An extraordinary collection—hawk-eyed and understanding—from the Man Booker Prize–winning, best-selling author of The Sense of an Ending and Levels of Life. As Julian Barnes notes: “Flaubert believed that it was impossible to explain one art form in terms of another, and that great paintings required no words of explanation. Braque thought the ideal state would be reached when we said nothing at all in front of a painting... But it is a rare picture that stuns, or argues, us into silence. And if one does, it is only a short time before we want to explain and understand the very silence into which we have been plunged. • This is the exact dynamic that informs his new book. In his 1989 novel A History of the World in 10Â½ Chapters, Barnes had a chapter on Géricault’s The Raft of the Medusa, and since then he has written about many great masters of nineteenth- and twentieth-century art, including Delacroix, Manet, Fantin-Latour, Cézanne, Degas, Redon, Bonnard, Vuillard, Vallotton, Braque, Magritte, Oldenburg, Lucian Freud and Howard Hodgkin. The seventeen essays gathered here help trace the arc from Romanticism to Realism and into Modernism; they are adroit, insightful and, above all, a true pleasure to read.
reading, but without such access the book loses a good deal of its value. I am grateful for the host of fascinating images to which I have been introduced by it. He begins with an extended version of the essay on Géricault’s The Raft of the Medusa, which he first published in History of the World in 10 1/2 Chapters. He begins by giving us the historical facts of the sufferings of the castaways in 1816; then he discusses what elements of the story Géricault decided not to include in the painting and those he did, and where, both for emotional and for compositional reasons, he departed from that story.

The second chapter is about Delacroix, whom the world sees as a great Romantic painter, but who defined himself, for all his rivalry with Ingres, as a purely classical artist, suspicious of innovations in art, aiming in his personal life for tranquillity, not for the passions; crustily conservative in his social views; a complex man full of contradictions. On the other hand Courbet, an arrogant and self-advertising rebel, had the egomania of the true Romantic, and his life and some of his works are well analyzed.

The chapter on Manet discusses a 2011 exhibition in Paris which deliberately showed several paintings of his that are little known - though they can be found on Google Images. Then Barnes discusses the National Gallery exhibition of 1993 which focussed entirely on Manet’s whose three versions are compared in minute detail. Even less well-known than the Manets in the 2011 exhibition are four canvasses by Fantin-Latour, showing groups of sombly-dressed writers, painters and musicians - 34 altogether - without any of these artists communicating with each other. Barnes credits Bridget Alsdorf’s study of this set with the explanation for this lack of communication. Among the aperçus about Cézanne: “His portraits are all still lives”, while Kandinsky wrote of him that he raised still life to such a point that it ceased to be inanimate. The chapter on Degas begins with the quotations from many critics that he hated women, was very likely impotent, and he reacted to them with a mixture of voyeurism and abhorrence. Barnes won’t have any of this: of course, every painter has to be a voyeur, but he can see no abhorrence - only a fascination with the movements as a woman bathes, dries herself or combs her hair. The chapter on Odilon Redon begins with a discussion of whether artists believed that marriage helped or hindered them: Redon believed the former. But for the rest of the chapter you will have to be a specialist or else to spend a lot of time on Google Images to follow Barnes’ prolific references to the works of this hugely prolific artist - but it is worth the effort: his interpretation of the haunting images he discusses are fascinating. Most people will know Bonnard through some of the 385 paintings Bonnard made of his wife Marthe, though we do not get from them any feeling about what Marthe was actually like. He himself said that a figure should be a part of the
background against which it is placed, so, present though she always is, she is subordinate to the often daring composition with its unusual perspectives. We also learn a good deal about Bonnard's landscape paintings. In the chapter on Vuillard, Barnes protests against some of his paintings having been re-named to tell a story, whereas his original titles implied that the story was not what mattered, but rather something more abstract - composition, colour etc. But his later, commissioned, portraits are of course more specific in their reference. Barnes is quite judgmental about these later paintings, praising some as great and dismissing others, sometimes without giving reasons, as failures - in one case even as kitsch. Once again, I was led by him to look at many images which were unfamiliar to me. Same again with Vallotton, of whom Barnes himself was ignorant until he visited a gallery in Baltimore in the 1990s - there is only a single Vallotton in Britain. We learn about his life; and again a visit to Google Images will show the range and individual character of his work, and will enable you to decide whether you agree or disagree with Barnes' positive and negative evaluations of it. Barnes is a great admirer of Braque: for his human and artistic integrity, his modesty, his laconicism, his knowledge of his own limitations; and there is an excellent account of his relationship with Picasso - in every way his opposite - after the latter had moved on from their joint development of Cubism. I found the shortish chapter on Magritte rather obscure (and did not know that during the Second World War he had a period of Impressionism). Oldenburg's work is next: it may be fun, but that's all. That leads to a chapter entitled So Does It Become Art? Is a plaster cast art? Photography? Barnes believes it is if it engages the mind and the heart. The powerful chapter on Lucian Freud is concerned mostly with the artist's character, imperious in his perversity, and with the role it played in his portraits. Finally a piece about Barnes' friend Howard Hodgkin: it takes the form of jottings, and, while it gives some picture of Hodgkin's personality, as far as his art is concerned I found it the least illuminating of the chapters. But then Barnes admits do not know how to put his pictures into words - and Hodgkin himself, though he has given suggestive names to his abstract paintings, want to talk about his own pictures, let alone 'explain' them. Barnes quotes his beloved Flaubert: explaining one artistic form [painting] by another [writing] is a monstrosity. Well, in the other essays Barnes has done just that - and to such good effect, too. But he concludes, perhaps chastened, that's enough words.

Ostensibly KEEPING AN EYE OPEN is a history of modernist painting from the mid-nineteenth
century to the present. Barnes is especially interested in French painters both familiar and unfamiliar; he situates them in their contexts of production and offers trenchant judgments as to why they should be recognized as great artists. As well as being a novelist, Barnes shows what an acute art critic he is - someone who understands the power of Modernist art to move as well as inspire. At heart, however, Barnes's collection of essays - previously published in various journals such as the LONDON REVIEW OF BOOKS and the NEW YORK REVIEW OF BOOKS - is a primer on how to appreciate paintings. Rather than just looking at the images represented on different surfaces, he advocates an emotional response to painting. This requires us to understand how the images represent an outpouring of the artist's psychology; once we understand that, then we can understand what they might 'mean' in their own terms. Barnes's view is refreshingly different; hitherto I have always thought that paintings should have an easily definable meaning, appreciated only to those with sufficient historical and artistic knowledge to understand the artists' context of production, and how they reworked familiar images to make new statements. Barnes suggests quite the opposite; if we empathize with the painting, and approach them on our own terms, then the 'meanings,' as we understand them, will emerge. Painting is actually a form of artistic communication involving viewers just as much as the artists to complete the circuit of meaning. Barnes explains the painters' lives and work in crisp, clear prose, but is seldom didactic. His view is that of a novelist, with an interest in the world around him and what it means to him. In that sense, he posits himself as an 'ordinary' viewer, explaining what the paintings mean to him and inviting viewers (and readers) to complete the same interpretive process. KEEPING AN EYE OPEN is a wonderful dipping book; essays should be read in any order. Yet I think time should be taken to reflect on what Barnes says; his views could revolutionize the way we think about the visual arts.

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