Improvisation No. 30*, for example, is NOT a picture. It pictures *nothing*. It is not even a picture of an abstract. It is a *design*; it has no depth. It *reveals* nothing, *describes* nothing, *presents* nothing, and it takes no inspiration, whatsoever, to turn out 2,000 of such paintings, at a rate of *one a day*. If you can draw a checkerboard using a T-square you can paint abstract art. To paint twisted {or circular} figures would require no training that a child, with no training, couldn’t reproduce, using finger paints.

I have a crayon drawing by an inmate of a mental institution, which equals anything Picasso did with faces after he quit trying to paint what he SAW, and began to paint what he *knew*. I have, also, a linoleum cut made by an eleven year old girl, that is as flat, pictorially, as any abstract in the National Museum of Arts. Even figures in the *mind* MOVE, and they move in three dimensional environments. None are permanently stationary, and none are ever two dimensional. This means the modern painters have no inspiration, and they cannot even express their *feelings*, because every feeling you ever had came from either thinking about something that happened, or that was happening, or that was going to happen. An “expressionist” who *can’t paint* cannot express anything. This means that most of the art work since 1900, by the modern progressives, is merely a public demonstration of *their inability to paint*. The very best they can do is evoke some kind of emotional response in a viewer who is looking at the mess they created. (This explains the remarks we recorded in the last chapter on “How to look at Pollock’s paintings.”)

Form and *composition* are two more accurate judges of an artist’s creativeness. If you want to see a real “king of composition,” you should study the engravings of Gustave Dore; not Michelangelo or Rembrandt. Dore’s touch is absolutely sure in more than 400 pieces of work. AH of them are balanced, all have key points of focus, and all combine to illumine the theme of the drawing.

Gustave Dore (1832-1883) was not a painter, although he could paint. His life work was engravings, and the designs were usually drawn directly onto wood blocks. Dore created (at an almost supernatural rate) engravings that covered all of the subject matter in

the Bible (both Testaments). *Paradise Lost*, *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, *Idylls of the King*, *Don Quixote*, *Perrault's Fairy Tales*, *Purgatorio*, and *Paradiso* and one of Balzac's works. I mention Dore, however, because of his ability to DRAW, and DRAWING is the first requisite for PAINTING, unless you wish to bluff your way through as an "artist" by counting on the news media to make up in writing what you lack in *talent*.

I would consider several of Dore's engravings to be as much masterpieces as *anything* that Raphael, or Da Vinci, turned out in a lifetime. If you are talking about God-given talent or genius, I can tell you where you can see it with your own two eyeballs. You will find it in:

"Marco the Lombard" (*Divine Comedy*), "The Slothful" and "The Eagle" (*Divine Comedy*), "The Death of Abel," "Samson and Delilah," "The Egyptians Urge Moses to Depart," "Artaxerses Granting Liberty to the Jews," "Cyrus Restoring the Vessels of the Temple," "David Mourning the Death of Absalom," "Amos," "The Pharisee and the Publican," "St. Paul Rescued from the Multitude" (*The Bible*), and "Judith and Holofernes" (*Apocrypha*).

In the work on *The Ancient Manner* (edited by Alfred Trumble, and published by Pollard and Moss, N.Y., 1887), you will *find five* of the greatest masterpieces you will ever see on this earth. They are on pages 4, 6, 13, 30, and 37.

No one has to give Dore a "write-up" to reveal his talents and abilities. They are manifest at one glance, without the assistance of a *writer* or *critic*, or an *expert* to tell you anything.

Unfortunately for the untalented "moderns," FORM is determined not only by line (as in black and white renderings) but also by COLOR; which means if a man has no sense of color rhythms, color contrasts, and color harmonies (see p. 88), he cannot reproduce credible FORMS. This would include the forms of men, animals, trees, bushes, mountains, rocks, mechanical devices, buildings, trains, cars, boats, ponds, lakes, and appliances.

(I think I just heard some muffled noises like an Arabian who was quietly folding his tent and stealing away in the night!) Since colors can make an object recede, or come forward (it also holds true for any surface), or, sometimes, disappear entirely, it will stand to reason that as soon as some irresponsible, publicity-mad idiot (with the talent of Bozo the Clown) begins to apply "color" to his forms, they either become distorted, or camouflaged, or they are completely destroyed. This was the source of Picasso's inspiration. *He couldn't paint*.

The truth about Cezanne is just as bad. When he wanted to invent an alibi for being unable to paint anything, he worded it like this: "I wanted to eliminate the definition of the horizon and establish surfaces parallel to the plane of *the canvas*." The "plane of the canvas?" Boy, you talk about reaching for it! The plane of the canvas is VERTICAL if you set it up on an easel; it is HORIZONTAL if you lay it down on a table, and it is SLANTED if you lean it against something. Cezanne simply meant, "I can't paint anything with depth and perspective and get anyone's attention, so I will drop both and get somebody's attention." He got it. He got the writers' attention: *LOST HORIZON*. After destroying pictorial space (and atmosphere) by using the same colors for distant objects as

near objects, Cezanne found another way to get publicity and “write-ups.” He would insist on multiple viewpoints—he would pretend he was moving around the object while he was painting it (“moving pictures!”).

One can see, in a minute, that such childish attempts to qualify as an *artist*, when you can’t hit it a lick, would require a mountain of *rhetoric* to explain. Cezanne was accommodating in that field also; he and Van Gogh were two of the most articulate rationalizers and reasoners you ever heard trying to explain the Federal Reserve System or Affirmative Action. They couldn’t paint but they could TALK. This is one of the main characteristics of the modern school of artists. They are well trained in sophistry, self-justification, alibis, explanations, and mysticism.

Now here is what to look for in a painting if you are trying to find *talent* or *inspiration* connected, in any way, with the artist:

Reality, sensibility, handling of shadows, handling of reflected light, color harmonies and contrasts, compositions and balance, decorative effect (if “reality” is not being dealt with), aesthetic emotions, human content, brush technique, attempts to teach a truth, or convey an idea, and subject matter.

You cannot divorce CRAFTSMANSHIP from INSPIRATION unless you are willing to accept third and fourth-hand art.

“Sketching” is not painting. The spontaneous, off-hand sketch may be interesting, and may be quite revealing about an artist’s style, but it is not a finished work. Captain John Thompson’s pen and ink sketches (1918-1920) are as free-hand and as spontaneous as anything that Rembrandt, Goya, or Van Gogh did in a lifetime, and his were done on the spot, with three times *the challenge* involved in rendering them that the masters had. Captain Thompson’s subjects were running, ducking, dodging, crouching, kneeling, and crawling in smoke-filled “art studios,” under rifle fire and shell fire. No master could ever touch Thompson when it came to sketching. The trouble is, he illustrated a book. This automatically eliminated him from the “Artists1 Union.” Norman Rockwell, Howard Pyle, N. C. Wyeth, Frank Frazetta, and Maxfield Parrish all suffered the same fate.

Some other things that have to do with genuine craftsmanship are paint quality, the use of impasto, glazing, scumbling, and the way that the painter applied his paints—his brush stroke. Brush strokes can be firm, inert, exact, broad, etc. Textures can be rough, arid, smooth, inconsistent, etc. The subject matter can be vulgar (Manet, for example), insipid (Picasso), tasteless (Dufy), pointless (Miro), inspiring (Rockwell), thought provoking (Goya), exciting (McCarthy), neutral (Vermeer), etc.

Matisse’s *Blue Window* is a futile attempt by a talentless doodler to imitate primitivism in art which he, himself, knew nothing about. *Blue Window* is not a legitimate composition; neither does it present any believable “forms.” Matisse couldn’t draw flies.

One writer said of Picasso’s work *Ma Jolie*, that it was “one of the greatest masterpieces ever put on canvas.” Frederick Tauber called it “an insignificant exercise in the most tedious form of cubism.” (Someone has their wires crossed: I don’t think it is Tauber.)

The impressionists wallow in impasto, loading on tons of paint trying to get an emotional reaction from someone. Colors, *if violent enough*, do attract attention (see Van Gogh's "reds"), but that doesn't mean that the signal flasher is a colorist, or even *understands* color. Modern creative art simply dodges the problems of color harmony, color mixing, and color blending. They also dodge the problem of perspective, form, and subject matter. In creative art, every scribbling idiot is a genius. Every bankrupt doodler is "saying something." Of course, the fact that it isn't *worth saying* isn't brought up.

According to Frederick Tauber, it is the superficial and commonplace that debases art; it is the sentimental and vulgar that debases it. No abstract painter has to face the danger of these "art-destroyers" when he sits down to paint, for he isn't going to paint anything to start with that represents ANYTHING. He is non-objective. No object. That is Darwin and his monkey retinue in the raw. No purpose for arriving here, accidentally; hence, no goal (no "object") in being here. Darwin founded the school of MEANINGLESSNESS, and Picasso, Cezanne and the avant-garde were simply his heralds in the art world. This reduces motive to *animalism*—"dog eat dog," "every man for himself," etc.—so the real OBJECT in nonobjective painting is to get enough notices written about your failures to sell some of them to suckers. That is how Van Gogh cashed in—ninety years after he died, and went to Hell. Ditto Picasso. Their pictures couldn't appeal to anyone until a press agent "puffed" them.

I have before me, *The Evil Genius of a King*. There is no king present; there is no evil present. There is not even a crown or a throne in the mess. There IS a basketball on a titled cement slab which also sports a busted pillar, a highway marking arrow, a snail's head, and a pointed Sombrero. I guess the "evil King" was Magic Johnson, hitting into a cement pole on Highway 90, on a trip to Guadalajara. This work is by Giorgio De Chirico. You could find a better "evil genius" on the cover of any book about *Dungeons and Dragons* printed in the last fifteen years.

Now I am looking at Rouault's *Christ Mocked by Soldiers*. The soldiers aren't soldiers. They are not only missing amour and weapons, they don't even have bodies. Christ has no bruises, no whip marks, and no crown of thorns. His left hand is bandaged and (contrary to the Law which He fulfilled: Lev. 19:27) He has a POINTED BEARD.

What "Christ" could this be? The one in 2 Corinthians 11:4? What great expression (of what emotion) is conveyed by this "great work of art"? What kind of *talent* did it take to paint this immature, unrealistic, uninspiring, non-Biblical caricature? It didn't take *any* kind of talent. Talent is not connected with the picture. But it is in the collection of the Museum of Modern Art. Art? What in the world is THAT?

Although I am, in the main, a "Realist" I have better sense than to think that photographic faithfulness to a subject, alone, makes a work of art. I have painted eyes and fingers peeking and poking through a violin. I have painted tears coming down INSPIRATION VS. FABRICATION AND IMPROVISATION 41 a face, and converting into dancers that march off and explode under a wilted rose. I have painted a symphony orchestra conductor trying to jump up in the air with a ball and chain tied to his foot, while, behind him, a mixed quartet is singing in the middle of a fire coming out of a wine glass. (You are not going to accuse "Ruckman" of being narrow-minded!) I have painted

ducks on a pond, literally dodging lightning, with a Ferris wheel over their heads, and a man floating in water on top of the Ferris wheel. (Don't talk to me about "naturalism" and "realism" and "romanticism" and "photographic-like accuracy.") I have painted a cross-section of a graveyard with a demon coming up through a tunnel into a coffin suspended in mid-air. In one of my works, you will find a line of twenty men carrying huge sacks on their backs; none of them have faces and the forms of their hands and feet are not even credible. They make an S-shaped aerial movement (literally: in the air) around a full moon over the Grand Canyon, and march off to the right-on the ground, (Tell me about "expressionism," will ya?)

A man does not have to paint like Norman Rockwell, or Bougereau, or Chabas to be an artist. Works of art can have great appeal even when they are not completely accurate, or realistic. The appeal may be undefinable, but if you are going to cite *appeal* as a criteria for masterpieces, then you will have to give in to Charles Schultz, Bill Watterson, Walt Kelly, and company (*Peanuts*, *Calvin and Hobbes*, *Pogo*, *Mickey Mouse*, *Krazy Kat*, etc.).

Charlie Brown and Snoopy have an *appeal* that far exceeds any *appeal* created by Andy Warhol, Roy Lichtenstein, or Claes Oldenburg—the Pop Art geniuses. Everyone of these imposters got his reputation through *news media publicity*. None of them could paint an outhouse. Andy Warhol's *Campbell Soup Cans* (1962) isn't anything; further, it doesn't *represent* anything, it conveys *no message*, it delivers *no truth*, it arouses *no emotions*, and it shows *no painting techniques of any kind*. You could not even *relate* it to art unless you stretched that term (and they do it, believe you me!) to include dead shrimp in a garbage can, ads for Camel cigarettes, condoms flushed down commodes, vaginas seated at a table, Christ standing in urine, and some tobacco juice someone spit on the rug (see p. 101). Warhol had less talent than Van Gogh. Someday, his tomato cans might bring \$100,000. But some bubble gum baseball cards from the 1930's are worth that. (You can talk some suckers into buying anything.) Now Hieronymus Bosch (1450-1516) made some definitive statements in paint about distortion and surrealism, but they were made more than 370 years *before Picasso was born*. The truth is that whether a viewer responds to naive primitivism (as, for example, in *The Sleeping Gypsy* by Rousseau, or *The Buffalo Hunt* by Horace Pipin), or to portrait painting (say Gainsborough, Copley, or Velazquez), good work is *good* work and bad work is *bad* work, and "never the twain shall meet." I didn't run Miro, Klee, Picasso, Cezanne, Dufy, and Rouault "off the boards" simply because I didn't like their style or their subject matter. I believe there is place for expressionism, impressionism, surrealism, and primitivism, and even for calligraphy, "hard edge," Cubism, and abstract an. But, still, a good work is a GOOD work, and a bad work is a BAD work.

We will give any "ground breaker" credit, in his day, even for poor workmanship, if he didn't have all the tools and the "morgue" at hand to refer to. (Commercial artists keep "morgues," which are nothing but huge collections of sketches, drawings, paintings, photos, and prints to which they can refer when trying to produce a work.) I will not say that the portraits of Goya, Velazquez, Gainsborough, and Copley were shabby because they can not portraiture like Sam Patrick. Sam Patrick did portraits of all the presidents from Washington to JFK. He did them with *wax colored pencils*. I have never seen any

portrait, by any master, in any century, that was truer to its subject. Rembrandt's one hundred self-portraits are no competition.

I like Peter Paul Ruben's "flesh tones" (1577-1640). I love to study the extremely life-like expressions that Franz Hals (1580-1666) gets into portraits. The inherent pride and strut in human nature does not escape Franz's eye, nor his brush. I appreciate, deeply, Pieter Bruegel's accurate recording of his day and time (1525-1569), even though I know he never documented it as thoroughly as Norman Rockwell (1894-1978) documented his. Yes, Michelangelo can handle anatomy, and Degas can project the atmosphere of the theatre and the dance. However, neither man could handle a *landscape*. How did Picasso get so confined? If he was a real genius, where are his life-like portraits, his realistic landscapes, his totally abstract paintings, his seascapes, his paintings that require *research*, and where are his illustrations for children's books in a style that children enjoy? I know the difference between elongated figures (El Greco) because a man can't help it—it is his style—and the elongated figures of a baby who is trying to get attention by putting on a show. I recognize horror and tension in a painting because a man intended to convey it (Goya, for example), and not because his own personal life was such an intense horror that he was unable to *handle a paint brush* (Van Gogh). Fool the art experts (\$\$\$), but don't kid *me*.

Pierre Renoir (1841-1919) could get more sunlight into a picture than Manet (1832-1883) could, and he was a better painter of portraits. Rembrandt couldn't get enough sunlight into most of his pictures to read a newspaper by (see p. 64), and his Biblical paintings are a crude joke. (I call Rembrandt, "The Red-Brown Dauber.")

I have only painted about sixty portraits, but I have painted enough of them to know that Matisse could no more paint a portrait than he could cook snow.

Turner's highly acclaimed "atmospheres" and "exciting colors" are nothing but more of Van Gogh. Turner's oceans are mediocre, his mountains and trees are mediocre, and his buildings are mediocre. Turner could not paint what he saw in front of his eyes, or what he saw in the back of his head. His *Hannibal Crossing the Alps* is comic opera. Huge smears of red and brown do not produce "atmosphere." I have been outdoors in rainstorms, thunderstorms, hurricanes, storms at sea, cloudy days, overcast days, hail storms, snow storms, sunny days, blizzards, foggy days, rainy days, and clear days in America, Asia, and Europe, and have never seen anything that resembled, in any way, shape, or form, what Turner produced in *Rain, Steam and Speed* (1844), *Light and Color* (1843), or *The Interior at Petworth* (1837). You say, "That is the way HE saw it." No, he didn't. That is what he produced because he couldn't produce what he SAW. (Ditto Picasso: "I don't paint what I see; I paint what I know. " You know *nothing*, and if you did, you couldn't paint it.) You say, "Turner was seeing it with his inner mind." You're guessing. You gave him the benefit of a doubt after seeing him fail, two dozen times, to produce a likeness of *anything* he saw, even indoors.

There is no rain in *Rain, Steam and Speed*. The *Great Western* is not even on a track. There isn't enough smoke (or steam) coming out of the train to blow up a balloon. Nothing in the picture looks like it is moving; and through the steam and rain you can see, clearly, the occupants of a ten-foot fishing boat in the river, 200 yards down stream, but

you can't see the sixty-foot bridge, in the foreground, *on which the locomotive is moving*.

Do you really want to see a “locomotive”? I mean, one big enough, and real enough, to make you move over so you don't get run-over on the track? Then get *As the Centuries Pass in the Night* by William Harden Foster, or *Horseshoe Curve* by Grif Teller (1951). Do you want to see real STEAM? I mean, hot enough to burn your hands? Get the locomotive pictures done by J. B. Deneen (*The Great Northern*, 1971) and Walter Greene (*Thoroughbreds*, 1972). Any train painted by those artists (or Howard Fogg, or Harlan Hiney) would derail Turner's choo-choo and put it back in the Lionel toy set.

The “shimmering and shining atmospheres” of J. M. W. Turner are nothing but great globs of artificial light coming out of some source like a spotlight, but the spotlight doesn't affect the landscape like a spotlight would. *The Lake of Zug* (1843) is a good example. The sunlight, in this situation, has to come from *two* sources, for a rock formation that should be illuminated is *silhouetted*, and light that should be reflected in the lake dies in pitch black-blue darkness. Contrary to sunlight and shadow, one-third of Lake Zug has no light on it at all, although its right bank is bathed in sunlight, supposedly from a sun on the *left side* of the painting.

I have witnessed a minimum of forty sunrises a year for over sixty-five years. At least thirty of them over lakes; twenty of them over ponds; twenty of them were in the mountains, twenty were in forests, twenty more were over the Pacific Ocean, twenty were over the Atlantic Ocean, and ten over the Gulf of Mexico; I saw another twenty in the South Seas, with three of them being in Hawaii. I have seen sunrises and sunsets in the mountains of Austria, Germany, Japan, Colorado, the Philippines, North Carolina, Georgia, and Tennessee. The ponds were in Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama, and Florida, and the lakes were in Canada, Switzerland, Austria, Germany, Michigan, Wisconsin, California, Ohio, Tennessee, Kansas, and Texas.

Either J. M. W. Turner couldn't handle a brush, or he needed glasses.

An “artistic work” by a real artist—whether he be of the Primitive, the Naive, the Futurist, the Impressionist, the Surrealist school, etc.—must show some mastery of composition, light and shadow, color harmony and blending, perspective, balance, proportions, depth and subject matter.

Appeal and *style* cannot be an alibi for a lack of *talent*.

Left-wing radicalism (“men are women,” “children are adults,” “blacks are white,” “queers are straights,” etc.) is no substitute for *craftsmanship* and the ability to *draw*.

A psychotic personality is no proof of inspiration. This only is true in the news media—the people who debased art (\$\$\$) to its present non-objective, or pornographic, or vulgar state (1993).

It was the press that promoted “Abstract Expressionism” as a school of art.

The beauty of abstract-expressionism is that you can put *anything* on canvas (anyway you want to lay it on), and then claim you were trying to *express* whatever the mess reminds you of, AFTER you have put it on. This is the real Pollock-Gorky-Miro appeal. You don't have to be any kind of artist to be an abstract expressionist, or an abstract

impressionist. Pollock's *Sound in the Grass* (1946) is also *Clippings in the Waste Basket* and *The Floor of the Barber Shop*. Any painting from this school could be titled anything because none of them could express a thought, or idea, well enough for it to be *identified*. You might guess where this led. It led to untitled pictures (or rather, "untitled blanks").

"Gorky distilled from Surrealism a way to express his *innermost feelings*... "No, he didn't. *Agony* (1948) and *Betrothal* (1947) are two titles that Gorky attached to two sloppy decorations to make you think he expressed his innermost feelings. *Betrothal* is actually "The Waiter Who Found No One at the Table," or "The Yellow Horse Who Bumped Into the Lamp. *Agony* is really "The One Legged Rider on the Butterfly" or "Here Comes Brownie, Reddy or Not!"

Franz Kline's *Orange and Black Wall* (1959) is an orange, red, black, and white smear. Not one stroke anywhere on the canvas even *suggests* a wall. Kline's *Dahlia* (1959) could just as well be titled "Ink Blotter," or "Sub-machine Gun With Scope." As all of these imitators, improvisors and imposters tried to keep up with the giant—the giant fakir of the century (Picasso)—out came abominations like De Kooning's *Woman and Bicycle*, which is "Jeannie with the Dark Green Hair" or "Severed Torso in a Malt Mixing Machine." By the time we get to Clyfford Still (1947) and Philip Guston (1957), the talentless pretenders are bending so far backwards to put down something Picasso had not put down—he had already carried distortion and clumsiness to the limit—they are promoting trash like *The Mirror* (Guston, 1957) which is not a mirror, has no mirror in it, reflects nothing, and doesn't sport any kind of glass or water (they "reflect," remember?) anywhere in the picture. When asked about this irrelevant piece of visual claptrap, Guston answered in typical Cezanne-Van Gogh fashion: "I would like to think a picture is finished when it FEELS not new, but old. As if its forms had lived a long time in you even though, *until it appears*, you did not know what it would look like!"

And there, for an astonished world to gaze at, is the TRUTH about "modern" art. The man has confessed that what was *in* him he had never *seen*, and that until it came out on the canvas he didn't know what it *looked* like. Even though he didn't know what it looked like *before* it came out, you are to believe he recognized it *when it came out!*

This kind of bonkers, gone bananas, reminds me of a conversation I had with a "hillbilly" Holiness woman in Cincinnati, Ohio. She would not receive the Lord Jesus because she said, "Hit jes ain't struck me right, yit." I asked her three times what "IT" was that hadn't "struck her yit." She confessed she had no idea. I then asked her, "Well, if you don't know what "it" is that is going to strike you right, how do you know it didn't strike you ten years ago and you missed it?"

That is the mentality of the modern school of art.

Relational Painting (1949), by Fritz Glarner, is "related" to nothing; and it is not a *painting*. It is a series of white, gray, blue, yellow, and red rectangles forming a simple decorative pattern like you might use on a linoleum floor. But "He believed that his art... had a *profound relation to the tension and emotions of life*. "

Well, *Life* and *Time* magazines believed that Hillary and Biliary Clinton would get the economy straightened out. Some kids believe Santa Claus comes down the chimney. Dr.

A. T. Robertson and Bob Jones Jr. believed Westcott and Hort were Bible scholars. JFK and Secretary of State Haig believed that Mary could hear 400,000,000 people praying at the same time, and sort out their requests. Catholics believe dead babies go to Limbo if they don't get sprinkled. Every press outlet in America BELIEVES that if you increase tax handouts to blacks that that will stop racial strife. Okay, where are you now? In Disneyworld?

There are no masters or masterpieces to be found in the artists' union of the twentieth century avant-garde (Frank Stella, Kenneth Noland, Al Held, Leon P. Smith, Richard Anuszkiewicz, Josef Albers, Jim Dine, Tom Wesselmann, Richard Linder, or James Rosenquist). These were the artists who were the contemporaries of Carl Evers, Norman Rockwell, J. B. Deneen, Gregg Hildebrandt, and Frank Frazetta. If you want to see a masterpiece, go to Atlanta and see the cyclorama on *The Battle of Atlanta*. It took forty-five painters to paint it and everyone of them could DRAW and PAINT. But stay out of the National Art Galleries promoted by the NEA. You can get a better "paint job" in an auto repair shop.

When it comes to depth, form, and brush handling, Pieter Bruegel (300 years before Cezanne and Turner) would make Paul Cezanne and J. Turner look like two first-graders playing with fingerpaints. Bruegel's *Peasant Wedding* (1568) is a peasant wedding. Turner's *Interior at Petworth* could be *The Legacy of Bloody Mary*, or *Smashed Roses in Pink Ink*.

Then there is Edouard Manet (1832-1883)—not Monet. Manet can draw, and he can paint what he sees. He *sees* nude women (*Olympia and Luncheon on the Grass*). (He must have seen a good many of them because he dies of advanced syphilis [like Al Capone, 1947], after having a gangrenous leg cut off and thrown into a fireplace.) Manet committed adultery most of his life, and died at fifty-one years of age (Al Capone at fifty-one). Manet's palette is much brighter than some of his contemporaries (Daumier, Millet, Degas, et al.). He always had more light than Gustave Courbet. He never got as much sunlight into pictures as Monet, Renoir, Sorolla, Sisley, or Pissarro, but then, again, Manet was an indoor painter. He liked wine, fornication, beer, women, adultery, and dancing. Nearly all of his paintings are rapid and spontaneous; therefore sketchy. *The Plum*, *At the Cafe*, and *The Bar at the Folies Bergere* (1882) are the measure of the master. He has an eye for color. His forms and compositions are good, but his landscapes are few, and poorly executed.

Jan Vermeer (1632-1675) can reproduce *exactly* what he sees. (Picasso never could one time in a lifetime.) Any detail in the works of Vermeer will reveal a workmanship that is far beyond the reach of any modern artist. They would not even attempt to learn the techniques by which these details were mastered. This is why they all prefer the "inner light" and "creative" art. You see, *they can't paint*. Vermeer can only be put down for his lack of breadth and versatility. Ninety-five percent of his paintings are one or two people, in a room, with light coming through a window on the left side. But Vermeer gets real sunlight into a room without going into impressionism or pointillism. Further, he doesn't have to black-out three-fourths of the picture to make the light look "bright." He gets sunlight by recording what he sees.

As far as that goes, the whole alibi for the modern revolution in outdoor painting was a lame one. Any artist who has ever even attempted to paint a landscape discovers, quickly, that the brightest color he can produce on canvas is five times as dark as direct sunlight, and twice as dark as sunlight on most objects. This means that to effectively reproduce “sunlight,” any artist—any artist—must tone down every color on his palette so the whites and yellows will appear brighter than they are. This explains why many of the outdoor impressionists still failed to produce a sun-drenched setting: they made the mistake of lightening ALL of their colors, including the ones they used to represent *shadows*. If you want to see two outstanding examples of this over-reaching for sunlight, study *Haystacks in Provence* (1888) by Van Gogh, or *Bordighera* (1884) by Claude Monet.

Finally, there is J. M. W. Turner (1775-1851), the real forerunner of the French school of impressionists. Constable said, “He seems to paint with tinted steam, so evanescent and AIRY.” Closer viewers of Turner’s works said he was “unintelligible.”¹ (Sorta like Pablo; Si?) But John Ruskin—a WRITER, not an artist—quickly converted Turner into a genius: “he draws accurately on the spot...he was continually endeavoring to reconcile old fondness with new sublimities...he never passed a day...without obtaining the accurate knowledge of some great natural fact...he keeps expressing this enormous and accumulated knowledge.”

Too bad he couldn’t draw, couldn’t see colors, mix colors, match colors, or put them on canvas.

Some deluded soul said: “Turner put the sun itself into his paintings.”

If he did, then pitch black should have been found in every picture he painted. You don’t bring “the sun itself” into any picture without darkening every color on the palette ten times as dark as it is squeezed out of the tube.

Turner’s *Pink Sky* (1830) wouldn’t make a decent watercolor for a child in the sixth grade. It isn’t even a color study, and it is NOT pink. The skies found in Parrish’s paintings would make Turner’s *Pink Sky* look like something by Estaban Vincent (*Harriet*, for example: 1984) that fell out of a the dumpster.

Turner’s *Buildings* (1826-1836) are not accurate drawings, or close to them. His *Pasteum in Storm* (1830) is nothing found anywhere; it is just some gray, watery splotches over some dirty brown “flows.” *Venice, Buildings* (1839) are not in Venice, and they are not buildings. The buildings don’t have doors or roofs; they have either been burned badly, or bombed out, and the “landscape” they are on is not *land*. The picture must have been painted by an epileptic during an attack of St. Vitus Dance. *The Old London Bridge* (1796) and *St. Peter’s From the South* (1819) are fairly good watercolors; but they are his early an, as was *Manor House Gateway* painted in 1796. Turner’s *The Battle of Trafalgar* (1808) and *Ulysses Deriding Polphemus* (1829) display some fair sunrises (or sunsets) and action; and *Frosty Morning* (1813) shows some talent. But by the time you get to the interior scenes at Petworth (1837), all is over. The nearest thing to this art work is the drug art of avant-garde Rock promoters in the 1960’s. The remainder of Turner’s life was devoted to creating unrealistic atmospheres and make-believe illuminations. They all

turned out to be “strokes of genius,” depicting “the fury of nature,” and man’s battle with “the elements” as the “sheer light charged the atmosphere with the blankety, blank, blank, etc.”

The press saved the day for Turner.

Hannibal and His Army Crossing the Alps (1812) was supposed to be “Hannibal and His Army Crossing the Alps.” You see, the so-called masters often tried their hand at the despised trade of the commercial artists: ILLUSTRATION. The only thing is, *they never could do it*. Da Vinci tried to illustrate the Last Supper: he failed miserably. Rembrandt tried to illustrate David and Saul: he blew it. Turner tried to illustrate Hannibal and his army crossing the Alps: he bombed out. It is the press that deifies these men, while excluding Parrish, Evers, Deenan, Rockwell, and Wyeth from the ranks of the *artists*. What on God’s earth could be more hypocritical—unless it would be a graduate of BBC, Bob Jones, Pensacola Christian College, Tennessee Temple, or Liberty University professing to quote “scripture” when they believed no one had ever seen even *one word of scripture*, let alone a *verse of scripture*.

The Alps, in Turner’s nightmare, are not the Swiss Alps, the Austrian Alps, the Italian Alps, or the French Alps. There are dark brown, shapeless outlines. You couldn’t find enough snow in the picture to build a snowman with.

What might pass for snow—if you never saw a snowbank—is a waterfall: two waterfalls of yellowish-white. One is coming from a moon (or sun, or croquet ball, or orange baseball, or, etc.) which omits no rays in any direction. If it is the sun, or the moon, it emits NO LIGHT of any kind. What was supposed to be a mountainside (on the right side of the picture) is actually a brown wave of water (brown water!) so what is produced is a poorly executed “Moses crossing the Brown Sea.” The picture is subtitled *Snowstorm*: but there is no snow in the picture, and there is no storm in the picture. I have been in blizzards in the mountains (Germany), and in the plains (Kansas), and in the hills (West Virginia), and in the cities (Buffalo and Chicago), and you can take my word for it, there are no snowstorms that appear as two waterfalls of yellowish-white water pouring out of an orange “wafer.” If you want to see a snowstorm, get the book on *German War Art* (W. P. Yenne, Crescent Books, 1983) and look at the paintings made in Russia, in the winter of 1942-1943.

Turner was the character who was obtaining “accurate knowledge about great natural facts and, thereby, was accumulating an enormous store of knowledge” (see Ruskin, above).

On one occasion, Turner painted a cloudless sky over a yellow-brown river that couldn’t reflect some of the ships on it. Then he stuck the *Temeraire* into the picture—it was a warship which had been commanded by Lord Nelson (1798)—and then he painted a black, yellow, and red tugboat pulling it. The composition is a little lop-sided to the left, and the tugboat becomes the main theme of the painting (not the *Temeraire*). But the PROW of this tugboat, for some reason, cannot “break” water. All the foam is back under a paddlewheel. And although there is sunlight coming from the right side of the picture, the paddlewheel is illuminated on the left. The warship is a pale yellow and pale brown.

When Thackery—a WRITER, not an artist—saw this piece of poor artistry, he said, “When the art of translating colors into music, or poetry, shall be discovered, Turner’s *Temeraire* will be found to be a magnificent National Ode, or piece of MUSIC!” (*Not art!*)

Observe the reappearance of Picasso’s “translating” bit (“when the art of *translating...*” etc.). Someone is trying to get out of drawing and painting and into another area.

Actually, if the art of “translating colors into music and poetry” ever did take place, you might use Turner’s *Fighting Temeraire* as a place-setting on a tablecloth where a breakfast of coffee and poached eggs are about to be served. *Fighting Temeraire* is not *musical*, and it is *not poetic*; above all, it is not a *masterpiece*. It is an inept young man trying to get some publicity by spotlighting a national relic. Instead, he spotlighted a poorly drawn, and poorly painted TUGBOAT. But the press won out: “Imaginative... daring...fascinating to the mind...ablaze with dazzling sunlight...haunting compositions that emerge through veils of light and color...Turner saw the reality and the dream....” (And couldn’t *paint* either.)

No matter what theory of art is adopted or espoused, or whose standards of excellence are used, or appealed to, a painter who does not have the discipline and character to muster the first, basic, primary essential for art—the ability to portray what he SEES—cannot be trusted to portray what he THINKS he sees, or says he FEELS. First things must come first. (Everywhere, except in the twentieth century: see Matthew 6:33). The improviser may be able to produce *feelings* in a viewer, but drugs, liquor, sex, scary movies, raises in pay, and electrical shocks can do that much, or more. I would give any abstractionist, or non-objectivist, a ten-second ovation if he could show me one thing he ever painted in seventy years that showed he could DRAW a facsimile of what he *looked at*. If he couldn’t do it, I would fire him. He’s a fakir.

“Yes, but the people of so-and-so’s day said that about him and look how he turned out!” Yeah, I looked. They had *his* number; the press just made a god out of him, *later*. “Why, 100 years ago people thought sex perverts were FILTHY, and now look....!” Exactly. They had *their* number. *It is the news media that changed the number*. “Why, eighty years ago it was considered a disgrace for a woman to be divorced, and now....” Exactly. Backward and *downward*, while you profess to be moving forward and *upward* (see p. 113).

CHAPTER FIVE

Masterpieces and Illustrators

For a good while now, we have been trying to draw the dividing line—that is an “unpardonable sin” in the latter half of the twentieth century!—between the talented *artist* and the sensational *innovator*. Before making any attempt to list what I would call “masterpieces,” let me digress and momentarily sidestep the masters, and the modern school. For a moment, let us look at some paintings that demonstrate (beyond the reasonable shadow of doubt) real artistic *talent*. These are “moderns” only in the sense that everyone of them paints in the twentieth century: but, unlike the moderns in the *schools*, these will receive bad press. The reason for this is because everyone of them can not only draw and paint, but they can *illustrate*; and here, the term applies to the illustration of a thought, or a feeling, or an idea, not just a book or an historical event. All of these gentlemen are *inventive*, and all of them are *creative*.

For example, if you want to see a free-flowing style that is both decorative and realistic, get June Carbone’s *Duck on Water*. It is done with watercolor PENCILS. June Carbone can turn out a realistic, well-balanced, well-proportioned composition that “floats” in space, and (in keeping with real expressionism) shows colors that are not really there. She does this in one bundle.

If you want to see sunlight on snow, don’t wait for Hannibal to part the Brown Sea, crossing the Alps. Get *Winter Decor* by Lavere Hutchins. If you want to see accuracy in watercoloring that goes beyond the camera, get *Meditation* (1991) by Brookes Dewey, or anything by Kautsky. If you want real *Rain, Steam, etc.* (Turner), get any painting of a locomotive by W. H. Foster, Grif Teller, or J. B. Deneen, and you will convert Turner’s *Great Western* back into a locomotive for Dumbo’s circus train.

A still life by Daniel Tennant, in Gouache (*Still Life with Satin Pillow*), will match any work on textures that Velazquez, Vermeer, Manet, Courbet, or Copley did. Tennant can get the textures and feel of silverware, strawberries, apples, figs, pillows, flowers, and a chest of drawers, all in one shot. If you think that doesn’t take *talent*, try it. Let your *creative urges* from *your inner life* express your emotions in a *meaningful way*, so that simplistic hard-edges reduce the complexities of the *nonessential elements* into the blankety blank *of Life* and *Time* magazines and *USA Today*.

You “like” Picasso, do you? All right, if you want to see his style painted by a painter with talent (instead of press agents), try *Summer Mosaic* (1989) by Ann Gauthier (or her *Summer Melody* (1989)). The female artists in the 1980’s and 1990’s go beyond the male artists who got hung up on abstracts. Debra Edgerton’s *Couple at a City Market* (1989) is a perfect composition, with perfect depth and light, and subject matter.

Who are these people? Unknown “nobodies,” *with talent*. They can handle the basic problems of form, color, composition, and pictorial space in *any* style of art.

Want a real masterpiece in naive art? Get *The White Buffalo* by Roye. Want to see Japanese Buddhism in western painting? Get the works of Tucker Smith. Do you want to

see *real sunlight* as it appears outdoors? Get *Windrush* by George Monar. His colors match, his pictorial space is real, and all the objects in the picture balance; the shading is perfect, and the subject matter arouses interest. It is a “Western” painting.

Paul Detlefson’s calendar illustrations would put Durand, Allston, Morse, Cole, Church, and Inness back in the pawn shop. If the objection is that he is too realistic, then try *Night Glow* (1990) by M. D. Walton. Jackson Pollock couldn’t touch it, nor could he touch the same artist’s work called *Cuff Flow*. Neither work is Realism or Naturalism, but the artist could *paint*. The decorative designs of Deborah Ellis (*Grace Notes*, 1990; and *Turkish Delights*) show that some people can do more with watercolors than Miro and Chagall could do with oils. If you want to see watercolors that Winslow Homer could not do, the works of Gordon Henschel and “Bev” Dolittle.

Francis Beaugereau’s *Hanoi and Her Children* can get more brilliant lighting into a daytime scene (with WATERCOLOR) than Pissarro, Manet, and Van Gogh could get with oils. R. Bronwell McGrew can paint: he can reproduce almost anything he looks at, and he doesn’t sacrifice one bit of style for anything he tackles. Gary Swanson can paint (*World of Wildlife Paintings*). No animal painter, from 1400-1900, could touch the hem of his garment when it came to “telling it like it is.” And when you stare into the eyes of the charging elephant, painted by Gregory Manchess (*Elephant Charge with Egrets*, 1990), you are looking at talent. Manchess said he hangs out on a fine line *between* realism and abstract painting. There it is! Right on the money. There is an abstract painter *who can paint what he sees*. But Manchess will never go down in history, for he has the misfortune of belonging to that band of pariahs and serfs that do not deserve a place in the “hall of fame.” You see, Gregory Manchess is a free lance ILLUSTRATOR. That finishes him off.

Gordon Mortensen’s woodcut landscapes are masterpieces, without a doubt. B. R. Gates of Denton, Texas, can paint. If you have to go modern, then go in the direction of Ed Mell (*Vermillion Cliffs, Noon, Train Rock, Blue Hills, Red Hills*, etc.), but don’t go to one of Andy Warhol’s publicity parties.

Any Currier and Ives lithograph from 1853 to 1898 is superior to pop art. *A Midnight Race on the Mississippi* is a masterpiece. And *Life on the Prairie* is close to it. Neither lithograph is “photographic realism.”

Franz Kline may sum up, for us, the entire news media approach, which has been used since about 1900, to debase and defile real art, and turn it over to talentless amateurs who never learned to paint or draw. Kline (1948) said, “The test of painting [Hang on, honey! That has to be something stupendous!], theirs, mine, any other [How’s that for “dogmatism!”] is DOES THE PAINTER’S EMOTIONS COME ACROSS?”

THAT is what really explains the genius of Vincent Van Gogh: you lay down a dogmatic fiat, and judge all works of art by your own standards, and your standards exclude *subject matter, composition, pictorial space, reality, and the ability to paint*.

The whole modern school was misnamed. It should have been called “emotionalism.” Techniques, craftsmanship, and an eye for balance, depth, color, and form were not even factors. The test was, “Did some hysterical lunatic express his hysteria?” “Did some filthy, sex pervert express his lust?” “Did some undisciplined, spoiled brat show you how he

FELT during a tantrum?” (I am not exaggerating anything. Go back and read Kline again.) “Did some lazy spendthrift, that never did a lick of work in his life, express his fear of manual labor?” Mark Rothko says, “I paint large pictures because I want to create... INTIMACY. A large picture is an immediate transaction; it takes you into it.”

But, Rothko never painted any pictures, large or small.

Mark Rothko produced large slabs of tasteless colors that were so clashing they couldn't even pass for decorative designs; they had no designs in them. Adolph Gottlieb—who couldn't paint his fingernails—said, “We favor the simple expression of the complex thought. We are for the large shape because it has the impact of the unequivocal [Man, how is THAT for “art”!] ...we are for flat forms because they destroy illusion and reveal truth.”

“Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth.

“The truth shall make you free.”

“I am the way, the truth, and the life.”

“And because I tell you the truth.”

“And if I say the truth, why do ye not believe me?”

Modern artists are hot air experts. They wouldn't know truth, or “*the truth*,” from a speech by Martin Luther King Jr.

The reason the modern pretenders—none of them are *painters*—favor the “simple expression” is because they are so shallow, and inexperienced in art matters that they cannot express a *complex thought*, or even *think* one. They are for “flat forms” because any five-year-old (or any primitive in the tropical rain forest) can handle flat forms. And the only “truth” (see above) that is revealed by such a childish approach, is the truth that bum colors, painted poorly on a surface DO destroy illusions. That is, if any viewer had any illusions about the talent of the painter! Those who paint such pitiful imitations are, obviously, not artists, nor can they paint. Their works confirm their inadequacy, and lack of talent. They are, truly, “the truth” and “without illusion.”

Turning from the improvisers, pretenders, imitators, and amateurs, let us judge the masters by the standards of painting, instead of the standards of *Life*, *Time*, *Newsweek*, the National Art Galleries, CBS, NBC, ABC, and *USA Today*, or the promoters of art auctions.

Here we will judge the masters by real standards, instead of a ream of philosophical conjectures, mystic ideas, emotional upheavals, and just plain lying.

The subject matter of Giotto (1267-1337) and the Catholic schools of Sienna, Pisa, Rome, Lucca, and Arezzo is quite limited: they are all Roman Catholics, solely occupied with the private interpretations of Rome. When Toscano, Orcagna, Veneziano, Lorenzetti, Pisano, Orlandi, Rusuti, et al., paint angels, they all turn out to be the stork-winged women of Zechariah 5. The “Madonna and Child” works are all borrowed from the Byzantine style; none of them are original. The two-fingered Antichrist (see *Mark of the Beast*, 1959) is found in nearly all of the “babes in arms.” The UFO “nimbus” circles Mary's head and Christ's head in nearly all the pictures. This halo represents the sun-god,

and is reproduced in the Catholic clerical collar, the circular tonsure and the Catholic wafer. (See *The Two Babylons* by Hislop). The wafer is a counterfeit of Exodus 16:14, as all Bible-believers know.

“Early Christian” (a Roman Catholic cliché) art is Satanic.

The early Italian masters are fair on form, as some of them sculpt, again following the Eastern (Greek) example. Pisano can carve good statues (*Massacre of the Innocents*, 1301). Duecio’s *Madonna* is a demoniac “Queen of Heaven” (see Jer. 44), and her “son” is the Son of Perdition: bow-string fingers, and the works (1285). Cimabue’s *Crucifixion* is quite advanced for his time (1280), for it resembles Beckmann (twentieth century). But there is no depth to the picture, and the proportions are as bad as any expressionist in the twentieth century. Duccio’s *Crucifixion* is flat, unrealistic, cartoony, and lacks realism and atmosphere, as well as reality.

Giotto was a “fresco” painter. He has a series of cartoon panels in the Arena Chapel; there are forty of them. The composition in each panel is good and the overall color scheme is pleasing, for all of the blues, yellows, reds, and greens are muted. They are almost pastels. Unfortunately, twelve of the panels deal with Roman Catholic mythology, in regards to the birth and rearing (and sinlessness) of Mary. So the fresco could just as well have had twelve pictures on Limbo, or Purgatory, or the “revivals” that evangelistic popes have conducted since 500 A.D.! Giotto’s proportions are ridiculous. Herod’s Temple is about twelve feet high and the “Golden Gate” is about nine feet; you could pole vault over the wall around it. There is no sunlight to be found in the pictures. Angels are the size of Christ’s torso. The Roman soldiers, at the tomb, look like something that Dufy or Rouault would paint. One could say that Giotto did a fair job, in his time (1300), of illustrating Roman Catholic mythology. To list him as a *master*, while calling N. E. Wyeth an *illustrator*, is nothing more than Vatican propaganda.

Leonardo Da Vinci (1452-1519) shows up about the same time as Corregio (1494-1534), Albrecht Durer, Hans Holbein, Giovanni Bellini, Raphael (1483-1520), Botticelli, and Andrea Del Verrochio (a sculptor). Leonardo is a fair sketcher, although his sketches of machines and technical items are better than his landscapes (or figures) of his day and time. Rembrandt and Van Gogh can handle those matters better. The best avant-garde painting Da Vinci does is a map of Northern Italy (1502). Da Vinci’s sketches on anatomy are good, but when it comes to *reality in painting*, Leo is as far back in the bushes as Giotto, one hundred years before him. We have already commented on the pale and uninspiring Mona Lisa, whose “charm” and “influence” are bound up with literature: not art. In *The Annunciation* (1472), the two-fingered Antichrist appears as a female demon (Rev. 6:2, Zech. 5). The Bible said that the angel who made the “annunciation” was a MAN named “**Gabriel**” (Luke 1:26-30). If Leo was a good painter, he was a typical Roman Catholic: i.e., a rotten Christian.

Everyone is familiar with *The Last Supper*. It has enjoyed four centuries of rave notices from the press, without a dissenting opinion going on record. In this picture, a red-headed, Irish Catholic “faggot” was painted to represent the Lord Jesus Christ, whose hair was BLACK (Song of Sol. 5:10-12); and who could not possibly have been mistaken for a “neuter” if you bumped into Him in the dark. Pilate said, “**Behold the man!**” Jesus Christ

lived outdoors much of His life (Matt. 8:20) and He was a carpenter eighteen years before He began His ministry. He didn't look like Tiny Tim stepping out of "Jesus Christ, Superstar."

Poussin's *Eucharist* (1647) is four times as authentic as Leonardo's Roman Catholic fantasy. Da Vinci has the disciples eating in broad daylight, not after 7 p.m. They are all *sitting*, whereas the scriptures made it clear that they were reclining (see John 13:25 and Esther 7:7, 8). If this weren't enough antiscriptural tomfoolery, Leo has painted the wildest looking bunch of orthodox Jews you ever saw in your life. Seated at this Italian table, in an Italian room, are ten, red-headed, Irish "blondes" and two bald men. The only man with a Jewish complexion in the whole picture is Judas.

When it comes to painting realistic pictures, or illustrating historical events, Leo did no research at all, and he threw his Bible out the window. We may say that, for 1500, Leonardo was an original thinker and quite inventive, and that he could draw what he saw when he made an effort to. His *studies* are much better than his pictures. Da Vinci is probably the most over-rated, over-publicized, over-valued *painter* who ever lived.

Michelangelo (1475-1564) was a "sure enough" master when it came to sculpture. *Moses* (1513-1515), *Pieta* (1499), *David* (1501), and the work he did on the tombs of Lorenzo De Medici (1520) and Giuliano de Medici (1530) are masterpieces. They are NOT paintings. What is supposed to demonstrate the scope and power of Michelangelo's genius is actually flat sculpturing. All his paintings are nothing more than male and female figures (statues). There are more than two hundred NUDES adorning the Sistine Chapel: a real "testimony" for the nature of the Roman Catholic church if you ever saw one. When the pope sits down in the Sistine Chapel, he quietly seats himself directly under the place where Jesus Christ is judging in Michelangelo's *Last Judgment*. To make sure you "get the message," the old bloody killer hangs an illustrated banner over his head that links him to Michael's painting. Typical: par for Rome.

In Mike's *Last Judgment*, Jesus Christ is a beardless, red-haired, Irish Catholic. His "mother," as Co-Judge, sits beside Him: she is clothed. There are no books present (see Rev. 20:11-15). There is no White Throne in sight (see Rev. 20). There is no Lake of Fire present (see Rev. 20). *The Last Judgment* is as fine a piece of anti-Christian, non-Biblical, pagan mythology as any Roman Catholic painter (or writer) ever produced. Mike never took one look at his subject matter before he began to paint.

If that is a "*master*," then follow a servant.

It is a news media conspiracy that puts scope and power into the man's "*genius*." No real genius could make such a mess of the Bible, even if he didn't BELIEVE it.

Mike could paint NUDES, and that is about the sum of his talent in painting. His trees are credible, but his dogs and horses are sloppily done. His flowers and bushes are dead, his streams and rivers look like baked clay, and his landscapes and sky-scapes are pitiful. As usual, the press goes to bats for him and says, "He didn't SEE things like you see them, etc." But Manet could paint things like you see them, or like he saw them. Ditto N. C. Wyeth and Maxwell Parrish. Don't tell me that a man is a genius when he can only portray a subject as HE sees it, and then it doesn't match the subject when (and if) the thing is

finally photographed. Rockwell, who used photographs occasionally, had just as good an eye for color as Manet, or Monet, or Renoir. I have seen his sketches, in OIL, of faces, and they prove that he sees colors, *without the help of a camera*. Moreover, the portraits take the shape that YOU would see, if you saw the individual. This type of thing is overlooked by the artist's union when they have to deal with men like Rockwell or Frazetta. No camera ever photographed Parrish's *Reluctant Dawn*, and no camera ever photographed Hildebrandt's *Dr. Jekyll, Mr. Hyde* (1974).

And now, here is Rembrandt. This will be Rembrandt Harmenszoon Van Rijn (1606-1669). Observe the phenomena in the art world that follows 1611, which also pops up in the music world, and the world of literature. This date, 1611 (*Authorized Version*), is the date of an explosion of some kind, that no major historian observes. This explosion in man's three creative fields—see p. 1—reaches a plateau between 1880 and 1901 and drops off in 1918 (see p. 112). Accompanying (and following) the *King James Authorized Version* of the Holy Bible comes: Rembrandt, Jan Van Der Heyden (1637-1712), Franz Hals (1580-1666), Jan Vermeer (1632-1675), Peter Paul Rubens (1577-1640), Nicolas Poussin (1594-1665), El Greco (1541-1614), Valazquez (1599-1660), Copley (1738-1815), William Hogarth (1697-1764), Joshua Reynolds (1723-1792), Gainsborough (1727-1788), Turner (1775-1851), Blake (1757-1827), Constable, Bougereau, Corot, Delacroix, Daumier, Dore, Millet, Rousseau, Courbet, and then all of the impressionists, expressionists, surrealists, cubists, etc. WHY THE DELAY OF FIFTEEN CENTURIES? In the same period, all of the major philosophers show up and all of the famous musicians, Monteverdi, Palestrina, Meyerbeer, Vivaldi, Staumitz, Puccini, Bach, Mozart, Handel, Schumann, Beethoven, Schubert, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Strauss, Ravel, Dukas, Gluck, Brahms, Tchaikovsky, Berlioz, Paganini, Listz, and Prokofief, et al., all get together in collusion, and decide to wait until AFTER 1611, and BEFORE 1918. Strange business, wouldn't you say?

As the sports announcers said, between 1980 and 1990: "Awesome, man! Awesome! Outstanding!" But more awesome is how every major, recognized historian, from 1700 to 1990, missed the implication of such a startling phenomena, for it implies that Western Civilization disappeared at the beginning of the twentieth century. No modern man in the twentieth century would allow for this truth, for Charles Darwin taught him that as time progresses "everything moves upward and forward" (see p. 95). Everything (including art, music, literature, education, moral standards, character, and Christianity) went back to the JUNGLE.

Rembrandt is able to portray what he sees with his eyes; he does excellent sketches and drawings, and although they do not "dazzle" connoisseurs with their spontaneity and economy—that is the standard press crap—they are excellent. However, when it comes to *painting*, someone called Rembrandt "the owl-like man of darkness." This is a very good description of Rembrandt's art work, AND his moral life. To prove that Rembrandt was a master of light, one picture is often produced (*Tobit and Anna*, a piece of Catholic junk from the Roman Catholic Apocrypha: 1626) to prove Rembrandt could handle brilliant light. But this light only appears brilliant by the fact that its background (two-thirds of the picture is a deep red-brown and black [see p. 43]) has been blackened. If Rembrandt had

“loved light rather than darkness” (see John 3:17-19) he would have gone further with such pictures, but he didn’t.

Rembrandt can see color. He knows *where* to daub with *what*. But his portrait work is not as solid, or as convincing, as his contemporary: Franz Hals (1633). A comparison of Hals’ *Assembly of Officers and Subalterns* with Rembrandt’s *The Company of Captain Frans Banning Cocqu* (1642) will show you the difference.

But Rembrandt’s genius rests on a far firmer and more permanent basis than his portraits. He is the first major artist to commit continual fornication while painting nude wives and mistresses as Bible characters. Rembrandt does not just portray some mythological “Venus” (see Titian and Velazquez) in static poses (like Goya’s *Majd*). Rembrandt gives Manet the cue for *Le Dejeuner sur l’herbe* (1863). Rembrandt can produce great flesh tones as long as the background is “owlish.” This background is standard in all of his paintings; it is a deep, dark red-brown, graded to brownish-BLACK.

When this habitual fornicator tried to play “the good Christian” (by painting Biblical pictures), he produced the biggest, screwed-up mess since Da Vinci’s red-haired, effeminate “Christ” sat down with one Jew and eleven red-headed (and bald-headed) Italians. *The Three Crosses, Samson, The Good Samaritan, Christ with the Sick, Jacob Blessing the Sons of Joseph, Bathsheba, Saul and David, and The Return of the Prodigal Son*, are about as poorly executed Biblical portrayals as you will ever see in the history of illustration. *Time-Life* says of this bombed-out mess: “If a particular area of Rembrandt’s painting is to be singled out for greatness, it is his Biblical pictures.” (This coalition—*Time-Life*—was the one that printed a chart of church history and gave twenty denominations *human* founders, while signaling out only the Roman Catholic church as having a *divine* founder. Par for the course.)

I will reword the Catholic conspirators who write for *Time-Life*, so you can get the truth of the matter. “If a particular area of Rembrandt’s painting could be singled out for incompetent artistry, it would be his Biblical paintings.” In *that* area, Rembrandt not only flunked out as a professing Christian, but as an illustrator. In that area, he stumbled more times than any area he ever tried to cross.

One must never forget that *Time-Life* has been solidly Roman Catholic from the days of Henry Luce (Claire Booth Luce was his wife), to the Gannett string of “dailies” (*USA Today*).

It is obvious, from any of Rembrandt’s so-called “Biblical” paintings, that he never read the Bible: *any* Bible.

Joseph’s half-breed Egyptian sons (see Gen. 48) are longhaired Caucasians. Joseph is a moustached Dutch Burgomeister, and his wife is a light complected, northern European Swede. Again, Rembrandt didn’t get any sunlight into the picture. The only light, there, is light skin against an old “owlish darkness.” Bathsheba is no more a Jew (or a Hittite) than Marilyn Monroe. She is neither bathing, nor dressed after bathing. Rembrandt posed one of his “shack-ups” with her clothes still off, after David has had time to sit down and write a letter and get a messenger to take it to her. Although Bathsheba’s husband is a hired mercenary and as “poor as Job’s turkey” (see 2 Sam, 12:3), Rembrandt’s Bathsheba has a

servant drying her feet. (Typical *Time-Life* good press. Rembrandt was about as “Biblical” as Paul Bunyan’s Blue Ox.)

In Rembrandt’s mind’s eye, King Saul is a Dutch Burgomeister, and his javelin is so long he couldn’t cast it at David one time out of 5,000 throws. (Rembrandt has placed David two feet from Saul’s knee. The javelin is over three feet long.) Again, the brilliant light is nothing but yellow and white against pitch black midnight (“the owl of darkness”). *David and Uriah* and *The Prodigal Son* are clones of the other paintings. Four out of five Biblical illustrations are in pitch black darkness. Any illustration by Gustave Dore, even in plain black and white, will be at least twice as well drawn, and three times as dramatic, as anything Van Rijn ever attempted. If you want to see Samson, get Dore’s *Samson and Delilah*. If you want to see the The Prodigal Son, get Dore’s version; ditto The Good Samaritan and the Three Crosses. *Fidelity to the truth* is not found in Rembrandt’s Biblical works. (Evidently, fidelity to the truth—see John 17:17—is not to be considered in evaluating the work of a *master*, or a genius. Why? I have no idea.)

If you want to see how far off base Rembrandt was in his Biblical paintings, obtain the works of James Tissot, who illustrated the Old Testament profusely. If you want to see a real painter who *can paint* the Biblical characters in the Old Testament, obtain the book *The Illustrated Children’s Bible*, published by Grosset and Dunlap in 1976. The Old Testament illustrations in this remarkable gallery are by a certain unknown “Ken Petts.” On pages 19, 21, 29, 40, 55, 61, 93, 99, 101, 109, 139, 149, 151, 153, and 155 you will find the right colors, the right proportions, brilliant sunlight, and realistic presentation of the dress, armour, food, scenery, and buildings of those times. Petts won’t miss anyone’s anatomy, anyone’s facial expressions, anyone’s clothing for the occasion, and he often splashes his canvases as freely and loosely as any French impressionist ever did. Unfortunately, Petts was an ILLUSTRATOR: that “settled his hash” (as the expression used to go).

Then we will go back to Pieter Bruegel (1525-1569) and Hieronymus Bosch (1450-1516). Both of them can draw and paint. When it comes to Biblical themes, they are as badly handicapped as Rembrandt, but Bosch can depict what he has in his mind: in this case, grotesque surrealism. He is a much better draftsman than Picasso, and, as a consequence, his expressionism is easier to grasp. Bruegel can show you what he sees in front of his eyeballs. Neither Bosch nor Bruegel needed a camera and Bruegel, unlike the French impressionists and American realists that followed him (Sloan, Whistler, Eakins, Bellows, et al.), could paint a panorama showing all kinds of social stratus in one painting; one painting would often include more than forty detailed pictures of individuals. Pieter Bruegel’s landscapes are real; the weather conditions in them are real. His *Harvesters* (1565) has as much sunlight in it as Van Gogh’s *Wheat field* sported, three hundred years later.

I would call *Hunters in the Snow* (1565) a masterpiece. In that one, Pieter caught not only the contemporary architecture and costumes of his day and time, but the *mood* and the *atmosphere* of a particular day. Bruegel’s composition is flawless; his forms are accurate, and his colors are convincing, even when not true to nature.

If you really are hung-up on expressionism, try Judy Larson’s *Werewolves*, Dolittle’s

Season of the Eagle, but for Rembrandt's sake (!) don't waste time with Leger (*Bicyclists, Composition aux Cles*, etc.) or DeLauney (*Eiffel Tower*}, or David (*Midi*}, or Graves (*Bird with Spirit Mask*}. They don't know what they are doing, where they came from (unless they are evolutionists!), how they got here, or where to go from here. Burri (1958), Schwitters, Millares (1962), Tobey, Tarn, and Calder are nature mystics whose "mystics" are so mysterious that they don't know what they are till they have painted them, and THEN they could be anything. The "Futurists" and the "Space Mystics" are just as spaced-out as Space Cadet (Ernst, *Composition: Boccioni, The City Rises*: Guston, *Rite*: and Marca-Relli, *Figure Form*}).

Turning to the illustrators instead of the "geniuses," let us examine Howard Pyle.

Pyle's palette is as dark as Rembrandt's, or any of the preimpressionistic painters; but not all the time. And Pyle could do three things that most impressionists could never do:

1. He could create REAL drama.
2. His compositions were always flawless, with nothing out of place.
3. He could paint human figures as well, or better, than Michelangelo, or even Vermeer.

It is a strange anomaly that makes the art "experts" rave about illustrations from the Apocrypha (see Rembrandt, for example), or Greek mythology (see Turner, for example), and then, suddenly, turn up their noses at illustrations from *The Black Arrow*, *Snow White*, *Robin Hood*, *Treasure Island*, *The White Company*, *Grimm's Fairy Tales*, and *Treasure Island*. Who is trying to kid who? Europa, trotting off on a bull, is "art," is it; but Captain Kidd or Bluebeard, in the midst of a boarding attack, is NOT? Venus—stretched out naked on a chaise lounge—is art, is it; but Captain Bill Bones standing on a wet rock on a fogbound coast (N. C. Wyeth), with a spy glass tucked under his arm, is not? Pyle not only painted, he drew with pen and ink. Any of his pen and ink work is as good as any master's work.

N. C. Wyeth could paint in the Hart Benton style (*Summer Night* [1942], *Corn Harvest*, or *The Doryman* [1938]; or in the impressionistic style (illustrations in *The Deerslayer* [1925], *The White Company* [1922], or with photographic realism (*Rip Van Winkle* [1910], *Mexican Shepherd*, *Fence Builders* [1910])). If you want real summer sunlight, it will not be found in one painting by Boucher, Bonnard, or Van Gogh. It will be seen (and even FELT) in N. C. Wyeth's pictures called *Mowing* (1908) and *Dobbin* (1907). Not even Renoir, or Monet, ever got the summer sun like *Dobbin* puts it to you; there is enough heat coming off the sod in that picture to make you sweat.

But N. C. Wyeth could never qualify as a "master." He had the misfortune to be an *illustrator* whose works were in demand. That is, he had *talent*. He could draw and paint. He had inspiration, and he could document history accurately. This eliminates him from the artist's union: they were too lazy to portray history accurately, too undisciplined to draw, and too obsessed with their own feelings and mysticism to be inspired by ANYTHING. (The Christian counterpart is Dr. Edward Hills, being thrown out of the Scholar's Union when discussing Textual Criticism (see *The Christian's Handbook of Biblical Scholarship*, 1987).

Some of the greatest “Western” painting ever done on this earth was done by N. C. Wyeth around 1903-1911. But (unfortunately!) it was done to illustrate *Arizona Nights* and *The Misadventures of Cassidy*. This automatically eliminated him from keeping company with El Greco, Vermeer, Rubens, Hals, and Rembrandt. Why? I have no idea, unless it is the fact that the modern artist’s union is stuffed to overflowing with fakirs who don’t have the MOTIVES of the early masters for painting; and, also, lack their inspiration and techniques. These modern dudes (or greenhorns) are people like Braque, Ben Nicholson (*Three Goblets, Monolith, Plate of Pears, Smoke Topaz*) and the gentlemen mentioned above (Leger, Boccioni, Guston, Burri, Schwitter, Millares, Toby, et al.). When the pitiful “trials and errors” of these “tenderfoots” are laid alongside something like the illustrations in *The Mysterious Island* and *The Boy’s King Arthur*, it would make you think that some hippies from the ghetto broke into the Louvre, in Paris, and scribbled graffiti over the works of Joseph Wright (*An Experiment on a Bird in the Air Pump*, for example: 1768).

Maxfield Parrish lived ninety-five years (1870-1966). Don’t ever believe one article you ever read, in any art periodical, about how fascinated the French impressionists were with the “variations of light and atmosphere at different times of the day” until you have examined (thoroughly) Maxfield Parrish’s *Twilight, Evening Shadows, A Perfect Day, Sun up, Evening, Daybreak, Thunderheads, and Late Afternoon*. Parrish simply accomplished (in 1920) what 2,000 impressionists set out to do between 1880 and 1920, and were never able to do because of their lack of TALENT. Parrish could cartoon (*The Reluctant Dragon*); he could spoof (*Entrance of Pompdebile, King of Hearts*), and he could paint original settings and illustrate dramatic situations that almost speak from the canvas (see *Cave of the 40 Thieves*, 1906; and *Dream Days*, 1901). Parrish’s unpardonable sin was that he used models and *photos* for much of his work. He is labeled as an *illustrator*.

Norman Rockwell was also guilty of these gross sins; in spite of the fact that he accurately documented his day and time at least five times as thoroughly as any master (Bruegel, Da Vinci, Rembrandt, Hals, Goya, Cezanne, Vermeer, et al.). Rockwell cannot hold hands with these gentlemen, in spite of the fact that he could paint as freely, and as impressionistically, as any of them (see *Tom Sawyer, Oil Study, John Wayne, Portrait*, etc.). If you want to see a REAL “Van Gogh,” painted the way Van Gogh would have painted it (in his own style), *if he had been able to paint*, get Rockwell’s oil sketch of Bing Crosby, done in 1966. I am not speaking theoretically: get the picture and study it. Again, Rockwell could turn out a portrait as smooth and as slick as any master turned out in three centuries (*Ann Margaret*, 1966; *Dwight Eisenhower*, 1966; *JFK*, 1960). At the same time, Norman could daub at a canvas like a “Fauvist” or like Monet (*Becky Sharp*, color sketch). Rockwell was a bad boy, though, for he *usually finished a painting*. He did this because he was ABLE to do it. Ninety percent of the expressionists, futurists, space mystics, impressionists, etc., couldn’t finish anything they started. The reason for this is because they were horribly handicapped; *they didn’t have any TALENT*. The alibi for this fatal shortcoming, in the field of art, was, “It isn’t *artistic* to finish a work; too much spit and polish detracts from the *original inspiration*. “

They never had enough to start with; detraction wouldn’t have reduced from it noticeably.

I do not have the titles of Frank Frazetta's illustrations for science fiction stories, as I cut them out of a book years ago, and the titles were not in the "cut-outs." But I would say that at least four of them are as much masterpieces as anything that Da Vinci, Rembrandt, Turner, Gainsborough, Constable, Goya, et al., turned out in a lifetime. Frazetta has an eye for color unequalled by the masters themselves. He can find reds and yellows where they do not appear, but once painted in, they ADD to the reality of the picture. He seldom finishes a sky; his skies are left almost in the condition that Rothko or Kline would leave them (if they *could* paint a sky). Frazetta paints a variety of armours and "chain mails" that are equal to any of the work done by Rembrandt, Hals, or the Spanish masters. In one picture, a slave girl is leaning against a marble pillar. A leopard (which has just broken loose from a chain) is approaching her, and coming to oppose him (in the right background) is a huge, armed Mameluke slave. All the colors are blended perfectly; all the proportions are right; intense drama is realistically pictured, and the whole composition is set up as "abstract-expressionism." In another picture, a fictional hero is in battle with two "Snow Giants." He has slashed the throat of one of them. The work done here on the arms, hands, and legs of all three "protagonists" is absolutely remarkable. One device Frazetta uses is a clear-cut, single line—indicating light coming down on a man's thigh over his bended knee. This would not be a clear-cut line in reality, but painted that way, it gives an impression of realism that would beat a camera. I recall another one where Conan the Barbarian (or someone like him) is waging war with a battle-axe against about fifteen assailants. The over-all tone of the whole picture is pale greens. The dents in the helmets are real enough to put your thumb in them, and in spite of a rough brush stroke, which rarely blends colors, the colors do blend where they are found on any part of the bodies in the picture. The sky is unfinished.

The other work (there are about thirty) is a make-believe sled being pulled through deep snow by four polar bears, who are not harnessed to it. A "science-fiction" warrior is riding, standing up in the sled, like it was a chariot. There are no reins in his hands. The sky is absolutely unreal. Like Wyeth, Frazetta seldom completes a sky. Frazetta's painting of the statue of a Spartan warrior, standing in several feet of flood water, is almost surrealistic, but it is unerring in its composition, form, coloring, and *message*: the hastily sketched (they look almost like watercolors) remnants of Greek architecture, behind the statue, carry the message. Frazetta is able to convey his "inner life," because he can draw, compose, and paint. Picasso, Kunioshi, Guglielmi, Rothko, Dufy, Nicolson, Kline, Klee, Ernst, Picabia, and Hultberg (modernists) never could: they played "hookey" from classes on drawing and painting.

Clark Huling's *Spanish Shawl* is as fine a piece of work as Goya or El Greco ever turned out. If you insist on raw, freehand, oil sketching, the works by Bill Berra (*Badlands, N.M.; Hondo Valley; Jemez Mountains, and San Ildefonso*) are as good as Manet ever tried to do them. Guy Manning's *That Special Time* is real "black vs. brilliance" (see Rembrandt, p. 64) if that is what you like. But it makes Rembrandt's skin tones look a little dull. Manning's *Child of the Longbeard* is just as good.

Are you really a fan of expressionism, in an "atmospheric picture"? Then get *December Winds* from Rabbit Studios in Pryor, Oklahoma. For wildlife, try Viv Crandal;

the great masters couldn't get close enough to her talent to pick up its exhaust fumes.

The illustrations that Wyeth did for *Treasure Island* and *The Black Arrow* are close to masterpieces. Howard Pyle's paintings *Marooned* and *The Coming of Lancaster* are masterpieces. Parrish's paintings on *The Story of Snow Drop*, *Landing of the Brazen Boatman* and *The Garden of Allah* are masterpieces that no master could master. With all of the talk about Winslow Homer's "raging seas" (his trump card) and Turner's "man-against-nature" nonsense, fair-minded critics should certainly spend time looking at *Ready to Abandon Ship*, *Palm and Surf*, *Heavy Seas*, and *The Ordeal of Convoy, Y. S. 119* by Carl Evers. Why limit your education just because you are a narrow-minded bigot?

I would classify at least three of Frank McCarthy's works as masterpieces: *The Cry of Vengeance*, *The Decoys*, and *Fugitive*. N. C. Wyeth's *Opium Smoker* couldn't be matched for color, form, mood, atmosphere, or message by any master from Giotto to Klee. No master could improve on four of Rockwell's paintings, no matter what he did to them in the way of changing the light, rearranging figures, adding or subtracting to the subject matter, or changing the hue (or chromas) of the colors. Those four pictures are *Freedom From Want*, *Shuffleton's Barber Shop*, *Marriage License*, and *Strictly a Sharp Shooter*. You can find five schools of art demonstrated in those paintings.

The Hildebrandt brothers can paint. Gregg Hildebrandt's "blues" get a little glarey at times but he (or they: the brothers) can paint and draw. The trouble is, nearly all their paintings sold *before* the artists "kicked the bucket." This is bad. You must die in poverty and pain, as a neglected, "misunderstood," oppressed genius, who was never "appreciated," and then let the press convert you into a god so your stuff will sell. Hildebrandt's stuff sells as fast as it dries. *A View of Horror* (1985) is close to a masterpiece. It is painted from the viewpoint of someone looking up at a huge castle wall, at night. Here, one sees Dracula crawling vertically down the wall toward you, while an "upstairs viewer" has poked his head out a window to watch the descent. Illustrations for *The Story of Perseus* (1984) and *The Story of Aladdin* (1984) are near masterpieces, and so is Hildebrandt's cover illustration for *Favorite Fairy Tales* (Rapunzel). Any of these paintings are superior to the entire body of work put out by the pop artists (1940-1990), and the various assorted futurists, machinists, alienists (you don't paint; you make a montage out of string, paper, glass, glue, etc.), nature mystics, space mystics, and Dadaists.

In defending this latter bunch of fakirs, I saw a book on modern art that had a section in it titled "Modern Artists as Draftsmen." The writer said, "A carefully cultivated myth, perpetuated by the antagonists of the modern movement, has asserted that modern artists are incapable of representational drawings." (*Exactly*; that is what we have been perpetuating for one hundred pages). "This *slander* against modern artists has circulated in *academic circles* for over fifty years." (Son, that TRUTH has been observed by *non-academic people*, like myself, for *one hundred years*). "The illustrations on these pages [and he prints eight illustrations] demonstrate the high degree of competence...that exists in the drawing of the modern school." There follows seven of the most pitiful, cartoony *excuses* for a drawing you ever saw in your life. One is a figure study by Matisse that is nothing but a gross caricature of a fat woman; one is a series of stick figures that don't

resemble anything human (Gorky, *Portrait of the Artist as a Boy with his Mother*)—if you can imagine it! And...but why go on? There isn't one illustration on the page that shows that any modern artist could draw as well as Alex Raymond (Flash Gordon), or John Held Jr. The writer was so inexperienced, and so totally unable to discuss art, that his book on Modern Art was written before he had ever seen an artist who knew how to draw. ("Awesome, man, awesome!")

The painters who turned out to be the real masters of surrealism and expressionism were not the modernists who studied it, promoted it, and exploited it. The real "patriarchs" turned out to be the science-fiction illustrators. Check 'em out.

It is Brad Holland, Carl Lundgren, Don Maitz, Robert Schultz, Rowena Morrill, Larry Kresek, Robert LoGrippe, and Wilson McClean who fully develop *surrealism*, and carry the movement to its terminus. All of them can draw, and all of them can paint, and all have an "inner source of inspiration" which they could express. However, these characters are capable of expressing what they want to express, because they have some degree of mastery over their tools and their mediums. There is a difference.

When it comes to the masters and their masterpieces—and, of course, this is just one personal opinion built on only sixty years of sketching and painting, and fifty-five years of studying all the masters—I would list the masterpieces as follows:

Fog Warning, Herring Net, Gulf Stream, and Shooting the Rapids, Winslow Homer (painted 1885-1902).

Gross Clinic and Swimming Hole, Thomas Eakins (painted 1875-1883).

The Garden of Delights, Bosch (1510).

The Battle Between Carnival and Lent, The Blue Cloak, and *Hunters in the Snow*, Pieter (1559-1565).

Vanitas, Harmen Van Steenwijck (1655).

Maid Servant Pouring Milk, The Geographer, and *An Artist in His Studio*, Vermeer (1632-1675).

Assembly of Officers and Subalterns and The Jester, Franz Hals (1633).

Night Watch, Rembrandt (1642).

Sir Thomas More, Holbein the Younger (1527).

The Madhouse, The Third of May, The Colossus, and the mural on the dome of San Antonio (Spain), Goya, (1805-1814).

The Dead Toreador and Bar at Folies-Bergere, Manet (1864-1882).

Women Ironing and Woman in the Tub, Degas (1884, 1886).

Woman with a Parasol and (possibly) *Terrace at Le Havre*, Monet (1878).

Las Meninas, Pope Innocent X, and *The Forge of Vulcan*, Velazquez (1630-1656).

The Raft of Medusa, Gericault (1818).

The Luncheon of the Boating Party, Renoir (1881).

View of Toldeo, El Greco (1595).

Epes Sargent, Mrs. Thomas Bolyston, Nicolas Bolyston, and The Death of Major Peirson, Copley (1759-1783).

One might call the Sistine Chapel a masterpiece (Michelangelo), not (mainly) because of his ability to paint anything Biblical, but because of the problems involved in painting a ceiling. It is the size of the work and the physical labor involved that gives it its intrinsic value. Again, the Triumphal Arch of Maximilian I, by Albrecht Durer, is a masterpiece; but it is actually 192 wooden “cut prints” which, together, form a structure eleven feet high and fifteen feet wide.

Now if you insist on abstractions, then take Georgia O’Keeffe’s *Cow’s Skull* for a masterpiece. It is a genuine abstract painting but it shows a cow’s skull; and the woman can PAINT. Unlike Picasso, Miro, Braque, Hoffman, and Diller, O’Keeffe knew what she was doing. Even Stanton Wright’s *Abstraction on Spectrum* (1915) shows some thought and planning. Unlike the ridiculous nonsense by Miro, or the imitation Picassos by Stuart Davis (1956), and Arthur Carles (1930), Mr. Wright did some THINKING before he painted.

The Eternal City by Peter Blume (1934) is surrealism, but Blume can paint, and he can picture an idea that has credible material in it. You can get the message of Blume’s surrealism without a guide standing beside you reading something that a critic wrote for *Newsweek* magazine.

Tombstones, by Jacob Lawrence (1942), is real modern art containing all the flat planes, and off-center eye levels, and perspectives of Cezanne; but Lawrence (a black man) can paint. He can tell a story. His work is well balanced and composed and its vivid colors (which normally would “clash”) get along well together.

Thomas Hart Benton (1899-1975) painted some good murals. I wouldn’t call any of them “masterpieces.” George Bellows (1882-1925) has a very realistic and emotional style, I would not call any of his works masterpieces. I have always liked the paintings produced by the “Ash Can School” (Everitt Sloan, William Glacken, John Sloan, and George Luks). They were all realists. I don’t think you could call any of their paintings masterpieces. Grant Wood and John Curry were good painters, but they were not “masters.”

Years ago (about 1953) I found an old, dusty book in the attic of the Star Gospel Rescue Mission, in Charleston, S.C. It consisted of about 200 black and white reproductions of paintings, mainly by German and Flemish Protestant painters. I marveled when I saw the workmanship in these masterpieces, which had evidently been ignored by the press for fifty to one hundred years. I reproduced twenty of the best ones in the book on slides, for a slide projector. I have shown them at FBI, in Church History classes, for twenty-nine years. (I show them to illustrate history between around 1870 to 1910.) The names at the bottoms of these works of art are now so blurred, after twenty-eight years of showing, I cannot read most of them, but I recall, vividly, five of them which I would take to be masterpieces equal to the work of any artist I have discussed in these essays. A few of the artists were Charles Herman, Ludwig Knaus, Otto Erdman, H. Werner, M. Wunsch,

J. G. Brown, and Gaetano Chieriei.

One of them is called *ANGUISH*. It would make Gorky's *Agony* (see p. 46) look like *Nervousness*. The picture shows a little dead lamb, lying frozen in the snow. Standing over mm is his mother, looking up in the air and bleating: you can see the vapour coming out of her nostrils. Completely encircling these two main forms, are about four dozen large black crows (with several more about to land). They are standing, heads cocked, looking now at each other, and now at the meal they are about to partake of. I have never seen any artist trying to "picture his emotions" who did it anymore thoroughly than that. The subject matter would arouse a response from a "wise guy" in the Mafia.

The second picture is called *The Procession of Death*. It shows a hooded skeleton (scythe in one hand and hand bell in another), walking at the head of a long column of people, ringing a bell. In his retinue, one can see little children, old men on crutches, soldiers on horseback, and the pope himself. Vultures fly over the column. In the immediate left foreground is a woman kneeling. With tears streaming down her face, she is holding up a one-year-old baby to "Death." On the bell ringer's immediate right is a young man, in battle uniform, kissing his sweetheart goodbye. The problems which that painter had to face in getting that thing together involved a knowledge of male and female anatomy, bodily proportions in humans from one year old up to seventy, costumes and dress for at least five different periods of history on people in ten different kinds of occupations, plus a knowledge of color, perspective, and composition. (See Chapter 6 on "Cowardice versus Quality.")

The third picture is called *The Good Brother*. It shows two Italian street urchins; a boy about eleven years old and his younger sister, who is about six years old. They are both "dirt poor," as well as dirty, and both of them are barefoot. The little girl does have one stocking on, but it has slipped down around her ankle. Her dress is torn, and it is open in the back; but her hair-do is immaculate, and she has one little earring stuck on one ear. Her old brother is slicing an apple to give her a bite of it. The figures are as photographic as anything Rockwell painted in a lifetime, and the painter had not used a camera.

The fourth picture is called *Temptation*. It has two women in it; one is leaning over and whispering something in the other woman's ear. The "gossiper" is about thirty years old—absolutely experienced—and is decked-out like a rich, eighteenth century "house Madame." The young lady she is talking to appears to be about seventeen years old. She is a Dutch girl, holding a Bible in her hand, and dressed in "church clothes," almost like you would expect a Puritan to wear. Both portraits are as good, or better, than anything Velazquez, Goya, Rembrandt, Copley, or Andrew Wyeth ever did in a lifetime.

The fifth masterpiece is called *Troubles of a Young Artist*. This one shows a classroom where a young man (about twelve years old) has not only been spanked by his teacher, but the principal has been called in to administer another "thrashin'." The young culprit's crime is easy to see. On the blackboard, he has drawn a caricature of his professor. It is still there; the professor is gesticulating at it. While the felon is sobbing and wiping his eyes—and the little girls in the class are frowning at him in disapproval—the principal is seen (hand over mouth) trying to hide a smile. He is looking at the "likeness." You can read his thoughts. (The artist has the "magic" [see p. 24] to get you to do this!) The

principal is saying, “Man! That’s a spittin’ image! I couldn’t have done better myself.” Every figure in the composition is as realistic as the most commercial illustrator could do it; but it is free, it flows, it speaks, and EDIFIES.

I would call all five of these German-Flemish productions “masterpieces,” and at least five more in the same collection would come close to being masterpieces: *but they didn’t get good press.*

Along the same line, while Miro, Chagall, Braque, Klee, and company, were making the headlines with demonstrations of their sterility and shallowness, there were German soldiers in the Wehrmacht who were turning out watercolors (1939-1945) as good as anything exhibited in any art gallery in the United States since 1880. Eduard Von Handel-Mazzeti’s works, done in Russia (near Stalingrad), and in the Caucasus (1947), are masterpieces of color and composition that are absolutely freehand (wet on wet), without a trace of “overworking.” Willfried Nagel’s paintings (*Vision of a Soldier, The Red Terror, and The Great Horror*) would make Gorky’s *Agony* look like *Nervous Indigestion*. If the “true test of a painting” (see p. 57) is the emotional content that the artist transfers to the canvas, then *Artillery Shells Striking a Calvary Charge* by Hans Boeme (1940) is a greater masterpiece than *Guernica* (Picasso), and the entire collection of Dufys, Klees, Miros, and Kandinskys. Handel-Mazzeti could also handle oils. His *Break Through the Maginot Line* (1940) is as fine a work of art as hung in any art gallery in Europe or America.

When I was in Japan (1947-1948) I visited with an old Japanese painter who had devoted his life to painting “views of Mt. Fujiama.” He showed me ten watercolors he had made (out of a collection of about thirty). He intended to do one hundred before he died. It was Katushika Hokusai (1760-1849) who tried this first. He made a series of thirty-six views of Mt. Fuji; they were what we call “woodblock prints.” Kitagawa Utamaro does excellent work (1753-1806) and so does Suzuki Harimobi (1725-1770). These gentlemen mastered those suggestive lines that Matisse was given credit for (see p. 7), one hundred years before he was born. Most Japanese artists deal with the “microcosm” (birds, plants, branches, buds, insects, flowers, blossoms, fruit, twigs, etc.). Some of the best of these were Hiroshige, Hokusai, and Utamaro (above). The classical Chinese art style is in ink (and some color) on rice paper (see *The Album of Seasonal Landscapes* and *Landscapes in Various Styles: 1666-1698*). One great work is *Landscape* by Sesshu, in the “Ashikaga” period (1420-1506).

The reason I have not taken up a discussion of Mesopotamian (2000 B.C.) art and Egyptian art (1000 B.C.) is because nearly all of it, up to the time of Christ, was flat pictorial painting: one-planed space with anything “recognizable” laid out in a decorative pattern. That is, the role model (and monitor) of what the art experts call “modern art” is ancient AFRICA and BABYLON—more than 2,000 years before the birth of Christ. That is the “progress” that Cezanne and Picasso made: “Back to the jungle.”

Before showing you the difference between cowardice and quality in an artist, I want to add one more “unknown” to the list of masters. I have before me a charcoal portrait of Adolph Hitler (left profile) done by Conrad Hommel (1941). In that one sketch, you will see the “Holocaust” as vividly as if you had ten history books on the subject (see p. 96). Hommel caught the whole Third Reich (with the military campaigns and the concentration

camps) in one portrait of one man. Get the portrait and study it.

CHAPTER SIX

Cowardice versus Quality

For a moment, let us pretend that we can paint (or at least *want* to paint) something; something besides our mouths, eyes, toenails, or a storage room. Our “options” are without limit, literally. You could paint any of nine (or ten) different school’s ways of handling a subject; you could choose any subject: organic or inorganic, human or non-human, objective or nonobjective, real or unreal, actual or imaginary, historical or mythological, from 6,000 years of man’s life on earth. That would include what men THOUGHT and IMAGINED during that time.

This means that you can attempt—whether you have the forms or figures in your imagination or not—to paint a landscape somewhere in North or South America, Europe, Asia, Africa, Japan, Australia, Great Britain, the “Indies,” etc., at any one of *four* different times of day, from four different “levels,” choosing to reproduce anywhere from one-fourth of a mile to twenty-five miles of pictorial space. One might say that such alternatives offer the possibility of a minimal 800,000 paintings, with no two alike. But if you added houses, or buildings, to this landscape (or, say, some animals, cars, trains, etc.) you would have at least another 200,000 paintings. Now double this number if you are going to paint “seascapes.” Double it again if you decide to do some “still lifes.” You now have 1,400,000 different paintings. But if you added the possible portraits you could paint (the world now has about 5,500,000,000 people in it), at least one out of ten could be different, so you would add 5,500,000 to your 1,400,000. But portraits can be painted from a left or right profile, a three-quarters view, or full front face: triple the 5,000,000. You now have 17,500,000 possibilities.

But I haven’t begun, for you can take any one of the world’s 500,000,000 adults (men and women) and paint each one of them at the ages of 20, 45, and 70, and then dress them up in the garb of an Egyptian slave (2000 B.C.), or a Sumerian scribe (2000 B.C.), or a Jewish priest in 1500 B.C., or a Hittite warrior, or an Oriental potentate, a Barbary Coast pirate, an English judge, a courtesan of Louis XIV, a Cavalry officer in Napoleon’s army, a housemaid for an English nobleman, a chimney-sweep in Germany, a guerrilla fighter in the Philippines, an Army nurse in World War I, a South American gaucho, a musician in the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, a news boy on the street, a prima donna in the opera, an Iowa farmer, a boxer or wrestler, a Madison Avenue executive, a seamstress, a pearl diver in the Gilbert Islands, a Civil War drummer, a Mafioso from Palermo, a high caste Hindu woman, etc. ONE MALE FIGURE, painted three times (at, say, the ages of 20, 40, and 70) would supply you with enough work to keep you busy for eighty years, painting two pictures a week.

One glance will show you that the average “artist” would never tackle such a job. It is too complicated. It would require too much *study* and *research*. No lazy genius would even think of such a project; it wouldn’t even enter his “inner life.” (Occasionally you will find an artist like Maxfield Parrish who will do as many as forty landscapes (that represent night and day) in one section of one state.

But, as I said, the number of possible paintings is almost infinite, for when you add “non-objective” art to the list, above, you come up with “how many *designs* can I create?” Well, if you made only ten in black, ten in red, and ten in yellow, etc. (and included ten in yellow-green, orange-red, etc.) you couldn’t possibly get off with less than 120, even when using only one color. Mix ‘em up and you get 10,000, at a *minimum*. But that could be just ONE design. Try fifty different designs and, thereby, produce 500,000 “paintings.” BUT! Use nothing but *straight lines* for these 500,000 designs. Now, using the same colors and combinations, turn out 500,000 more using *circular* or *waving lines*. Now! Do another 500,000 that are combinations of curved and straight lines. Voila! 1,500,000 pieces of “art.” It would be perfectly reasonable to say that when any artist faces that blank sheet of canvas (or watercolor paper, or notebook, or leather skin, or whatever) he is facing the prospect of producing one picture (or design, if he can’t draw) out of 900,000,000,000 possibilities.

Now to show you how a modern avant-garde painter’s MIND works when faced with this horrendous figure—and later he will *lie* about what went on in his mind—and tries to settle the question: “What am I going to paint?” let us look at some of the artists.

Rembrandt once said to himself: “I want to paint Saul and David.” *Goya* said to himself, “I want to paint a firing squad.” *Manet* said “I want to paint a barmaid.” *Norman Rockwell* said, “I think I will paint a traveling salesman in a cheap hotel, playing solitaire at night.” *Michelangelo* said, “I will paint God, creating Adam.” *Picasso* said, “I think I will paint the bombing of Guernica.” *Degas* said, “I want to paint some dancers.” *Frazetta* said, “I would like to paint Conan in a fight.” *Jan Vermeer* said, “I would like to paint myself, painting.” *Gauguin* said, “I want to paint some South Sea island women.” *Van Gogh* said, “I think I will make a painting of my room,” etc.

You see, there are no limits; there are no boundaries.

Jackson Pollock said, “I want to make energy visible.” (That was his alibi for not being able to *paint* or *draw*.) Did he do it? If he DID, then he could have done it in ten pictures, or less, because energy (per se) is nothing but the movement of electrons, protons, and neutrons, etc. *Any arrangement of anything whirling would do the job*. So Pollock painted *Sounds in the Grass* (1946) to “make energy visible.” Did he do it? He said he wanted to do it. He said that was his goal in life. If he did it, why didn’t he title the painting *The Energy from the Atom*? Look at his painting. You can see, at one look, that there is no “grass” in the picture, and the unheard “sounds” could just have well come from a dog scratching fleas, or a busted electric toaster (see p. 95).

So, here is our would-be master seated at the easel (or drawing board, or outdoor “cold pressed” watercolor “block,” etc.). What will he do with this blank piece of material to convert it into a masterpiece?

It is at this point—the beginning—that a talentless fakir gives up, for he sees (with the eye of a prophet) the *problems* that are going to arise and beset him if he is going to paint a picture that is actually *intelligible*. He immediately opts to express his EMOTIONS, by giving free vent to his “inner feelings” that will give him “creative expression,” etc. This way he can avoid study, discipline, planning, thinking, concentration, and research. The

name of the game is COWARDICE. I will illustrate.

The only problems the dude will have in expressing his inner life (or “idea”) is: what colors should I use? Where should I use them? How much of them should I use? And in what order should I place them? In short, only *color*, *balance*, and *placement* have to be dealt with. He can go hot or cool, bright or dull, soft or hard, shocking or conservative, anywhere on the panel (canvas, paper, etc.) depending upon what he PRETENDS he is trying to get across. But he will not face any REAL artistic challenges. I have never seen a work by any modernist, from Matisse and Picasso to Klee and Miro, that called for anything more than a rudimentary knowledge of composition, color placement, and color harmony; and often, the artist failed in these basic challenges.

Now I am going to pretend for a moment—all modern artists are allowed the liberty of “pretence!”—that I am Frederic Remington (1861-1909). I decide that I want to paint a picture of some Indians attacking a company of U.S. Cavalrymen. What must I “face up” to, to get this done?

Well, first of all, I must be able to draw and paint a credible HORSE. Next I must find out what *kind* of horses the Indians rode, and what kind the Cavalrymen rode. Next, I must be able to paint my horses *running*. Did you ever try to draw just the legs of a horse? The hardest thing to draw on this earth aside from the human hand—are the four legs of a horse. Try it. Next, I must be able to draw and paint a man fully-clothed in a uniform (the Cavalrymen), and a half-naked man (the Indians). This involves a knowledge of the man’s complexion, the texture of his apparel, the bone structure of body and face, and the placement and postures of both opponents. My problems have just started. Is this attack taking place on a hot sunny day, or a cold, wintry day? Can I reproduce weather conditions? Are the protagonists on flat ground like the grasslands of Wyoming, or the plains of Oklahoma; or hilly ground, like that found in Texas? Or is it rocky ground, like the landscapes in Arizona and Colorado? Can I paint ROCKS? Deserts? Sand? Clouds? Streams? Trees? Bushes? How do you picture “the ring” if all the horses are raising a dust cloud so thick that the encircled soldiers can scarcely be seen? Does a Cavalryman’s uniform look BLUE if seen through fifty feet of dust? What does his face look like? What kind of rifle (or pistol) is he firing? Which horses should have saddles? etc., etc.

Don’t tell me that Turner, Picasso, Cezanne, Miro, Manet, Van Gogh, Monet, Klee, Braque, Warhol, Da Vinci, Michelangelo, Rembrandt, or Matisse were capable of even *thinking* about such matters. They were not only too stupid, they were too *lazy*. Their minds were in neutral ninety percent of their lives. Any talentless blockhead who had to face what Remington had to face, at the very beginning of a work, would cover his eyes with his hands and holler: “Illustrator! Illustrator! Oh, God, I don’t want to be an *illustrator!* Make me an ARTIST!”

“Cowardice is epidemic” (Gen. George S. Patton, 1942).

Three things are required of the modern artist in order to produce the work he produces. One of the three is essential. They are:

1. *Lack of artistic talent.*
2. *Laziness.*

3. Cowardice.

Do you realize that if ol' "Fred R." had *solved* all the problems listed above, he still would have had to face all the problems that ANY non-objective artist encounters when *he* picks up a brush? He still would have to know what color to use, how to mix it, how much to use, how to apply it, and how to relate it to other colors in the painting. He would also have the problems of producing a balanced composition, points of emphasis, centers of attraction, communication of feeling, and the total effect of the work.

Modernists are spoiled brats; whining babies, trying to make you think they are doing great things. They work a two-hour week on a forty-hour-a-week job.

No one but a news media, brainwashed fool (seventy-five percent of the American population) would think that Picasso was a *genius*, and Remington was just an *illustrator*. Considering what each man had to learn and master in order to express himself, Frederic Remington, Frank McCarthy, Carl Evers, Frank Frazetta, N. C. Wyeth, and Gregg Hildebrandt either had to have five times the *experience* that Klee, Miro, Dufy, Nicholson, Kandinsky, Rothko, and Rouault had, or else they had ten times the TALENT. You can't dodge that conclusion.

And this brings us to a basic Biblical proposition: if a man has no *character* (Bill Tilden, Jimmy Connors, Elvis Presley, John Lennon, Magic Johnson, Rock Hudson, M. L. King Jr., Bill Clinton, Madonna, John F. Kennedy, Andre Agassi, et al.) why would you think his self-expression of *himself* (i.e., anything he wanted to express) would be worth looking at? Or LISTENING to?

There is the "pig in the poke."

The news media, between 1900 and 1964, seduced you into thinking that lazy, *immoral* people are *artistic* because they have talent; or else that immoral, untalented people are *geniuses* because they can paint something (or play something!) that attracts the attention of the news media. You will find Dufy, Kandinsky, Klee, and Modigliani listed as famous artists in every *Almanac* ever printed; Howard Pyle, Carl Evers, and Maxwell Parrish (and Gustave Dore) are noticeably absent. So is Paul Detlefsen.

One mural by John Stuart Curry (1897-1946) would confront any artist with more problems than forty-five paintings by Picasso or Rouault (1871-1958). Anything that John Singer Sergeant (1856-1925), or Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723-1792), ever tackled had more inherent problems, and real challenges in it, than fifty doodles by Hans Hoffman (1860-1966), or Lovis Corinth (1858-1925) tried to handle. "Cowardice is epidemic," especially if you don't have any talent to start with.

Advant-gardeism expresses four things: lack of inspiration, lazy mental habits, lack of courage, and insufficient talent as a painter.

You see, what a man knows about color and the mechanics of painting (craftsmanship), eventually bleeds through his work. The technical aspects of painting match the intricate details of producing music. Beethoven's CHARACTER is clearly revealed in his symphonies. You could not mistake a symphony by Schubert for one by Brahms. But, you see, all three of these artists had to master *musical techniques* before

they could EXPRESS THEMSELVES. This means that what the art experts call “modern art” is actually nothing but a drummer in a rock band (on dope) suddenly seating himself in the chair of the concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra (under the baton of Seiji Ozawa)and, taking up his bongos, declares that he will express *himself about* how he FEELS in regards to Tschaikevsky’s violin concerto.

“This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation.”

Walt Disney’s *Fantasia* was nothing but the final working out of pioneer attempts to convert MUSIC to ART, in color. This was done first (in black and white) by Viking Eggeling (a Swedish artist in Berlin) in 1919. It was a film called *Diagonal -Symphonies*. This work was followed by *Prelude and Rhythms, 21* by Hans Richter. Along with this came *Opus I, II and III* by a filmmaker who was also a painter. Color became synchronized with music in *Color Box* (Len Lye), *Trade Tattoo* (1937), and *Color Dynamics* (Maude Adams). As a prelude to Disney’s *Fantasia*, Oscar Fishinger—who composed *Optical Poem* (Metro-Goldwyn-Meyer)—joined Walt Disney’s staff.

You get as much genuine *art* out of a lazy, incompetent, modern artist as you would get real *music* from a “Strado” played by Charlie “Bird” Parker or “Dizzy” Gillespie. The fact that the incompetent clown *may not have anything worth expressing* is never brought up by the art experts, or the press. A man can know the techniques of music (Bartok and Schoenberg, for example), and be absolutely STERILE when it comes to inspiration; a perfect BLANK when it comes to producing *meaning* of any kind. Ditto the artists. Even if they studied in a conservatory for thirty years, *if they do not have anything worthy to be expressed*, their expressions are just discordant NOISES. This is why they all need press agents to sell their stuff. (Picasso had *Time, Life, Newsweek*, and BBC, CBS, ABC, NBC, CNN, and the Vatican behind him.) ‘Tame and fortune’ now comes by publicity and propaganda: TALENT is not a factor.

We are talking about what a genuine artist must know about painting in order to express *anything*, let alone a *masterpiece*. Whether he learns these things academically, or experimentally, is immaterial; the point is, he must be able to manipulate the tools to express himself.

Among these, are a knowledge of the spectrum, the nature of color, the difference between warm and cool colors, the difference between color stimulus and color sensation (which has to do with pigments), and the psychological things behind visual perception. He should know about the different hues, chromas and values, the color “chords” and color “rhythms,” irradiation, iridescence, and optical illusions that can occur under some combinations. Further, a knowledge of designs is essential. Without this knowledge the whole picture will be weakened. Harmony, in design, can be obtained by harmonious lines, or by shapes, or by patterns, or by function, or even by “literary associations.” (But this is no time for art lessons!) Briefly, the elemental relationships in the design of any work of art must deal with harmony, gradation, contrasty, unity, direction, proportion, and texture.

As we have shown before, modern art sticks pretty well to a flat, one-dimensional surface with nothing REAL painted on it; this is to avoid the problems mentioned above,

so they do not have to be faced and dealt with. They are avoided. If you want to see this illustrated, get Cezanne's *Three Dogs, Three Wineglasses, Three Apples*. The *dogs* are poorly drawn, the *wine glasses* are poorly drawn, the apples don't look like *apples*, and the composition is marred by the middle wine glass, which is too far to the right. One bowl has a side caved in (i.e., Cezanne was a sloppy draftsman), and one dog's tail ends on the margin of the painting, *thus attaching him to the frame*. Now don't you "pull my leg," and tell me *this genius planned all of these booboos so that he might better express his genius*. Don't give me that line; go stick your head in a bucket of linseed oil three times and pull it out twice. *The guy couldn't draw*. And yet Cezanne is listed as a "master" in every art book you ever picked up (with the possible exception of Tauber's books).

One day, I saw a series of photographs on *Three Dimensional Line Exercises in Bent Wire*, and, along with them, some photos of *Informal and Representational Line Exercises*. These illustrations were demonstrations to show how Cubism and Picassoism began. Strangely enough, my pen and ink sketches for sixty years (beginning at twelve years old) were done in this fashion, even before I knew what a "finished" drawing was. I am perfectly capable of sketching boxers, hockey players, judo contestants, infantrymen, and Kendo fighters in "full swing" with one continuous ink line that never leaves the paper. It usually takes about fifteen seconds, or less. But, I never would rest content with the spontaneous, free-hand, off-the-cuff sketch unless it was to show someone how a final picture was *started*. Don't you tell me—"Tell it to the Marines"—that my "inner conception" of these moving figures was one hastily drawn line! That one continuously flowing line was just *a pattern* for what I would do *later*.

The modernists never did anything "later." They couldn't. Their *talent* was exhausted as soon as they threw the paint on the canvas (or sprinkled something on it). That was the LIMIT of their artistic talent.

Now I am not going to say that every impressionist, or expressionist (or even a painter of abstracts) was, or is, talentless, but it would not take an eye very long (trained or untrained) to see, whether or not, an artist was bluffing, or really had something on the ball. Paul Cezanne was a master at bluffing. His *Bathers, Large Bathers, Houses in Provence, Red Rock, LeChateaus Noir, Marseilles, The Gardner, and Monte Ste. Victoria*, are pale, listless, dead, amateurish pieces of work that reveal nothing but somebody's bad eyesight. Like Turner, all of Cezanne's *earliest works* are better than his last ones. Studying these matters, one cannot overcome the feeling that both men wanted to be artists, and painted until they reached a point where they *knew* they could never be famous by conventional methods: so they launched out into the deep: scribble-scrabble.

On the other hand, Renoir could *paint*. Pierre Auguste Renoir could also *draw*. His obsession with nude women must be overlooked by anyone who takes the New Testament seriously, if one is to see Renoir's talent; but he did have *talent*. His pictures of little children show that he can reproduce what he sees (*A Girl with a Watering Can, Mother and Child, Two Little Circus Girls, Girl with a Hoop, On the Terrace*). He does get sunlight into his pictures (*Sailboats at Argenteuil*), but I wouldn't call ninety-nine percent of his works "masterpieces."

The impressionist "par excellent" was Monet. He could draw (although not as well as

Dore, Rockwell, Kautsky, Dana, Gibson, Flannagan, et al.) and he could paint (although not as well as Bouguereau or Manet). Monet's talents are found in *Terrace at Ste. Adresse* (1866), *The River* (1868), *Woman with a Parasol* (1875), and *Rouen Cathedral* (1894). As in the cases of Cezanne and Turner, Monet's first paintings are superior to his last ones. In an effort to reproduce real sunlight, Monet got further and further out into "left field" until, finally, he abandoned all of his "darks," thereby producing nothing but three pale strips of paint with some orange, violet, and yellow in the middle of them (*Haystack in Winter*, 1891). This last picture borders surrealism.

Georges Seurat (1859-1891) may be a "Pointilist" but he is a good one. His works, *Bathers at Asnieres* and *Sunday Afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jatte* (1884), show that he can DRAW what he sees. Henri De Toulouse Lautrec (1864-1901) is a kind of "color cartoonist," but he is a good one (*Yvette Guilbert Taking a Curtain Call* (1894), *Alfred La Guigne* (1894), etc.

Van Gogh too was plagued with this "off with a bang stop with a flop" syndrome that Cezanne, Monet, and Turner had trouble with. After Van Gogh painted *Three Pairs of Shoes* (1885), what little talent he had, disintegrated. A Bible (painted in 1885) shows that Van Gogh had *the possibility* of becoming a real master without 2,000 press agents, art auctioneers, and connoisseurs undergirding his work. But most of his works were nothing but uncontrolled, undisciplined spasms of throwing paint around (*Sunflowers*, *Haystacks in Provence*). Van Gogh could produce masterpieces, if by that word you mean what we found in the funny papers back in the 1920's, in the strip called *Polly and Her Pals*. Van Gogh's last gasps, in 1890, produce one blue-green, sunless scene called *First Steps*. This is a rural setting, where a French peasant woman is guiding her small child to her farmer husband, through a garden patch, outside a small rustic cottage. The shadows in the picture are false; the man (and his wife and child) have the faces of negroes; all the dirt is pale yellow; the gate and the wheelbarrow are poorly painted, and the lack of contrast in colors (see p. 15) produces nothing really "outdoors" at all.

It was a news media act of "transubstantiation" that converted Vincent Van Gogh from a *sloppy painter* into a *genius*.

Georgia O'Keefe (see p. 75), painting abstract art, could get more realism into a pastel picture (*A Storm*, 1922), than poor Vincent could get with oil, painting a chair.

Paul Gauguin (1848-1903) never produced a masterpiece in a lifetime, not even with Somerset Maugham's *The Moon and the Six Pence* to help his post-humus sales. If Gauguin really sailed to the South Seas, he must have been marooned on Mud Island, and "billeted" in the backend of The Shady Forest. I have lived in the tropics for two years. I can find more heat and sunlight in a picture of Robinson Crusoe by N. C. Wyeth than in Gauguin's whole catalogue of Polynesian "beauties."

In case you ever really wanted to see Venice, don't waste a plane ticket traveling with Turner. Get the paintings by William S. Haseltine (*Santa Marie delta Saulte*, 1890; *Venice*, 1870; *Venetian Lagoon*, 1872; and *Sunset on the Grand Canal*, 1873).

Try this one on the microwave: "Max Weber was the first—European or American—to publish a definition of the relationships between Art and the FOURTH DIMENSION."

(Comment of an art critic on the work of Max Weber.)

NUTS: pecan nuts, hazel nuts, peanuts, walnuts, cashew nuts, Brazil nuts, and Macadamias.

Not one scientist, philosopher, or physicist on the face of this earth has ever “defined” the FOURTH DIMENSION. It hasn’t even been *located*. It is not *time*, and never has been *time*, and never will be *time*. That concept was a science fiction fairy tale for grown-ups that came from reading too much Einstein: *he didn’t know what the fourth dimension was, either*. Weber could hardly paint in *two* dimensions. His *Chinese Restaurant* (1915) and *Russian Ballet* (1916) are nothing but childish color schemes within mediocre compositions. Weber’s *Rush Hour* (1915) has no traffic in it, no cars, no sense of urgency, no clocks, no whistles, no atmosphere, and a total absence of moving figures of any kind. And this character can “define the fourth dimension,” can he? *Rush Hour* could be appropriately titled *The Stegosaurus Who Hid in Triangles*. Weber’s *New York Night* (1915) is not New York, and it is not night; and it is not night “life” in New York, or nighttime in New York. It is *Las Vegas in a Blackout*, or *Rectangles and Squares*. (“Fourth dimension,” is it? Rubbish. Quatsch.)

Ellsworth Kelly’s *Relief with Blue* is nothing but a blue rectangle stuck under an envelope flap, and laid out on a piece of dark gray paper. My! What a challenge for “TALENT!” (What would Frederic Remington have done with THAT one!?) *Spectrum Arranged by Chance* (1953) is a large square, consisting of 1600 regularly shaped squares (forty by forty of them), with 120 *standard shades of color* in each little square. It wouldn’t even make a good linoleum print. Any fool could have laid out the design with a T-square, and painted it with a \$5.00 box of Crayola watercolors.

The “modern” counterpart to Carl Ever’s roaring seas (see p. 72) is *Heavy Seas* by Eric Hudson (1864-1932). Hudson’s picture is done with a heavy black pigment that produces a “sea” about as turbulent and threatening as a wading pool in your back yard.

If you really love “light,” then see it through the eyes of someone who can SEE. Get Maynard Dixon’s work on *Desert Dreams*. If you want to see the difference between a talented artist who *can paint*, and a non-original paint dauber who can’t, compare the paintings of E. Martin Hennings (1886-1956) with those of Theodore Butler (1876-1937). If you want to see REAL “abstract-impressionism” alongside a greenhorn, compare the watercolors of Carolyn Lord (*Cabbage and Chard with Tulips*) with Seymour Tubis’ *Banana Out for a Walk* (1947). There is “art” (Hans Hoffmann) and, then, there is ART (George Bellows: *Cliff Dwellers*, 1913). Hoffmann was so hard up to find a title for something that came from his “inner life,” that he called one God-forsaken piece of trivia *And Out of the Caves of the Night Threw a Handful of Tumbling Pigeons into the Light* (1964).

But, you see, Hoffmann couldn’t *draw* a pigeon, *or paint* a cave, and there is *no light* anywhere in the stinking mess for anything to “tumble into.” You are to believe this is *art*. If you do, you have gone bananas. You are just as nutty as a pecan pie.

I will now show you *who* drove you “bonkers.”

CHAPTER SEVEN

Transubstantiation In the World of Art

Here is how the news media (in a “High Press Mass”) converts the substance of rotten eggs, coffee grounds, dead shrimp, and dove’s dung into a gourmet’s feast. I will, here, record typical comments on painted art (without giving you the expert’s name) and show you how the art of painting—I am not going to deal, here, with *sculpture*—was first defiled, then debased, and finally destroyed, between 1900 and 1990.

These comments will be about what the union calls “Pop Art, Minimalism, Hard Edge Art, Space Mystics” and that sort of company. What we will see is art reaching the “summit” (1880-1900) and then leveling off (1900-1918) and plunging straight down hill like a skier going down a chute. While this is going on, the tradesmen (\$\$\$) will be “shoring up” the damage, and placing props under the rotting structure by utilizing Darwin, Huxley, and Bateson (evolutionists): “ever forward, onward, and upward” (see Isa. 14:10-16). It is done with WORDS: it is *literature*, not ART. True, you can say that *The Winds of War*, or *Atlas Shrugged* is a masterpiece—see, you used WORDS again!—but if you are going to call WORDS, belly dancing, popular ballads, and acting ability “art,” then you can put the word “art” on anything. Andy Warhol, one time, made a six-hour film of a man sleeping. Some people think Warhol was an *artist*. You might just well put the word “art” on a shovel load of fish heads and call it a “work of art.” But I am talking about *talented painters*, and their ability to *paint* PICTURES. We are not discussing “happenings designed to take art off the canvas and into life,” etc. (see the news media double-speak). For example: it is not *art* to rent thirty turtles and put them on a dark stage with flashlights strapped to their backs (Rauschenberg: b. 1925). That stuff is for people who have run out of ideas. Rauschenberg’s ridiculous alibi for this kind of theatrical nonsense was (the news media loves things like this!): “A picture is more like the real world when it’s made out of the real world.” If that were true, it wouldn’t be a PICTURE. It would *be part* of the world, not a picture *of the* world. It would be what could be called an “art project,” which would be a substitute for the painter’s ability to PICTURE the real world.

Is *Guernica* a picture of the bombing of Guernica? It was titled *Guernica*. Why wasn’t it titled “Bellowing Bull in a Tool Shed”? or “Do you have to turn on the light while I’m Drowning?” The press sold Picasso like they sold Rauschenberg.

Here is a modernist called Anselm Kiefer. According to the press priest in charge of transubstantiation, Kiefer “used fiery imagery to protest the horror of the holocaust.” 1. There are no images in the painting. 2. Anyone who knew what Holocaust meant (“a fiery furnace,” as in “lake of fire,” Rev. 20) would use fiery colors. You see, when you sit down and face this *challenge* to the artist’s intellect, you finally find out *that fiery* colors represent *fire*. Get it? One portrait of Hitler by a real artist (see p. 79) will give you enough

“Holocaust” to last you for a lifetime.

Now suppose you were foolish enough to look at some monstrosity put out by Kiefer, Pollock, or Kline, and then mumble, “I don’t get it.” Well, according to the iron-bound decrees (and religious dogmas) of the news media you simply would be displaying your ignorance. You would be making a perfect ass out of yourself, intellectually speaking, for you would be doing the equivalent of *criticizing jazz* “great” Charlie Parker for not following a tune. There is the pitch.

THAT is the way the press intimidates the public.

This statement implies that a picture you can understand (by looking at it) is a “tune,” while the butchered-up amateurish messes you are looking at are just “improvisations” on the tune. But *improvisations* on a theme by so-and-so (in music) is NOT the destruction of *any tune*: it is *more tunes* added to the *original* TRANSUBSTANTIATION IN THE WORLD OF ART 97 *tune*, and *related* to it. The art experts in the press have been in the rubber room for so long their MINDS have assumed a pattern that matches their non-objective art. You see, *Charlie Parker had to learn how to play a trumpet before he could do any jazz improvisations on ANY tune*. Kiefer, Pollock, and Kline never learned how to *draw or paint*. They are Charlie “Bird” Parker with no knowledge of scales, keys, tonguing, or liptightening. The press similitude, then, is nothing but a wretched attempt to justify a lack of talent. (Don’t you worry yo’ purdy little haid about ME not “getting it!” When I stand before a modern artist, I “get it,” I “digit” real good.) It is NOT like the music of any improviser who has first learned to play his instrument; it is like the work of a showman who is trying to make you *think* he is a musician because he can throw his horn all over the stage, *after blowing four notes on it*.

Jackson Pollock attacked piano keys with an ice pick, broke glasses all over tables, brawled in bars, ripped doors off their hinges, and then went drunken driving, and (thank God!) got killed at the ripe old age of forty-four. His art matched his life; he was a spoiled brat trying to get attention by smashing trumpets with axes, after he had blown four notes on them. Someone asked Jackson one time: “Do you work from nature?” and the self-deceived fool replied, “I am nature.” This *mental sickness* is called a “disorder of identification.” He wasn’t nature; *he was an egotistical drunk who couldn’t control his temper*.

The late James Thurber (a humorist who often wrote for *The New Yorker*) wrote a description of Pollock, one time, although he used another name for the genius. The work was called *Something to Say*. In that article, someone at a cocktail party kills the “genius” after the genius has spent several years living off everybody, borrowing money and never paying it back, insulting everyone who helps him, and disrupting everyone’s sleep, all night long. As the party guests gaze at the corpse, one murmurs: “Well, earth’s loss is hell’s gain.” Thurber comments, “I think we all felt that way.”

But watch the press go to work trying to transform Pollock’s non-art into masterpieces. “The man was possessed with his sub-conscious...he liberated himself from geometric abstractions and recognizable images...giving free rein to impulse and chance; the impassioned act of painting became an absolute value in itself.”

1. He was “possessed” by his conceit, his bad temper and his love for liquor. On one occasion, when being accused of using free rein to impulses and chance, he screamed “No chaos, DAMN IT!” (You see, he didn’t want the public to know that he was *undisciplined*.)

2. The term “liberation” is the one that Castro, Lincoln, Hitler, Ho Chi Minn, and Mao Tse-tung all used as a prelude to a KILLING WAR. It is the word used by all sex perverts, Communists, child molesters, and left-wing radicals for “getting rid of rules and regulations,” especially the TEN COMMANDMENTS.

In the Bible, if a man promises you *liberation* (2 Pet. 2) it is because he is the “servant of corruption” and intends to bring you into BONDAGE (see Gal. 2:4). A “liberated lifestyle” simply means that you are a rebellious wife, or a child molester, or a sex pervert, or a dope addict; in bondage to sin (John 8:33-34).

3. No major modern artist (or philosopher, federal judge, teacher, professor, scientist, or religious leader) believes in ABSOLUTES (see above). They all teach that all truths are *relative*, as are all “values.”

But! “In him [referring to Jackson Pollock] we had *truth!*” (Art critic’s estimation of Pollock). Granted; you sure did. You had a great fundamental truth: *i.e., cursing drunks, who can’t control their tempers, are likely to get killed in car wrecks.* I think that Pollock’s *No. 1* (1950) would pass as a fine artistic description of his own death. It didn’t picture anything. It is pure abstract expressionism.

Pitch: “The final test of a painting is, does the painter’s EMOTIONS come across (see p. 57)?” This was said by Franz Kline, who couldn’t paint a barn. Nevertheless! “Kline derived his massive linear forms from industrial shapes....” Kline’s *Mahoning* (1956) is a good sample. It is seventeen, thick, black stripes slopped on the canvas with a house painter’s brush. It could well be titled *Tic, Tac, Toe, 17 in a Row*, or *Japanese Artist on an All Night Drunk*. (After studying it for awhile I believe a more noble and “arty” title might be “Tar on the Convicts.”)

Pitch: Hans Hoffman (1880-1966) liked “freely splashed pigment...he influenced PAINTERS with his push-pull theory...he is known for high-keyed colors in rectangles that seem to collide.” Thar she blows!

1. *All kiddies, before the first grade, like “freely splashed pigments.”*

2. Every painter who ever studied a year anywhere (where *anything* was being taught!) knows that certain colors attract each other and certain colors repel each other. (That was the push-pull theory.)

3. Nobody has to have any training, even if he is not an artist, to draw or paint *rectangles*. You can outline them by drawing around a box top, a book, a placemat, or a postcard.

You are being given the “shaft.”

A writer is trying to sell you *pictures*.

The man-following imitators who followed Picasso and Hoffman were Gottlieb (1903-

1974), Baziotes (1912-1964), James Brooks (1906-1992), Ad Reinhardt (1913-1967), and Philip Guston (1913-1980). There wasn't a PAINTER in the lot.

Another fine representative of this “garbage to gourmet” act of magical transubstantiation would be the work of Francis Bacon (1909-1992), who spent his time gambling, drinking, and “curled up in a fetal position, daydreaming.” Being a little more honest than the experts who were trying to sell his junk, Bacon asked: “Whoever heard of anyone buying a picture of mine because he LIKED IT?” That is the clearest and most candid statement made in this century about modern art. No one LIKES the *Mona Lisa* (see p. 16), or *Dr. Gachet* (see p. 13). What some people like is the *notoriety* and *publicity* of being associated with a news media god. That is why they are willing to pay millions of dollars—literally, millions—to purchase TRASH.

Pitch: Mark Rothko (1903-1970) says that some painters “want to tell it all, but I feel it more SHREWD to tell little.”

“Shrewd” is the word, buddy! When you have so little to tell about and no talent to tell it with, it is certainly to do as little painting as possible. (*Shrewdness*, by the way, is an essential virtue for a gambler, a business man, or—especially—a politician. What would such a quality be doing in an *art gallery*?) On the basis of his alibi for not painting, Mark Rothko committed suicide, after living as a chronic alcoholic for twenty years. He couldn't *paint* anything. Like Newman's *One Day* (a sheet of red paper), Rothko never learned how to handle a pen, a pastel stick, a crayon, a pencil, a piece of charcoal, or a brush.

Morris Louis (1912-1962) said (of Helen Frankenthaler's works), “Her work is a bridge between Pollock and *what was possible*.”

What this veiled double-talk means is that some woman proved you might be able to be *half-way intelligible* and still be like Pollock, who was *unintelligible*; but notice how sophisticated and aesthetic this sounds when it is WORDED as above (see *The Anti-Intellectual Manifesto*, Chaps. 1 and 2, 1992). But this had been done at the very *beginning* of both expressionism and abstract art, before Helen Frankenthaler was born. Morris Louis could only produce *floral designs*. Contemporaneous with him were more than one hundred still-life artists who could paint him “off the palette” (they will be found in forty-eight issues of *The American Artist*, published between 1980 and 1984).

Pitch: Kenneth Noland (b. 1924) specialized in “concentric circles...he liked to establish the center of the canvas as a STRUCTURING device...so he could concentrate on color...he tried to evoke visual sensations...”

1. *He went around in circles* (see above).
2. The center of the canvas is *the center of the canvas*, no matter what you “establish,” or where you “establish” it.
3. “Structuring device” means simply that he painted *around the circle*.
4. Imagine the nerve of someone saying that such a character had to “concentrate on color.” Why, the very idea! There are more problems in color that need to be concentrated on in one Saturday Evening Post cover by Rockwell than Kenneth Noland would face in

twelve concentric circles.

5. “Visual sensations?” If you mean “shocking colors,” Turner already did one hundred years earlier, and if you were talking about real subject matter that “evokes a response,” then Goya’s *Black Paintings* (done more than one hundred years ago) would have done the job. The press is just giving you the gaff. They are quoting (and taking) these artists seriously, like they thought their hot air was relevant to what they painted. It is just deceptive rhetoric designed to sell a bum product. Albers, Kelly, and Stella couldn’t draw, they couldn’t paint, they couldn’t visualize, they couldn’t study, they couldn’t discipline themselves, and they couldn’t even *convey an idea*. They couldn’t inspire a groundhog to dig a burrow.

When one connoisseur of pop art was asked why he liked the kind of slop dished out by Andy Warhol, Claes, Oldenburg, Roy Lichtenstein, and James Rosenquist, he replied, “Pop Art has made the world a pleasanter place to live in.” Now compare that with what the news media said about *the same subject*.

“Andy Warhol showed the HORROR OF OUR TIME as resolutely as Goya in his time.” (!!)

There wasn’t any standard for pop art at all: the whole thing was subjective from start to finish, and was based entirely on the individual reactions of individuals (in different emotional moods) when they looked at the junk. *This is art?*

Look at it again; here goes the same press that appreciated Warhol’s “horror stories.” “One of the duties of art is to make you look at the world with PLEASURE: pop art is the *only movement in this century* that has tried to do it.” And thereby, this nutty writer excluded John Held Jr., Norman Rockwell, and Maxfield Parrish from enabling you to view your world *with pleasure*. Note the religious dogmatism: “the ONLY movement.”

Do you want actually to see the horror that someone thought Warhol was trying to express? All right, get ahold of a real artist, Robert Rauschenberg; and study his acrylics (*Moments-Fragments* (1989), *Four Moments-Transactions* (1989), and *Divided Attentions* (1987)). The Goya of pop art (the late Andy the Panda) was the one who said, “If you ever begin to see pop art you will never see America the same way.” One of Andy’s followers (who loved his Soup-Can pyramids) said, ‘ Top art busted art out of the museum and into the mainstream.’

It did? Why, bless my soul, THAT kind of art has been outside the museums for more than half a century. If the standard is “how does the mainstream FEEL about the art?” then the artists who cartooned *Little Nemo in Slumberland*, *Krazy Kat*, *The Katzenjammer Kids*, *Mutt and Jeff*, *The Gumms*, and *Barney Google and Spark Plug*, were producing “art” in the absolute sense of the word before Andy took his first beer or smoked his first joint.

Pitch: “I want to get rid of the things that people used to think were essential to art” (Donald Judd, a sculptor). Teenager: “I want to get rid of anything that would make me think hard, or work hard, or sacrifice any thing.” NEA: “We should get rid of everything in schools that people used to think was essential to character.” Schoenberg: “We want to get rid of everything that people used to think was essential for good music.” NCCC: “We want to get rid of everything in the Bible that people used to think was essential to

salvation.” Do you “know the flow”? Do you “sift the drift”?

Someone is trying to “liberate” you.

Someone wants you to get in the same mess they find themselves, due to lack of discipline, lack of inspiration, and lack of self-control.

Here is the alibi the “Minimalists” use: “Simplicity of shape does not necessarily equate with simplicity of experience.” (But it DOES in their case!) Nice cover up. You pretend you have had experience, or are giving someone an experience, when you have none to give. In your case, “simplicity” is the proof you don’t know what you’re doing. Ditto Robert Morris (b. 1931), Sol Lewitt (b. 1928), Richard Serra (b. 1939), and Dan Flavin (b. 1930).

All that is visible is SELF-JUSTIFICATION: “Alibi Ike.”

Since 1900, the professional attention-getters are getting their trivia converted into works of art by *talking*. No one is *painting* anything: they *can’t paint*.

Pitch: “If a creative IDEA is fundamental to art, then producing an ACTUAL OBJECT, provoked by that idea, is superfluous...we need to scrub art clean of images, personalities, emotions [!!!], and messages...”

Now look what the lunatic actually *said*.

1. What is fundamental (the IDEA) would forbid anyone from producing *anything that came from the idea*. This means, according to the incredible author of those incredible words, that all of the works by Monet, Manet, Rockwell, Da Vinci, Evers, Parrish, Rembrandt, Copley, Rousseau, Cezanne, Van Gogh, Bosch, Brueqel, and Gainsborough were DIRTY and needed to be *scrubbed* so that they conveyed no message or images.

2. What if the “idea” is a *message*?

3. What if the “idea” is an *image*?

4. What if the “idea” is an *object*? (Note how the looney bird who made the original comment has confused an *idea* with an *actual* object; no objects in the imagination are *actual* objects. The man is out of touch with reality and cannot analyze his own inner thoughts.)

5. *Actual* objects are solid, three dimensional things that can be photographed. They exist as solid objects, *outside the viewer*.

What this means is that after five decades of word games, exaggeration, double speak, and downright hypocrisy, the talking artists *have lost their ability to discuss their own trade*. One critic says that “media is the message.” Jenny Holzer (1950)—in a tremendous effort to get her name in some newspaper, somewhere, that would connect her to something connected with “art”—decided to post stickers on garbage can lids and parking meters saying, “Money creates taste.” Joseph Beuys held a week-long conversation with a coyote, so people would think that he could PAINT. Vito Acconci crushed live cockroaches on his own belly, and Piero Manzoni canned his own excrement to display it in a New York Art Gallery. How is THAT for “realism” and pop art? (I think it is excellent. In one hundred years, I have never heard of a more fitting display for modern

art than Monzoni's display. What could be more appropriate for the whole modern school than a can full of...! "Well done, Monzoni, thou good and faithful servant!")

Do you get the message yet? Is it coming across?

One final pitch: "Neo-expressionism brought BACK such banished features as recognizable content, historical reference, subjectivity, and social comment." i.e., Neo-(new) expressionism went backwards up hill (1918) over the hump (1910, 1905, 1900, 1890, 1880) to where it required TALENT to paint. Johannes Brahms (1833-1897) had the same problem with composing music, around 1880. He said that everything had already been composed. He lived between 1833 and 1897, so he saw "the summit," and knew what direction music would take after that, and it went in that direction: *straight down*. So Brahms "reined in" as he approached the peak, and went BACK to Mozart, and Haydn, and Bach: that is why they called Johannes Brahms a "neo-classicist." When you pass 1900, you are through.

The so-called "guru of neo-expressionism" was Joseph Beuys (1931-1986). He wanted to "regenerate humanity." (Too bad he never attained 1/30,000 of his goal, or got within 500,000,000 light years of it.) One neo-expressionist was an abstract designer named Anselm Kiefer (p. 96), of whom it was said, "He is the best painter of his generation on either side of the Atlantic." Kiefer couldn't paint a dog, cat, horse, cow, house, shed, car, ocean, sky, mountain, cloud, bush, tree, factory, river, chair, table, airplane, or pop bottle.

Another man, who justified his lack of talent, was Francesco Clemente (b. 1952), who pulled this literary gem out of a hat to justify his failure as an artist: "I'm interested in the body as a conductor between what we show on the outside and what we feel on the inside."

Now sit down and think about that dim-witted nonsense for about three weeks. *Every painter between Michelangelo and Thomas Hart Benton used the human body as a conductor for what he felt inside himself, related to what he showed on the outside.*

What you are dealing with here is the equivalent of somebody asking Billy Clinton: "Now that you are President of the United States, what will you be attempting to try out that is *new*, in government"? And then the news media puppet would TRANSUBSTANTIATION IN THE WORLD OF ART 105 answer: "Well, I have a brand new outlook on this problem; what I am interested in is *balancing the budget*, and *bringing in a lasting peace!*"

You are not at the "dropping off" place; you are sinking in quicksand at the bottom of the place where you dropped off.

Erich Fischl (b. 1948) paints a teen-aged boy masturbating in a backyard wading pool. What is the great artistic "social message" in this cheap vulgarity? Why, "It is an expose of the failure of the American dream!" Fischl says, "I try to create the effect of something UNSAID."

Why THAT is the effect that more than 3,000 painters not only *tried* but often *accomplished*, 100-300 years before Eric Fischl was born. Goya turned out forty of these

paintings, Daumier turned out thirty more, Bosch turned out ten more, Bruegel turned out two dozen more. Thomas Eakins did a dozen of them. The “Ash Can School” of the early 1900’s majored in them. N. C. Wyeth painted two dozen of them, and Norman Rockwell turned out one a week for more than twenty years. What was Eric trying to say that he didn’t know how to say? (It is bad enough not to be able to draw or paint without being unable to TALK.) Why, he was *trying* to say, “I like to paint things that people *don’t talk about.*” But, they *do* talk about masturbation; *they teach courses on it in sex education in school.* Today, thousands of people talk about abortion, rape, adultery, sex perversion, pedophilia, sodomy, anal intercourse, oral sex, and lesbianism just like they talk about a weather report, or market prices. Fischl must have a mental disorder called “disorders of orientation.” *He doesn’t know where he is.*

You see, he *lied.* In justifying his depraved subject matter, he invented a phrase. It wasn’t *the truth.* The name of the game is “SELF-JUSTIFICATION.”

I know of no better way of ending these essays than to let you look at a dozen, or so samples, of what *writers*—not artists—say about modern paintings in an effort to make you think they are works of art. You understand, this is nothing but commercial promotion of jack-leg art, whose purveyors profess to be inspired to paint for art’s sake, without descending to the depraved depths of the *illustrators.* This is the perennial alibi (in writing, not *painting*) for the miserable pile of trash that has come off the assembly line of the avant-garde since Cezanne, Van Gogh, Picasso, and Miro demonstrated their incompetence with pen, pencil, pastel, charcoal, and brushes.

The first one will deal with the non-objective, non-inspired, non-meaningful (sounds kind of like a description of *spontaneous generation,* doesn’t it?), non-artistic clap-trap of Ben Nicholson, who, in thirty-five years of art, was never able to produce anything more than a few muddy squares and rectangles on drab backgrounds and, then, occasionally highlight them with thin black outlines that picture nothing. In a lifetime, Nicholson does not display a credible bush, tree, car, house, mountain, chair, dog, table, or human head. Two drawings (*Juny, 1958;* and *Trendrine, 1948*) are supposed to show that Nicholson could draw. He couldn’t draw flies.

Anything Nicholson turned out could be reproduced (exactly) by simply pasting pieces of colored construction paper together and then painting parts of them with speckled, dirty paints.

Now, here is the triumph of the press! Victory snatched out of the jaws of defeat! “Eenie, meenie, minnie, moe, E Pluribus Unum, Adeste Fideles! Hocus Focus! Watch the booze turn into WINE!”

“Spontaneity is a positive virtue...and I do not wish to decry a movement which has isolated and emphasized this virtue...this is the way in which Nicholson became a painter, learning in childhood a visual mode of expression as natural as speech...a successful artist is one who can give perfect pitch, volume, and expressiveness to the elements of language...in short, he achieves STYLE. Style is not so much the man himself as a syntax, an order which the artist gives to his vision...an inner essence of things, an essence expressed is a visual language that is but a refinement of the symbolic means we all use

when we wish to transfer a meaning into visible signs.”

There! How is THAT for a prelude to *nothingness*? How is that for a majestic overture to Bugs Bunny on Sesame Street?

1. If “spontaneity is a positive virtue,” how about the fit of temper “Scarface” Al had *when he beat three of his buddies to death with a baseball bat*? How about old Jackson (p. 97), smashing up pianos and *driving around drunk*?

2. What has “style” got to do with perfect pitch and expressiveness? The authors of *Krazy Kat*, *Peanuts*, *Hagar the Horrible*, *Garfield*, and *The Wizard of Id* all have *style* and they all *express* themselves perfectly. You can have style as a bank robber, a rapist, a mugger, a pusher, a demagogue, or a *serial killer* (Jack the Ripper, for example).

3. What is this “visual mode” that is as natural as speech? You can *understand* speech; could you understand Nicholson’s nonsense? Wanna bet?

“The distinctiveness of the movement in Art of which Nicholson has become so exquisitely a *master* [!!!], is indicated by the phrase I have just used: a refinement of the symbolic means that constitute a visual language. For centuries, in Europe such a refinement had been subordinated to the demands of mimetic literalism, or illusionism...in literature, this would be an onomatopoeic use of words that subordinated meaning to the reproduction of sounds “

Do you see what this rascal is trying to do?

He is saying that “refinement” *is doing away with the sound of syllables in the English language, so you can communicate in an unknown blubber that avoids syllables*. This way, you will communicate a “meaning.” Nicholson is a Charismatic: you speak and communicate meaning *without using syllables*, because they are *onomatopoeic*. Son! You talk about a snow job! *That* is one. Do you see what he did? He avoided the problems involved in communicating any meaning intelligibly by getting rid of the *basic components that are essential to meaning*. This is the twentieth century, in the raw. It is the “short-cut” century. You avoid the *basic essentials*—ethics, moral standards, development of character, self-denial, hard work, clean living, “family values,” the fear of God, honesty, integrity, and persistence, and then try to rebuild a world (“regenerate humanity,” see above) with wishful thinking, race-mixing, belief in man as “the measure of all things,” and “sharing.”

Watch the news media’s goon bring this out to perfection in the following quotation on Nicholson:

“The inner essence of things...wholeness is integrity, purity, concordance...qualities which are nevertheless to be expressed in the shape and texture of visible forms.”

Observe: “purity” has nothing to do with morals, ethics, cleanness, righteousness, or separation from filth and evil; rather, it has to do with getting together with filth and evil —“wholeness.” That is the One-World, New Age, global setup in one word; total integration, to make a “whole.”

Onward through the fog!

“In the stylistic progress of an artist like Ben Nicholson there is a kind of organic logic and one would, in theory, unravel every visual syllogism...each single painting conceals the growth that has led to the final form.”

Interpretation (“**if there be no interpreter, let him keep silence,**” 1 Cor. 14:28): “In three decades of avoiding every problem connected with drawing or painting, there is a kind of monotonous repetition; and one could, in theory, let his imagination run riot, pretending that a strip of dirty blue paper on top of a white one (with four ink lines running across it) can be unraveled to reveal a syllogism. Each single painting carefully hides the fact that Nicholson was a painter, so his final form is just as childish and incomprehensible as his first one.” This is the maturity of thirty-five years of growth in art. The piece referred to, above, has one more visual syllogism in it: a small, muddy red rectangle. This work is said to have “precision... discipline... and depth...penetrating vision!”

Megabucks, baby. Sideshow: “Step right this way, ladies and gents! The big show is just on the inside. Only a dime. Jes one-tenth of a dollah. It walks, it talks, it’s almost human! See Jo-Jo the dog-face boy; born in Africa with a veil over his face. Step right up (git outta here, kid, ‘for I call a cop!), etc.”

Somewhere between 1880 and 1900, there cropped up over 500 would-be artists who were just as queer as a three-dollar bill. They had been liberated by Cezanne and Picasso. Everyone of them sidestepped ninety percent of the problems involved in “visual syllogisms” because they were *not artists*. They could not handle *anatomy*, they could not handle *light* and *shade* in contours, they could not draw a credible piece of *architecture*; they had no real sense of *balance*, and they could not *mix colors* properly. They were “liberated” like Hillary Clinton, Rock Hudson, Liberace, Madonna, Jesse Jackson, Nelson Mandela, and every faggot in San Francisco. They purposely avoided ALL the challenges that face any real painter: a worthwhile subject, the inspiration for that subject, a visual conception of that subject, a composition that harmonizes light and shade, warm and cool colors, reflected light, three dimensional planes, and ideas (not just feelings) transferred to the canvas.

Having done this, they spent their lives using *rhetoric* (not paint) to justify their failures. The press took them under its wings and babied them. The name of the game is “SELFJUSTIFICATION.”

I will waste your time with only one more gem of commercialized clap-trap parading around as an interpretation of modern art. Here is one more press job—a typical twentieth century American piece of “double speak”—just as slanted and as false as any CBS newscast you ever watched since 1964, or any article *Life* or *Time* magazine printed since 1933.

Here we meet Raoul Dufy, who has been likened to Renoir, Monet, Utrillo, and Degas. He is “a poet and composer...an inventive artist both with hand and mind...as if to prove to himself [Ah yes! There it is!] that any TRUE artist, enriched by his understanding and experience of a theme, can continue to treat identical creatures and settings with unchanging affection in a score of different ways.”

None of Dufy's works treat anything in "different ways." Where Rockwell and Frazetta can handle realism, naturalism, expressionism, and impressionism alternately—Norman Rockwell could handle non-objective abstracts as good as Miro or Nicholson—Dufy can only cartoon people and animals, and dab at them with watercolor. Dufy's sketches (*Handel's Messiah*, 1936; *Race Goers*; *The Course at Ascot*, in pen and ink; and *Pencil Sketch*, 1914) are not just pitiful; they are a disgrace to the name of art. They aren't even good cartoon outlines. *At the Races* is fourteen adolescent watercolor sketches of green, pink, blue, and red horses, people who have no faces, and race tracks where the center of the track matches the "cinder course" the horses are running. The trees and buildings are the poorly executed drawings of a child somewhere below Middle School.

"Those of us who, in his lifetime, and long before fame and favor smiled upon him, were prepared to stake our judgment on this GENIUS of charm...in some of his works, with disarming authority he divides both living and inanimate objects into *zones of influence* (Ah! There you are, buster! Zones of influence. Ain't that the "cat's meow"?].... it is there that the miracle lies...but they are more than that; they proceed directly from the initial perception of the artist himself, and the impact upon it of creatures and elements."

1. "Genius?" Did you ever see the horses that Remington and McCarthy painted?

2. "Initial perception?" Do you mean to tell me that Dufy SAW everything he looked at as *cartoons*?

Note all the rhetoric. You get a *genius of charm, not painting*. You get *zones of influence*, not *composition*. You get a *miracle*, not a *picture*. And you get creatures and elements "impacting" someone. Sorry, no painting. *No art today*.

"Don't phone us, we'll phone you." "Please leave a message; I will return your call when I get in."

Dufy is like Mozart because he "looked for colors that loved one another...his virtuosity is no more than an outward sign of technical mastery." *Dufy couldn't draw a straight line more than two inches long*. He had no technical mastery of pen and ink, or watercolor (including "wet on wet," "dry brush," and "wet on dry"). "A depth of richness of vision is concealed [Ah yes. Nicholson all over again. See above.] beneath the mask of elegance and grace...Dufy's apparent fantasy is the result of reflection and calculation...violin solo, yes, alone...light trembling in the silence of the notes already fled, or yet to be born, shimmering over the simple table...how far is this throbbing form, feminine in its curves, from the passive objects...this definitive violin...real, yet dream-like, contains within itself the essence of music."

"Thar she blows!"

Do you know what THAT commercialized blast of hot air was describing? It was describing a poorly executed watercolor cartoon of one sloppily sketched violin, placed too far in the left of a composition that has nothing in it but a table top and a sheet of music. The colors that "love each other" are red, white, and pink, and above the black table (it is not a real table, only a flat plane) is some sheet music with some sloppy sixteenth notes on it. This is "the essence of music."

The “throbbing, shimmering violin” that is about to “give birth” to notes (see above) couldn’t play a note: *all the strings on it are busted*.

“Lightly trembling in the silence of the notes already fled, or yet to be born, shimmering in the blankety (\$\$\$), blankety (\$\$\$), blank (\$\$\$), blank, BANK, BANK!”

This was the result of “reflection” and “calculation” (see above) to conceal something *beneath a mask* (see above).

This how the press triumphed over the painters.

This is the press’s victory over the palette.

And, believe it or not, compared with Miro’s genius, this duffer (Dufy) *was* a master.

This is how the press triumphed over *The Constitution* and *The Bill of Rights* (1964): inane rhetoric and double-speak, designed to glorify and glamorize the inferior (Ham), the subjected (the female), the perverted (the fairies), the inept (the children), and the criminal (any BLACK criminal). All radical, left-wing “global citizens” think exactly the same way: *they are news media clones* (see *Discrimination, the Key to Sanity*, 1992). Duty and Miro were *inept*, they were *inferior*, and they had to *pervert* the laws of real art in order to get a hearing. The press gave it to them. Exit “art.”

All radical, left-wing extremists (those who believe in the projects promoted by the news media), think *exactly* alike: *they are clones*.

The future of art (we are discussing painters) is certain. **“The son of perdition”** majors in *crafts* and *craftsmen* (see Dan. 8:25; Acts 19:25, 27; and Rev. 18:22). Not one major, “recognized,” artist in Europe or America has any grasp of this prophetic truth at all. They all fell on the “summit of history” (1880-1918), and failed to recognize the “hump” of the mountain range, although the Bible laid it out for them more than 1900 years ago (Rev. 1-3). If they had had any sense at all, they would have known from human life (apart from the Bible) where the “hump” would be, and when it would show up. The peak in human life is three-fourths to seven-eighths of the way through the journey; after that (sixty or sixty-five), it is all downhill. No modern humanist can accept this fact of reality, for Darwin seduced him before the press brainwashed him. People *die*; they die at a rate of more than 4,000 a day. History has a summit, or peak to it, and once you get to the top you find a brief stretch of flat land (a plateau) ahead of you before you start DOWNHILL. *Down is the only direction you can go if you keep moving* (progress, upward, onward, forward, Excelsior, etc.). A casual student of history could have predicted the course of art and music in the twentieth century. All he had to do was read Revelation 2-3. The fuel injection that starts the “blastoff” is in 33-90 A.D., with the Lord Jesus Christ and the apostles. It runs out of steam between 1880 and 1900, and from 1918 on, it goes straight to the bottom. But no major artist, musician, pope, scientist, statesman, professor, philanthropist, do-gooder, journalist, or politician will accept this historical *reality*.

The illusion of continual progress “upward,” *after 1900*, was created by man’s improvements in two fields, and both of these affected the news media: these fields were *transportation* and *communications*. Unfortunately, improvement in these two fields is the

requirement for the Biblical picture of 1990-2000, as found in Revelation 4-19. It is the improvements in communication that enable the Son of Perdition (2 Thess. 2:1-8) to set up a One-World, New Age of cloned communities where not only families, but individuals can be controlled by computerized chips and electronic devices. Eventually, the *thoughts* will be controlled (see *Ruckman 's Apocalypse*, 1993). All progressives have to believe that art (as well as music) must continually improve—go back through this book and check what the artists said they were up to in the way of “refining,” “scrubbing,” and “getting rid of non-essentials”—without following the universal laws of life and death, disintegration and decay, entropy and randomness (the Second Law of Thermodynamics), etc. Hence the mania for “liberation.” Liberation from laws: the laws of nature, and the laws of God.

When we get to 1900, the monkeymen—ALL of them believe in evolution—have to begin to undergird the collapsing edifice of apostasy and degeneration. This is done with WRITING (see *The Damnation of a Nation*, 1992). Hence, *pornography* has to be progress, *a welfare state* has to be progress, *race-mixing* has to be progress, *toleration of lesbians and faggots* has to be progress, and *jungle music and jungle morals* have to be progress. Applied to the realm of art, this means that Minimalism, Conceptualism, Environmental Art, Process Art, and Neo-Expressionism (Surburban Psychodrama, Political Art, Graffiti, etc.) all have to be *progress*. You must sustain Darwin’s illusion at any price. If you doubt this, check out your nearest public school and learn that the thing feared most of all in the school system is not drugs, masturbation, sex perversion, lying, cheating, laziness, or stealing, or even abortion. The three items that literally *terrorize* all federal court judges who make “rulings” for the public school systems are: Prayer, the Bible, and CREATIONISM (anti-Darwinism). *All three are forbidden by LAW*. Since they were not forbidden by law until AFTER the “hump” (1900), you must take the position that the censorship of all three *is progress*. You have no options. You either went up or down, *after 1900*. If you are a monkey man, who came out of the jungle, you went UP. *You have to believe that.*

You must believe that the wretched blots you see in a modern art gallery are superior to something by Currier and Ives: say, *Central Park in Winter*, or *On a Point* (American Field Sports).

You have to deny that you topped the mountain before 1918. It was “topped” in music at the same time it topped out in art. You messed around on the plateau between 1900 and 1918 and, then, you made a nose dive that would put nine G’s on a test pilot. You climb from Pergamos to Philadelphia, after a brief period of apostasy (Ephesus-Pergamos), but after Philadelphia (Rev. 3) you drop off (in Laodicea) like a cormorant plunging into a lake. You climb from puberty and adolescence (after a short period of struggle) to manhood, and then you plummet to a hole in the ground. That is what a Hillary-Biliary humanist cannot accept: neither can the Artists’ Union.

The trick is to *pretend* that, having abandoned all rules, regulations, and laws, you are still *climbing*.

“Contemporary art” (as contemporary music) is backed and promoted by the news media; it is no more “art” than Schoenberg’s pieces are *music*. It is not even an *art form*. It

is simply jaded publicity seekers trying to get attention by making “something **new under the sun**” (see *The Bible Believer’s Commentary on Ecclesiastes*, Chap. 1, 1993).

North, South, and Central America are over the hump. So is Europe, Asia, and Africa. From 1918 on, it is “Downward Through the Fog,” not “Upward Through the Sunlight.”

You must now go backward to find talent. (It really shouldn’t bother you a great deal, since Turner, Cezanne, Picasso, Miro, Klee, Braque, and Pollock already led you clean back to 2,000 B.C. with their flat forms—and got away with it.)

Abler’s *Homage to the Square* (1953), Noland’s *Bend Sinister* (1964), Stella’s *Star of Persia* (1967), and Kelly’s *Blue, Red and Green* (1963) are not works of *art*. No artist painted them. They are nothing but decorative designs with cute little names attached to them to get attention. So is Riley’s *Current* (1964), Haacke’s *Condensation Cube* (1963), and Kiefer’s *To the Unknown Painter* (1983). In these works, there is no *art* in evidence, nor do we meet an artist anywhere in them. These are visual *press releases*. Anything that Masaccio painted in 1427 would be an improvement over such hollow and vapid *nonsense*.

I hate to bust somebody’s balloon, but 1918 ended it. You say, “What?” The whole Western-Gentile “works.” Spengler prophesied this before World War II, and Hitler carried it out (see *The History of the New Testament Church*, 1978, Vol. II, Chap. 14). After a man is sixty years old (or, in extended cases, seventy), it is downhill. You have to pretend that you are growing, physically (like you were between ten and twenty), are becoming smarter and more experienced (like you were doing between thirty and forty). Music and art finished on a “dead heat” between 1880 and 1900: so did Biblical Christianity. It struggled a little longer—up to about 1933—but it had to follow the law of “human collapse” so vividly portrayed two dozen times in Judges, and 1 and 2 Kings. The “improvements,” since 1933, have been a lowering of moral, ethical, educational, and intellectual standards (with art and music to match them), fifty-eight wars (with music and art to match them), international terrorism and bankruptcy (with music and art to match them), and a one-world set-up under the “**god of this world**” (2 Cor. 4), with MUSIC AND ART TO MATCH IT.

The *demand* for art, now, is PHOTOGRAPHY, and the *demand* for music is for African sex music. This is *progress* for every radical, left-wing, law-breaking environmentalist on the face of this earth.

Any really good art, by a truly talented and disciplined artist, AFTER 1945, will have to be found among the illustrators and commercial artists, or among a thousand unpublicized amateurs—and many of them are women—who paint for pleasure. These are the ones who stayed on the plateau, back before 1918. They receive no write-ups from the *Life-Time-Newsweek-Parade-People-USA Today* cartel or the artists’ union.

But while we are on the subject of unknown masters, let me say that after painting well over 400 watercolors, the greatest collection of water colors I have ever seen anywhere (and I have looked at at least 400 more, besides my own) were those painted in two volumes of illustrated “*fairytale*.” These books were published back in 1969 under the title of *Storytime Treasury* (a McCall book). Two unknown watercolorists in these

books illustrated *Cinderella* and *Alt Baba and the Forty Thieves*. They are not even given a credit line in the Frontispiece or the Introduction to the books. The books were published originally by Fratelli Fabbri Editori, of Milan, Italy, so the artists are probably Italians. However, their signatures do not even appear on their works. I have never seen one artist on this earth handle the water mediums (tempera and watercolor) with such dexterity and craftsmanship, if one takes in the “range” that these illustrations cover.

The artists had to paint stone walls, marble palaces, golden clocks and chandeliers, wooden buckets, brooms, cats, men and women, horses, pigs, camels, jewelry, satin pillows, satin and velvet dresses, armour and weapons, house and cave interiors, mice, water, jars, castles, villages, night scenes (interior and exterior), fancy dress costumes, household utensils, and landscapes. They never “goofed” on one composition, one color, one theme, one form, or one perspective.

Either of these anonymous geniuses had more TALENT than Van Gogh or Picasso. Van Gogh (or Picasso) trying to illustrate *Cinderella*, or *AH Baba*, would produce a 1 ‘psychodrama’ that would pixilate a Panda. Picasso’s “Cinderella” would look like a Mexican washerwoman dissected into six pieces, and caught in a bed spring. His “forty thieves” would be five turbans that looked like beehives, gathered around two busted bread knives that looked like a gray belt had been cut in two. Van Gogh’s *Cinderella* would gag a maggot. No prince would have danced with her without popping ten kilos of “snow” before he got on the floor. Van Gogh’s “forty thieves” would have been forty swirls of yellow and red spirals on top of some green and yellow spirals, on top of some blue and yellow spirals.

If I were to tell the “whole truth and nothing but the truth” about the matter, I would have to confess that the greatest single watercolor painting I ever saw was by an unknown Steve Hanks. It was painted for a cover of *Watercolor Magazine*, and I believe it was the Fall issue of 1992. I have never seen anyone (master or amateur) handle watercolors with that sure of a touch and with that keen of an eye. I have seen some close “runner-ups” in the works of William Powell, Rose Edin, Frank Germain, and Kolan-Peterson (especially Peterson).

Hank’s picture was a young mother wading in some water by a rocky beach. She had a boy (about three years old) whom she was carrying “side straddle” on her back. Both of their backs are toward the viewer. The sunlight sparkles on the water; the current is clearly seen in the shadows of the rocks, and in reflections of the “mother and child.” Nothing is smeared, nothing is smudgy, nothing is indefinite, and nothing is overworked. I don’t know who Steve Hanks is, but I would bet you a “sawbuck to a donut” that his name will never appear alongside “Rocky Mountain canaries” (a western expression) like Dufy, Picasso, Klee, Miro, Nicholson, Rothko, and Pollock.

The true art (from 1918 to 1993) that is left from the nineteenth century, will be found, mainly, in the following publications: *The American Artist* (a monthly publication), *Southwest Art* (monthly), *The Artist’s Magazine* (monthly), and *Watercolor* (published quarterly). And where these magazines touch on the “recognized,” American artists between 1900 and 1990, you might as well turn the pages and look for something worthwhile. You must go back over the peak (see p. 112) to find anything that is an

improvement over Vermeer, Hals, Rembrandt, Monet, Manet, Renoir, Cezzane, Constable, Copley, Gainsborough, or Bougereau. You see, after sixty, your best days are BEHIND you, at least where growth, idealism, maturity, health, and mental grasp of reality are concerned. (Note the divine comment on this in 2 Samuel 19:35.) You may survive, and you may *even prosper* in some areas; a handful do in every generation. But don't kid yourself—like the monkeymen do—into thinking that you will improve and progress with age until you stumble over a coffin lid. The facts are (independent of what any radical, left-wing humanist believes or teaches) you go DOWNHILL, till you stumble over your coffin lid (1900-1918).

And that about does it. I have seen Japanese prints that I would call “masterpieces,” and have seen Arabic and Indian designs that would tax the talents of any calligrapher or designer in Europe. Good art is good art and bad art is bad art. What YOU think about it means nothing if your standard of judgment is just *your feelings* about it; especially if *your feelings* are nothing but Pavlovian “conditioned responses” which have been set up and regulated by the news media. The prostitute press is the last outlet on this earth that could give ANYONE a standard for judging *anything* in the realm of art, music, morals, ethics, inspiration, or PROGRESS. They have been creating “devils” (George Wallace, Jerry Falwell, Ronald Reagan, Barry Goldwater, Jesse Helms, and the NRA) and “gods” (JFK, FDR, M. L. King Jr., Gorbachev, the popes, Jesse Jackson, Hillary and Biliary, Nelson Mandela, et al.) for so long, they have rendered themselves incapable of intelligent comment about nearly *anything*. A good artist has an inspiration that is an idea (logical or illogical), and he can make it tangible, and convey it to a viewer, by visual means. A good abstract artist can paint abstracts that are well-balanced, composite, harmonized, thought-out, and executed with skill, as well as *intent*.

This brings us to the terminus.

The terminus is what we call “The Fig-Leaf Factor” (for details see Gen. 3 and Mark 11:13-15). SELF-JUSTIFICATION is the first thing that any sinner tries to do when he is caught messing up. The Artists' Union has been doing nothing but messin' up since 1880, so all of them major in *self-justification*. That is their real *art*. At THAT, they excel; no question about it. They can construct expressions and phrases that shimmer and shine like a dead mackerel in the moonlight (as an ancient writer once said). The press will back them up. It backed up Sarah Brady and Bill Clinton. We could take Andy Warhol to be the essence—that is one of their words!—of modern, contemporary art and artists: he is the very apotheosis of *progress*. His lifestyle reveals the *very foundations* on which modern art is built. It consists of:

1. A “citified,” indoor type of life.
2. An indolent, *effeminate* “lifestyle.”
3. A total lack of moral standards, or ethical convictions.
4. A complete “black-out” where *Biblical knowledge* is concerned.
5. No aim in life, but to attract attention.
6. No scruples about *how* to attract it.

7. No faith in any absolute truths, *and no knowledge of the future.*
8. A total inability to draw, or paint, a convincing picture.
9. An ability to talk long (and loud) about the kind of subjects that you would hear being discussed at a high society *cocktail party.*

“By their fruits ye shall know them.”

And here ends our brief little essay on *Art and Artists*, which probably would be more aptly titled: ‘ *“The Triumph of the Press over the Palette, “* or *“The Victory of the Fourth Estate over Sanity. “*

(Take your pick; in “modern art” one title is just as good as another.)

EPILOGUE

Confirmation

Many years ago I discarded more than 200 articles written about modern Classical Music: i.e., music produced after the “hump/1 or “summit,” mentioned in the last chapter (1880-1900). I also have misplaced a valuable book on the subject called *The Agony of Modern Music*, which went to great length to demonstrate the historical fact that 1900-1933 A.D. marks the demise of inspiration and cultural progress—and, from then on, it is a toboggan downhill into a jungle. (If one can imagine such a thing!) However, I kept two very recent works by professional classical musicians to show the reader the NATURE of news media cloning in this century; the selling of so-called “art,” and so-called “music” by the press independently of the *quality* of either.

Now watch this carefully, and observe how Art and Music run parallel to each other up through time, from 1700 to 1990. Observe what might be called the “salient features” of both branches which places them side-by-side, neck-to-neck, from rounding the first curve to the “wire.”

1. Both suddenly revert to the PAST when trying to produce something “new,” *after 1918*.

2. If they don’t do this, they revert to perversion and distortion in order to attract *attention*,

3. All musicians and artists involved are loquacious (and glib) about explaining their lack of talent and inspiration to the press.

4. Both groups resort, constantly, to what they call “ancient cultures” (or “primitivism”) to justify their *inability* to draw, or create melodies.

5. All of them are evolutionists who insist that everything has to progress, including Art and Music, although all of the indications (see 2 Tim. 3:1-6, Rev. 5-19, 2 Thess. 2, and *Ruckman’s Apocalypse*, 1993) are that the “global citizens” of Slick Willie’s “New Age” are headed straight into international terrorism, international bankruptcy, mental and economic slavery, and international dictatorship, with *three world wars*.

Our classic comparison of Music and Art is given in *James Galway’s Music in Time* (Harry Abrams Inc., 1982), written by William Mann. On page 10 of this work is the definitive position on classical music (or any music, for that matter).

“A hundred years ago the history of music was thought to be evolutionary.”

Correction: the author himself (1982), believes it is evolutionary, now, for he says on page 364 of the same book (the last page of the text): “Yet I have no doubt that when the dust settles MUSIC will be found alive and well [after 1960] and still moving *forward*... it must move *forward*. “

“Historians believed that music had steadily improved from the earliest times.”

Correction: all journalists, music critics (with the exception of about one out of fifty),

and all major authors of books on music are *evolutionists*.

“Our own eclectic tastes would have seemed quite eccentric in Beethoven’s time... Today...we can learn the musical language of madrigals, appreciate the classic spirit of Mozart, the romanticism of Chopin, the vision of Wagner, and the restless spirits of every age who have pushed music to its limits to find new forms of expression” (page 10).

Warning! He stopped at *Wagner*. Why? He just said “every age.” Did the “ages” stop in 1883?

Wagner died in 1883.

In the context of music “continually improving,” why did he not go on to mention Puccini, DeFalla, Dvorak, Bartok, and Debussy, who followed Wagner? Why not take “continuously improving” right up into Stravinsky, Mahler, Strauss, Schoenberg, and Ravel?

“These were the most significant of many trends binding together the profuse INNOVATORY activity around the turn from the nineteenth to the twentieth century” (p. 312). Why the “profuse” innovations? Simple: “The introduction to this book refers to the long accepted doctrine that music had IMPROVED from generation to generation and century to century. By now it will have become clear that the doctrine was no longer wholly accepted” (p. 309). “Now”? When is “now”? Easy: 1900, at the “turn of the century.” The writer simply stumbled on the infallible system laid out in Revelation 2-3 (the Church Age). *After 1900*, everything collapses.

So, in a 31-page chapter on “The Turn of the Century,” we see “BACK to ancient Greece,” (p. 310) and “BACK to the eighteenth century” (p. 311). Backwards. “Progress,” after 1900, is BACKWARDS: that is exactly how we have stated the matter for the last 120 pages dealing with Art. The two cultural disciplines are identical in history. What follows 1910-1913 is African jazz. No concert audience of any size requests anything written by Paul Hindemith, Kurt Weill, Bertolt Brecht, or Schoenberg until the press has converted it into a “work of art.” One *Threepenny Opera*, and a string trio (Schoenberg) are “slim pickins” alongside Brahms’ four symphonies (before 1900), Beethoven’s nine symphonies (before 1900), Schubert’s eight (before 1900), and the concertos by Mozart and Haydn (before 1900). PROGRESS is a joke.

Background music for the filthiest establishment on earth (Hollywood) is the only thing approaching “new” classical music, but it is all based *on pictures*. Without the moving pictures, the works wouldn’t have been written: they are all “mood music” like “tone poems.” Musicians like “Les Six” (French), the “Second Viennese School” (Webern, Korngold, Berg) and the Darmstadt School (Germany) don’t produce five major classical works between more than *thirty* composers. All Galway has to give us, for 1945-1990, is “the pre-classical revival” (p. 350). *Backwards*. Back past 1840. The alibi for the “new music,” after 1940, is “anarchy and fun” (p. 357), “Butterfly Music,” musical games (p. 360), and DISCORDS. The real “triumphs” in music, after 1939, are “Annie Get Your Gun” (1946), “West Side Story” (1957), “My Fair Lady” (1956), “Jesus Christ Superstar” (1970)—a black Judas Iscariot who survives a white “Jesus Christ”—and Leadbelly, King Oliver, Sidney Bechet, Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey,

Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, Elvis Presley, Hank Williams, Nat “King” Cole, the Beatles, Bing Crosby, Madonna, Springsteen, Kenny Rogers, Tammy Wynette, and a mass of dopeheaded, fornicating homosexuals called “rock bands.”

Backwards. “Back to the Bible or back to the jungle”; in the case of Art (Cezanne, Picasso, Braque, et al.), back to the jungle. In the case of music (see the above), back to the jungle. How are you to interpret this depraved degeneration? Easy. You have to do what the art critics suggested you do with the paintings of that great drunken, fornicating, spoiled brat, Jackson Pollock (see page 97). You have to *pretend* you are listening to inspiration and talent. The only trouble is your EAR is not reporting the sounds correctly, so...! So (believe it or not!) “our receptivity has to move forward as well. We have to keep ‘stretching our ears’ ...all the time” (p. 364).

Exactly. After it took 2,000,000-4,000,000 years for your ears to SHRINK—all evolutionists believe you are related to monkeys, gorillas, and orangutans—you must now go backwards (to the *jungle*) and restretch your ears to accommodate them to *jungle music*. That is the last line in Galway’s book on *Music in Time*.

Now watch the application (exactly as we described it in chapter 4 on Art). We now step up eleven years beyond (forward!!) Galway’s book on *Music in Time*, and come to the *New Yorker* magazine for July 19, 1993. Our article is three pages long. It is written by a certain Paul Griffiths, and it deals with a modern, professional, “classical” musician—these are called “composers of serious music” in the back-to-the-jungle books on terminology—named Harrison Birtwistle. Here comes the “pitch.” (This is the kind of a pitch that made Van Gogh’s *Wheat Field with Cypresses* (1889) worth \$57,000,000 (literally: New York Metropolitan Museum, 1993). This is the kind of pitch that created “artists” out of demented psychotics (Van Gogh), drunken fornicators (Cezanne), talentless doodlers (Braque, Miro, Kandisky, etc.) and publicity crazy cartoonists (Picasso) in the name of “something new” (see Acts 17:19-21); something “revolutionary,” which “overthrew all previous traditions,” etc.).

In explaining his non-popular, noisy, discordant, meaningless “music.” Birtwistle says this: “I began by going to the piano, and putting my hands down and playing a chord. Then I investigated it and learned how to make more of it.”

You are to accept *that* ridiculous explanation for Mr. Birtwistle’s “slantwise approach” to a composition, his “fidelity to his material,” and his “ability to pursue a task logically.”

All classical pianists (Chopin, Schumann, Beethoven, Van Cliburn, Horowitz) go to pianos; all of them put their hands down; all of them play chords: all of them have to “investigate” all the chords they play. What is this fantastic explanation for “fidelity” (see above), “approach” (see above) and “a logical task” (see above)? Why it is old Pablo Picasso and Paul Cezanne explaining their lack of talent (see pages 8, 30). Don’t you know what to expect of Mr. Birtwistle’s “music” after such an explanation? I do, and I’ve never heard a bar of his music. I know what is coming because I know what came when Nicolson (p. 106) and the Cubists tried to explain their *lack of talent*. Here it comes! Music that is “heavy...struggling to bring something to expression...the sense of a blocked passage. The blockage is the message” (!) (Fasten your seat belt, baby; seats and

tray tables in the upright and locked position!) “*The feeling. .*, is that you are waiting for something momentous to take place, and at the same time experiencing that momentous thing.”

NUTS. Pecan nuts, cashew nuts, peanuts, and Brazil nuts.

“Because of the POWER...the power that CREATES immense impedance, and simultaneously the force to overcome it.”

Translation: you blot out *anticipation* with *counter noise*, and then you counter the noise with *more noise* so that you are reduced to a *neuter*: note the words “thing” and “something” in the above.

But what is the “impedance” (i.e., eradication of melody, harmony, and balance by NOISE)? It is “principally harmonic thickness [Atta boy, sonny! Now we’re flyin!] and lethargy; the force comes from urgent pushing rhythm (back to the jungle), or from insistent REPETITION.” (back to the jungle. In the dance bands of 1938-1948, we called these “riffs.” They are characteristic of all primitive African music.)

Birtwistle is not going *forward* to any place: he is going back into the bushes; or, to recite Galway’s *Music in Time*, “around 1900, glutted with the legacy of Wagner and polychromaticism, composers almost everywhere in Europe turned their creative minds to inspiration from *the past*” (p. 310).

“Then, there are events that happen only once, appear to come almost out of nowhere, and contribute to the feeling of constant, turbulent SELF RENEWAL and discovery” (*New Yorker*, p. 85). “...At once monumental and mysterious... refracted through a musical PRISM...the essential challenge of this music is that of monitoring more hectic musical traffic....” Or, in Birtwistle’s words, “I tend to use musical ideas like a child playing with toys; when I get BORED with them, I just forget them.” The author then says, “What *validates* that image of the composer and his toys is the external nature of the musical playthings he picks up...and discards throughout ‘Antiphonies’ (p. 86).” Do you know what “antiphonies” means? I do. It means “against,” or “anti” sounds. The “original Greek” can also mean “a substitute for sounds.”

On goes the “Mexican sleighride” at 37,000 feet. “Earth Dances starts with a quake and collapse in the orchestra’s bass grounding...a composer who has been able to keep himself apart from *the traditions*...” (See all of the “artists” listed since 1880). “So he can come to...the piano concerto as if it were as alien as MAYAN temple architecture.” (Back to the jungle; those temples are in the jungle.) “We feel his instruments to be vehicles more of action than expression” (i.e., he could not express himself). “They *don’t* propose the music; the music is proposed through them” (p. 86). I.e., *there is no music present; it is just “proposed.* “ Birtwistle’s music is “fully compatible with its own struggle...lucidity and ignorance, expressed in...randomness” (p. 86). Exactly: *random noise*. Noises fighting noises. Progress. “Progress” after 1900 A.D.

The author closes with a typical self-invented problem that comes from not knowing what he is doing (see Cézanne on perspective, Turner on color, Van Gogh on light, Picasso on proportion, etc.). “Antiphonies” affirms a return to the older manner, in which the music’s purposes are not so easily defined, and In which the composer *seems* to be

tackling enormous forces that he and his players can...NOT CONTROL” (p. 86).

Sicherlich; ganz stimmt. That is the twentieth century in a nutshell.

To batten down the hatch, *Music in Time* says (p. 284), “The decades surrounding 1900 were rich in NEW artistic development in European painting...as they were in music” (p. 284). Whereupon, up pops Cezanne, Gauguin, Van Gogh, and Picasso, in the text! When Schoenberg pops up (1925) with his “non-tonal” music, we find the painter Kandinsky mentioned as one of his close friends. Good match; real fellowship. The music matches the “art,” and the art matches the “music.” Scribbled nonsense *on paper*; scribbled doodling *on canvas*. Debussy is said to reflect the work of the Impressionists in his music. Good match. The musician is dependent on *the painter* (visual art), and the painter is dependent on the press (see p. 96), which is neither Art nor Music. In the 1970’s, 1980’s, and 1990’s, the news media is the major factor in producing a criminal population with no morals of any kind. Stravinsky “turned the western musical world topsy turvy” (Galway, p. 291) with “The Rite of Spring” (1913). What was “The Rite of Spring?” It was a savage description of pagan idolatry where primitive peasants expressed the religious hallucinations concerning sex (“fertility”) (p. 293). Forward? Forward into the jungle: 1913.

Music in Time says that the “Rite” has “remained a *musical landmark*. “ Exactly; it is followed by seventy years of black jungle music. In Poulenc’s “Les Mamselles de Tiresias” (libretto by Apollinaire, 1923), “the heroine lets fly two balloons (representing her breasts) from inside her blouse and grows a beard, to LIBERATE herself (op cit., p. 329). Exactly. Read 2 Peter 2:17-22 and compare it with Gay Liberation, Women’s Liberation, and the “liberation” of Cuba, Russia, China, Austria (1939), and the French Revolution.

Hitler *liberated* Austria and Czechoslovakia.

Monet *liberated* you from indoor painting.

Voltaire *liberated* you from moral standards.

Lincoln *liberated* the black race.

Lenin and Stalin *liberated* the Russian “people.”

Mao Tse-tung *liberated* China.

Janet Reno *liberated* the people of Waco, Texas.

“Gone With the Wind” *liberated* you from clean speech.

“Ulysses” and “Lady Chatterly’s Lover” *liberated* you from “mid-Victorian morality.”

The Palestine Army will *liberate* Arabs in Israel.

A “*liberated* lifestyle” in the NBA (in all schools, at all grade levels) means simply “permissive sex” (adultery and fornication), “permissive sexual orientation” (bestiality or homosexuality), “permissive pro-choice” (liquor, drugs, abortion), and, eventually, “do as you damn please and blame someone else for the consequences.” (Check prison statistics in any state in the Union since 1964.)

William Mann's observation that SOME people no longer think music is progressing is a moot observation, for every unsaved musician and artist on the earth HAS to believe that both disciplines improve, endlessly. You see, *Music in Time* tells us that "music reflects LIFE." If mankind, then, improves with every century—all Darwinians swear by this—then the "reflection" is predestined to improve with human life. William Mann is a solid monkey man. He says, "When Homo Sapiens *evolved* from the primates..." (p. 13). "All music is an expression of *physical* movement" (p. 16). Guess what the "movements" are since 1900! You went from the Waltz and the Polkas to the "Bumps and the Grinds." Progress!

If Music is a reflection of the contemporary "scene," then real classical music ceased before World War I. The show tunes of Lehar, Romberg, Hammerstein, Kern, Porter, et al., are beautiful, and approach a "semi-classic" placement, but they are for theatrical performances on a stage, or acting performances before a camera. They are NOT "pure music."

All the suckers, who believed Darwin's theory, were slain mentally and spiritually once the century "turned." They were obligated (by force of their irrational mentality), to interpret history in the light of an *emotional religion*: Darwinism is a RELIGION, based on EMOTIONAL PANIC. In *reality*, you approach the summit of cultural achievements between 1870-1890. You reach the peak somewhere around 1890-1910. You "level off" between 1910 and 1933, and during that time you are gone ("real gone, Jackson") for good. It is straight down to the bottomless pit after 1933. The only survivors in music (that is demanded of the public) are those who major in African sex music, or (in the case of Broadway) upper middleclass love stories. As far as *pure music* goes—"classical music"; say, for example, symphonies and concertos—there are NO survivors who go one step beyond 1900. One step forward, beyond, is into either discord, perversion, distortion (see Picasso) and primitivism (jazz or rock) or into soundless, toneless, irregular, Oriental NOISE.

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