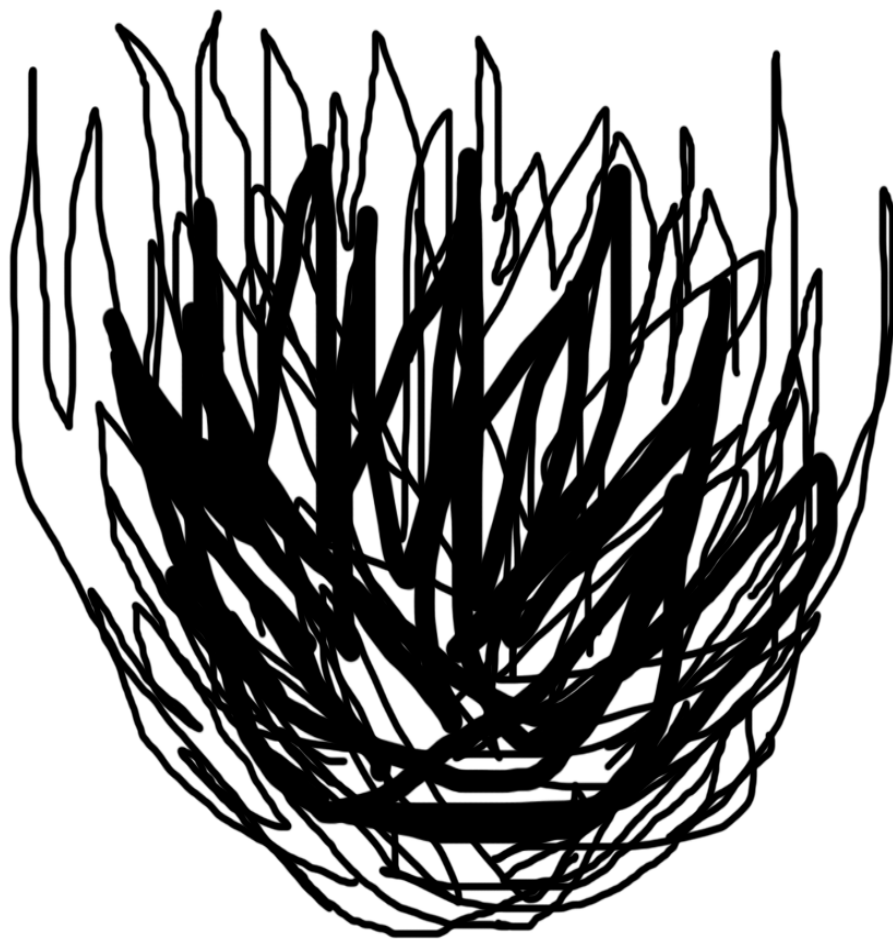


HEARTH



No.One ● December 2011 ● Zolder Museum Paper

Burn motherfuckers, burn



Director’s Cut

Rip it Out!

How to make a Museum without an Institution (MwI)

Enlighten me please; take these organs and set me free

The art institution is a symbolic representation of status. It is based on hierarchy, excluding all that it seemingly supports and is therefore contradictory by its very nature. I am done with the institution, but I am keeping the museum! Because, I can and because I’m worth it! My instrument of material support. My body of mortal communication. My personal production of the real. My own utopic heterotopia.

Killing the institution will only make it immortal, leaving its killers in a state of disappointment and disbelief.

It is generally believed that institutions as forms of organization are necessary for us not to fall apart. We need some order within the chaos. We need some rules in order to live by them or to resist them. Every belief carries an intrinsic truth. Problems with institutions are their organic, unstoppable, contagious tendency towards growth, during which they gain monopolizing power. Somebody inevitably runs the institution and that somebody is a human being. Since we are all human, we might as well be running the institution ourselves. There is no escaping responsibility for the current state of affairs. It’s about time we stop being so fucking delusional. Every action has consequences and we are all part of creating this world.

To make the MwI we have to embrace the institution within the museum in order to shrink its size and reduce its function solely to organization (as opposed to the despotic governing). It is about creating the positive hierarchy which puts art on top of every art institution, without institutionalizing the art or the artist. It is about living life balancing on the edge of the cracks between the two worlds (the world of art and the world of art institutions). The MwI is a placeless space created and carried on as an attitude. This attitude is based on maintaining the position of confidence based on natural strength (no struggling artists please), taking a position of responsibility (no blaming the state, the institution or the god), of creation beyond criticism and of awareness that “which practices we do- matter, in both senses of the word” (Karen Barad).

Our main concern should not be how to survive - I’d rather be dead than struggling for survival - but how to live our lives peacefully and gloriously in the abundance of the Absolute. Naturally, we want to achieve all of this by making art and art alone, because we ultimately believe in art. Not in the weak, critical, self-reflective, politically correct, overly-present impotent fart, but in strong, individual, independent and self-conscious art that has the power to change the world by accepting it for what it is.

Little Maxims:

Dying is the only way to survive. Die with some goddamn dignity.

All is in a constant and perpetual orgy of endlessly becoming nothing without a specific goal.

Poetry of survival: The function of the museum is to survive, to survive the art in it, the politics around it and the global economic crises.

Looking at art: Nothing is more disappointing than a big smart fart in the place where art should be.

Terms and trends:

Research - What???

Symposiums on political art - Around the world in 60 days supported by governmental funding

Lectures - Often nothing but self-indulgent and self-promotional monologues. A nice little jerk-off.

All that shit killed the simple creative joy of making art.

Meditation: Life gives me all I need to be happy.

Yours truly and forever
The Museum Director

The little Bitch of Self-reflection

THE BEGINNING

“Art, unless it leads to right action, is no more than the opium of an intelligentsia.”
(W. Somerset Maugham)

All the actions about saving the art scene in Holland are more or less done; what we are left with is constant oral masturbation of the same old “the art scene will suffer, the international artist will not come to Holland anymore” and similar. So let’s have a look on the past few weeks.

The news were crowded with big stories, protest, opinions, concepts, plans for the future and more opinions. Being an artist (simultaneously political and news junky), these weeks were like paradise and I could fulfill all my perverted and social fantasies.

For beginning, the petitions and all the ludicrous actions that followed afterwards.

“No culture, no future!” ”Mars der beschaving!”

Populist! Left Hobby! Populistisch! “Don’t go to the Netherlands, cultural meltdown in progress!” Artbomb! Populist! Populist! Populist!!!

I can’t digest ‘populistisch’ no more; we heard this word so many times that its meaning is forever lost. Instead of ‘populistisch’ we can substitute the word ‘democratic’. Populism is simply giving the people what they want; that’s how the dictionary defines it. Opposition to it is morally indefensible because it amounts to opposition to democracy itself. Yet, it is interesting how this word became the main adjective for insulting.

Another thing that bothers me is the autonomous art in Holland and its sinister connection with public money. After everything I read and heard these days, it was like having art and porn at the same time, with no limits whatsoever, but also no orgasms. Actually, it all seemed like a bad gangbang where the participants seemed lost and clueless if they “give” or “receive”.

Ai Wei Wei is free (goddamn, from which other misery should the western artist profit and show their interest in saving the world); no more ritual killings because we got the animal cops – they have to do something; the foreigners are still not integrated, so now we should assimilate them; the mental patients should find a way how to deal with themselves and Geert Wilders won the battle for freedom of speech for all of us.

Interesting, because when you think about it, Holland is becoming more and more tolerant country, while John Galliano is considered anti-Semite, “Dirty Jewish face,

you should be dead”; “Fucking Asian bastard, I will kill you”, we can practice our freedom of speech as freely as we want. For example, Maxima Verhagen immediately put this into practice, quote from the speech he gave to his co-CDA’ers:

“Hoe zit het eigenlijk met de boodschappen die ik doe: wat kan ik nu wel en wat kan ik nu beter niet eten van die producten uit het buitenland en zit die buitenlandse ziekte nu ook in onze groente of in ons vlees?”

(Note from me: yes, you’re right, there is disease and it is called EHEC and comes from Germany, actually from Egypt, actually who knows from where in this world orgy.)

But I started writing about the art actions, and somehow got lost in the real problems. Let’s come back and think again, my dear artists, art students and dearer populists. Look around you. We are living in strange times now. There is an uncanny sense of panic in the air, and above all fear and uncertainty that comes with once-reliable faiths and truths and solid Institutions that are no longer safe to believe in.

So we shall protest! Our voices will be heard! After signing all the petitions, we are finally going out on the streets and we are ready. Some of the tips/instructions we received from the organizers of the march for civilization:

- NIET te demonstreren in de binnenstad,
- NIET in groepen op te trekken op andere plaatsen dan het Malieveld,
- spandoeken en andere uitingen van protest alleen op het Malieveld te tonen,
- alleen in het Nederlands of Engels te protesteren,
- geen muziekinstrumenten of andere lawaaimakers mee te nemen,
- geen grote stokken (of wapenachtige zaken) mee te dragen (ook niet in spandoeken).
- geen alcohol te nuttigen
- en geen afval te laten slingeren.

Nadrukkelijk advies i.v.m. de voorspelde hitte:

- neem genoeg water mee
- zorg voor hoofdbedekking.
- bij klachten zoek een schaduwplaats.

And then we had the artbomb, yet again with instructions.

After the “wear safety glasses, use only outdoors” and

similar blah blah, comes this: “Call the fire department in your city 10 minutes before you start your intervention and explain that you are organizing an art event with colored smoke that will last a few minutes.” Should I even comment on this anarchistic move? Rather not!

In general, my own immediate reaction to all of the above was bewilderment and surprise, I think I almost believed it...But no, not really. Somehow all these actions seemed vaguely meaningless, like water in wine or weak whiskey.

To conclude, there is hope, Halbe Zijlstra likes Metallica. So do I! And I’m ready to protest, because I just imported “Enter sandman” on all of my devices: MacBookPro, IMac, iPod, iPhone and iPad (because I can afford them all). To conclude:

Exit, light

Enter, Night

Take my hand

we’re off to never-never land

The Aftermath

Most of us have our own problems, and some of them are so depressing that the idea of walking from Rotterdam to Den Haag seems almost like a fun thing to do. The sadomasochistic relationship the artists in this country were nourishing with the subsidies, shown itself in the fullest potential.

Yes, this fight for saving the arts is decadent and egoistic masturbation of the artists who lived on the expense of the state. Question: Is this about art or artists?

They are mentioning existential threat of the arts! Like art will disappear in thin air if the Mother Government doesn’t take care of it. What about all the other countries in the world that are not so generous with money for art? Don’t they have art scene and artists?!

For now, enough with comparisons and questions, let’s come back to the vaguely morbid experience of protesting. Something did stink in Malieveld, don’t know if it was my fellow artists, the policemen, the horses or the sense of amateurism in the air.

Whatever it was, now it’s done! The demonstrations are over and it’s time to calculate the collateral damages. 14 people were arrested, boohoo, some got punch in their faces, a bit of blood and the rest are in shock. How can these happen? How can the police attack the peaceful artists? Populists! Goddamn populists!

I have another question: Did you really think that the protest would go without any incidents?

Protest cannot be peaceful by default, otherwise what is the point in protesting? And the reaction of the police was normal. They are trained to react as they did! They don’t think or make any difference between artists, criminals or tram drivers. At least in their eyes we are all equal and a potential threat.

I still wonder why they did it. Maybe someone spoke Spanish instead of English or Dutch as we were told in the preparations; or someone didn’t drink enough water on that very hot day, so the police had to show them tough loving for their own good...

Luckily, most of the protesters were busier with documenting the protest than really participating in it, so we have enough video and photo material of all the “art profiteers”, posing while being arrested. I’m already getting erection on the thought of what kind of art pieces we will see as a result of this.

To conclude, this march with its values corresponded only to an ideal world, and the important, and yet another question is what is actually coming to an end – the art world or merely some kind of illusion that we have lost control of?

Yes, Sir! This is the cruelty of the gloomy times we live in. It’s time to look around and see what has become of you and of this country. Yes, the cultural budget will be cut; we will lose some good production houses and institutions; yes, some people were arrested during the march and yes, less art schools. And also less public transport, firemen, police, hospitals, immigrants, schools...

This is not the time to be selfish and think only about art, there are bigger things at stake. That is the reason ‘mars der beschaving’ was unsuccessful, it drowned itself in its egoism and, I am going to say it – artistic populism.

What hurts the most is not the lack of idealism in the protest, but the lack of honesty.

TWO PEAS IN THE POD



ZOLDER MUSEUM

March 25th, the day of dynamism

People born on 25th of March are unstoppable and dynamic. They are among most active, energetic people in the year. Many seem cut out to be leaders, but perhaps could better be described as pure loners and soloists. When they head up group efforts, it is usually due to the force of their talents or the demands of circumstance rather than their own desire to lead. Those born on this day are not driven by blind ambition. They know their capabilities and are very aware of they can and cannot do. They also have a great need to seek peace when they are away from the hectic professional life in which they are so often cast. Without this they cannot function. Their private life is sacred to them. Marriage is difficult for these individualists, perhaps because they can only serve on their own terms. Their partner not only has to be a real pal, but also has to be someone who can balance their own energetic personality.

At times it seems that the energy of the 25 March people is limitless but in fact they can get run down and become irritable. In this state they take offense easily and consider even the slightest sign of being ignored a personal affront to them. March 25 people can throw tantrums, or, even worse, be devastating in their cutting criticism. They are faithful to those they love but in their own strange way can believe they are faithful even when not entirely committed or even monogamous. They are loyal to their families but are often fated to have unconventional family lives.

March 25 people can display a measure of tact but are rather frank and possessed of a quick temper that can land them in trouble. Fortunately they are easily forgiven; probably because their human qualities (and therefore faults) are so obvious and other know their heart is in the right place. Key friends are essential to March 25 people, forming a kind for inner circle around them. These close friends will be protecting buffer not only against world's criticism but also against self-destructive impulses. What do the friends get out of it? Usually the satisfaction of knowing such a forceful person, who can always be called upon (if available!) to give advice, time or even money.

Numbers, Planets and Tarot

Those born on 25 March are ruled by the number 7 and by the planet Neptune. Since independence is characteristic of dates ruled by this number, the independence of March 25 people can sometimes take extreme forms, indeed. Because of Neptune's influence, they should be wary of unreality states, strange dreams or visions. The 7th card of Major Arcana is Chariot, which shows a triumphant figure moving through the world, manifesting his physical presence in a dynamic way. No matter how narrow the correct path, one must continue on.



RONGWRONG

January 15th, the day of heroic inevitability

Those born on January 15 inevitably encounter the theme of heroism in their lives. It is incumbent on them, at some point in time to find their fearless centre and after discovering it relay on it thereafter and crisis and stress situations. Often those born on this day are unaware of their heroic nature until faith calls up a challenge which reveals it in full flower. The event or events that lead to this self-actualization are likely to occur in their late twenties.

January 15 people often manifest some form of hero worship or other romantic fixation in their childhood, with a real or fantasy figure. They may or may not be social individuals, but they are magnetically drowned to certain key figures who not only inspire them but also aid them on their self-discovery. These guides, teachers or mentors usually have a profound influence on their career. Love, or at the very least, deep friendship and affection, usually figure prominently in this relationship. Expressing rebelliousness is a key part of maturing for January 15 children and young adults. They feel unfairness very keenly, and are therefore ready to fight against any form of oppression or intolerance they encounter. Many born on this day have an agreeable, even innocent exterior which belies their inner strength. Those who attempt to take advantage of January 15 people because they suspect them of weakness or naiveté, have quite a surprise in store for them. January 15 people learn quickly from their experiences and generally subscribe to the saying: "Fool me once, shame on you, fool me twice, shame on me."

January 15 people must be aware of their tendency to allow those who may hurt them access to their inner circle. On the other hand they must not build an iron wall around themselves after having been betrayed or humiliated. Finding a balance between openness and security is a real challenge.

They must beware of giving themselves over to sensual pleasures, for which they have a weakness.

Numbers, Planets and Tarot

Number 6, planet Venus. Those ruled by the number 6 tend to be charismatic and even inspire worship in other. The combined influence of Venus and Saturn lends a very complex emotional nature that can spell problems and frustrations in their relationships. Deep seated conflict with one parent has to be worked out before further growth is possible.

The tarot card Devil indicates fear/desire dynamic working where sexual attraction, irrationality and passion are concerned. The Devil is the reminder that although we are bound to our bodies, our spirits are free to soar. January 15 people must avoid making others overly depended on them or using their coercive powers in an unethical fashion.



March 25- April 2 Aries 1



January 10- 16 Capricorn 3

This relationship will bring unexpected sides in both its partners. Together they will yearn to investigate the universal ideas, and they will share hunger for variety of experiences that enhance and deepen consciousness. Neither of these tendencies could be considered typical of Aries 1 or Capricorn 3 individually. Because the relationship brings out each person's higher side, conflicts one might expect to occur between do not materialize. The synergy of this combination stresses sensitivity and mutual respect and can also allow for a great deal of fun.

Capricorn 3 like lively atmosphere, something many Aries 1 can provide. Aries 1 in their turn will benefit from the attention of Capricorn 3's and will gain comfort from their often powerful physical presence.

Strong attraction can appear, grow and be sustained by the sympathetic vibrations between the earthy Capricorn 3 and the fiery Aries 1. Thus the combination may become the basis for an enduring, family oriented marriage. Both tend to be reserved a great deal of time. Yet together they have a flamboyant side that they will enjoy sharing with family and friends. The couple can function well within the social circle and will like to peruse sports, hobbies and club activities together. Yet the core of the friendship is highly private- to gain fulfilment, these two will want to spend long periods of time sitting, walking and dreaming together.

Strengths: consciousness raising, fun, sympathetic

Weaknesses: combative, isolated, over dominant

Best: friendship, marriage

Worst: parent- child



How sculpture can support us?

Setting out on a field trip, during which I planned to make a leather apron, I got lost in a city people call Florence. Not truly lost, since as an artist I trained myself to do so and educated myself with an odd sense of orientation. One that at least keeps me occupied. And I remembered a phrase my mother uttered when she lost something in the house. Sint Antonius goede vrind maak dat ik mijn (---) weer vind. Or: Saint Anthony my old friend, make my find my (---) again. For every single thing she lost, she called upon this divine providence to aid in her search. And so I made myself look for him, since I was suspicious of his strength. Every time I lost myself I would look for the presence of his image which was plentiful in the city. And once I found him, I took a picture. Anthony I've been told, is the guardian of lost objects and I don't think lost souls.

Anthony comes in many forms. But in most cases I found he was looking away from us. Not the kind of looking away like great heroines of the past, nor the kind of looking away out of humility or desperation. But of a strange and almost amorphous kind. This is how I'd recognize him. Looking out for someone who, when I found him turned his look down but his eyes up. A little autistic looking, asking for compassion with his situation but refusing to give a lot of insight in what that situation may actually be. Bearing this strange unwanted unreachability he became the patron of (I read) many things: the poor, the baker, the traveller, the wedded and the feverish. Another thing I found was that he was always holding something. But unlike many other figures whose object in hand signifies their function, status or predicament, Anthony was always holding something else. And it made him much harder to identify. Sometimes it was baby Jesus, sometimes a pendant, sometimes a plant and it was as though for everything he was holding he was holding back something else. This is how I believe he quickly became the patron of lost things.

From being lost in a city I arrive to giving a talk about my work. Like with St Anthony, I feel in my work very much related to being lost but also to look for things that show the way again. In this search I've come to rely on sculpture. Much because I have given faith in those whom I asked to produce them for me. I ask people to make work for me. Making an appeal to craftsmen whose work often rejects liberty in favor of precision. I give them tasks formulated in such a way, that when it falls into their hands, they feel invited or challenged to answer it not only with their skill, but with a sense of dedication. I don't tell them what to do, I tell them I will take everything they do into my hands and show it from them. In doing that I lose a sense of ownership or a direct inscription of the material. But most of all it is about a call directed to another maker. It allows me to reflect on what sculpture can do for me. Nowadays the integrity of the artist is found when he is able to take a step back from the work and let the material take its own path. Even though I have also attempted to simply let go. I would like to plea for the artist to be fully absorbed (and still not knowing what to do!). Because is it not about taking care when someone lost is reaching out for someone else?

Thinking about the sculpture itself I think about its reluctance to respond to this entire quarrel. But like St Anthony they are there for me, because of its steadfastness. That's why I have put a lot of faith in it. But like any good faith it's for the best they couldn't hear me. I have asked myself how it can help us understand things only to realize that it also doesn't speak. I figured the material itself was just reluctant to. That bold ignorance and resilience had made them historically sound. That is why so many like St Anthony still stand there so we can see them.

Many of them outdating our presence. But in appreciating them this way their actuality becomes at stake. How can their voices still be heard while they are already old? And why if at all, should we keep looking (at)for them? I realized the traces and marks inscribed in the material showed themselves to be attractively attainable.

Some materials more than others were very able to show the maker's hands and the way purpose of how it's made. So can we then maybe hear the maker's voice through the work?

Is he able to reach out to the viewer using the material as an instrument for compassion? And if he can, why is the sculpture present so unreachable? Maybe that's how sculpture can sustain itself. To present a voice of its own. Mediating between the maker and the viewer. It settles for being historical only to become actual. It would plea for its own



continuous revival. The sculpture asks for its makers and viewers, not only the original ones but the present ones. And that is why in fact we should all be standing around them. From the question asked by the receiver to the non-object-like intention of the maker the object is there, with us present. Uncertain if it is able to transcend a message. But being so silly to think we can reach out to an unknown situation, we see sculpture almost become a matter of believe.

How sculpture support can us is a problematic but hopeful question. We realize in a moment of clarity that sculptures are not made for the future but for us. And that is why we ought not to distance ourselves from them. Forced to believe in an unproven mystery between people and objects. I'm working with the effort and dedication that is put into the sculpture, which at different stages may or may not be recognized by the viewer. I become more and more drawn to its meditative shape which we can circle around and to be absorbed in. We can however almost be certain that work in our presence doesn't listen to us. But it invites us to make an impression. That is what we are left with and that is what I rely on.

Chris van der Kaap (Enschede, 1989) - Presented his work at the Zoldermuseum with an exhibition called 'When you sell the stuff you're fixing' from 18/06 - 03/07. In the evening talk at the end of the exhibition the maker and audience was sitting around a large porcelain grinding stone. His other pieces in the exhibition include an unmarked leather apron made by an Italian craftsman, a set of unused but broken pastel crayons from a French brand, an invitation for the show made by a Belgian printmaker and a blank reception book with added marbled pages.



Auguste Rodin's Opinions on Art and the Techni- cal Problems Presented in Sculpture as Given in a Vol- ume of "Con- versations."

THE artists who have written upon art are comparatively few in number, and their words carry with the general public—a public intent upon receiving expert opinion, but not exacting as to the quality of the expert—a weight not always proportional to the merits of the writer as a craftsman and thinker in his own profession.

It is therefore most desirable to give close attention to the expressions concerning his special technical problems of an artist of great distinction and achievement, and the volume of conversations with Auguste Rodin recently assembled by M. Gsell calls for particular consideration.

Its interest rests entirely in the opinions of the sculptor, which are placed in a setting rather light for their weight and value. Nevertheless the simplicity of the style and the ease with which the subject matter—supported by the uninitiated to possess cryptic significance—is brought within the range of the lay mind, are excellent virtues.

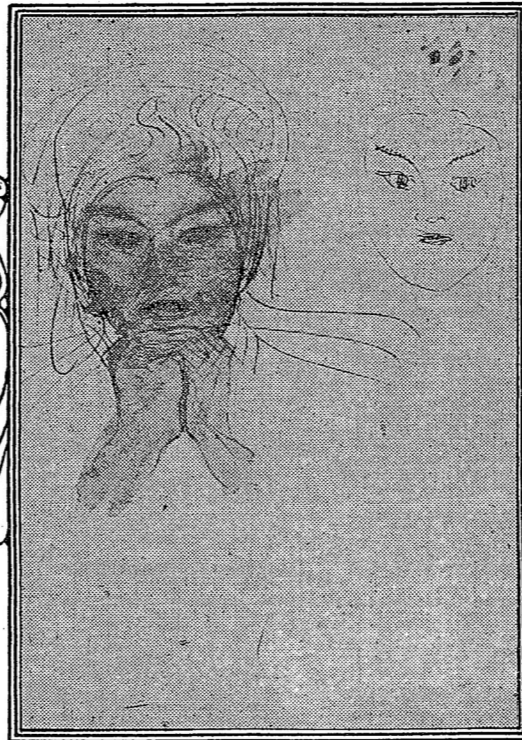
It is not truly difficult for an artist of the cultivation to which most painters and sculptors may lay claim to give a reasonable account of his methods and aims and the principles underlying them, and it is not surprising to find in the comments and explanations of the greatest of modern sculptors a directness and a precision lacking to much of the criticism on art produced by trained writers.

Leonardo da Vinci, the "mystic" of Florentine painting, gave in his treatise on art enough practical recipes for the mastery of definite problems to supply a modern art school with all the book instruction it could need, and Rodin, to whom "mystery" is an essential of great art, is not less explicit concerning technical processes.

His description of his method in seeking to give the impression of continued motion is particularly interesting, the more so that it is a method followed by other sculptors and painters, and we may assume consciously, as there is no work requiring more complete self-possession than the work of an artist who knows in proportion to the power of his inspiration exactly what he is doing. Analyzing the appearance of motion in his own work, Rodin calls attention to the stretching youth in the "Age of Iron," and shows how he has borrowed from two positions, that im-



"Eustache de Saint Pierre," by Rodin.



Drawing by Rodin of Mme. Hanako. (Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.)



"A Citizen of Calais," by Rodin.

mediately preceding and that immediately following the action depicted. The lower limbs are represented as only half awakened from stumbrous inertia; then, as the eye follows the figure upward, it is seen that the attitude becomes firmer, the muscles more tense, and finally the arms are extended to shake off the last vestige of torpor. The sculptor has led the spectator to follow the whole development of the act through the figure, and there is no suggestion, as in an instantaneous photograph, of arrested motion.

This is the drama of an individual action; but the larger drama of a group of actions unfolding the emotional experience of one or several persons is produced in much the same way. Watteau has done it with groups of lovers passing from the stage of supplication in the one and indifference in the other, through differing stages of sentiment to the gay union of harmonious souls all on the way to the bark that sets sail for Cythera. Rude has done it in his "Marseillaise," with his man of middle years, his boy just come to the fighting age, his veteran still able to carry arms, and his old man following the others with feeble gestures. Rodin himself has done it in his "Burghers of Calais," in this instance developing the spirit of heroism from its frail birth in the least determined of the group to the unhesitating temper of the leader, Eustache de Saint-Pierre.

In discussing the science of modeling, the sculptor reveals with the same frankness the fundamental principle on which he works, and pays his debt of

acknowledgment to one of his companions in the atelier where he first was employed at making garlands and minor ornaments for decoration. This man saw him modeling a wreath of foliage with the flat side of the leaves toward the spectator, and told him to show them instead with their points projecting outward.

"Never see forms extended in breadth, but always in depth," he counseled; "never think of any surface except as the extremity of a mass, the point more or less wide that it directs toward you." Rodin found in this instruction the whole secret of vital modeling, and later discovered in the sculptures of the Greek masters the use of the same method.

Concerning Greek synthesis, he defines it as a generalization including all important detail, while academic generalization is one that excludes detail, leaving only empty spaces within the large outlines. To enforce this point for his interlocutor, he holds up a lighted candle to the glorious flanks of the Praxitelean Faun and to other masterpieces, showing the beautiful and tender undulations of the flesh, the innumerable and almost imperceptible variations of surface, making lights and shades of infinitely delicate modulation, a "prodigious symphony of dark and light."

Also talking of the Greeks, he denounces the trivial assumption of the unenlightened as to their idealization of facts. Never, he declares, have they fallen in reverence for nature, never have they suppressed or falsified nat-

ure or disdained her truths. "They emphasize the dominant features of the human type, but they do not suppress living detail. They content themselves with enveloping and merging it in the general impression. Enchanted with calm rhythms, they involuntarily attenuate the secondary projections that might impair the serenity of the movement, but they keep themselves from altogether effacing them."

All through the volume runs the thread of Rodin's conviction that truth is beauty and beauty truth. He gives one chapter to the explicit statement of his creed, but it enriches his thought at every turn, and dominates his attitude toward his own art and that of others.

The inner truth of character is all that the artist should seek to render, he believes, and this inner truth is completely conveyed to the clairvoyant vision of genius by the outer forms. A great artist penetrates appearances to their inner significance, and their significance is all that interests him. Character seen through the misshapen and perverted forms becomes material for art and is, for the artist, beauty.

This wholly modern conception of beauty permits no compromise in favor of neutralized aspects, even in the case of portraiture, and Rodin finds himself in this case more or less at the mercy of his sitters. Even so great an artist and so sincere a thinker as Puvion de Chavannes saw in his portrait bust by Rodin the element of caricature, and disliked it accordingly, yet even in reproduction it is a magnificent

summing up of marked psychological features in that richly accented personality.

A great portrait, Rodin believes, should be equivalent to a biography of the sitter, and he cites Houdon's portrait busts as written like a series of memoirs, indicating the epoch, race, profession, and personal character of the sitter, describing the bust of Benjamin Franklin as one example among many:

"An air of heaviness, great pendulous cheeks—that is the former workman. The long apostollo hair, an urbane benevolence, that is the popular moralist, that is the simple Richard. A big, headstrong forehead, protruding, indicates the obstinacy of which Franklin gave proof in educating himself, raising himself, becoming an illustrious scholar, and finally emancipating his country. A bit of cunning in the eyes and in the corners of the mouth: Houdon was not duped by the general massiveness, and he divined the intelligent materialism of the calculator who made a fortune for himself, and the strategy of the diplomat who pilfered the secrets of English politics."

These are only a few of the problems of art discussed by the sculptor and his companions; problems increasingly interesting to a public becoming more and more eager to know something of the joy that was an everyday matter to the ancients. Rodin's spirit is essentially modern. He resembles in his searching analysis, his profound attention to significance, his firm grasp on

facts and rejection of artificiality, the prouder minds of the Renaissance eagerly curious of life and open to the instruction of science.

But he goes back also, in his predilection for bland contours and quiet rhythms, to the Greeks, who found their highest expression in Phidias. "I try," he says, "constantly to make my vision of nature calmer. We should grow toward serenity. There will always remain to us enough of the Christian's anxiety in the presence of mystery."

For this reason, Rodin's sculpture will probably represent better than any other the union of the old and the new in the modern temperament. It is like the ripe intellect of age warmed by the fires of a heart that does not grow old. In the many years of his activity he has escaped the menace of the aged weariness. He gives among his many definitions this of the artist: one who takes pleasure in what he does. It is the last word of wisdom, and the modern world, tempted by lassitude, does well to heed it.

NEWS AND NOTES OF THE ART WORLD.

THE Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts and the Pennsylvania Society of Miniature Painters announce that under their joint management the tenth annual exhibition of the society will be held in the galleries of the Academy, Broad and Cherry Streets, Philadelphia, from Nov. 11 to Dec. 17, 1911, inclusive.

The exhibition will consist exclusively of original miniature paintings which have not before been publicly shown in Philadelphia and a loan collection of old miniatures. This exhibition will occupy two galleries.

Works intended for this exhibition will be received, without packing cases, between the hours of 9 A. M. and 5 P. M. on Thursday, Nov. 2, 1911, at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Broad and Cherry Streets, Philadelphia.

Miniatures from points outside of Philadelphia must be sent, express prepaid, to the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Broad and Cherry Streets, on or before Thursday, Nov. 2, 1911. For receiving and unpacking and for packing and shipping works sent by express no charge will be made, but the express charges must in every case be borne by the exhibitor.

Works submitted to the jury and not found available must be called for at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts on Friday, Nov. 10, between the hours of 9 A. M. and 5 P. M. or they will be returned at the risk and expense of the owners. Intending exhibitors whose works are not found available will be notified.

For every work intended for the exhibition an entry card must be received at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts on or before Saturday, Oct. 21, and each work when delivered must have attached to it the proper label. Additional entry cards may be had on application to the Secretary.

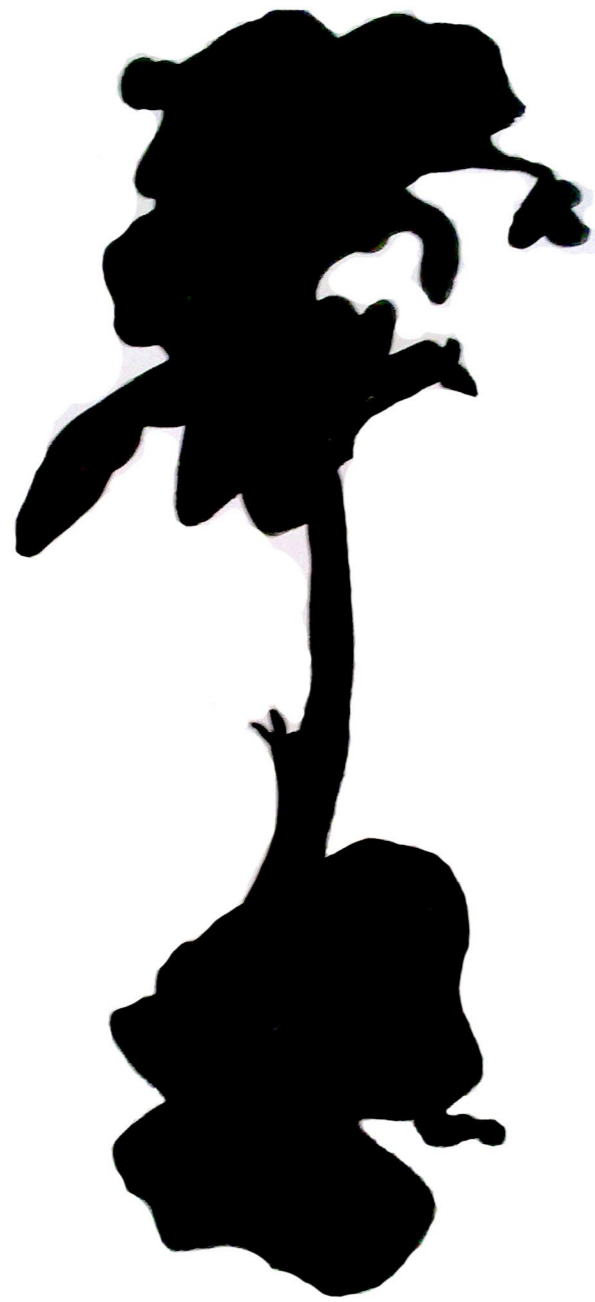
The Jury of Selection are Herman Delgodesch, Blanche Dillaye, Henry B. Snell, Maria Judson Streat, and Alice Rushmore Wells. The Hanging Committee are Ludwig E. Faber, George Walter Dawson, Sarah Yocum McFadden, and Amy Otis.

The industrial scholarships given by the School Art League for the season of 1911-1912 are as follows: First in costume illustration, Lydia Levy; second in costume illustration, Anna Adler; commercial design, Rose Simons. The work submitted in competition for those awards was carefully examined by a competent jury.

These young ladies are graduates of the Washington Irving High School, where, for the past two years, they have given nineteen periods a week, about half their time, to the industrial art course. This is the only school in the city where technical courses of this kind are given. Dr. Maxwell believes that these scholarships will prove an incentive for the students, and that those in other schools who are interested in industrial art will thus be prompted to take the course at Washington Irving.

The President of the School Art League, John W. Alexander, considers the work that is being done at the Washington Irving High School as of the highest importance in securing well trained workers in the industrial arts. The league is in close touch with the schools through its First Vice President, Dr. Haney, and it is affiliated with the Metropolitan Museum of Art through its Secretary, Florence N. Levy, who is also a member of the art department of the Alliance Employment Bureau.

The scholarships in costume illustration entitle each winner to one year's tuition in the New York School of Fine and Applied Arts, of which Frank Alvah Parsons is director. The award for commercial design carries with it a year's tuition in the New York School of Applied Design for Women. The scholarship awarded a couple of months ago to Rita Senger, who was graduated from the Washington Irving High School at the Winter term, is also for 1911-1912 in the School of Applied Design for Women, where Mrs. Hopkins is the leading spirit. In each of these institutions one scholarship is paid for by the School Art League and the second is the gift of the school.



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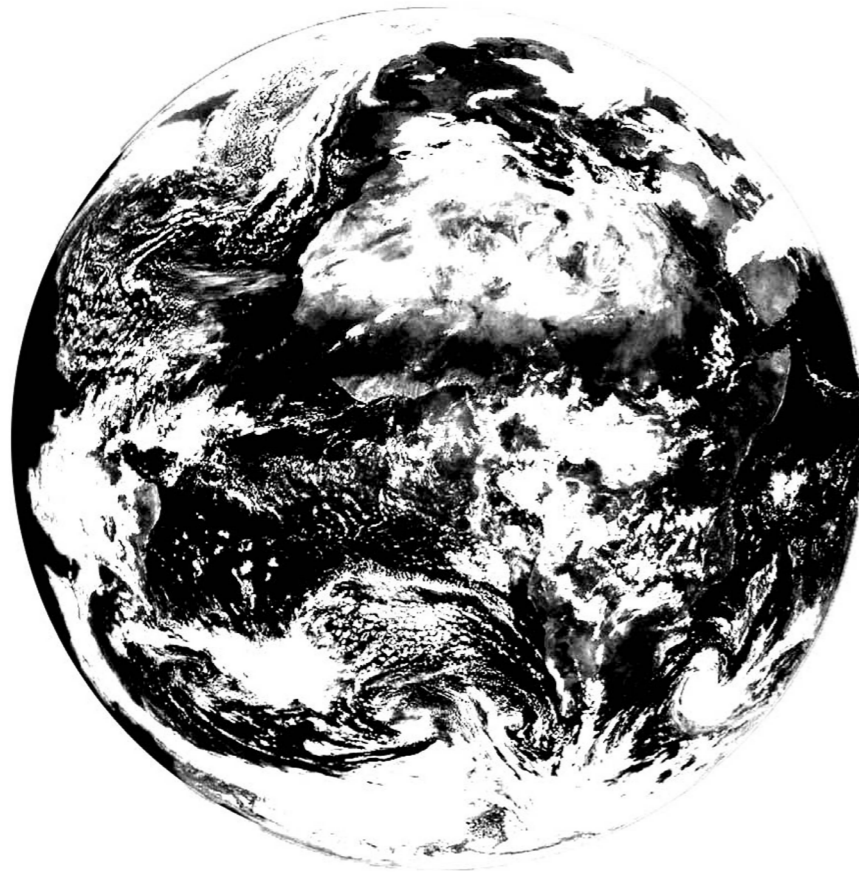
ISIS'S business

The Zolder Museum Paper #1 HEARTH, December 2011

Director's Cut: How to make a museum without an institution (MwI)? by Iva S. Jankovic (quote source: Karen Barad, Meeting the Universe Halfway: Quantum Physics and the Entanglement of Matter and Meaning, Duke University Press, 2007)

The Beginning, report from the demonstration against cutting funds in the Netherlands by Wagner de Jong

Astrological profile of the Zolder Museum and the Rongwrong art space
(Source: Gary Goldschneider and Joost Elffers, The Secret language of Birthdays and The Secret language of relationships, Viking Penguin, 1994)



#1 Breasts- naked Amsterdam based artists (for each magazine issue different Amsterdam based artists are asked to contribute with a photograph of their naked body)
Author: anonymous

The Evening Talk by Christian van der Kaap, Zolder Museum 03/07/2011

Rodin brought to light by Sara Barbosa de Campos, original source: The New York Times, 23/07/1911

Isis's Business: drawing #1 with Rebecca Stephany, August 2010, drawing #2 by Isfrid Angard Siljehaug

The Zolder Museum would like to thank all artists, visitors and supporters who are selflessly helping this project in its becoming.

www.zoldermuseum.com