SO TO WRITE

TERRY ATKINSON

AND T.J. CLARK

SO TO WRITE

ATTEMPTS TO REFLECT UPON AND RECONSIDER T.J. CLARK'S

HEAVEN ON EARTH:
PAINTING AND THE LIFE TO COME
(2018)

Foreword by Jonathan P. Watts

This publication has been produced on the occasion of Terry Atkinson's solo exhibition at Josey gallery, Norwich. Despite having had a number of acclaimed international exhibitions over the past 15 years, Atkinson's exhibition at Josey marks his first solo presentation in the UK since 2004. Over the past decade, surveys have occurred in North America, at Yale Union, Portland, Oregon, in 2014 and at ICA San Francisco in 2018; prior to this, beginning in the 1980s, Atkinson's work found new appreciation in Denmark, where he had a number of solo institutional exhibitions, including 'Fragments of a Career: Selected Retrospective Work 1966–1999' at Silkeborg Kunstmuseum in 2000.[1]

Installed across two venues, Atkinson's exhibition at Josey comprises 'Greaser' sculptures of the early 1990s, alongside recent drawings from the series 'Berlin, East Prussia and the Desert' (2014–17) and 'American Civil War' (2018–ongoing). The 'Greaser' sculptures, *Slat-Greaser 4* (1990/2021), installed at Willow Lane, and *Slat-Greaser Trough 5* (1991/2021), installed at Ten Bell Lane, bear a dual date: the date of their initial design and the date of their fabrication for exhibition at Josey. The dates are a temporal marker – a 30-year grounding for these recent drawings that have preoccupied Atkinson's practice.

Grease, as volatile material, offered, so Atkinson writes, a means to convert 'the image/voice/text residue' of history works into a more explicit concern with 'inscription

1
First shown at KW Institute, Berlin,
in 1995.

and a kind of mark-recording art-grunt'. First produced in 1986, constructed of standardised building materials and petroleum grease, the 'Greaser' sculptures operated between two- and three-dimensional states: Grease, like wet paint, moves, automatic, malleable, suggesting a breadth of material-conceptual propensities. Some of these, excerpted below, were listed by Atkinson for his exhibition 'Mute 1' at Galleri Prag, Copenhagen, in 1988:

1) Grease the axle.
2) Grease the Henry Moore Medallion for proper art behaviour.
3) Grease seriousness.
4) Grease the European Treasure House.
5) Grease The Wall.
6) Grease The Diamond.
7) Grease the Brit.
8) Grease Rock n' roll.
9) Grease consciousness.
10) Grease minimalism.
11) Grease God (in John Milton's vision heaven was landscaped—perhaps by God himself! It is rumoured God is still a he!)
12) Grease language (in John Milton's vision God spoke—from whom did God learn the language?)
13) Grease the autonomous surface.
14) Grease the materials of art.
15) Grease the practice.[2]

Where the initial appeal had been its material volatility, by the end of the 1980s Atkinson thought of the grease in the trough as an analogy of the distinction in computer science between software and hardware. Subsequently, from 1992 onwards, 'Greaser' works were planned to incorporate a projected image and/or computer software.[3] In retrospect, however, Atkinson recognised that the 'Greaser' works – sticky, congealed – picked up many unanticipated meanings. This, for him, was an expression of the instability of the material itself: 'the fact that the grease would shift was only too predictable. I also view this characteristic of ongoing process as reflecting the continuous paradox of my permanent uneasiness toward and permanent addiction to practice itself'.[4]

This addiction to practice impresses itself in the magnitude of the 'Berlin, East Prussia and the Desert' series of drawings, shown for the first time in its entirety at Josey. It is a profoundly affecting body of work – eerie, perhaps because depicted events are recognisable and yet unfamiliar, shot through with bitter gallows humour, and deeply personal. As a series, they are a complement to Atkinson's drawings from the mid-70s of the figures and events of world war one (an interest that first emerged in the early 60s while still a student at the Slade school of art). Responding to audio and video interviews conducted by Atkinson with veterans of the 1916 Battle of the Somme, as well as archival materials from the Imperial War Museum, these world war one drawings were produced at the height of the cold war.

Riflemen of the 2nd Sikh Regiment fight at Mera Matruh, Egypt in 1942; ET the extraterrestrial, time traveller, observes the 1945 assault on Berlin having witnessed the 2004

2
Terry Atkinson, *Mute 1*, Copenhagen, Denmark: Galleri Prag, 1988, p.22.

3
Terry Atkinson', SIX di Sebastiano Dell'Arte, 2019, p.23.

4
Terry Atkinson, 'Grease: Mute and Malleable' reproduced in the catalogue for 'Mechanism' (curated by Anthony Hubermann), Wattis Institute, San Francisco, 2017–18.

US assault on Fallujah; Two Curtiss P40 Tomahawks of the Desert Air Force fly over Indian soldiers of the British Desert Force forming up for a review in Libya, January 1943. Time is malleable. Here, amid the destruction and horror, is what appears to be the contours of Atkinson's face beneath a splendid mohawk. Atkinson *belongs* to these legacies as he exposes the complacent and sanctified clichés of world war amnesic celebration: the rituals of myth, national self-consciousness, ethnocentrism, and imagined pasts and presents. These works display a deeply sophisticated and reflexive marshalling of history and its images that has led the curator Richard Birkett to describe Atkinson as a 'war-reporting artist', a term that carries a double meaning: 'the artist as a witness and "truth-teller" of events around them; and artistic subjectivity as simultaneously a generator and an index of history as a construct'.[5]

If 'Berlin, East Prussia and the Desert' continues studies of events in Europe, the 'American Civil War' works, installed at Willow Lane, suggest that in the US the war never ended. Here, Atkinson draws white supremacists of the Charlottesville Unite the Right rally into proximity with counter protestors, including heroes of Black Lives Matter, the Civil Rights Movement of the 50s and 60s, the black and white soldiers who fought and died in the American civil wars, and post-war African-American popular culture.[6] Seventeenth-century English suprematism, aligned with the holy values of rationalism, industry and liberty, as well as moral justifications for slavery, created the battlegrounds of this 'New World'. An outlying image in the 'Berlin, East Prussia and the Desert' series depicts a ghoulish squad of stockinged Enlightenment men – scrolls unfurled, The Earl of Shaftsbury and John Lock among them, perhaps – huddling over The Bomb. Are they drawing up governance for the colonies?

Both series, 'Berlin, East Prussia and the Desert' and 'American Civil War', were made, Atkinson has written, from a desire to report the fact that the experiences of his generation were overseen by a form of political rivalry, the events of which are still omnipresent – the cold war. It was two colossal civil wars, the American civil war (1861–65) and the Russian civil war (1918–21), which led to the superpowers that incubated, conducted and maintained the cold war. 'This conflict,' Atkinson writes, 'permeated every aspect of the lives of my generation, not least the art world in which my own art practice was imbedded from 1958 onwards. The cold war was fought and marshalled through many proxies and conveyed into every cultural aspect of the so-called West and East.'[7] Presented at Josey, the 'American Civil War' works are a selection of ten from an ongoing series that, at the last count, totalled 80-plus. It is this selection for Josey that is reproduced in this publication.

Titles of drawings at Willow Lane and Ten Bell Lane indicate that each image within the respective series is a 'Study'. Study is the devotion of time and attention to develop knowledge. In traditional art practice, a study is a form of preparatory sketch for an as-yet-unfinished work: a 'study', my dictionary of art history reads, is a form of 'visual note-taking'. The dictionary compounds the visual and the textual. This complex and dynamic co-dependency of art and language has animated 60 years of Atkinson's practice. While drawing might be one particular form of devotional study, Atkinson's practice is also dependent on another form of study: writing. Expedient, moving at the speed of thought,

5
Richard Birkett, 'The History-Reporting Artist' in *Terry Atkinson*, SIX di Sebastiano Dell'Arte, 2019, p.39.

6
Sam Cooke and Little Richard, for example, appear alongside the record labels of 45s by The Shirelles and The Marvelettes, among others. 'American Civil War', Atkinson has written, tries to acknowledge the tremendous input that rock 'n' roll has had on his life since 1957. As Atkinson has written elsewhere: 'by the time I started at the Slade in October 1960 I was Rock'n Roll heavy... This input was to gain traction in my practice in helping to found Fine-Artz in 1963; all four of the founder members were addicted to rock 'n' roll and viewed their lives as being opened up and ultra-energised by it.'

7
'Terry Atkinson', SIX di Sebastiano Dell'Arte, 2019, p.23.

often biographical, sometimes laboured, Atkinson's writing creates a space for recording, thinking, understanding and communicating. Atkinson *uses* language.
Throughout his practice, Atkinson has been candid in acknowledging the influence of friendships and exchanges, particularly the formative years with Art & Language's co-founders David Bainbridge, Michael Baldwin and Harold Hurrell. Breaking from Art & Language, the shift from the 'we' of the collective to the 'I' of the individual artist perhaps placed greater emphasis for Atkinson on exchange. While preparing the exhibition at Josey, Atkinson shared with us some of his recent exchanges with correspondents, some of which had been maintained for over 40 years: linguist Noam Chomsky, historian Mark Mazower, and art historians Jonathan Petropoulos and T.J. Clark.

It was Clark who appointed Atkinson – he began work on the same day as two other new appointees, the art historians Fred Orton and Griselda Pollock – to teach on the Fine Art programme at the University of Leeds in 1977. Clark, so he told us, 'wanted to throw a hand grenade into the old-fashioned course'. Although they worked together for only two years before Clark left for Princeton in 1979, Atkinson recalls he learned many things concerning art history:

> I guess, for cementing friendship, and encouraging exchange, there is nothing like sitting through an entire course of lectures and finding you had been right about something all the time, but this time with the evidence laid out in extensive and forceful details.[8]

Latterly, Clark's 2018 book *Heaven on Earth: Painting and the Life To Come* for Atkinson, as he opens his exchange with Clark, reproduced here, 'presses in on my practice'. It has, as Atkinson shares, 'enriched my thinking concerning the matter of sheer materialism in art practice'. The text that follows is an amalgamation of two letters written by Terry to Clark on 10 December 2019 and 20 January 2020. The epistolary form retains a thrilling quality of urgency: we selected these particular letters for the way they elaborate Atkinson's critique of the concept of 'visual language', develop an intellectual and political biography, and provide a context for interpreting the 'American Civil War' works alongside other war works.

Finally, we titled this publication *So to write* because it is an idiom Terry uses throughout his writing to signpost the use of metaphorical language specific to the medium. It would be incorrect to write 'So to speak' because when we write we don't speak. *So to write* also announces an action: so back to writing to record, think, understand and communicate practice. As Atkinson writes to Clark in the exchange that follows:

> I would argue that art practice needs prose, or more generally that to interpret the meaning(s) of any concrete art object, art practice does not only need prose (I am allowing the term 'prose' to stand in proxy for the term 'language') it *depends* on language.

8
Fragments of a Career: Selected Retrospective Work 1966–1999, Silkeborg Kunstmuseum, 2000, p.3.

DEAR TIM,

As per usual, your book presses in on my practice. The combing out and diffuse layers I take from the book that affect and feed into my ongoing views of practice is probably derived from my own eccentricities, not least those accumulated and gathered up over the 60 years of my practice, as much as resulting from anything (and all) you wrote in the book. It is a very good, powerful and apposite book. Again, I do not think I have read any book (or for that matter pamphlet, essay, etc) of yours that is as purely a matter of a stance directed at the status of your writing and analysis as art history, although I know this is a puissant part of your achievement – your writing has always had the effect of impinging, in both a number of instances and in a number of ways, directly into my ongoing view of my practice.

It is a splendid book full of insight and for me it enriched my thinking concerning the matter of sheer materialism in art practice, not so much in terms of media, but as a subject of the practice. As with much of your writing since the likes of *The Absolute Bourgeois: Artists and Politics in France 1848–1851* in the early 70s, your entire 'Introduction' to *Heaven on Earth* strikes deep into my ideas concerning my practice. Now with many books behind you, not only does it furnish services to the ongoing aspects of the practice, but it also has a sufficient repository of past intrusions into my practice for it to minister to my attempts (derisory as they may seem, or be for that matter) to review my past ventures in endeavouring to make a practice.

The opening paragraph apart, I will begin with thoughts on a certain passage (snippet might be more precise) on page 47 where you use John Ruskin to consider how to write about Giotto's fresco *Joachim's Dream* (c.1303–5) in the Arena Chapel, Padua. 'Matching such dialectic in language,' you write, 'is a peculiar challenge.' I wobbled a bit here. Following your opening shots citing and quoting Ruskin, I sort of presumed not only that this 'peculiar dialectic' but, according to Ruskin, any 'dialectic' made (say, constructed in paint) by a major (according to Ruskin) painter (artist) cannot be matched in language. Am I taking the verb 'matching' too literally? Our respective judgements as to the quality of Ruskin's writing will always be a point of (perhaps rewarding) issue between us. I have, since I first seriously read Ruskin during my first year at the Slade (1960–61), taken major issue with what I took to be many of the sentiments and especially much of the analysis (or rather I hold it to be more conjecture than analysis) which I thought then and argue still to be present throughout his writing.

My most prominent disagreement with him is what I take to be his cavalier suggestion that he (we) start in *looking* (*looking*, *viewing*, *seeing* – the three words do not have identical ranges of reference, but I have always thought Ruskin's far too vivacious and carefree rhetoric does not have the resources to discriminate between them) at whatever work(s) he aims at assessing by downgrading language against some such thing as 'the visual'. I guess in the end I charge Ruskin with gross neglect in the form of idealising the practice of painting insofar as I have thought – at least since my early encounters with his writing – that he far too blithely and airily discounts the necessary relation between language and thought.

Later in your book, in the chapter 'For a Left with No Future' (a hard-nosed analytical feat I can only applaud; it is more useful than a telling historical account), Ruskin is missing, to my relief, from your list of collaborators:

> That is: the various unlikely and no doubt dangerous voices I find myself drawing on in these notes – Nietzsche in spite of everything, Bradley on tragedy, Burkert's terrifying Homo Necans, Hazlitt and Bruegel at their most implacable, Moses Wall in the darkness of 1659, Benjamin in 1940 – come up as resources for the Left only at a moment of true historical failure (Clark, 2018: 241).

And I guess, partly contra my expectations, I warily thought it possible Ruskin's name might enter on the list you cite on the following page identifying: 'a movement that aims to stay in touch with the tradition of Marx, Raspail, Morris, Kropotkin, Luxemburg, Gramsci, Platonov, Sorel, Pasolini' (Clark, 2018: 242). It was a relief to find it was not there, not least since the list is 'indelibly – unwilling to dwell on the experience of defeat'. Perhaps we can never do anything else but argue over Ruskin's achievements/lack of achievements? Similarly over Rimbaud, this time with the roles reversed. Much as I count a whole bunch of Emily Dickinson poems as watchers into my practice, so, too, do I count Rimbaud's *The Drunken Boat* (1871) and *A Season in Hell* (1873).

I think the Avant-Garde Model of the Artistic Subject (AGMOAS) has not undergone half enough hard-nosed critique, filled as it is with apodictic inside-out and elated denunciation, to cite your twin terms of denouement of Rimbaud's practice.[9] Consonant with the way I hold the practice of Dickinson to be the antitoxin to Duchampian grandstanding, so I count Rimbaud's two poems as the necessary vicious nullifiers of the pedestrian and often asinine curatorial claims I have had to endure over the 60 years of my practice (that is, to note, not especially directed at the outcomes of my own practice, but more particularly at the outcomes of art practice in general).

I am disturbed – curious with myself (perhaps bothered with myself?) – by your deployment of Ruskinian sentiment and yet on pages 48 and 49 your analysis fills me with admiration. I noted here especially what I hold to be the immaculate analysis of the roots of Giotto's historical path: the 'great palimpsest of the late Middle Ages' – leading on and feeding into the 'appetite for the world's appearances' and the intensification of the 'play of vision' ('what the visualisation was for'). Your take up on what I choose to call 'the visual' seems aeons away from what I take to be Ruskin's overindulged rhetoric concerning, for example, the phrase 'the enormously greater quantity of intellect which might be forced into a picture' *vis-à-vis* your opening Ruskin citation. This latter sentence of Ruskin's I have to admit I struggle to comprehend.

It is certainly acceptable grammatical English use, but it minds me to advocate Noam Chomsky's famous example 'Green ideas sleep furiously' as a kind of corrective to what I would argue as Ruskin's, at best, flourishes.[10] Given the most liberal interpretation of metaphorical license, how on earth could such phrases as 'quantity of intellect' or 'forced

9
See Terry Atkinson, 'The AGMOAS' (2007). Available at: www.susipop.com/texte/atkinson_agmos.html.

into' be made to render substantial meaning or even application? I am reminded at this point, too, of the philosopher Ludwig Wittgenstein's incisive interrogation of and scepticism toward the status of the claim that a private language is possible. Ruskin could have hardly expected – I suppose – to have to deal with the likes of Wittgenstein, but Wittgenstein, and not simply because of the accident of temporality between Ruskin and himself, can certainly be held out, in my view, as a card to play against Ruskin.

Then, on page 59, to make my reading of your book conform to my consistent admiration of your writing over the last 40 years, you come up with the following:

> I have tried to keep alive in my account of *Dream* an awareness that heaven and earth, for Giotto, were (probably) two equally believable realities. But in the end I am with Walter Benjamin in thinking the pretence of the historian to enter the 'lost' mental word of a long-ago maker a hopeless fantasy. In front of *Joachim's Dream,* I do not believe it can ever be me who time-travels to the Trecento; on the contrary, it is this stubborn fragment of an utterly unknowable world that brings (or refuses to bring) its 'now' with it into my present, putting my picture of pastness and continuity in doubt. I either own up to my own naive claim on the work, that is, and the way the work answers and resists that claim – the way it suspends my usual pragmatic sense of history – or I settle for that far flight of historicist fancy called 'looking with a period eye' (Clark, 2018).

In my view, you do, here, achieve an unpoetic prose that does the job. It, for me, allows and manifests your materialism. Maybe you are (have to be) on a tighter reign in being an historian, not least in holding the narrative to some kind of approximation to a canon of coherence, than myself (as artist) insofar as my use of visual motifs and analogies from the august ancients of the practice are open to the accusation of being little more than the habits of a cheap magpie-ism, pilfered conceits. Motifs from Leonardo and Pisanello appear in some of the recent 'American Civil War' drawings – not to mention a visual Hail Mary to Poussin's column in the *Sacrament of Marriage* (1647–48) in one of these latest 'American Civil War' drawings.

The reference to the *Sacrament* has relatively recent provenance (relative, that is, to the 60 year span of my practice). Your Poussin essay triggered directly a motif I use in one of the 'American Civil War' works alongside my much earlier use of Rimbaud's voice as an inflammatory that helped me chart some paths out of the envelopments of Art & Language in 1973–75. At any rate this is how it looks to me: you have much the harder path to tread as historian than I have as so-called artist, not to mention that heinous label 'avant-garde artist', which must be by now one of the slackest speak-easy conceits of art world nomenclature. It is perhaps a blessing, and much to your advantage in my view, that while you have art historians of the avant-garde anyone claiming to be an avant-garde art historian will face a much more exacting critique than the artist boasting the pageant of avant-gardism! Artists who have held ostentatiously to the label since the 1990s I have found in most cases to be blowhards and not infrequently with the resultant work outcomes.

'Picasso and the Fall' – what a choice engine to drive the conclusion (*Conclusion*)! This chapter I find oracular (Orphic is another kind of description that, in my view, picks up some of the strong threads in the chapter's warp and weft) in the sense of Picasso's problems with the making of (putting together of) *The Fall of Icarus* (1958) and, not least,

10
'Colorless green ideas sleep furiously' is a sentence composed by Chomsky (a correspondent of Atkinson's) in his 1957 book Syntactic Structures that is grammatically correct according to the patterns of English language but has no obvious understandable meaning. These patterns, known as syntax, are distinct from meaning, known as semantics.

foreboding. This latter sense of foreboding is, it is perhaps worth noting, buttressed by the current hindsight granted to someone who has practiced since 1958.

Your recount of the wobble Hannah Arendt underwent in writing a new preface to *The Origins of Totalitarianism* (1950) in the 60s is a fulgent reminder, despite the at first seeming triumphant diatribes of the likes of Herbert Marcuse throughout the 1960s, of how the seers of the Frankfurt School had to recoil in the face of a capitalism still, in 1960, going strong. But, perhaps equally saliently, in respect of your own specific history in art history and my own in art practice, 1960 is the year when it became established in the UK art world that North American art practice, especially 'American Painting' (as the London contemporary art mouthpieces and galleries faddishly trumpeted it then) was heading for a hegemonic position, not least as a prominent front of cold war ideology.

If anything, American painting's relations of distribution were already by 1960 the arbiters of its relations of production – and it was clear that by the mid-1970s the late-1960s conceptual art was quite definitely amply fitted out as part of the same corporate capitalist assault on socialist dissent. Maybe you can make a better case than I can for conceptual art's credentials of dissent but, returning to Arendt, no wonder 'she was a little apologetic' to cite your apt epithet (205). In Europe there should be an English verb '*to Thorez*', or perhaps even more esoterically '*to Salles*'. Just as perhaps there should be in one of your favourite cultural (?) and physical climates, Southern California, an equivalent verb '*to Marcuse*'. I admire, and in many ways love, Bernie Sanders and, I guess, one place where a big contribution and example will have to be made to exact a shift to a more basic equitable arrangement of the world (heaven and earth, as you put it) is the place where the inequitable has become the *sine qua non*. Good luck Bernie, you will need it – the likes of the Jeremy Corbyn-supporting Mark Ruffalo and Shia LaBeouf, and even the indomitable Chomsky, notwithstanding.

Your top paragraph on page 210 is a furnace. Your portrayal of rituals of myth, national self-consciousness and imagined pasts and presents – Germany's double attachment to Nazism and the Stalinist 'East', Russia's paranoid entrapment in the moment of Stalingrad and Britain's endless replaying of its 'finest hour' – are an all too accurate exposing of the complacent and sanctified clichés of world war two amnesic celebration. Your narration for me in this paragraph sets those clichés pitching and rolling on the swell of, and right into, the slowly brooding and depressingly accurate coruscating narratives of Mark Mazower's *Dark Continent: Europe's Twentieth Century* (Penguin, 1999).

It is at a juncture like the one you ferment in this paragraph that I turn to thoughts of, alongside Baudelaire's *Les Fleurs du mal* (1857), Rimbaud's *The Drunken Boat* and *A Season in Hell*. These are the hooks that start me thinking here specifically of how germane to Picasso's imbroglio in making *The Fall of Icarus* is the Salles title-scaffold *L'Icare des ténèbres* – not only such a telling title for the confusions and foretellings of the *Icarus* tableau itself, but also not a bad one for characterising the concept of a current so-called avant-gardism entrapped in its inflated corporate *amour-propre*. Did Picasso, at this juncture, sense this future, first in what seems to be the performance of practice (I am thinking of the films)? And secondly was the arduous persistence in the face of the by then well-established chorus of deceit – Peace (the Soviets) and Freedom (the US), a symptom of the emergence of established conceptual frameworks for practice – starting to wear out?

In my view, maybe Picasso's intuitive radar was a more recondite instrument than his many pronouncements and epithets. The latter of which have often been ridiculously disbursed as tablets of stone among those fancying themselves as proponents and spokesmen for alleged avant-garde practice throughout the last half of the 20th century and thus far in this one. Those seemingly endless credos about the artist being 'challenging' and 'radical', nowhere more resolutely, and more clearly mistakenly, expressed than in annual Turner Prize speak.

Consider, from page 213, Picasso's response to a Radio Geneva journalist who asked whether this was Icarus of the darkness:

> Yes, I find that George Salles's thing is very exact, more or less – because a painter paints and doesn't write – it's more or less what I wanted to say … It went on for months and months, and little by little it was transformed without me even knowing where I was going, d'you follow? – It began as a studio where I was in the process of painting, you understand? – And little by little the picture ate up the studio, there was nothing left but the picture, which said – which expressed – things I was master of but not acting of my own free will [*des chose dont je suis le maître mais pas volontairement l'acteur*].

Perhaps Picasso should have tried harder to write? But it seems that for the milieu Picasso had helped to promote (perhaps more inadvertently than not) the notion of artists writing was emerging as a near prohibition by the end of the 1950s. Perhaps in Picasso's case this was his contribution to creating and continuing the myths that his reputation had significantly helped to create? It is not too long a journey from the sentiment 'because a painter paints and doesn't write' to the more assertive proclamation 'do not think painter, paint!' Such assertions were a not infrequent slogan of those who insisted on the idea of the avant-garde as an anti-intellectual instrument and a purely intuitive and, linked, an obsessive near-alchemical craft-based series of practices. But, in any case, Picasso does not ever advocate the outrageous and absurd 'artists should not use language at all' – one of its various art school manifestations during the latter half of the 20th century being some such as the moronically reductive 'do not use language painter, use paint!' Since Picasso talked a lot, and with good reason, and was well aware no doubt that many art constituencies hung on his nearly every word, he is perhaps too alert a thinker to fall for such gainsaying.

If there is a kind of disingenuousness attached to Picasso's proclamations (I count 46 of them in the first list of them I drew up from Wikipedia) equally it is probably loaded with a kind of ironic self-caricature. Although he seems not to have publicly written much, he used spoken language all the time. He can hardly be called mute: his proclamations, no matter of what quality, those from the twentieth century in particular, as his reputation was ceaselessly expanded and, maybe ironically, became more diffuse were frequently granted the status of revelation. Some of his statements were acute, others were rather obvious, some no more nor less than truisms, others bloated with a kind of cavalier self-regard.

The ending on the above citation from Picasso – 'things I was master of but not acting of my own free will' – is a nod (and in Picasso's case, it may be also a wink) to a kind of populist interpretation of Sigmund Freud. Such populist strains were often made by art carpetbaggers (in this category I include many artists) who have not so much never seriously studied Freud's work as never even read the more well-known texts. Skimming such populist cursory summaries of the figure 'Freud' was a common reading habit within the art community in the last half of the 20th century. From this kind of skimming and comfortable reception many artists, it was not hard to discern, unwittingly caricatured the notion of self-expression, emblazoning themselves as if the concept of self was perfectly straightforward – behaving as if the concept transcended social conditioning and interaction, and acting as if the concept of the self were a singularly natural condition. Joseph Beuys, for example, made outrageous psychological claims, not infrequently, linking these with equally exorbitant behavioural claims.

The concept of the self according to such artists and their timeserving advocates was a matter of some unique and inviolable intuition beyond the reach of thinking, not least language. I heard such obscurantist homilies, it seemed ceaselessly, throughout the last 50 years of my practice. Listening to this seemingly endless tirade championing such a concept of the artistic self, I have invariably summoned up, from the time I first read it in the early 1980s, as an eloquent antidote to such palaver, a short passage from what I think seems to be one of the books you consult from time to time and have considerable respect and affection for, Christopher Hill's *The Experience of Defeat: Milton and Some Contempo-*

raries (1984) (I note you mention it on page 241 of *Heaven on Earth*). In the introduction to *The Experience of Defeat* Hill, in discussing the reception of his earlier book *Milton and the English Revolution* (1977), writes:

> Some critics disliked *Milton and the English Revolution* because in it I seemed to them to degrade Milton by relating him to the political and intellectual problems of the society in which he lived: they prefer to think of the great poet writing in a timeless vacuum (16).

Hill, in his characteristically precise way, sums up the foolishness of the concept of the transcendent artistic subject, not least the AGMOAS, in that stringent accusation: 'they prefer to think of the great poet writing in a timeless vacuum'. Hill's missive often gives me a kind of wry satisfaction when faced by such parodies of the concept of the self, seemingly so repeatedly and monotonously chanted in 20th-century artspeak, and still constantly reiterated in the first two decades of this century. In writing out the above, the specific example I am thinking of now is Antony Caro's eulogy to John Hoyland, published as an obituary in the *Guardian* at the time of Hoyland's death.[11] Ah well! We go on as best we can – to state the obvious.

'I still think,' you write on page 202 of *Heaven on Earth*,'the figure that crystallizes Veronese's world-view is that of the knight.' (Should it be 'The Knight'?) You continue: 'the knight's extraordinary off-balance posture is the form the artist gave to his deepest thinking about human choices, human ethics and responsibilities.' I agree that the knight 'follows the Freudian script' and that loss of nerve may not mean that it lacks grandeur. But Ruskin plagues me often in *Heaven on Earth*, not least in your following citation of the grand old Victorian, 'A good, stout self-commanding, magnificent animality.'

You rightly, it seems to me, cavil concerning the adequacy of 'animality' as Ruskin seems to apply it to Veronese. Then you go on to argue that Nietzsche's voice in a passage from *The Will to Power* (1901) pushes Ruskin's argument further. I don't disagree. My problem is with Ruskin's argument. Having written what I have already on Ruskin in these remarks, I guess it will surprise nobody, not least yourself, that I am a little wary of your acclamation of the parts of the passage you cite from Nietzsche. Not only the parts themselves but more so what they lead on to: 'This is where the muteness of painting – its easy largeness, its obvious artificiality – may help release us from the spell (204).'

I suspect some such idea as 'the muteness of painting' allows too much latitude to Ruskinian literary gluttony and Nietzschean rejectionist gestural grandeur – these two writers are, in my view, gargantuan word spinners, and to be treated accordingly with due caution. Again, at this point, old Art & Language chestnuts confront me – you know the drill and the chorus: Bertrand Russell's haunting and failed theory of egocentric particulars; David Kaplan's contested and rich theory of indexicals; Saul Kripke's invasive notion of essential properties; and the already mentioned Wittgensteinian private language argument. Not to mention, to perhaps go harder still into the realm of 20th-century materialist inquiry, for example, your fellow Bristolian Paul Dirac's near-mystifying equation (mystifying I reckon, in large part, because I don't have the maths) of 1928, predicting the existence of a new kind of matter, anti-matter – duly realised when Carl Anderson discovered the positron in 1932. The achievement here of the likes of Dirac can, in my view, be summarised in the following way: it is the event of the realisation of the idea of the 'machine

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See Anthony Caro, 'Anthony Caro on John Hoyland: "He was every inch a painter"', the *Guardian*, Tuesday 2 August 2011. Available at: www.theguardian.com/artanddesign/2011/aug/02/anthony-caro-john-hoyland.

in the ghost', to replace the shibboleth of the old Oxfordian Rylean linguistic 'ghost in the machine'.

The 'machine in the ghost' phrase is perhaps not altogether inappropriate to have in mind in studying the materialist ambience and outlook of Veronese's paintings, and perhaps equally resonant when thinking about Poussin's and Bruegel's work – dare we say it, Icarus falling into the porridge of *The Land of Cockaigne* (1567). The strong hint for me with any idea like Ruskin's notion of some such as the 'mute power of painting' is that underlying it is a notion that the visual resources surpass linguistic ones and, in the end, that words and linguistic expression get in the way of some such as 'visual language', that the notion of purely visual expression makes sense. Again the denial, it seems to me, whether inadvertently made or not, is that there is a necessary relation between language and thought. Suggesting such a denial is any way plausible in the cases of, for example, Ruskin and Nietzsche seems ridiculous. Whether or not a reader finds Nietzschean sentiment and thought inappropriate or unacceptable it must be as plain as the nose in front of your face, or, to return to the elevated and inflated ambience of art history, as plain as it is in the case of Ruskin's writing, that the foundation and instrument of Nietzschean thought is the relation between language and thought.

Here, below, as with many of your citations, is a gathering of citations worth tarrying over, also because of how they remind and relate me to a certain set of thoughts and representations in my own practice during the last 60 or more years. The 'Introduction' interested and, old and sceptical as I am now, enlightened me in respect of writers I had not consulted since the late 1970s (Isaac Penington and Moses Wall) and refined my critical inroads (such as they are) into writers I had regularly consulted since then (Christopher Hill and Walter Benjamin). Thomas Traherne:

> till you are clothed with the
> heavens, and crowned with the stars: and perceive
> yourself to be the sole heir of the whole world,
> and more so, because men are in it who are
> every one sole heirs as well as you.
> – *Centuries of Meditations* (7).

This is mentioned again on page 15: 'Till the sea itself floweth in your veins, till you are clothed with the heavens'.

Next, the notion of the 'fused group' mentioned early on in the book (in the 'Introduction' on page 17) and expanded upon in Note 5 where you state the term is borrowed from Jean-Paul Sartre's *Critique de la raison dialectique,* vol.1 (1960). This is your qualifying ending of that citation: 'I leave aside Sartre's further analysis of the steps leading, in his view necessarily, from fused group to Party' (263).

Next, on pages 23–24, the longish quote from Leszek Kołakowski. Since 2003, whenever I read Kołakowski, which these days is rare enough for me to be assuredly accused of neglecting his work (I guess we can't read everything we would wish to read), I have always conjured up Martin Kettle's tale in the obituary he wrote for the *Guardian* on the occasion of Christopher Hill's death in February of that year. Kettle alludes to an event where Marx had bumped into a:

> fellow revolutionary from the 1848 barricades, now prosperous and complacent. The acquaintance reflected that, as one got older, one became less radical and less political. 'Do you?' Marx replied. 'Do you? Well, I do not!'[12]

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See Martin Kettle, 'Christopher Hill', Wednesday 26 February 2003. Available at: www.theguardian.com/news/2003/feb/26/guardianobituaries.obituaries.

And Kołakowski's claim that the fundamental cornerstone of what he, without any further qualification, calls 'Marxism' is a 'psychological need for certainty'. This 'Cold War' chestnut as you aptly call it leads my train of thought here to the matter of not only what the 'fused group' is but, additionally, what might constitute an unfused group. At this juncture I insert a personal anecdote.

In 1969, during my second and Sue's first visit to New York, we both went up to Hamilton in Ontario to see Sue's sister and her family, where Sue's sister's husband was a research member of the Physics Department at McMaster University. Sue returned to England from Toronto at the close of that visit, and I caught the Greyhound bus back to New York. On Throughway 86 the bus was held up for several hours by thousands of 'hippies' (a newly-invented term at that time) walking and moving leisurely but *en masse*, and completely blocking the road. I had no idea what kind of event I was surrounded by until I got back to New York many hours later where Joseph Kosuth informed me it was a music event called 'Woodstock'.

I recount the event here to state that this was a very 'fused group' (if I understand at all remotely what Sartre means by the term) that in no sense took the road (pun not intended) to becoming a party (rather than its immediate public functioning as one of the longest partying groups of all time). Within three years the 'fused group' was becoming 'unfused.' As a 'fused group' its demise was pretty quick – half a decade or so. As a manifestation of representative democracy it, still today, asks many questions of what the social scientist C. B. Macpherson has called 'possessive individualism', and the latter's relation to and function within what is frequently titled representative democracy. Did the so-called 'psychological need for certainty', or something similar lay at the centre of the drive to attain 'hippie heaven on earth', say in Haight-Ashbury?

So I am driven back to quoting you yet again. Here you initiate a number of the many explicit intriguing and engaging questions raised relentlessly throughout *Heaven on Earth:*

> And the question follows: What kind of heaven on earth, accepting that human beings seem unable to do without one; what vision of higher being, or time of radical discontinuity, or moment of access to a 'known unknown'; what metaphor or leap of the imagination, borrowed as it must be from the past of the gods, will *not* lead its users back to a terrible or farcical parody of religion? (24)

Was hippieism a terrible or farcical parody of religion? I suspect Kołakowski, when he waves his philosophical wand, that he, then like many a past ex-Marxist, or, for that matter, many a current ex-Marxist, waves this allegedly revelatory instrument over too wide and undiscriminating an arc of endeavour. Marxism's contribution is far from being decisively analysed by the work of the likes of Kołakowski. The same can probably be said of the 1960s movements. Despite its brief span, what of hippieism's relation and contribution to the Civil Rights Movement or its relation to the Vietnam anti-war campaign?

But: perhaps in context of the immediately above, I should attempt to note my shift in 1967 from being London based to the Midlands. Alongside the internationalist arc of the so-called 'Swinging Sixties', not least having just met Sue (her miniskirts were iconic, seemingly noted wherever we went during the next five years; her political activism throughout the next decades was to become even more notable). What was also a considerable player and important part of that centre of cultural gravity for David Bainbridge and Harold Hurrell, my two old oppos from the then Socialist Republic of South Yorkshire (David, like me, was ensconced by 1968 in the Midlands and Harold domiciled in Hull), like myself, was my then new-found exchange with the Coventry/Chipping Norton axis of the formidably-informed Michael Baldwin's philosophical input into my view of practice. Certainly, all these events made a substantial contribution to my exiting, in 1967, the ever-amplifying parody of a sectarian religion into which the feverish 'Swinging London' kessel had em-

anated. Meeting Sue at the end of 1967 was the most significant contribution confirming that my decision to move from London to Coventry had been the right decision.

I take the points – or most of them – that you register in your commentary upon the citation of Kołakowski's section but, for me at least, there is to some degree a faint glimmer of 'once a catholic always a catholic' about all of his later writing. Or to house Kołakowski's circle of friends a bit more firmly within these sceptred isles, and to risk putting it perhaps a bit too gently, it cannot be pure accident that Roger Scruton was so enthusiastic about Kołakowski's later revisionism. Hill's *The Experience of Defeat,* like Mazower's *Dark Continent*, is, in my view, much sounder and more discerning history, and therefore more precisely and tellingly applicable to the events of the 20th century. Not least the aspirations of the 1960s carnivalesque and confrontational manifestations.

Speaking of both parodies and of saints and sinners, the likes of, for example, Charles Manson (speaking of a parody of religion) and Martin Luther King (also not without a certain parodic cachet, but veering toward the opposite side of the populist spectrum from Manson) are embraced within the arc of the aspirations of the 60s. Mazower is so good at this, literally, so good at history; indigestible as the matter may be, he convinces me that all of, for example, Adolf Hitler, Joseph Stalin, T.J. Clark and myself belong to the legacies of the dark continent. All of us 20th-century Europeans are shrouded by the outcomes of 20th-century European behaviour, much less what horrors were perpetrated before then under the aegis of Christian Europe. True enough, maybe, the metaphors and leaps of imagination, the radical discontinuities and the seeming need for certainty are borrowed from 'the past of the gods'. But borrowing may not be quite the right word. How about converted, transfigured, even transmogrified?

Yet again, people in the future may take a chance on the likes of a Hitler or a Stalin, and the outcome may be depressingly similar. What price here then for art practice? Well, for starters, the price for a continuity of art practice can be found in the exemplars of the work of Giotto, Bruegel, Poussin and Veronese, and I could mention, as no doubt you can, dozens of other names whose work is an example of how to go on, how to persist. I have been uneasy about my practice since the mid-1960s; Art & Language practice, I hope, decreed for me a tenable scepticism toward the complacency and *amour-propre* of the art world. This legacy, paradoxically, feeds both the uneasiness towards the practice which, at the same time, paradoxically, seems to have ensured my addiction to it.

I return briefly to the Ruskin zone: 'Painting's advantage, then, is that it can simultaneously tell and untell the story, not putting it into words' (Clark, 2018: 12). My already stated dispute with you arrives quickly at the same point just at the moment at which you go on to write:

> It can make the vision concrete, and therefore spellbinding: persuasive and imminent as never before. Heaven on earth, as we look at Giotto's or Veronese's representation of it, is a reality in comparison with which the present looks pallid, insubstantial. Ruskin's hyperbole makes sense in this context: he is not alone in having been touched, with unique force, by a great painting's mixture of the wished-for and the matter of fact.

The first question seems to me to be this: although the vision may be concrete – I would be a fool to argue it isn't – does the four-word phrase 'make the vision concrete' contribute anything to making the vision concrete? Is the concreteising of the vision constituted only of paint? Is this a kind of shorthand coda for some such as the possibility of the 'purely visual'? Those now more than century ago exchanges between Russell and Wittgenstein concerning all the manifestations of language and its uses, which Wittgenstein followed down the path to the 1948 *Philosophical Investigations*, seem to me to inexorably suggest that without access to the four words 'make the vision concrete' we cannot even agree that there is a 'concrete vision' there. If there is a mysterious something called the 'purely

visual' then without the words 'purely visual' the concept becomes unattainable. How would we ever be able to *know* of such a thing being either intra- or inter-subjective? The private language argument, once again, rapidly becomes critical data in assessing what I think are Ruskin's wild assertions.

I am struck by the parts of *Heaven on Earth* where you write explicitly of religion(s). Your words resonate right into a particular event of my practice: drawings I made in the early 80s with the intention of them acting as much of a register of, as a protest at, the massacre of the Palestinians in the Chatila and Sabra camps by the Phalangist Lebanese right-wing Christians in September 1982. These Christian butchers, it should be noted, were pointedly disregarded by the invading surveying Israeli military. When those particular massacres occurred Nasser's 50s nationalism had already been overtaken by Zionist self-infatuation and the hysterical mystics of the likes of the Muslim Brotherhood. Incidentally, when the 'Beirut, Beirut that Coddlin' Town' drawings were shown at the Whitechapel exhibition in 1983 they were proclaimed (assuming my sources at the Whitechapel were reliable) by the emergent Charles Saatchi, among other worthies, to be anti-semitic – shades, maybe, foretelling the stigma that Livingstone and Corbyn were branded with in recent years!

Sometimes, I guess, an artist has to take chances. But regardless, being a chancer or not, what price the *Triumph of Death* in this gallery of recent horrors? Read on:

> Religion (and the verdict certainly applies to Islamic Fundamentalism just as much as its Evangelical rivals) reappears, on the other side of failed nationalism or socialism or 'modernity', in retrospective mode (22).

And on page 15:

> Bruegel's calm scepticism – his practical, unspoken atheism – is one great marker of early modernity. His *Triumph of Death* lives on for many of us, in the age of Islamic State and Predator, as the touchstone of godless lucidity in the face of all wars of the faithful. Nonetheless, I have no interest in disputing the common-sense notion that each of the four painters treated at length here, Bruegel included, was a 'believer'. An atheism of Bruegel's sort, or an earthliness of Giotto's, is indissociable from belief. It is all the deeper and more unnerving, it seems to me, because it is steeped in the view of the world it puts in question –

Again, forwarding to page 22:

> We live in an age of revived or intensified religion, and of wars in which God's will is once again invoked to deadly effect. But the intensity of this religious revival is shadowed – I would say fuelled – by an underlying sense of an ending.

This intensification may be a symptom of the dread. Aside from people in orange jumpsuits pleading for their lives (as if such events can be put aside while they remain in living memory) it is perhaps useful to take a view a bit away from the boiling centre in the Middle East. I am thinking on the Ireland-Poland axis. 'The Troubles' were not infrequently characterised as having a religious basis. Historically this is true enough – think of vehement English Republicans such as John Milton and Thomas Harrison, both champions of Cromwell's attempt to turn large parts of Ireland into an ossuarium (Harrison's heart was a figure and prominent motif in a big drawing/painting I did in the mid-1980s titled *The Heart of Major-General Thomas Harrison*).

It is said that Gerry Adams is a good Catholic boy, while Bernadette McAliskey, Eamonn McCann, Danny Morrison and Martin McGuinness, for example, were viewed as being of a more secular persuasion. All, especially and including Adams, are currently

characterised on Wikipedia as left wing. On the Protestant side, the likes of Ian Paisley spoke and bellowed for themselves. It seems a pretty safe bet that the result of the recent referendum in the Irish Republic on abortion speaks a lot for viewing the present Irish State now as moving in a secular direction if viewed against the oppressive intimate relation between state and church in, say, the late 1940s. When, for example, I moved into art school in 1958 James Joyce's works were on the Index and Samuel Beckett's works were still being banned in the 1960s. But this censorship was just a cultural lightweight if held out against the state-church oppression directed at unmarried pregnant women and children's homes.

Poland has perhaps moved in another way, back towards a Catholic and conservative autocracy – a not very skilful cover for a strident religious-skeined corporatism. Donald Tusk would be a good sample of this emergent corporate Euronikism allied to a church-influenced state. While Nigel Farage is a rabid example to vote remain, Tusk is a pretty clear example to vote leave. In my case, I thought Farage's frenzied English nationalism marginally more unacceptable than Tusk's pro-life Eurocorporatism.

Back to Bruegel. The chapter on Bruegel is the one that has engaged me the most, and this admission says a lot about my affection and engagement with *Heaven on Earth*. It was easily sustained throughout the whole reading (I'm on my fourth or fifth full reading, and this discounts the numerous times I have dipped in, both specifically and casually). I loved your passage on Bruegel stressing his depictions of persons shitting. The matter of depicting acts of shitting has come up several times in my practice. Two depictions in particular come to mind here. One in the 'WW1 Works' (1974–81), *Tommy Shitting* (pencil on paper, 1975), and a pastel in the 'Irish Works' series, *Our First Ancestors (both white and sexually stereotyped – of course!) shitting into the bunker. OR Mr and Mrs Masaccio on the Dirty Protest* (pastel on black paper, 120 × 170 cm, 1985). Both these works are still in my possession. I guess the first thing to note is details like Bruegel's shitting figures are near impossible to detect in respect of the small size of the reproductions in *Heaven on Earth*.

For the depth in visual detail you customarily pick out from the works and the detail and specification you demand (Giotto, Bruegel, Poussin and Veronese) the book is physically too small, or at least the reproductions are. To make the incisive detail you pick out it should, in my view, have been bigger in size. The number of pages (of text and image) have nothing to do with this carping about the size of the book. To even approach an adequate representation of the burrowing into visual detail you achieve, I surmise a book at least 70 × 50 cm in order that the illustrations (figures, to stick with the book's convention) make your detail more accessible. My eyesight is certainly not what it was thirty years ago, but even with the aid of my glasses I was frustrated to have your eloquence interrupted, if not blunted, by not infrequently struggling to pick out visual details you rightly insist upon: I need sufficient visual feedback in order to feel I have afforded your essays the exaction the text calls for – and, for that matter, deserves.

Anyway, onwards and downwards. Bruegel's figure shitting at the base of the Tower of Babel was a motif I picked up in scanning the works of Bosch and Bruegel as a possible resource in looking for material for making some of the collages that were attempts at trying to obtain clearance from the Art & Language orbit during 1973–74. During the process of gaining some momentum to this departure this image of the figure shitting on the base of the Tower of Babel remained and returned to my work protocol as a kind of primary reminder motif in working on *Tommy Shitting* in 1975. I guess some people may argue that there appears to be a clear difference between Bruegel's use of a shitting figure and my own use. But I am not so confident that Bruegel's use of such a figure is restricted to being singularly imbedded in any selection that can discriminate between excretion as a natural process – literally a sign of life – and excretion used iconoclastically and symbolically, as, say, a term of abuse or, even, critique when housed in the context of how you germanely characterise it:

> Excretion is naturally a part of things in *Cockaigne*. The man with the spoon falls into paradise like a turd from an anus. We know that shitting was something Bruegel habitually painted with affection and seems to have meant as a sign of life going on regardless. Shitting at the foot of the gallows … is not so much cocking a snook at the Law as putting the world of culture in perspective and showing us what of nature will never say die (100).

The cause of a particular shit might be regular or overconsumption or some explicit pathological attack on the digestive system, say dysentery (the latter being, for example, an often rampant condition in the trenches of world war one and, equally, a ferocious plague and rampant killer of soldiers during the American civil war). In any case, as a matter of covering a lot of the bases shitting, whether normally routine or of the pathologically-induced kind, and whether in trench, bunker or *Cockaigne*, can still be counted as 'a sign of life going on'. Not least when in the situation of a world war one trench, life going on normally may seem even more important, so to write, in the face of the proximity of death – there is a sense that when the shitting person's life is under threat the act is even more literally (and I suppose symbolically) a sign of life going on regardless. After all, some such phrase as 'to shit yourself from fear' is a common, perhaps even popular, epithet.

I guess it is clear at this point that I have thought quite a bit, *vis-à-vis* my practice, about the particular motif of the shitting figure. And perhaps I ought to outline in a bit more detail the kind of pattern these thoughts have coalesced around. These avenues of thought were often a bit bizarre, but, for me at least, at that time very engaging. Bruegel's figure shitting at the base of the Tower of Babel led me on to consider shit in its material state as a kind of representative of the old established notion of states of matter. Thus, solid, liquid and gas state. I like to imagine that Bruegel's sometimes bawdy and libidinous insertions into his tableaux are symptoms of his commitment to materialism, and that thus he might chuckle, and with some relish, at the thought of the old tripartite matter state categories, solid and liquid shit, along with gaseous emissions, being affixed to thinking about his work. I venture this notion as being consistent with his view that such states are natural out-takes (emissions, to pursue a pun) of human life functioning – of acts of simply going on.

Here's hoping then that my attempted oratorio to the shitting figure has provided, as is the case with many motifs, the Enola Gay and Union Jack, for example, a means, by now a repository, for representing the practice as a track, a kind of pilot, for going on. So maybe you can see why, for me, your passage on page 100 above provoked in me a vivid kind of reminder and kind of eerie spectral reenactment of some of those patterns of thought and protocols of practice of which those two works I contrived in 1975 and 1985 are products. The central idea of the 1985 pastel, that of Adam and Eve shitting into the bunker, I conceived to be sufficiently unhallowed to warrant making in the face of a sanctified autocratic counterfactual anti-Darwinism, not least the established religions. A titular mention of Masaccio's concrete and irrepressible materialist first couple seemed a suitable tag.

You recall (who can forget!):

> … ('Hij schijt op de wereld.' But even this Bruegel is capable of sympathizing with.) Bruegel's pictures are short on villains. Even the cutpurse World has his reasons: he wants to get out of those ragged trousers. The misanthrope's purse is too big, red and heavy. The analogous cripple in the *Netherlandish Proverbs*, slipping inside a similar globe of glass, provides the proper apology: 'You have to slither if you want to get through the world.' (122).

It's worth recounting the accompanying Notes 43 and 44 on page 272:

'Hij schijt op de wereld' – 'I shit on the world' – is a saying illustrated in Bruegel's *Netherlandish Proverbs*.

'You have to slither if you want to get through the world' is discussed in Wilhelm Fraenger's *Das Bild der 'Niederländischen Sprichwörter' – Pieter Bruegel's verkehrte Welt* (Amsterdam 1999 [first published 1923], p. 48. The verb *krommen* resists translation: 'stoop' or even 'grovel' are possible renderings.

Had I been aware of the translation in 1985, 'I shit on the world' could have been a possible contender for the title of the pastel work, specifically because Adam and Eve are shitting into a bunker, which I took to be a metaphor of a certain historical and ongoing social world. The bunker I also, and simultaneously, took to be a kind of metaphor for the aspect blindness of what often was cast as a historical necessity, a brutal confrontation between the Provisional Irish Republican Army and the British Army in Northern Ireland, embunkered as they were in 300 years of British imperialism. 'Art for the Bunker' is the title I gave to my first exhibition at Gimpel Fils in 1984. Some Garden of Eden! Hello! We return to approaching Christopher Hill's work, yet again! No shortage in Ireland during the last 300 years of 'wars of the faithful' (your phrase on page 15).

Here a return to the 'Introduction' and a matter which, *à la* Ruskin, has already generated some earlier remarks.

> Painting's advantage, then, is that it can simultaneously tell and untell the story, not putting it into words. It can enter first of all, and wholeheartedly, into the scale, the urgency, the whole exalted logic of a certain vision of history. It can make the vision concrete, and therefore spellbinding: persuasive and immanent as never before (12).

I conjecture here that the above passage may reveal some difference in the way we each approach artworks, and this will then, I suppose unsurprisingly, have some consequences for our respective observations/outputs (critical appraisals: the list of kinds of responses, events, comprising such acts, obviously, is extensive). I would be wary of using the verbs 'tell' and 'untell' in respect of any notion of a 'concrete vision', if then that concept is viewed as a superior competitor to language. This is accepting that that concept is perhaps not as straightforward as it may appear on first acquaintance. If use of this term is intended to imply that some such as 'visual marks' (renderings?) outperform and dispense with 'word renderings' (which are also, when written, marks?) then caution should be applied.

The verbs 'tell' and 'untell' perhaps give away a certain game of dependency, because the meaning (semantics) of the verb 'to tell' has such a reliance on the fact that we are language users, and not least artists and art historians are such users – in this sense being compelled to use the verb 'to tell' or its equivalents (eg some such as 'paintings speak to us') shows the dependency of our interpretation of 'the visual' (is this perhaps what you have in mind by 'It can make the vision concrete'?) upon our adeptness with our use of language. The simplest acts of identity, Russell's indexicals, for instance – 'this', 'that', 'here', 'now', 'I', 'it', etc – identify concrete items in the world (once again you know the chorus no doubt). All the above is written in order to interrogate the notion of 'Painting's advantage'. Advantage over what? Language? Wittgenstein? Russell? Darwinism? The use of words? Even, say, for example, the dismissed and maligned Rimbaud (page 245)?

You write on page 136:

> I am suggesting, then, that Poussin does his deepest thinking at a distance from the linguistic – that muteness and ungrammaticality are key to his view of the human. 'Things more apparent than words.' But what things, most persistently? What are the constants of Poussin's anthropology?

To the last question, concerning Poussin's anthropology, of which you seem to me to give an engaging answer and a fairly clear description. But that first assertion, 'I am suggesting, then, that Poussin does his deepest thinking at a distance from the linguistic', I confess has me puzzled, and more than a little sceptical. Admittedly your claim is a suggestion, 'I am suggesting...' But when I followed the succeeding two pages seeking a description or evidence of this 'distance from the linguistic' it seemed I could not find a satisfactory outcome.

A whole host of questions/responses it seemed to me could not provide me with any clarity, but kind of left me stranded with more puzzles. For instance, am I to adduce from the assertion that 'Poussin does his deepest thinking at a distance from the linguistic' that he does his less deep thinking at a nearer distance to the linguistic? (Inserting here that I am a bit hesitant and under some cognitive strain in granting congruity to the idea of 'deep thinking without linguistic competence'.) Chomsky seems to me pretty sound on the relation between linguistic competence and (depth of) thinking. I seem to lack, to miss, something here. I am soon driven to reflecting upon your assertion into something like the self-directed question. Who am I to dispute that muteness and the ungrammatical are key to Poussin's view of the human when I do not, cannot, get to grips with the sense of the statement? Chomsky's pretty good on grammatical competence too. I am assuming that you are not asserting that Poussin's work lacks grammatical competence? I am uncomfortable here because I have a suspicion of the hovering presence of a possible category mistake. More to come below on especially Bruegel and Picasso's *Icarus*.

On Page 36 you write: '(... but everything in that masterpiece pushes painting into realms – into kinds of semantics – that none of us have words for.)'.

Followed shortly on pages 36 and 37 by:

> This chapter can put the horizon into words only indirectly and gradually. The distance of the horizon from the world of discourse is part, again, of 'what it has to say'. The angel speaks in sentences, and the line of the hilltop, if we take it for a moment to be his enunciation, flows from him with all the controlled unexpectedness – the troughs and convolutions, the gathering crescendo – of a great orator's summing up.

I guess it is hardly surprising that I sometimes find myself in difficulties in a book which quite often draws what appears to be a distinct boundary between the realm of words and other kinds of realms. In the second passage above from *Heaven on Earth* you name the realm in the painting 'the horizon'. The shift (I think it to be a shift) is admirably crafty, from first to second quote above. The first quote names the realm as entering 'into kinds of semantics'. What kinds of semantics do you have in mind?

The second quote seems to me to reflect back, via the first quote, what further seems to me a perhaps too obvious question, but nevertheless though it may be obvious it is one that troubles me, thus is the realm of 'into kinds of semantics' identical with the realm 'horizon'? Or is the realm 'horizon' a sub-realm of the 'into kinds of semantics' realm, that is, one of its kinds? The relation between semantics and language (words, if you like) again seems to me unbreakable. Can a semantics exist without words? I am inclined to think not, but I would not, for the moment at least, insist on it. And then comes a kind of killer assertion: 'The distance of the horizon from the world of discourse is part, again, of "what it has to say"'. So let's rephrase and see if I can make anything from it.

I'm assuming that the world of discourse is the world of words, but then again! It seems to be that the matter of the distance between the horizon and the world of discourse is part of what it has to say; once again, I am assuming that the 'it' is, so to write, the horizon, it is the horizon that is the sayer – or is it? At this point, as you can read, I am floundering, but one of the trains of thought that this passage provoked set me thinking about your use of some substantial chunks of Bradley's writing in the later section 'For a Left with No Future'. Especially Bradley's view of tragedy as mystery. This is you quoting Bradley:

> Tragedy is the... form of this mystery [that best allows us to think politically], because the greatness of soul which it exhibits oppressed, conflicting and destroyed, is the highest existence in our view. It forces the mystery upon us (245).

With Bradley's writing, too, I have my reservations. He is, in my view, a much more convincing writer than Ruskin – but you know my preferences, Victorian oratory such as Ruskin and Bradley (as distinct from, say, the writing of other Victorians such as Darwin, Maxwell and Huxley) generally direct my attention towards the succeeding Modernists on the study of language, as you well know, especially Russell and Wittgenstein. Russell's and Wittgenstein's inquiries in the early years of the 20th century seem to me to have raised language use itself, the relation between thinking and language, to a level and attention demand that 20th- and 21st-century art practice remains ignorant of at its peril.

That whole string of books from what we might call the founders of the inquiry in the early 20th century into the status and agency of language, books such as Russell's *Mysticism and Logic* (1910), *Our Knowledge of the External World* (1914), *The ABC of Atoms* (1923), *Logic and Knowledge* (1956) and *Meaning and Truth* (1959) and Wittgenstein's *Tractatus* (1921) and *Philosophical Investigations* (1953), to mention only a few of the founding texts, I would advise any wannabee serious artist to treat with close attention. Not least if they want to detect, and further want to marshal, a coherent critique of the conceits and risible claims of those cleaving to the historical misapprehensions of contemporary 'avant-gardism'. In respect of the development of my own practice attempting to acknowledge this body of philosophical work as an interesting and rewarding input has been a central preoccupation of that development, such as it is.

But perhaps closer to the qualities of *Heaven on Earth*, reading across these remarks I have not infrequently referred to Russell's and Wittgenstein's works, thus, reference to this body of work is a noticeable characteristic of many of my responses to *Heaven on Earth*. Not least, the consideration of the relation between language and thought has been the framework against which to examine the likes of Bradley's eloquent claims – perhaps noting that I still view Bradley's work as inheriting some of what I regard as the oratorical overblow of Victorian romanticism. The accusation of which, and no less relevantly, rests on Bradley's recurrent use of the concept of mystery.

Back to Bruegel. The following passage from *Heaven on Earth* is very striking and resonant for me, and hence, in my view, worth quoting in full. Yet again a specific passage of your writing registers directly into a particular set of my works, and explicitly into one particular work:

> And this licenses me to say a word or two about the difference between Bruegel's dream of consumption – his vision of pleasure and fulfillment and ours. The relation of heaven to appetite is always a question: the schoolmen worried about angels' intestinal tracts'
>
> Bruegel lived at the moment just before 'consumer society', which is to say, before the world of goods accelerated and expanded in the first age of exploitation, before the mass production of commodities and before the notion of bodily well-being was transformed by a modern 'multiplication of addictive substances compatible with the new tempo and discipline of production. The idea of consumption in Bruegel (and his culture, by the look of it) meant primarily ingesting, relishing, dreaming a full identity with the world of things, swallowing them whole. He would not have understood, I think – or rather, would not have had much sympathy for – the world to come, with its carefully regulated doses of pleasure, its quarter intoxications, its small hits and highs: caffeine, tobacco, cane sugar, the international alcohols (rum, gin and so forth), opium and its derivatives, and, later, the pharmutopia of anxiety and despair.

> Consumption went on for Bruegel's contemporaries under the sign of scarcity and insecurity. *Cockaigne* is not heavy with soldiers for nothing. It was a dream of the opposite to a world of toil and malnutrition: a still world, a fat world, an idle and irresponsible world, a world of bodies. And none of these descriptions apply to the dream of consumption that now posses us. An intensification of 'consumption' is not only compatible lately with an increase in the pace of work and in hours spent on the job – we surely do not need statistics to convince us that the past forty years in the West have seen an extraordinary speed-up and hyper-exploitation of white collar labour – it is a condition of that increase. Consuming and recreation go on at the pace of work, in work's shrinking interstices, using an apparatus that has to present itself as an extension of – a magnification and perfection of –the gadgets and disciplines we come home from. The gym is a factory; the big game an animated spread sheet; the body sweating on the treadmill is tuned away as decisively from its actual carnal experiences – towards the TV up the wall, or the calorie app on the iPhone – as the coldest Weberian Puritan balancing his ethical and financial books.
>
> Bruegel's world of consumption was oriented to the notion of anti-work (114–116).

The concept of the consumer and, perhaps more singularly, the global community of consumption and its satellite resultant societies is a central concern of the current and ongoing series of works titled 'American Civil War'. I'll return to these works below, first some commentary on a number of the points you raise in the above passage.

The relation of heaven to appetite though is in itself an intriguing topic – and this context routed me back to my early years at Leeds. Your citation (Note 38, page 272) which is attached to your phrase 'the schoolmen worried about angels' intestinal tracts' directed me back to my mid-80s exchanges with George MacDonald Ross, then, I think, a Senior Lecturer in philosophy at the University of Leeds (you may remember him if he was at Leeds while you were there), who published a small book on Leibniz, a philosopher whose work had interested me since 1966, more especially *The Monadology* (1714). As a result I went to hear George on a talk he gave in the philosophy department, and he mentioned Leibniz's ideas concerning angels. At that time I had recently made a series of works now titled 'Trotsky Postcards'. These works centred upon the notion of a historically reconstructed Trotsky. One of the notions I had thought of but did not pursue in practice was to present Trotsky as an angel. Thus I contacted George and consequently attended a number of his discussions and seminars with his students – and, if I recall correctly, some kind of open discussion he organised on, I think, Wednesday evenings. At any rate George and myself discussed both on formal occasion and informal one-to-one exchanges my interest in Leibniz's estimation of angels.

We did not talk about 'angels' intestinal tracts' that I can recall (though my guess is that George would probably have known something of this – he was an erudite guy, and Leibniz was a special subject of study for him, he may well have known your citation). On first picking up on the quote above I realised, 35 years too late, I had missed an opportunity to link the historically reconstructed Trotsky with Bruegel via Leibniz. It sounds heavier by the sentence. Such are the historical foibles and missed opportunities of art practice. You may have revived something in me – images of angels' intestinal tracts is quite a starter. Not least when Iraq is still plagued by the incursions of Christian warriors and Russian-backed intra-Muslim sieges in Syria and Saudi-led aggression in Yemen visit starvation on a large scale upon the communities on the receiving end of the aggression … and so on!

The following relates to the concept of the English as imperial raiders, occupiers and stake-claimers – it is pretty obvious that this refers to the activities of the English abroad (with the explicit note that I am characterising Ireland as being included within

the category abroad). And I intend it to relate to English political theory being, so to write, transmitted from the sceptred isle onto land being settled by the English. First the following passage, paraphrased earlier, from *Heaven on Earth*:

> It is their fantasy relation to the struggle of fascism and Communism that continues to give them or robs them of their identity. Germany remains the example, in its interminable double attachment to (its guilt at and caricature of) the pasts of Nazism and the Stalinist 'East'. Russia – with its neo-Bolshevik hyper-nationalism – is the paranoid case of entrapment forever in the moment of Stalingrad. Britain's endless replaying of its 'finest hour' stands in the way (as it is meant to) of any real imaginative reckoning with the morally, compromised, past of Empire (210).

Here what I am going to attempt to specifically pursue is this British past, and its British philosophical roots and routes – the effects of, more particularly, John Locke's *The Second Treatise of Government* (1689) and, even more particularly, Locke's *Fundamental Constitutions of Carolina* (1669). You will perhaps guess from the latter that what I have in mind here is English settlement in the founding United States in the 17th and 18th centuries.

Here's Kathleen Burk to start things off in her book *Old World, New World: The Story of Britain and America* (2007):

> But the colony still lacked a system of government. The intention was to provide one with 'The Fundamental constitutions of Carolina', devised by the Earl of Shaftesbury and his secretary, the philosopher John Locke. These were unusual, complicated and never implemented. The state purpose of the Constitutions was the 'better settlement of the government' which was to be carried out by instituting an oligarchy and 'avoid erecting a numerous democracy'. One principle was liberty of conscience. Although the Anglican Church was to be established to the extent that it was to be supported by taxes, and the hope was that the Jews and heathens would convert after 'having an opportunity of acquainting themselves with [Anglicanism's] truth and reasonableness', they would in any case be tolerated. This reflected the personal beliefs of Shaftesbury and Locke, but, more importantly, the King had insisted that the settlers be allowed liberty of conscience, as long as they periodically affirmed their loyalty to the throne. Furthermore the Indians would also be shown 'forbearance' (whatever that meant), as their 'idolotary, ignorance, or mistake gives us no right to expel or use them ill'.

Here's the second passage from Burk

> In the *Second Treatise of Government* (1690), Locke would write that 'in the beginning all the World was *America',* by which he meant that America was still in a state of nature. 'God gave the world to men in common; but since he gave it to them for their benefit and the greatest conveniences of life they were capable to draw from it, it cannot be supposed he meant it should always remain common and uncultivated… (I guess it is hardly inspired insight to detect the foreshadow of the Enclosures sketched, in some detail, in the *Second Treatise* – I continue with Burk) … He gave it to the use of the industrious and rational'. And, he asked, 'whether in the wild woods and uncultivated waste of America, left to nature, without any improvement, tillage, or husbandry, a thousand acres yield the needy and wretched inhabitants as many conveniences of life as ten acres of equally fertile land do in Devonshire, where they are well cultivated'? The answer was obvious: God intended that the English should take the land and make it productive… (without, I think, too much strain, a parallel can be accurately drawn with the activities of global capitalism today, say, in the Amazon rain forest) … Locke

> failed to justify the use of slaves, but in order to attract Barbadians and other slave-holders to the colony, the Proprietors made slavery legal from the outset. (Governor Yoemans was one of the first to import a substantial number of slaves.)

The setting was already forming for the American civil war to emerge 150 or more years forward. The paradoxes are ironic and rich in English procrastination and self-justification. Locke, as Burk's writing suggests, is imbued with English suprematism. At that time his ideology is directed outwards, to the New World, but this suprematism is still deeply imbedded having run through several events when the suprematist current was going in the opposite direction – inwards toward Britain, more particularly towards threats of invasion – a near permanent extreme paranoia in the decade and a half before Waterloo.

Your point about Britain's endless replaying of its 'finest hour' and its juncture with Farage and his fatuous, vulgar and vicious version of English nationalism is one more event in the long and serpentine replay. It's not just a case of a Rupert Brook replay, but also Wilfred Owen is in there; I have always thought that there is an undercurrent of 'keep the homefires burning' in both *Anthem for Doomed Youth* (1920) and *Dulce et Decorum est* (1921). It seems the trenches and Flanders Field (which will soon return us to Bruegel) have set up a kind of pining for all the 'sceptred isle' fantasies, of which, for example, that truly awful current Sam Mendes film, *1917*, is a symptom. Which I guess somewhere two or more centuries back rests on Locke's ideal relations of production in Devonshire cited by him in the *Second Treatise* (1689), which overlooked and airbrushed out, for example, the future possibility, 144 years later, of the confrontation at Tolpuddle.

Following the first *Combinations Acts*, the *Combination of Workers Act* in 1825 set the frame for the confrontation. Like many more outright English chauvinists, the English 'big' philosophers such as Locke were overcome by their alleged English superiority – even Russell who, incidentally, was Welsh (his grandfather Lord John was responsible for the Tolpuddle Martyrs being pardoned in 1836, and brought back to England between 1837–39) and had, over 100 years later, occasional tinges of the 'sceptred isle' supremacy, when he uses terms such as 'natives' when writing, for example, of 'Africans', 'primitive societies', 'uncivilised societies', etc.

I ponder at this point the differences between your claim concerning the dream of the world of Bruegel's contemporaries – 'it was the dream of the opposite to a world of toil and malnutrition; a still world, a fat world, and idle and irresponsible world, a world of bodies (p.115) – and those of the Dorset agricultural workers 260 years later. This passage on Bruegel's work, on pages 114–16, is, in my view, one of your most stunning passages in *Heaven on Earth*. It enriched my view of *Cockaigne* in particular, and Bruegel's work in general, and I've studied Bruegel's work fairly closely, especially over the 45 or so years since 1974. It confirmed many of my own views, not least, besides those on *Cockaigne* itself, but also on *Babel, The Triumph of Death* (1562), *Wedding Dance* (1566), and *Peasant Wedding* (1567). But, your description and analysis also opened new pathways for me to examine these works – and this is to say nothing of the other fiercely political works such as *The Blind Leading the Blind* (1568), *Magpie on the Gallows* (1568), *Netherlandish Proverbs* (1559), not to mention *Icarus* itself.

In my view, the whole section on Bruegel is a big contribution to the interpretation and understanding of his work. The explanation and observations on *Cockaigne,* your estimation of Bruegel in this particular work, and your reckoning on his work generally, are very intriguing and powerful, and to some extent offer me new insights into how to interpret and assess the work (I write 'to some extent' because many of your insights into the work correspond to my own, and are more confirmatory than revelatory). But my own current special reward is the pathway link it has pushed me into coupling and contrasting Bruegel and his society's dream of plenty with the Dorset agricultural workers' aspiration towards a 'fat world' free from exploited toil, perhaps not as celebratory of the 'fat', something a bit leaner and more Protestant and Puritan, and to do more explicitly with the

desire for a more equitable distribution of wealth and resources in an emergent industrial society. Is there a match or otherwise with the aspirations and dreams of the members of the *Friendly Society of Agricultural Workers* in Dorset in the 1830s and the peasant revels sublimating excess in 16th-century Flanders?

I think there is a really close match. The Tolpuddle Martyrs were banished to Australia, not assuming an idealist carnival of plenty, and Australia at that time was yet another form of English settlement. The provenance of the pathway from Bruegel to Tolpuddle is perhaps worth noting. The full title of my work *Trotsky Postcard* produced in 1982 reads as follows:

> Postcard from Trotsky in concentration camp in Nova Scotia in 1917, to John Locke in Somerset in 1690.
>
> *Dear Locke, Here's a postcard showing a view of the current state of free-market man (the emphasis on 'man') and the state of his mother's hats, dated 1917. Fraternal greetings to the agricultural workers of Somerset and Dorset.*

The Carolinas were idealised, not least by Locke, as a potential land of plenty – but in return for hard Devonshire-like settler work. Locke does not speak of slaves or the forcible taking of land from the indigenous Indian tribes. I guess also I hardly need to mention that Nova Scotia was another English-Scotch settlement, as was the concentration camp, this particular one in which Trotsky was held, being in Nova Scotia, an English concoction already in 1917, made famous in South Africa by the English maltreatment of the Boer families at the turn of the 19th and 20th centuries.

Topics arrayed around John Locke, not least *The Fundamental Constitution of the Carolinas* and the *Second Treatise on Government,* and prospective English-tilled American worlds of plenty was a recurring thought at the time of the production of the 'Trotsky Postcards'. Off the top of my head, here's a list of a few other would-be recipients (all but one white male Americans of one sort or another) of the postcards that were never realised but thought of with the vague intention of producing them: Jefferson Davies, Abraham Lincoln, William Tecumseh Sherman, George Wallis, Spiro Agnew, Edward Teller, John Von Neumann, Emily Dickinson. Ah well, practice ideas come and go!

Dickinson is the exception here, compared to the others on the list. I count her more or less unblemished. A 'Trotsky Postcard' deployed around a figure I admire with very little, if any, qualification would have been difficult I guess. A 'Trotsky Postcard' to Pieter Bruegel the Elder might seem to some people a rewarding concatenation, but maybe Bruegel too is a figure for whom I have too much admiration to get an edge!

> One comic consequence of the loss of bearings, Bruegel likes to point out, is what happens to the phallus. Both of the humanoids on the banner [you are talking of the *Fall of the Magician Hermogenes*] – one of them crablike on all fours, the other crawling on his belly with legs flapping as decorative appendages (like coxcombs) – are given the last touch of monstrosity by their codpieces' being extruded from their bodies by the logic of their poses, inviting an opponent's knife. (Codpieces, we know, were regularly a focus of Bruegel's attention. Part of that too was bound up with his anthropology – for codpieces are armour, or the ritualized after-image of such. Isn't one of the problems of bipedalism, among many, that it puts the male sexual organ organs somewhat at risk, as compared with their sensible hiding place on all fours?) The man hanging in agony from the ceiling in Bruegel's pen drawing *Justitia* repeats the pose of the humanoid bottom right in *Hermogenes*. … *The Cripples* remain unbearable for us, and no doubt were originally laughable, in particular because of the substitutes they have improvised for putting two feet on the ground. Speech they do not lack. If there is a question of their threatening our

> definition of the human or dancing on the edge of it, this cannot be because they lack language. They look to be talking too much (118).
>
> Maybe a truly strong poet – a T. S. Eliot – could make something of *Joachim's Dream*. I'm sure I cannot. I need prose – I think art history in general needs prose – to circle round the emptiness, the lack of connection, at *Dream's* heart. The dry gully, the isolate plants and animals, the unraveling boundary between earth and sky – these are all tremendous metaphors, but of a moment of vision (and bafflement) that only the hesitations and qualifications of the 'unpoetic' can hope to suggest. A prose, in short, like Joachim's 'turning over in his mind whether he should go back or not' (59).

As you may have noted, I have tended to keep the majority of my quotes from you intra chapter, but cross chapter uses seem to me to be equally rewarding – yet another noteworthy strength of *Heaven on Earth*. Your admission, in the second quote above, that 'art history in general needs prose' may seem to strengthen my argument that there is a necessary relation between language and thought. But I think this is rather beside the point – what primarily engages me about your admission is that it is equally applicable to art practice. I would argue that art practice needs prose, or more generally that to interpret the meaning(s) of any concrete art object, art practice does not only need prose (I am allowing the term 'prose' to stand in proxy for the term 'language) it *depends* on language. Of considerable interest to me in the latter above quote is the distinction you appear to be drawing between prose and poetry. I won't, yet again, rehearse my argument. But perhaps a branch of philosophy might be worth reporting here, the difference between necessary and contingent truths.

Since I've mentioned him already I call upon MacDonald Ross's explication of the difference between the two kinds of truths in his little book on Leibniz, titled *Leibniz,* in the Oxford 'Past Masters' series, published in 1984. (I remembered this distinction being drawn in the book, but I had to go to the book and dig it out – once I had found the book, it wasn't hard, I simply looked up 'necessity' in the book's index.) Here it is:

> Leibniz defined a 'necessary' truth as one which could not have been otherwise, in that its opposite would imply a contradiction. So, it is necessary that a triangle has three sides, since the idea of a non-three-sided, three-sided figure is self-contradictory. By a 'contingent' truth, he meant one that could have been otherwise, in that its opposite would be non-contradictory, would have been logically possible. To use his own example, it is a contingent fact that Ceasar crossed the Rubicon, since denying that he did so would not contradict anything else in his complete concept (59).

My argument is that without language there would be no means of interpretation and I guess it is obvious that I hold mathematics (pace Dirac, for example) to be language. Incidentally, perhaps it is worth reminding the art world of the book list of the Art Theory Course at Coventry (1968–71). Leibniz was one of the featured authors – Russell's book on Leibniz was discussed at some length by all four founding members. I remember vividly exchanges with both David Bainbridge and Michael Baldwin on the shop floor at Coventry, especially about *The Monadology*. My close exchange with Michael at this time I think was especially significant in helping form my views on art practice. We worked very closely together. I also like to think that I have carried with me in my practice much of what I learned in that particular exchange in 1966–72, and it continues to inform my practice today. MacDonald Ross's small book on Leibniz would be a worthy learning tool for any art student wishing to understand the dependency of art practice upon language.

On page 31 of *Heaven on Eearth* is a reproduction of *Joachim's Sacrifice*. Earlier in these remarks I commented upon my noticing and continuing interest in the 'woman half behind the column' in Poussin's *Sacrament of Marriage*. Another motif that has imbedded itself in my memory is the hand intruding from the top of *Joachim's Sacrifice.* Unlike the *Sacrament*'s siting, I have never seen any of Giotto's work at the Arena Chapel in Padua. I have seen and studied many works of art since I first began to consider the possibility of becoming a 'professional artist' in my last three years in grammar school in South Yorkshire. But I have studied many, many thousands more in reproduction than I have seen in the flesh and when we are talking about the statistics of things I have learned, then I would say, unhesitatingly, I have learned more from the study of the reproductions than I have from encounters with the 'real thing'.

I would say exactly the same thing of photographs. The hand in *Joachim's Sacrifice* is one of the most vivid. I first saw the reproduction at school – I have never forgotten it, that startling intrusion from the top of the picture. It was not something to copy although, having been so lucidly reminded by your commentary on Giotto, I am now thinking of introducing such a device into one of the ongoing 'American Civil War' works (I have cited (more or less copied) a number of Quattrocento motifs in the series – I think I can argue a justifying context for a move to insert Giotto's 'hand', but in any case, it was a conspicuous lesson, back there in 1956, of what can be done to (quoting you) 'exemplify the edges of the picture' (55). You continue on the following page thus:

> they exemplify in the way they do, once and for all and irrefutably, because always beyond them, this culture believed, lay chaos. Joachim was everyman. All reality, potentially and often actually, was a desert in which men waited for revelation.

And I came across the Giotto 'hand' many years before I first noticed Poussin's 'half hidden figure'. Incidentally there are several items in Giotto's picture that are equally alluring (I'm not sure I have quite the right word here). I know the sacrifice is a lamb, but that skeletal spectre atop the firebox? Looks like the photographs of something out of Andersonville Prisoner of War camp in Georgia in 1864 had the Confederates taken in Union livestock and starved them along with Union prisoners! Giotto's sacrifice 'thing' certainly looks more a result of starvation rather than burning. And this is a recently put together comparison; when in 1956 I first saw the reproduction of the picture places like Majdanek and Bergen-Belsen first came to mind. And a third figure, I have always assumed it to be an angel, but what a way to paint it! I am presuming you hold more detail on these particular Giottoesques.

All three inventions stuck with me from my first encounter with a reproduction of the painting. I remember talking about these Giotto figures at the Slade interview in 1960 in response to some such question as 'What artists particularly interest you?', the request being made, as I recall, by Keith Vaughan, when I was faced alongside Vaughan, by such Slade worthies as Willian Coldstream, William Townsend and Andrew Forge. I recall I spoke quite a bit about Goya, Giotto and de La Tour, the latter's work of which at that time I had also only seen in reproduction. As you can imagine, I think my replies must have been something of an undirected *mélange*. I knew next to nothing.

And staying with 'edges', I am looking at the reproduction of Picasso's *Fall of Icarus* situated in the UNESCO Batiment des Conferences in Paris on pages 208–209. Panels or something like an equivalent are a device I have used at various points in the practice to make up a rectangle. They have been one of my favourite technical devices since 1962. *Postcard from Ypres* (defunct from 1965, when I cut it up in order to try and sell the bits, vainly as it turned out – I have no idea what happened to the bits), a painting I made at the turn of 1962–63, and which was awarded the Arts Council Prize at the 1963 Young Contemporaries exhibition, was made up of quite a number of bolted together panels. And some of these were further sub-divided into painted rectangles.

This procedure was an early move in my practice, toward my realising I had something of a mania for edges. And I know why. An edge gives you a design edge – a design opportunity. That motif of the Giotto hand has stuck. For example, some of the 'Trotsky Postcards', quite a number of the 'David-Head-Hands' works, the 'Bomber' drawings, both from the mid-1990s, and the last half or so of the current ongoing 'American Civil War' works are built on a kind of principle of edges. For me they constitute the main design structure. Internal edges, the same edge with, so to write, its two sides, allow the artist to butt one thing up against another, and the literal external edges of tableaux accord a serious design intrusion as part of the design structure.

I have never seen Picasso's *Fall of Icarus* in the flesh, but I have, and it seems to have been a recurring, unavoidable image throughout the years of my entire artistic practice, seen it many, many times in reproduction. I note it was made in 1958, the year I first started art school. And I have noted its abundance of edges since my very early acquaintance with it. In the art press, such as it was in 1958, it could hardly be avoided. There was quite a hullabaloo around it, as there was around UNESCO itself. But look at the clean edges in Icarus. Many of them razor sharp. Cubism bequeathed to me, at least, a strong imprint memory of the role of edges.

After outlining Veronese schema with compact clarity you write the following on page 20:

> A trapezoid – or rather, as Picasso reluctantly came to terms with it – is a picture without a viewpoint. It takes up the normal clues and mechanics of perspective and has them disperse or disintegrate – float back absurdly onto the surface – before our eyes. The orthogonal brown slab of 'beach' or 'diving board' slicing in, unconvincingly, from the bottom edge of Icarus is a signature of this – of perspective's powerlessness against the trapezoid's flat lack of direction.

On my first reading of this passage, my first thoughts were some such as, 'he [you] is going to come round to making a plausible argument for this work'. Part of this optimistic soliloquy was funded by my addiction to the edges in *Icarus*. The picture is, among other political points, an index maybe for the turgid and deceitful strategic manoeuvring of the cold war.

You mentioned on page 215 that Senator McCarthy sent staffers to investigate the loyalty of the US delegation. I did not know this had happened, that McCarthy had sent his staffers, but McCarthyism was a symptom of the paranoiac possibilities, and the Stalinist reflex on the other side, was an equally paranoiac symptom, the effects and details absolutely unclear, but the reflex itself categorically clear. Both the Soviet 'Peace' reflex and the US 'Freedom' reflex were riddled with contradiction – and, important at this time, the Soviets had a seeming technological superiority. The achievement of Sputnik in 1958 confirming this, and this event had happened in the middle of Picasso's entanglement with and study for the project of *Icarus*. How do you make a clear practice when mired in such a murky and dismal confrontational conflict?

The envelopment produced any number of incidents of which a person, both East and West, could not be sure about. The mixture was toxic, and the 1962 Cuban Missile imbroglio did not eliminate the possibility of a future deadly, similar mephitic catastrophe; if anything, the encounter made the possibility of nuclear war more plausible. And on the more European front, Picasso was on, and had been for some time, the hitlist of Franco's security services, a clear target – this I was aware of in 1959. Do you think also there is something in Picasso's radar scanning the process of producing *Icarus*, whether intuitive or something more calculated, that had picked up the shift of the move, already starting by 1958, that the centre of gravity of contemporary art practice, especially its relations of distribution, and certainly the nominalist, populist idea of the two cities as successive centres of contemporary art, was moving from Paris to New York? And this would turn out

to be a major cultural cold war shift and front, away from the likes of Cocteau, Picasso and Thorez to the likes of Pollock, Greenberg and Castelli. The move, if you like, from the myths and truths of the French Resistance to the realpolitik of American accommodation and welcoming of the anti-communist hatred of the likes of Edward Teller, John von Neumann and Werner von Braun. If there is any truth in my conjecture, then what price Arendt's 1960s introduction?

'But,' you write, 'perhaps what is striking, looking back at materials from the time is how dramatic the disappointment of the intellectuals continued to be for so long.' UNESCO:

> we might say – just because of the urgency and nobility of its aims – was the theatre in which the disintegration of the 'international community' could still bring on a shudder. It is this wider disintegration, I think, that the *Fall of Icarus* tries to represent. And the mural's stylistic bizarrerie – the tragicomic strip-cartoon idiom Picasso devised for it – could not be more apt
>
> The painting as finally realized is trapezoidal in shape – that is, a vast rectangle with a sloping top edge. It is close on 35 feet wide at its base, and 30 feet high at the left, growing steadily shorter towards the right as it follows the ceiling line. The painting spreads over 970 square feet, built out of forty (clearly visible) separate mahogany panels and weighing around 79 stone. Both size and shape were dictated by the difficult site (217–18).

A lot is stated in the above passage from *Heaven on Earth*. Descriptively, the characteristics of the site, but critically, for my remarks here, you state clearly what you think the picture *tries* to represent. It is this wider disintegration, I think, that *The Fall of Icarus tries* to represent. That cautious 'tries' is, for me, superincumbent – it describes the pressure from a weight coming from the political above, a kind of confusion and a disconcerting intuition of aspirations being confounded. I admit I have looked at this mural for decades with an uneasiness that it is a harbinger-cum-register of not only dashed aspirations, but also of my own laziness, of my sense that I would want that world of the late 1950s to be other than it was, that there was not a wider disintegration. I saw the incursion of the likes of The Shirelles, of Chuck Berry, of the Everly Brothers (their unforgettable howl on the vowel) into 50s popular culture which imbued that generation (I was 17 in 1956) with the idea that the future world would not be a world of wide disintegration but, to the contrary, a world where a more equitable distribution of wealth and resources would be achieved.

In the end the 1960s did not help. I believe it imbued my generation with an inflated sense of optimism, and certainly an ill-thought out outlook. In 1967, when I first visited New York, I still thought the seeming investment in liberal and libertine politics was an unbroken horizon stretching out in front; still holding to Chuck Berry's successors, the likes of Bob Dylan (at that time), Joan Baez, Neil Young and Hendrix as signposts. Laziness in front of the motifs such as the struggle of the likes of *The Fall of Icarus* was a wilful neglect, an alternative embrace of a kind of poisoned populist chalice. Maybe I should have studied *The Fall of Icarus* more closely?

I took those vivid edges to be an inheritance from Cubism, which I think they, to a considerable extent, are. But *vis-à-vis The Fall of Icarus* the embrace of the art world's modernist aesthetic let me off the hook; the dumb equation of avant-gardism as necessarily progressive produced a lazy prognosis. Picasso was the biggest bigshot of the post-war Euro art arena. David Bainbridge, then working as a shop steward in Newton Chambers steel works in Sheffield, was a member of the Communist Party of Great Britain from 1959–1960. He told me that Picasso's visit to Sheffield in 1950 did kind of take place, but Government intervention – Attlee's administration no less – tried hard to suppress it, as they did the whole visit. Picasso spent the last weeks of the supposed public visit in the privacy of Penrose's farm in Sussex.

I recall distinctly that, in the 1959–60 period, retrospectively, in relation to Picasso's 1950 visit to Sheffield, we did discuss the UNESCO mural, not least because it was recent news at the time and enjoyed (if this is at all the right word) quite a bit of art press coverage. But I have remembered one particular lengthy conversation between David and myself concerning *The Fall of Icarus* because within the same conversational exchange (made in David's newly acquired secondhand car on a drive to Scarborough to watch the Yorkshire cricket team – a sterling reminder that he was now a wage earner, he had left Barnsley Art School in June 1959) he mentioned that he was locked in protracted and hostile negotiations with management, the Union attempting to raise the wages of the crane drivers in one of the big production shops at Newton Chambers. The reason I remember this whole conversation so sharply is that David was at pains to point out that many of these crane drivers were women and, in keeping with the wage conventions of the day, they were paid considerably less than the men. It was the first time I can recall having to think seriously about what later became known as the sexual division of labour, although at that time I had no real idea concerning this kind of negotiation.

When I first read 'Picasso and the Fall' and saw the reproduction of *The Fall of Icarus* unsurprisingly the memory of this particular conversation flooded back, as it has always done whenever I am faced with the subject and/or image. David, who was my oldest friend – I loved him deeply, his death in 2013 was a serious loss for me, incidentally – was authoritative on Picasso's visit to Sheffield. Our view of *The Fall of Icarus* remained clouded and kind of indecisive for a long time and we had discussed it from time to time over the years. In the period 1999–2005, sometimes, on my train journey back from Leeds to Leamington I would call in at the University of Wolverhampton where David was a Senior Lecturer (and Sue was working there for David's project), and recent to this specific occasion David had met or been speaking with the curator Lynda Morris on the subject of Picasso. My guess is that this was 2000 or 2001. The upshot of this was that one of the subjects at this particular meeting between us was to talk about *The Fall of Icarus*. We did reminisce about our conversation on the way to Scarborough back in 1959, although it seemed my memory of the Picasso-laden part of the exchange was perhaps a bit more imbedded than David's – the imprint for me is ineradicable, but the association of the saga of the crane drivers' negotiation with *The Fall of Icarus* we both could recollect.

But throughout the many recalls of these anecdotes over the last 60 years, the motif of those *Icarus* edges has persisted. You mention, a mention, I suspect, that will remain upfront for me, the take-it-or-leave-it sliced toes of the bather are a signature of the new style. 'Slice' is a good word here I think. It suggests the dependency on and clarity of edges. That sliced off foot (the other side of the edge, the remainder) is a motif I bring to mind whenever the subject, whether in text or image form, of *The Fall of Icarus* is a subject of my attention. A point of difference between us may turn on your statement following: 'My argument, then, is that it was only in the actual-size, forty piece *Fall of Icarus* that Picasso escaped from Cubism' (224).

I do not think that there was an escape from Cubism in *The Fall of Icarus*. If Picasso intended or wanted to accomplish such an escape, for all I know this may have been his primary intention, then, in my view, he did not succeed. Those edges – the sliced off toes and the remaindered leg and foot, the slab edged diving board (if that is what it is), and also the horizon cornered rendering, the right leg of the standing figure, and, for that matter, even details within the Icarus figure itself – seem to me to be testament to the contrary of an escape from Cubism. And even the panel construction in toto, with its profusion of clearly visible edges is, to my mind, a considerable contribution to prominence of edges in *The Fall of Icarus*. And on the more subjective level, the associative congress of the notion of falling off the edge, say of a cliff, has a strong physiological resonance.

My view is that Picasso's rendering, his slow and laboured worked-out style, that hard-worked radar, articulated (I use this word in its fullest sense) that the cold war was literally a falling off the edge. At the top of the cliff or beach, or on the horizon line, was

threat of mutually-assured destruction, after the fall (Fall), at the bottom, was the fulfilment of the promise of mutually-assured destruction itself. Picasso guessed (?), knew (?), what the strip-cartoon (to use your word) implied and entailed. All those tourist beaches where the emergent post-war leisure-obsessed aspiring middle class were to roost in the coming decades were sites of distraction, full of the consumers of these distractions, who with enough carelessness and refusals to refuse the consumer corporate styles can hand down as a keepsake the threat of nuclear destruction of their own species. As yet the sun on their beaches has not melted their wings, but *The Fall of Icarus* I think predicts it could. As for the concept of the avant-garde, Picasso knew it was part of the pattern of consumership. He, like the rest of us, was consumed. It may be a difference between us as to whether Picasso escaped from Cubism in making *The Fall of Icarus*, but we do seem to agree that his radar picked up the momentum of corporate capitalism and saw it not only for what it is, but what it might likely do.

The world of the beach, especially in the 1950s and 60s, was a major tourist motif, particularly the notion of being both tanned and baked. It was not until the mid-70s that I recall seeing the first Australian with sunblock applied over their face (Terry Smith's wife, in fact; the couple came to stay with Sue and I in Leamington for a few days). The bather and notably the sunbather, were primary motifs in the consumer habits of holiday tourism. This kind of consumership was emerging strongly in 1958 at the time of Picasso's production of *Icarus*. The bather as a totemic figure, not only of leisure, but also of a certain aspiration to status (the concept of 'Swedish blondes', both male and female, was conspicuously totemic at the turn of the 50s into the 60s, Anita Ekberg, for example) and was held out as a holiday buying pursuit. By the early 1960s the North European prototype was well established, Ursula Andress, for example, not Swedish but Swiss. Closer to Picasso's home patch in the Antibes the late 1950s made much of the French Riviera iconography of the likes of Brigitte Bardot and Alain Delon. The radar which made and scanned *Icarus* was an instrument that augured this, and insinuated that the momentum toward the consumer habits of global capital was already rooted in Western society. The hesitancy in Hannah Arendt's Introduction I think registered this. The Fall into a consumership of the beach, part of the indiscriminating consumership of the label 'pleasure', is, in my view, an important element of the representational function of the de-personified logo of Picasso's blinded, totemic, dumb bather standing held immobilised in the rapidly-becoming fastnesses of the commercial tourist beach resorts in 1958.

Your own description of your experience in front of the mural in Note 21 on page 280 is, I think, a relevant and revealing one. I quote it in full:

> Information on *Icarus'* means of production is scarce, so that how Picasso dealt with his team of assistants is unclear. But he seems in the end to have deliberately exploited the degrees of slight mismatch between panels: particularly in the blue, are striking when one stands in front of the mural itself.

It may appear to some that I have something of a problem here – I've never stood in front of the mural. But I have at various times over the years studied reproductions of the mural, as I've written, all of which grant some kind of notion of an unimpeded view. It is the difference we, as two 'viewers', are, at present, stuck with. Your view has the stamp of authenticity – of direct access to the picture, my view has the insignia of 'second hand' to contend with. But the eloquence of your writing is a great equaliser. It grants access, to a considerable extent, to an exchange that can take place whether or not the access is first hand or second.

As I stated earlier in these remarks, the great problem for me has been the very restricted book size of the reproductions. So, keeping all this in mind I press on. The loss has been particularly marked for me in the case of Bruegel's pictures, and this seems a little odd since none of Bruegel's pictures are big. It may be unacceptable to the pure 'visioniks'

of the art world, but for those of us who hold the relationship between language and thinking as a necessary one, then your textual responses to your experience of the pictures are channels open for exchange. The panels' role in *Icarus* are in my estimation important and unavoidable – the way Picasso works that near enough, but not quite, travel poster expanse of blue (water?) (sea?) and the white buff of what is above (sky?) with those near-skeletal unrelenting repetitious straight edges seems to match something of how consumers have been sold their repetitious holiday patterns for the past half century. I think of the following passage from *Heaven on Earth*, and this is where you have it over me, looking at *Icarus* from one of the concrete walkways:

> We are looking down from one of the concrete walkways, and if we try to get back far enough from the mural to see it all in one piece (well almost … the eye or camera lens constantly loses hold of one or another corner) we have to accept an oblique, off-centre viewpoint. And this seems appropriate to the trapezoid itself – to the absence of totality (of Penrose-type drama, of epic or tragic depth) that the shape allowed Picasso to reckon with (220).

I agree there is a lack of epic or tragedy. My own surmise of this – I would not call it anything as definite as a view – is that Picasso seemed to be past tragedy or epic by this time. From this time on it was a kind of continuous running belt of caricature, maybe a strong tinge of self-caricature too, the consumer pattern of the audience of the world famous artist, bloomed with consumership itself, and as part of it, settled upon his own consumption of his practice. I'm thinking, for example, of the late crayon drawings of smokers – slight in one way, but, in my view, full of a kind of askew bite, maybe warning against self-righteous superiority since they are so easy to achieve – technically they seem to me to be not so much economical as meagre and spare to the point where the grand old days of the likes of Picasso's and Braque's blazing avant-gardism in the early years of the 20th century are burnt out, not just their particular manifestations and celebration of the concept of the avant-garde are burnt out, but that the concept itself is in cinders.

Again, in my view, these *Smoker* drawings are marks scrawling that the equipment and paraphernalia of the avant-garde has become empty. The drawings are caricatures arguing that the model of the artist as a self-confirming centre of truth has become transparently ridiculous; that the vanities and conceits are decayed to nothing more than bluster. It is all very well to argue that Picasso may not have been fully aware of this, but I find it hard to believe that an artist with advanced radar, and one having practiced for well over 70 years, was not wise enough to track first-hand the downward spiral of avant-gardism (of which his practice was part) from a radical politics to empty self-aggrandisement. In this sense, it seems to me that *Icarus* is an early confession of this: the difference between pre-world war two and post-world war two practice. Pollock, promoted by US cultural cold war ideological relations of distribution, became the epitome of the model of the artist as a self-confirming centre of truth – the expressing self, where expression is held out in contradistinction to thinking, itself a contradiction and self-defeating.

The Fall of Icarus offers no total solution. There are doubts we can even consider it complete, or even coherent in the sense of its composition. Its edges ensure it breaks up – those sliced off toes more or less sum it up. There is no sense of outrage, of dissent. The world of *Guernica* is a long time back, despite Picasso still being on the Franco hitlist. How much of a platform is UNESCO anyway for dissent? Is it more a platform for procrastination and career networking, or am I being too cynical here?

Best, as ever, Terry.

SELECTED 'AMERICAN CIVIL WAR' WORKS

AMERICAN CIVIL WAR: STUDY 32

Lost part of his left ear at 2nd Bull Run, August 1862. Here, in this drawing, weary on a break from the front-line trenches at Petersburg, January 1865. Infantryman of the 97th New York. | Pencil and coloured pencil on paper, 50 × 69.9 cm | 2018

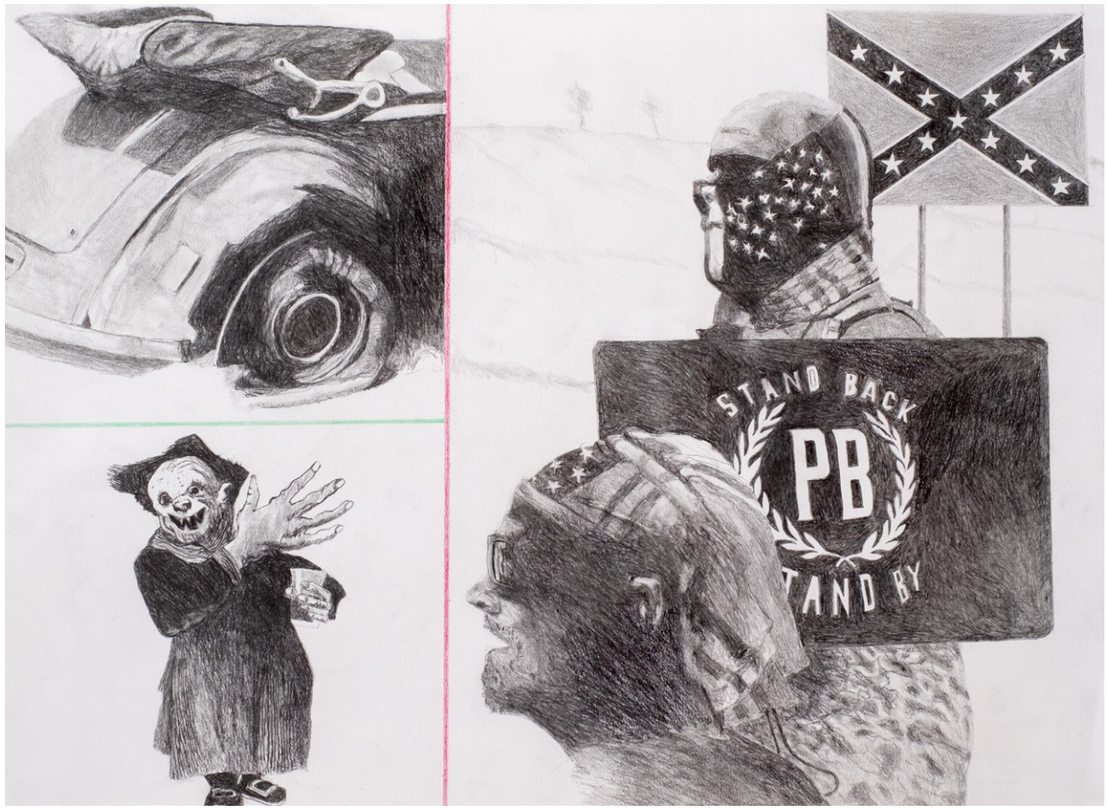
AMERICAN CIVIL WAR: STUDY 44
Study for a painting (reading top left to bottom right)
(1) Union slouch hat (2) Profile 1 (3) Profile 2 (4) Sculpture bust (5) Prosthetic arm and hand (6) Profile 3 (7) Forage cap (8) Goyaesque from Caprichos 39 (9) Mother and Child (10) Profile 4 (11) Petersburg Corpse (12) Profile 5 | Pencil, coloured pencil and collage on paper, 63 × 80 cm | 2019

AMERICAN CIVIL WAR: STUDY 49
Mounted American Civil War bust with Goyaesque time traveller who (or should it be which?) arrives on a three-legged stool, in a landscape near Antietam | Pencil on paper, 42 × 59 cm | 2019

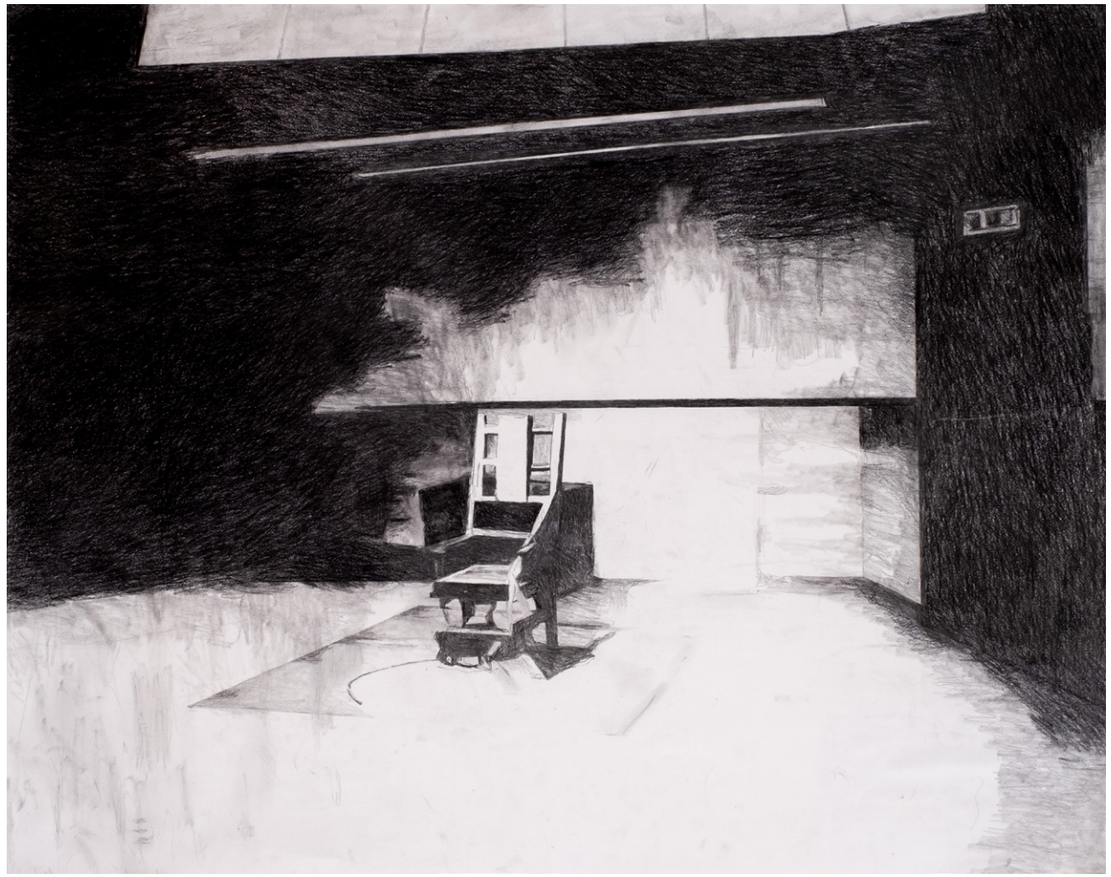
AMERICAN CIVIL WAR: STUDY 63
Galt's trephine with a distant cousin of ET and hanging, swinging figure | Pencil on paper, 29.6 × 20.5 cm | 2019

AMERICAN CIVIL WAR: STUDY 73

Study for a painting: American Civil War Mosaic (Reading left to right, top to bottom)
(1) Postcard from Trotsky Head (2) Hailing Poussin (3) Postcard from Trotsky Head (4) Camp Wife, 31st Pennsylvanian Infantry, camped near Washington. (5) Forage cap (6) Prosthetic (7) Warrior bust (8) West Tennessee hog (9) Confederate Five Dollar Bill (10) Colfax 1873 (11) Powder black infantryman (12) H T (13) Striving Union infantryman | Pencil, coloured pencil, colour photocopy, collage, oil pastel on paper, 85 × 74.5 cm | 2019



AMERICAN CIVIL WAR: STUDY 81
Study for a painting. Remind those Motherfucking Proud Boys that, in the end, Heydrich got a flat tyre. Goya says Hello! | Pencil on paper, 55.8 × 76.4 cm | 2020-21



AMERICAN CIVIL WAR: STUDY 84

Warhol's Chair: Warhol himself a fomentor of, and by now, the venerable and revered patriarch of American consumership, now finds himself consumed by American consumership | Pencil on paper, 74.1 × 93.5 cm | 2021

AMERICAN CIVIL WAR: STUDY 85

Americana II

(1) Sherman watches the 107th New York storm through Columbia, South Carolina, February 1865 (2) Bart turns green – whether the approach of the Jedi was the cause of this remains an open question (3) CB (4) Fallen Statue (5) Ghost ironclad on the Mississippi outside Vicksburg, 1863 (6) Dancing in the Street and Baby It's You (7) S C sings into the microphone, 1964 (8) R P (9) Grey Massachussetts mourning bodice, 1864 | Pencil, coloured pencil and colour photocopy on paper, 75.7 × 111.7 cm | 2021

AMERICAN CIVIL WAR: STUDY 86

Americana IV: Baby It's You

(1) Union Kepi (2) Missouri Bluegrass: Julianne Petersen singing Fields of Gold (3) Union Kepi (4) A D (5) J-M B (6) Baby It's You (7) Bart awaits the Jedi Praetorian Guard (8) Warhol's Chair | Pencil and colour photocopy on paper, 74.6 × 110.6 cm | 2021

AMERICAN CIVIL WAR: STUDY 87
Sorta Three Goyaesques and a Distant Relation of a Jedi (All Time-Travellers) in Front of the Petersburg Trenches, January 1865 | Pencil and coloured pencil on paper, 29.7 × 41.9 cm | 2021

AMERICAN CIVIL WAR: STUDY 89
Americana V: Mirror (1) FH (2) TS and JC (3) BT (4) KC (5) CC (6) RP (7) AJ (8) EH (9) CK (10) J-P B
Pencil on paper, 96 × 130.5 cm | 2021

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