

Here... www.stoneriley.com/zzzzz

Artist Vincent Van Gogh

In post-revolutionary times in Holland and France,
:: Western Europe, 2nd half 19th century,
:: there was an artist who deserted his family of proud
aspiring bourgeoisie,
:: list of relatives including both a naval commodore
and a theology professor,
he going forth to stand in farmyard mud on astonishing
mornings with an easel,
or with easel and a lamp at a roadside on a starry night,
named Vincent Van Gogh.

Van Gogh is now world famous among artists and
revolutionaries world-wide for
:: mixing Human Soul into his revolutionizing paints,
:: or, as depicted in the poem below,
:: for projecting Human Soul onto paper just by
sharpening his revolutionizing crayon.
So here's an idealized poem of how it went...

Sunflowers

Van Gogh began with black wax crayon, pocket knife
and tough cheap commercial wrapping paper cut in
squares. Equipped like that the young man taught
himself to paint. No, better if we say he let himself
be taught.

He'd hire in old men from the pension house around
the corner.

Each chosen one would climb the narrow stairs up to
the flat the genius shared with a depressive sometime
prostitute who was his Guenivere,

then sit there in the open window light with a
threadbare black wool overcoat hanging from their
shoulders, sometimes leaning forward on a cane.

A few copper sous which he could scarcely spare,
that was their honest fee.

And this was Van Gogh's Paris.
No more the merchant's son he'd been in Amsterdam,
no more the stiff and stilted peasant scenes
he'd drawn on proper artist pads,
for here and now the thing had come down to a nub.
And this ensued: War veteran
or horse drawn taxi cabman or carpenter or gardener
or thief,
each old man would open out the soul with which he'd
learned to face the world.

And each immortal spirit, thus unfolded, a manifested
work of art itself

would rush in through the staring eyes down through
the arm down to the fingertips which gripped the hard
wax stick which were let move,

so it might sculpt the likeness on the sheet tacked to
a board held in the artist's lap.

A bit of careful scraping with the knife to catch the
highlights right.

Sunflowers.

Artist Rabindranath Tagore

In revolutionary times in India,
:: during the 1st half of 20th century,
:: in Bengal State of India,
there was an artist named Rabindranath Tagore.
Rabindranath Tagore was famous there in Bengal State
:: not only just for his works of art that were very fine
and many kinds,
:: for example he wrote very fine Love Songs,
:: and Love Stories,
:: in their Bengali language,
:: as well as painting in an innovative liberated style,
but most of all not that,
for he was a local college professor there too,
:: in Bengal State,
and he's now world famous among ARTISTS and
REVOLUTIONARIES world-wide,
for what he told the college students there
in Bengal State, first half twentieth century.

If I understand it correctly, their local college students
were told this...

...At least this is how I tell it to students now...

... Everyone always asks How can i become an
artist?? How can i become a **real** artist ??? And well
it's hard to do. It's not a complicated process, it's a
simple process. But it's **hard to do**.

... And the teacher sez...

:: First look around yourself into the place where you
are, looking deep, and there see what is MOST UGLY.

:: Then, knowing that, look around again and see what
is MOST BEAUTIFUL there where you are.

:: Now decide how you can serve that beauty.
And simply by actually thinking this, you have
become a real artist.

Primitive Art

How often has a human caught the glittering eyes
of fox or mouse or deer or bear or lion
in the teeming forest or the grassy plain and
– with a shudder or in sudden awesome ecstasy –

they felt everything outside themselves
look into their being?

How often have the voices of the wind
told someone that

the spirits of the land are watching?

How often has the twinkling light of stars
stabbed deep into a human soul?

How often has that penetration broken
through the calcined layers of a wounded heart
so it might love again,
or opened

darkened places to the light of self-understanding
so wisdom could begin?

How often has the awesome power of beauty
caught us unawares?

Artist Frida Kahlo

Follower of the Mexican Revolution,

:: Anti-colonialist Mexico, North America,

:: 1st 1/2 of 20th century.

Here is a painter who some say her paintings are an
electric bolt or suddenly a flame of sudden fire of
unspeakable pure exquisite love, courageous, brave.
Wise suffering and final victory. Artist Frida Kahlo.
Erotically voracious. Lover of life, fearless of death.

She kept a lush garden wonderful with big tropic
leaves and flowers, with birds and monkeys and
painting students in it, all of whom were in love.
And this is true, and she walked naked in it.

Artist Frida Kahlo

Well, to ask in Classic terms, like art students should,
in Classic terms you'd ask what blessing did Aphrodite
Goddess place on the anti-colonial Mexico cause, Her
miraculous blessing being Kahlo's paintings?? If we're
interested in art shouldn't we think that is the question?
So look at it. See how it is Eternal Revolution.

Artist Rebecca Solnit

Early Next Revolution times in USA,

:: North America,

:: beginning in last 1/4 of 20th century,
there is an artist who makes great maps
:: showing how

:: human people actually live with everything, and
with all the magic too around them, deep multi-
dimensional printed paper maps.

Lots of bits all coordinated fold out, you can study any
mix of kinds of integration. She's a hero for the maps.

And it was she, thru meticulously investigated precise
first-hand on-the-flooded-ground poetic journalism,
who re-birthed a fact that had lain purposely hidden
and forgotten by us under capitalism, a fact submerged
into our unconscious ever since the old modern culture
world began, for it proves that money has no worth.
It is Solnit who re-birthed for our new culture world
now a purposely forgotten fact...

Human beings love each other and treat each other
well, like family, in disasters.

This fact is so corrosive of capitalism that entire
disciplines of psychiatry and economics were invented
to support the fictional absence of genuine humanity
from humans. The capitalist fiction that we are all
greedy villains. She freed us from that lie.

Thru prosody about a hurricane and flooded city,
in a book called Paradise Built In Hell,
in our time it was Solnit who taught us about the
human **Disaster Response Love Instinct**.

Artist Molly Crabapple

At active start of Next Revolution times in USA,

:: North America,

:: Now, 1st 1/4 21st century,

there is an artist who's deserted from the swollen ranks
of hopeless and despairing people. Thru a woven mass
of beautiful hand-drawn journalistic videos,
effecting an india ink realism style of impressive grace,
this artist thru that means has taken up Solnit's wisest
proposition for these fateful times,
that we live as if we don't know what will happen.

\$10 Harmonica As Profound Instrument

Want to play piano like Rachmaninoff or Monk but
you can't ?????

Give it up. You need an easier instrument.

You need harmonic. \$10. Has ten beautiful notes
– same notes that's on a clarinet by Gd. Comes in your
own preferred choice of 6 different keys!!!

Same notes a clarinet has but only 10 of them!!!
Got grandchildren??? Buy a bag full of real musical
instruments and tell merchant give you half off.

Seriously. And if you like Mozart, right away you
can play tiny Mozart nibbles with those 10 notes.

Hint: Got a Mozart tune and can't help it, really got to go PAST note 10, up
to note 11 which aint there? **Try this:** Bounce off the wall at end!!! Go back
down to 9 when need 11, then 8 etc. in Mozart rhythm. It don't sound bad.