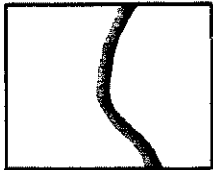
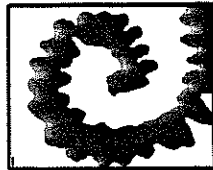
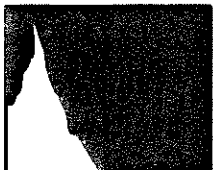
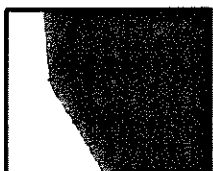
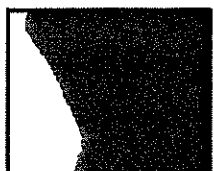
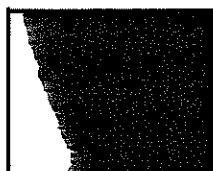
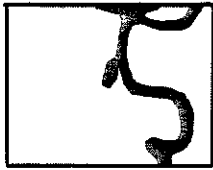


IN THE
END, WHAT
YOU **GET** IS
WHAT YOU
GIVE.

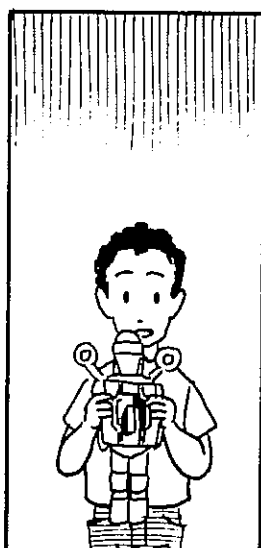
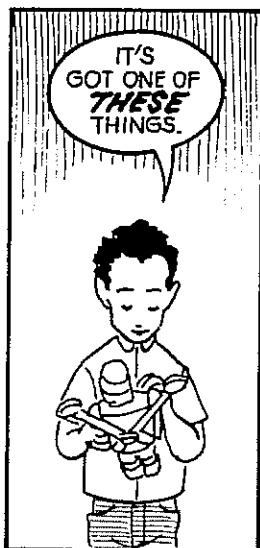
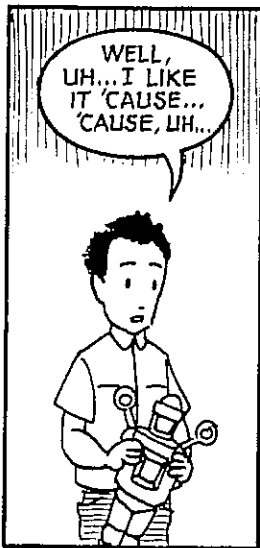
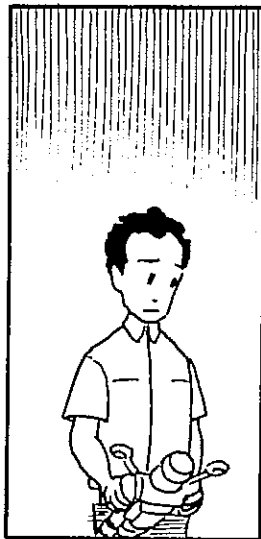
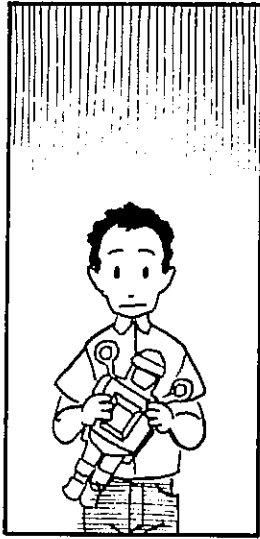


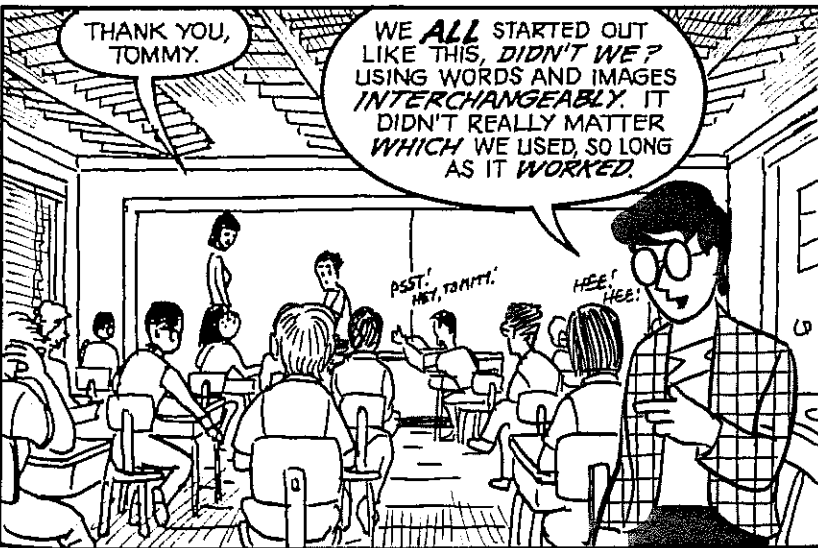
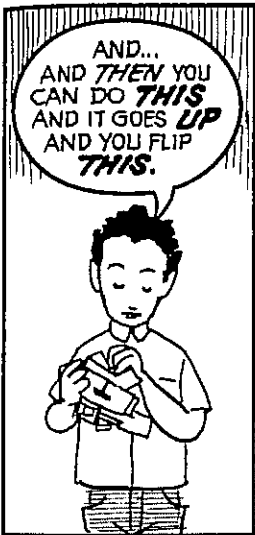
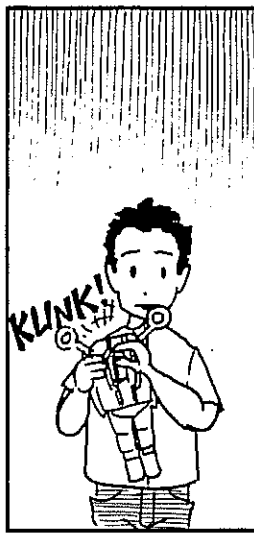
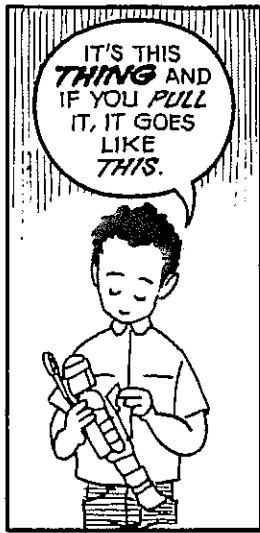
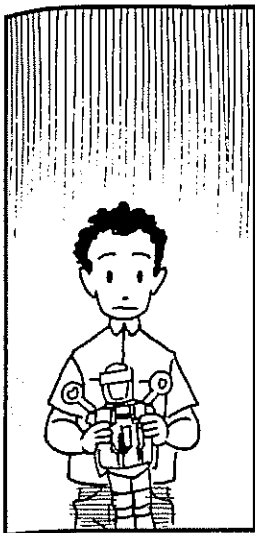
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ON'T EV
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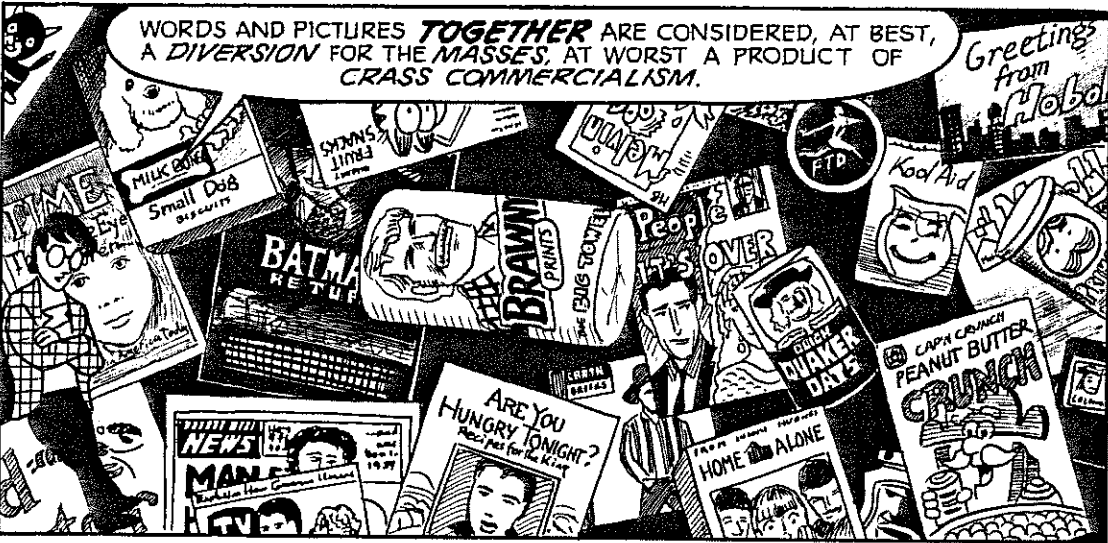
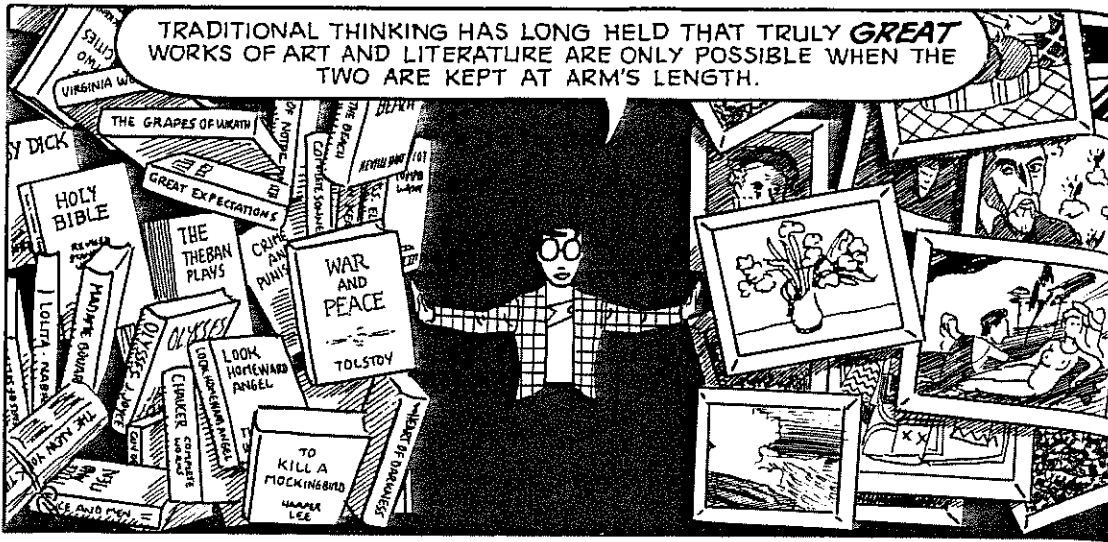


CHAPTER SIX

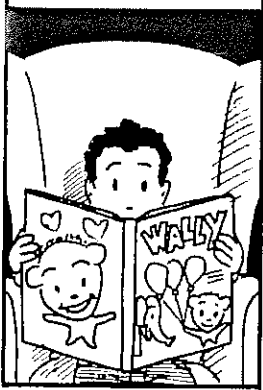
SHOW AND TELL.







AS CHILDREN, OUR FIRST BOOKS HAD PICTURES GALORE AND VERY FEW WORDS BECAUSE THAT WAS "EASIER."



THEN, AS WE GREW, WE WERE EXPECTED TO GRADUATE TO BOOKS WITH MUCH MORE TEXT AND ONLY OCCASIONAL PICTURES --

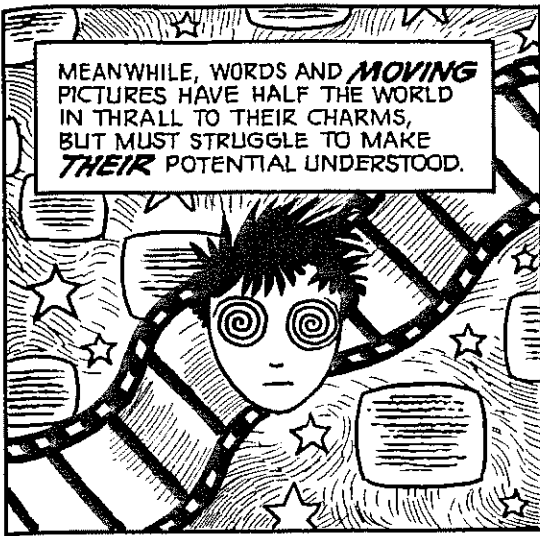


--AND FINALLY TO ARRIVE AT "REAL" BOOKS -- THOSE WITH NO PICTURES AT ALL.



OR PERHAPS, AS IS SADLY THE CASE THESE DAYS, TO NO **BOOKS** AT ALL.





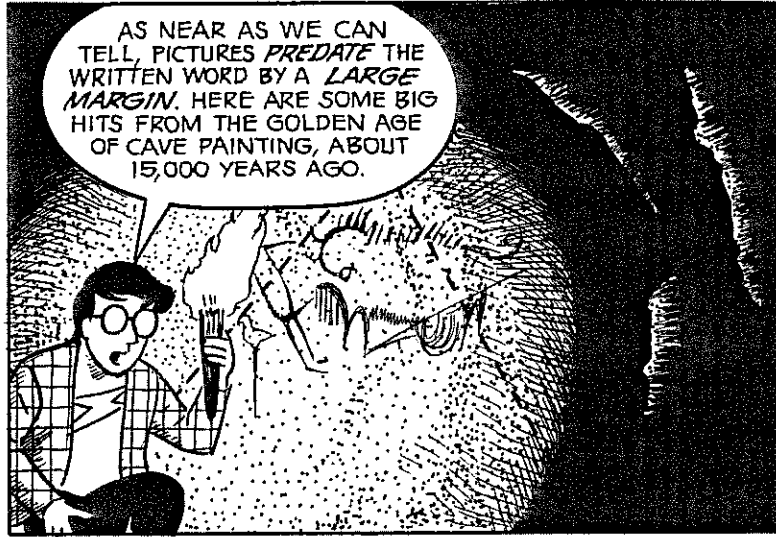
MEANWHILE, WORDS AND *MOVING* PICTURES HAVE HALF THE WORLD IN THRALL TO THEIR CHARMS, BUT MUST STRUGGLE TO MAKE *THEIR* POTENTIAL UNDERSTOOD.



WORDS AND PICTURES ARE AS POPULAR AS EVER, BUT THIS WIDESPREAD FEELING THAT THE COMBINATION IS SOMEHOW *BASE* OR *SIMPLISTIC* HAS BECOME A *SELF-FULFILLING PROPHECY*.



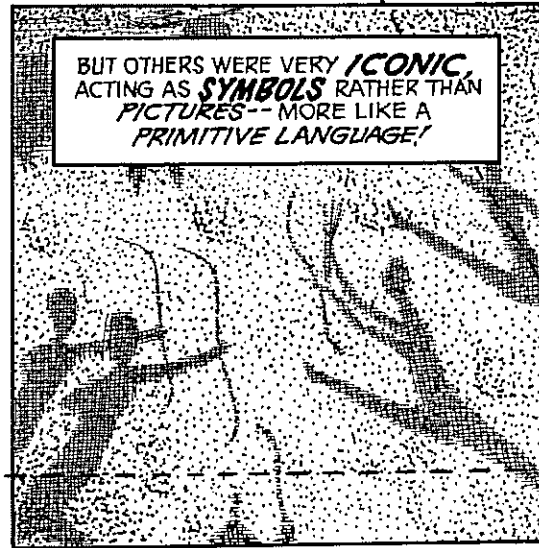
THE ROOTS OF THIS ATTITUDE RUN PRETTY *DEEP*.



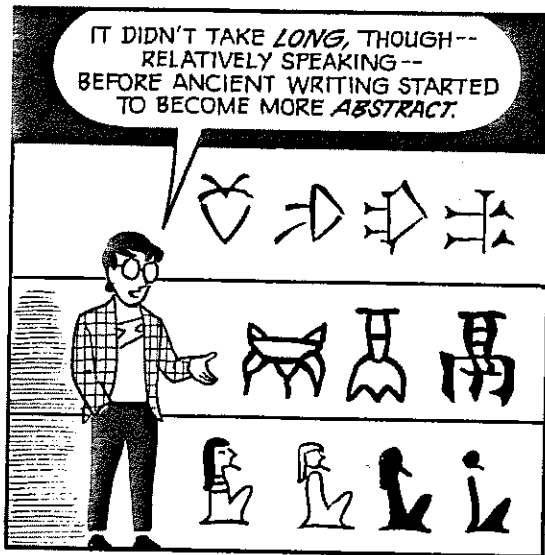
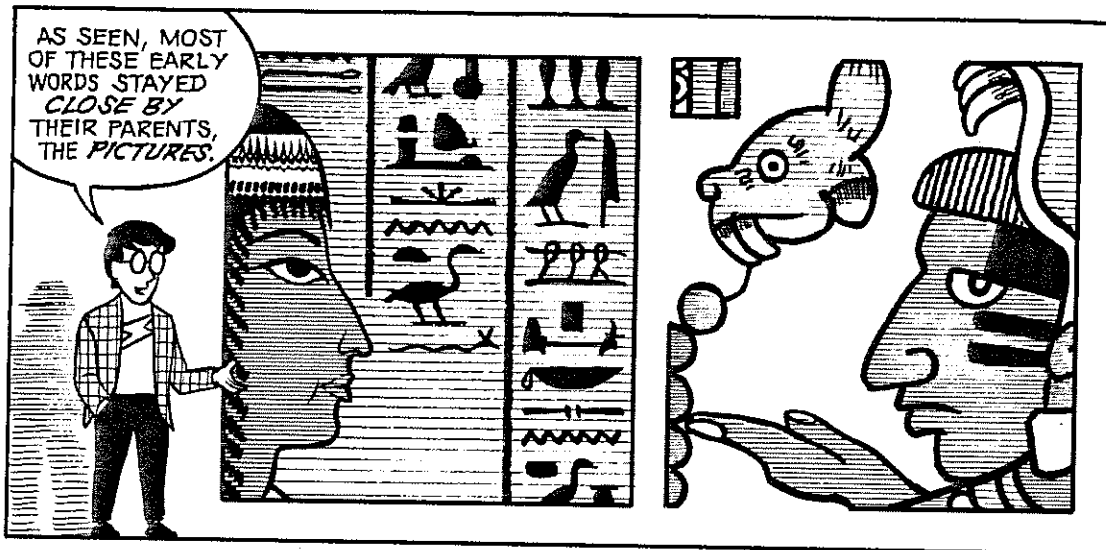
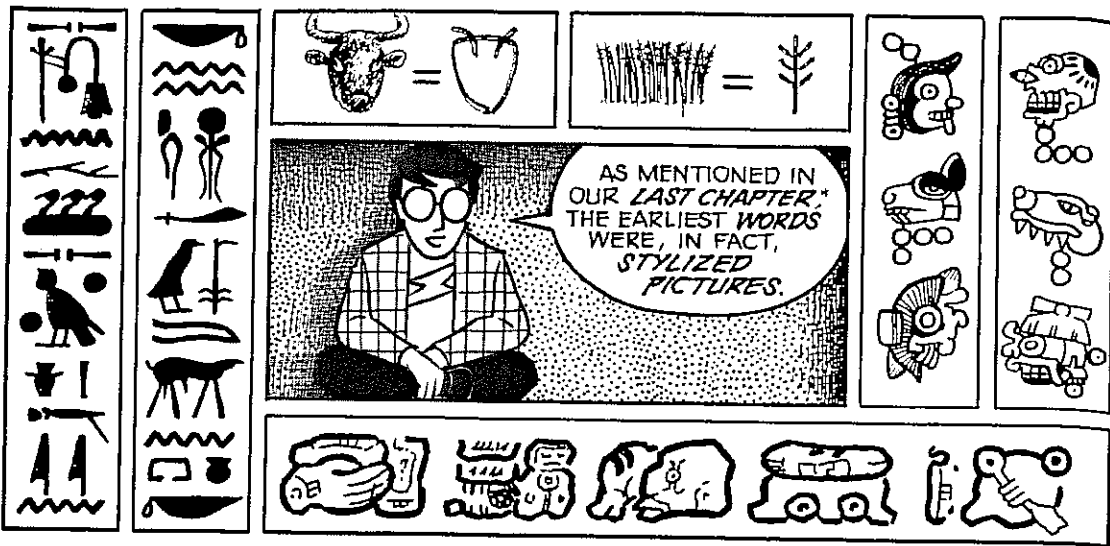
AS NEAR AS WE CAN TELL, PICTURES *PREDATE* THE WRITTEN WORD BY A *LARGE MARGIN*. HERE ARE SOME BIG HITS FROM THE GOLDEN AGE OF CAVE PAINTING, ABOUT 15,000 YEARS AGO.



SOME OF THIS ART SHOWS CONSIDERABLE ATTENTION TO *DETAIL*, VERY MUCH CONCERNED WITH *PICTORIAL REPRESENTATION*.

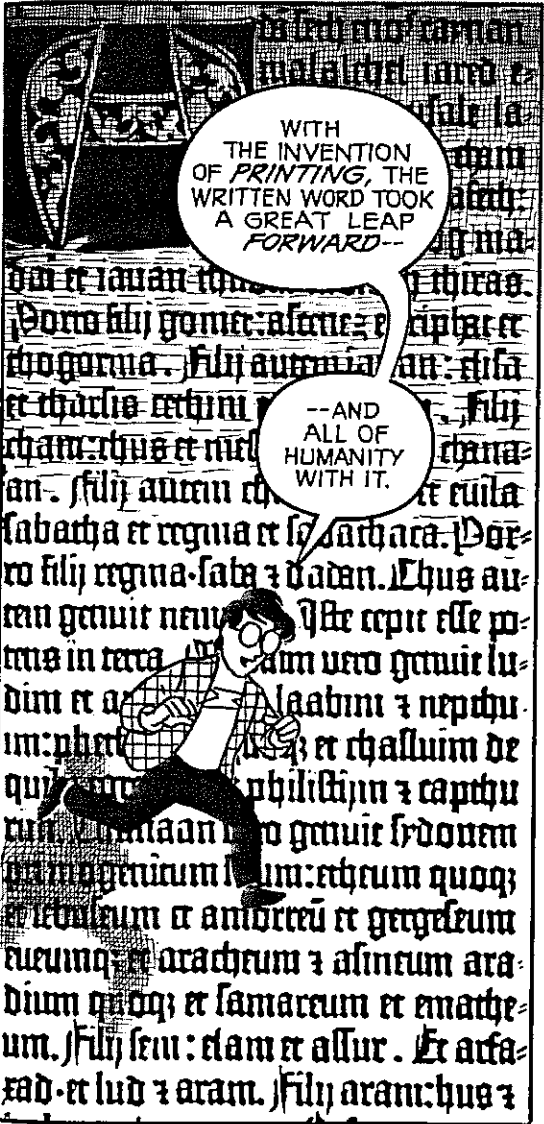
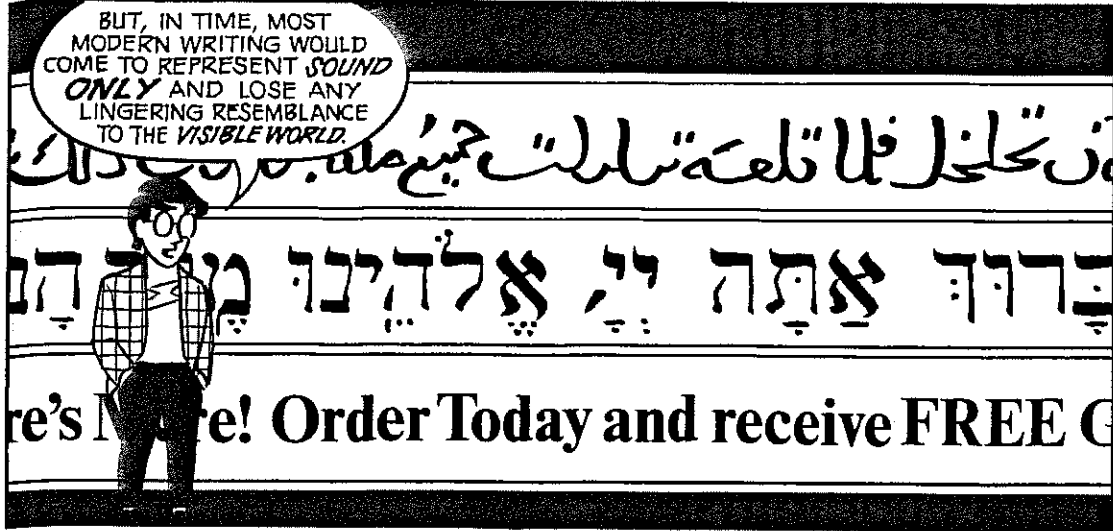


BUT OTHERS WERE VERY *ICONIC*, ACTING AS *SYMBOLS* RATHER THAN *PICTURES*-- MORE LIKE A *PRIMITIVE LANGUAGE!*



* SEE PAGE 127.

BUT, IN TIME, MOST MODERN WRITING WOULD COME TO REPRESENT SOUND ONLY AND LOSE ANY LINGERING RESEMBLANCE TO THE VISIBLE WORLD.



*IN ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS, FOR EXAMPLE.

<p>Dein solt ich will ich verformen/ Was soll du mich haa best rammern/ Ich solt mich weinend mähren/ So ist noch gar wigh (schön).</p>	<p>Wilt du lancere gessien pflegen/ Dirschafft wirt du dich verengen/ Ich flig von greffen adren/ Du wirt mich hungerre idren.</p>	<p>Die rechen solt du legen bin/ Das mit dem gantz wemstlich sin/ Die soll ich mich nun began/ Vllsch ich von mirren spomen lan.</p>	<p>Wilt du dich genieren mein/ So milt du gar erblöfste sein/ Niement alle samene was/ Er will mich erblöfste gar.</p>
<p>Ich will dich flach mit flig/ Das soll dich garst herren mid/ So ist noch gar wigh (schön).</p>	<p>Ich will dich flach mit flig/ Das soll dich garst herren mid/ So ist noch gar wigh (schön).</p>	<p>Ich will dich flach mit flig/ Das soll dich garst herren mid/ So ist noch gar wigh (schön).</p>	<p>Ich will dich flach mit flig/ Das soll dich garst herren mid/ So ist noch gar wigh (schön).</p>

MORE IMPORTANTLY, WHEN THEY WERE COMBINED, AS IN THIS GERMAN COMIC FROM THE 1400'S, WORDS AND PICTURES STAYED SEPARATE, REFUSING TO MIX-LIKE OIL AND WATER.

THE WRITTEN WORD WAS BECOMING MORE SPECIALIZED, MORE ABSTRACT, MORE ELABORATE--

-- AND LESS AND LESS LIKE PICTURES.

PICTURES, MEANWHILE, BEGAN TO GROW IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION: LESS ABSTRACT OR SYMBOLIC, MORE REPRESENTATIONAL AND SPECIFIC.

FACSIMILE DETAILS OF PORTRAITS BY DURER (1519) REMBRANDT (1660) DAVID (1788) AND INGRES (1810-15).



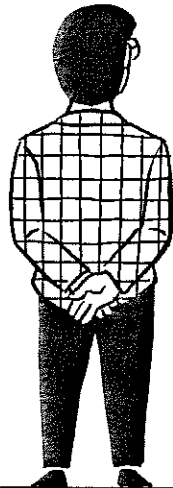
John Keats 1819
Ode on a Grecian Urn

1

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

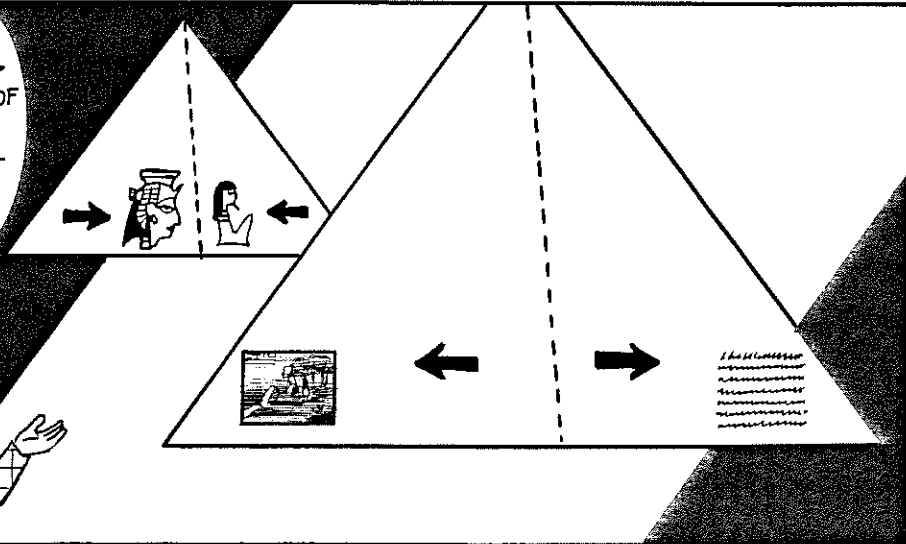
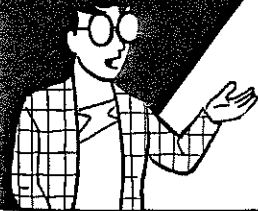
BY THE EARLY 1800's, WESTERN ART AND WRITING HAD DRIFTED ABOUT AS FAR APART AS WAS POSSIBLE.

ONE WAS OBSESSED WITH RESEMBLANCE, LIGHT AND COLOR, ALL THINGS VISIBLE...



...THE OTHER RICH IN INVISIBLE TREASURES, SENSES, EMOTIONS, SPIRITUALITY, PHILOSOPHY...

PICTURES AND WORDS, ONCE TOGETHER IN THE CENTER OF OUR ICONIC ABSTRACTION CHART, HAVE AT THIS POINT DRIFTED TO OPPOSITE CORNERS.



IN A WAY, PICTURES AND WORDS HAD REACHED THE END OF A 5,000 YEAR JOURNEY. IF THEY WERE TO CONTINUE MOVING, WHERE COULD THEY GO?

FOR PICTURES, THERE WAS ONLY UP!

IMPRESSIONISM SENT WESTERN ART TOWARD THE ABSTRACT VERTEX, BUT IN A WAY THAT CLUNG TO WHAT THE EYE SAW.

IMPRESSIONISM, WHILE IT COULD BE THOUGHT OF AS THE FIRST MODERN MOVEMENT, WAS MORE A CULMINATION OF THE OLD, THE ULTIMATE STUDY OF LIGHT AND COLOR.

FACSIMILE DETAIL OF "A SUNDAY AFTERNOON ON THE ISLAND OF LA GRANDE JATTE" BY GEORGES SEURAT.

SOON AFTER CAME THE **EXPLOSION!** EXPRESSIONISM, FUTURISM, DADA, SURREALISM, FAUVISM, CUBISM, ABSTRACT EXPRESSIONISM, NEO-PLASTICISM, CONSTRUCTIVISM.

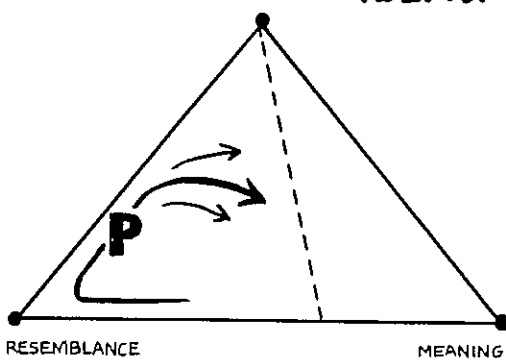
EVERY WHICH WAY BUT **BACKWARDS!**

STRICT REPRESENTATIONAL STYLES WERE OF LITTLE IMPORTANCE TO THE NEW SCHOOLS. **ABSTRACTION**, BOTH ICONIC AND **NON-ICONIC** MADE A SPECTACULAR **COMEBACK!**

FACSIMILE DETAILS OF PORTRAITS BY PICASSO, LEGER AND KLEE.

SOME ARTISTS HEADED UPWARD TO THE *SUMMIT* OF THE PICTURE PLANE, WANTING NEITHER *RESEMBLANCE* NOR EXTERNAL "*MEANING*."

BUT THE *MAIN* THRUST WAS A RETURN TO *MEANING* IN ART, AWAY FROM *RESEMBLANCE*, BACK TO THE REALM OF *IDEAS*.



MEANWHILE, THE WRITTEN WORD WAS ALSO CHANGING. POETRY BEGAN *TURNING AWAY* FROM THE ELLUSIVE, *TWICE-ABSTRACTED* LANGUAGE OF OLD TOWARD A MORE *DIRECT*, EVEN *COLLOQUIAL*, STYLE.

John Keats 1819
Ode on a Grecian Urn

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities, or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods or trees or maidens doth?

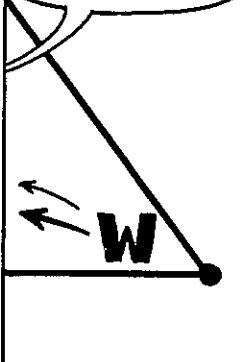
Walt Whitman 1890
Facing West from California's Shores

Facing west, from California's shores,
Inquiring, tireless, seeking
what is yet unbound,
I, a child, very old, over waves, towards the
house of maternity, the
land of migrations, look afar
Look off the shores of my Western sea, the
circle almost circled:
For starting westward from Hindustan,
from the vales of Kashmere, From Asia,
from the north, from the God, the sage,
and the hero, From the south, from the
flowery peninsulas and the spice islands,
Long having wandered since, round the
earth having wandered,
Now I face home again,
very pleased and joyous;
(But where is what I started for,
so long ago?
And why is it yet unbound?)

IN PROSE, LANGUAGE WAS BECOMING EVEN MORE *DIRECT*, CONVEYING *MEANING SIMPLY* AND *QUICKLY*, MORE LIKE *PICTURES*.



"MEANING" WAS NOT *ABANDONED* BY ANY *MEANS*, BUT AUTHORS WERE DEFINITELY MOVING *LEFT*--



--AND HEADED FOR A *COLLISION!*

