

“Art is an arcane pursuit.”

~David Hockney, as reported by Martin Kemp during his book talk. (June 2000)

Why, We Ask, The Closer You Are To The Authentic Presence Of Art Object, The Better It Is? Like Going To New York, Or London, Or Italy? Have We Nothing Here, Where We Are?

The boundaries between art and life are soft and malleable

You will never know what a Ming Vase or

Cezanne's Lake D'Annecy looks like unless

you see it. To arrive there to see it. And in

a state of rest in order to see the object.

never again

What happens when you are 9 inches away from it? Happy? Or disillusioned. Like, what's the big deal, I've known about it for so long, dreamt it. I felt both. Museums and galleries are irrelevant places for some people. Words already hold my world. So what is the place of an artist now that there is no relationship between art history and the person off the street?

Fig. 10.7.2 Back of Gallery-issued Postcard