

Artists in those days learned how to look at the world around them in new ways, at landscapes, the human face. They wanted to represent reality, what surrounded them, realistically. So that's why they started to be called the realists. In those days, as I was saying, people wanted to look at famous historical moments or just beautiful things, like flowers, beautiful women or fantastic landscapes. But you know what it's like with beauty: everyone has a different idea of what is beautiful. These artists were fascinated by completely different topics, like women at work in the field or ordinary village buildings instead of fortresses or romantic rocks with antelopes. And they got interested in color."

**"COLOR?
WEREN'T
THEY ALWAYS
INTERESTED
IN IT? WERE
PICTURES
PAINTED THAT
WERE NOT IN
COLOR?"**



No, they were not, you're right about that. Yet earlier painters used color differently. Many actually colored their works, sort of like coloring books. These painters began working with color, they mixed new shades, and they tried to use color to capture the structure of things and of light as well. That was a big change."

"How did they capture light with color? Show me an example."

"See this tree?"

"Yes, cool, how every leaf is captured. There's even something crawling on it. It's like in reality, right?"

"Indeed, everything is captured there. Except that it's not that way in reality."

"How come?"

"If you looked at the tree from the same place as the painter who painted it did, you'd never see this."

"Why not?"



"Let's imagine you want to paint a tree ..."
"Like the walnut in our garden"
"For example. So you'll pick a leaf and even break off
a piece of bark and then take it where?"
"To my room. I mean to the studio."
"Correct. And that's where you'll create the tree sort of the way
you make something from Lego, one piece after another."
"One leaf after another."
"You'll paint a hundred, two hundred, a thousand leaves,
next to each other – until you have the whole treetop.
And similarly, you'll paint the bark."

"And I've got my tree. That's it: Look at a tree and
you'll see it, a thousand identical leaves."
"Are you sure? We both know it – in the summer, a treetop
consist of thousands of individual leaves. But that
doesn't mean that you actually see them that way.
Look out the window at that tree and tell me what
you actually see. Not what you know about it" and
grandpa with Emma stepped over to the glassed section
of the gallery that looked over a park nearby.

"I see green leaves and occasionally a flash
of blue, purple, yellow."

"Do you see individual leaves?"

"I sort of see them as a whole. Some parts of the
treetop receive direct light, others are dark, in the
shadow. I don't actually see individual leaves."

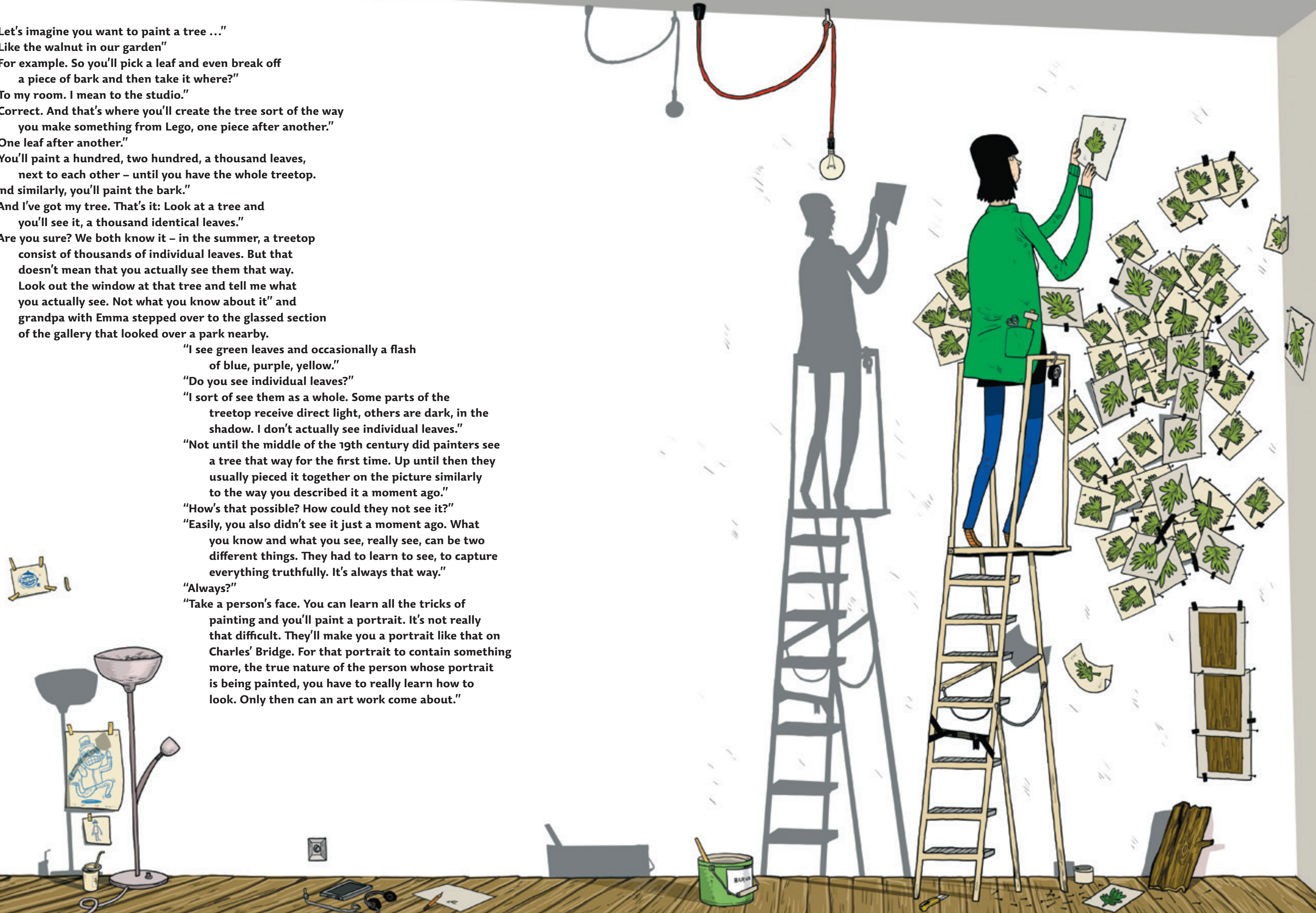
"Not until the middle of the 19th century did painters see
a tree that way for the first time. Up until then they
usually pieced it together on the picture similarly
to the way you described it a moment ago."

"How's that possible? How could they not see it?"

"Easily, you also didn't see it just a moment ago. What
you know and what you see, really see, can be two
different things. They had to learn to see, to capture
everything truthfully. It's always that way."

"Always?"

"Take a person's face. You can learn all the tricks of
painting and you'll paint a portrait. It's not really
that difficult. They'll make you a portrait like that on
Charles' Bridge. For that portrait to contain something
more, the true nature of the person whose portrait
is being painted, you have to really learn how to
look. Only then can an art work come about."



"Look at this tree. It was painted by an artist who already saw the world differently."

"Seriously?"

"It's a real portrait. A portrait of a tree. If you step up closer to it, you'll see that it is not made of individual details, but that it came about as a whole from the beginning. Notice that even the dark areas are painted with many colors. Did you ever see a big poster, on the street somewhere, really close up?"

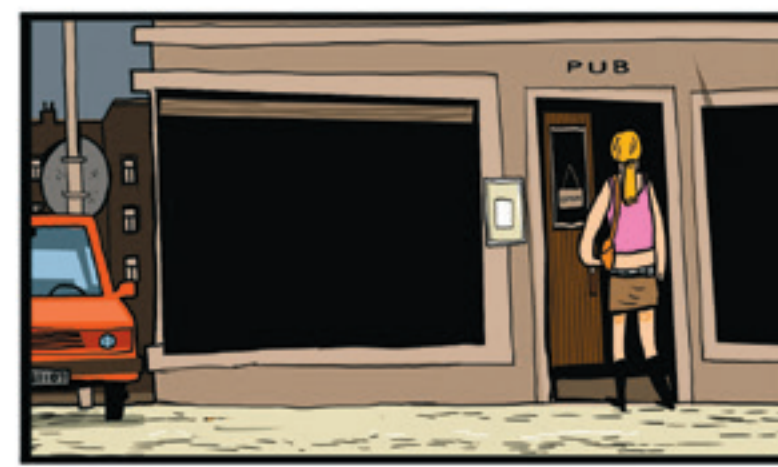
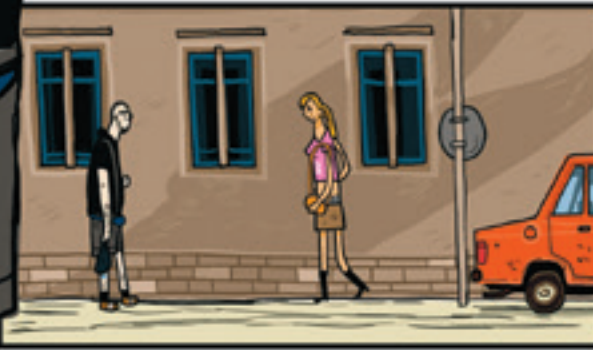
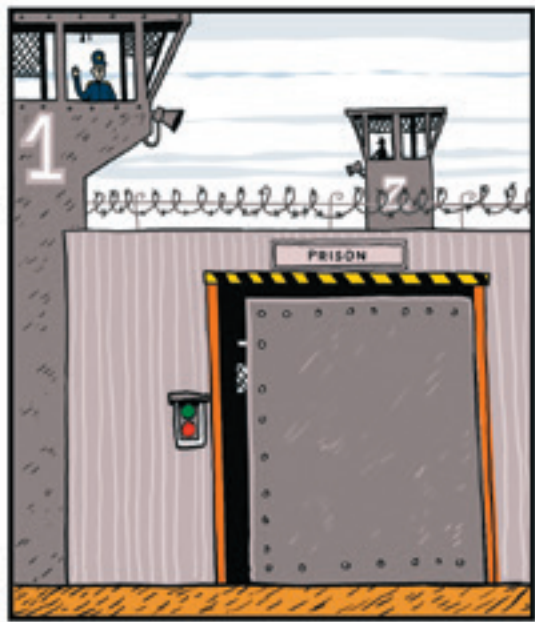
"Probably not."

"No problem. Check it out at some point. You'll see that the individual areas are made of small dots of different colors. And you can see the same thing in pictures. It means that your eyes don't see these individual dots but instead see them connected into blotches of color."

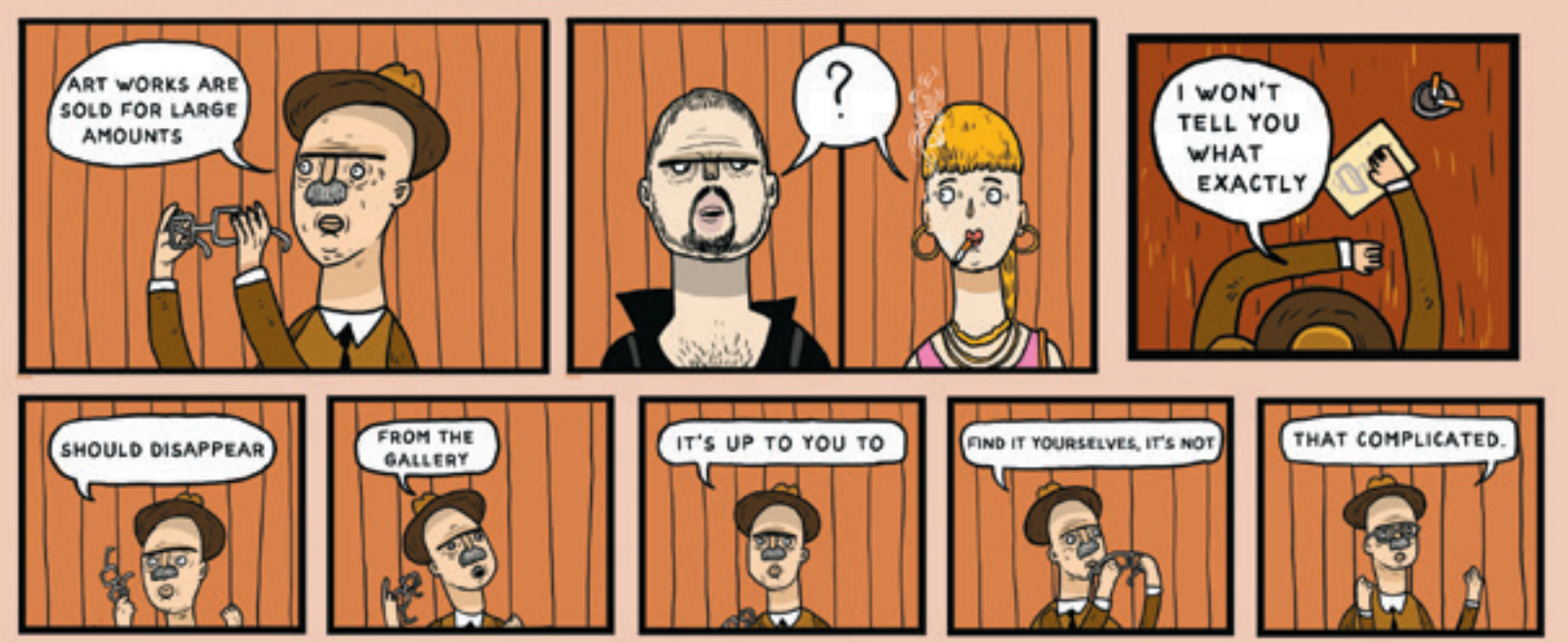
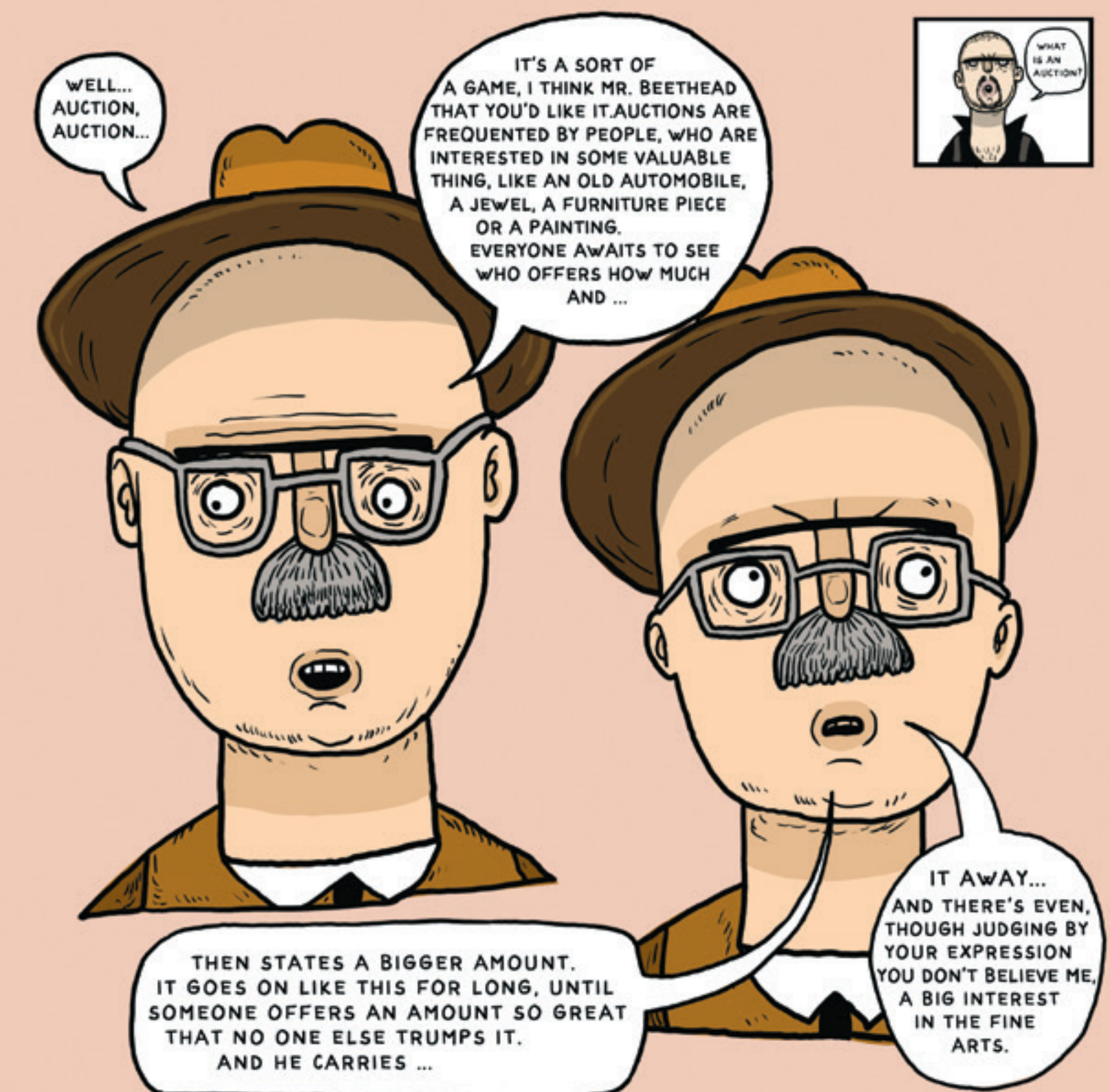
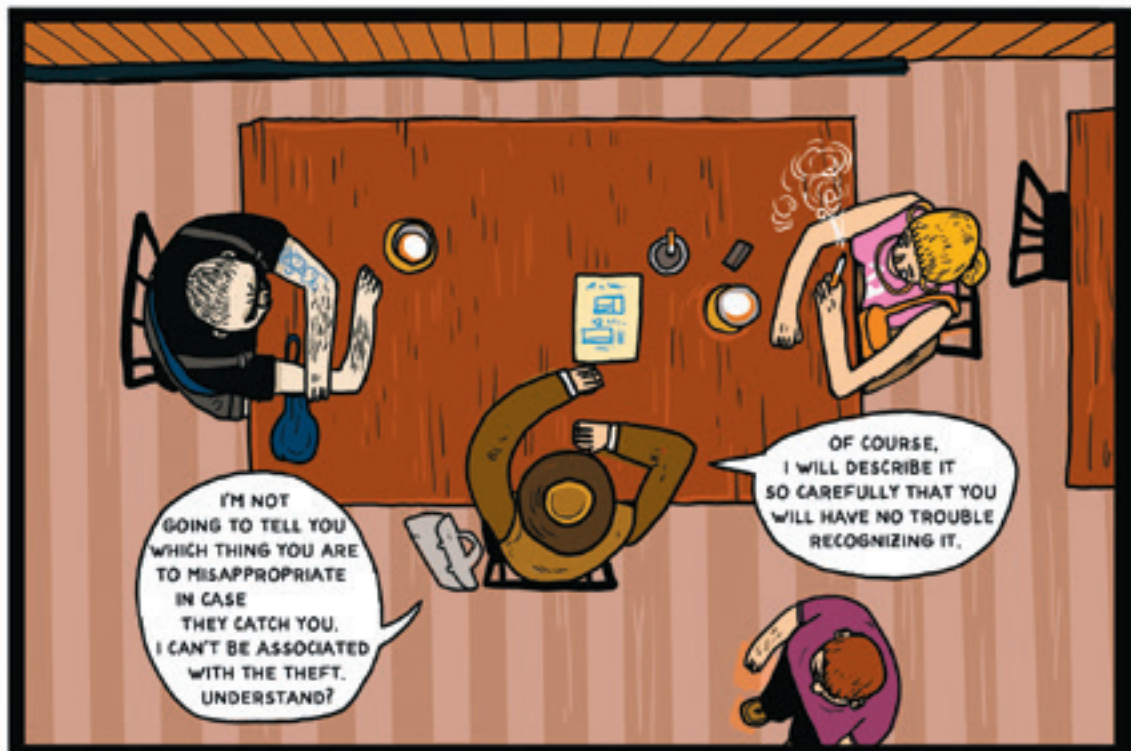
"Wow grandpa, that's awesome. They're just little splotches here. It looks quite different close up. Total magic. I step back a bit and it all comes together."

"That's how the picture came about. That's how the so called realistic painters worked. Coincidentally, they ended up in a small village by the name of Barbizon near Paris. There they began to study nature; they learned to see. One day you'll probably study about the Barbizon school, so at least you'll know where it got its name."



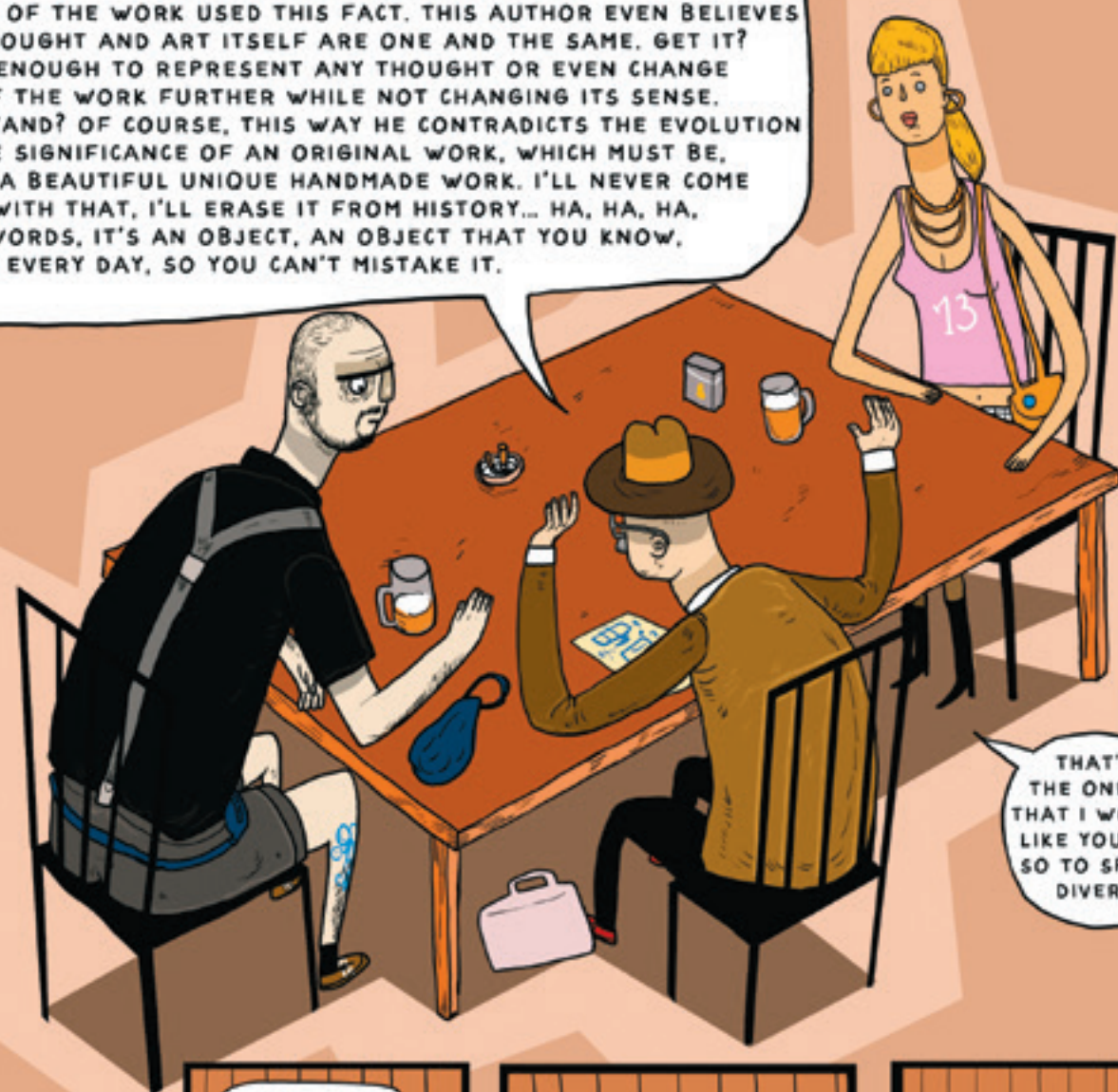




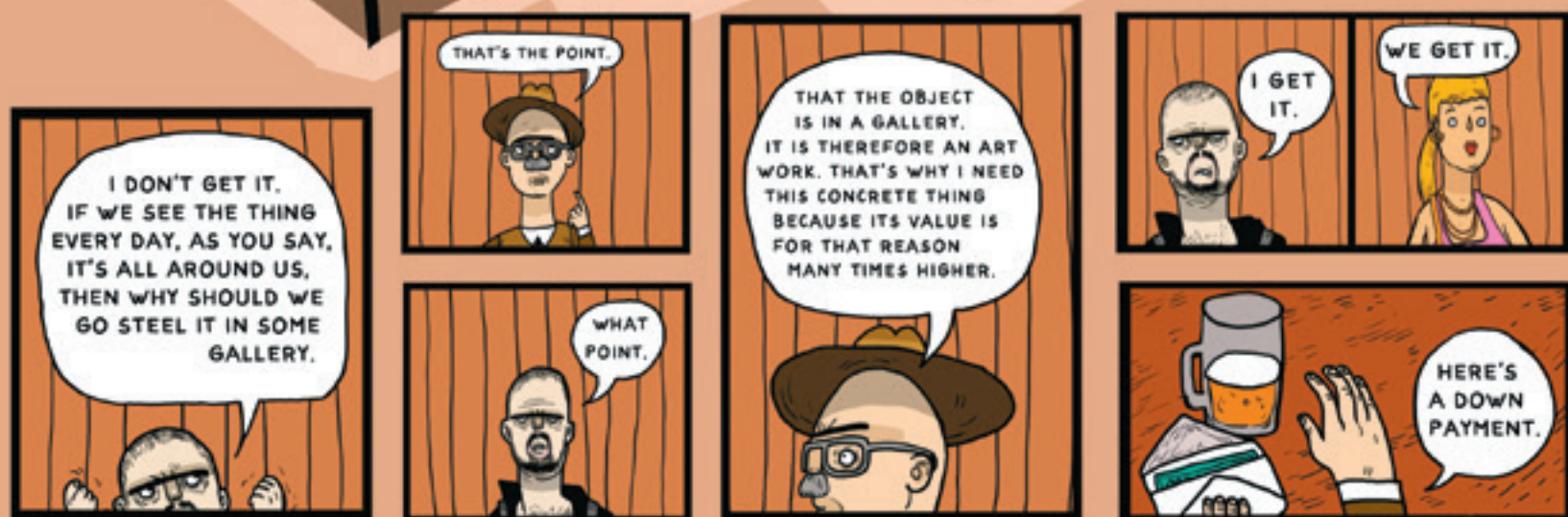




IT IS A PLAIN ORDINARY THING. THE AUTHOR OF THE WORK USED THIS FACT. THIS AUTHOR EVEN BELIEVES THAT THE THOUGHT AND ART ITSELF ARE ONE AND THE SAME. GET IT? THAT IT'S A ENOUGH TO REPRESENT ANY THOUGHT OR EVEN CHANGE THE LOOK OF THE WORK FURTHER WHILE NOT CHANGING ITS SENSE. YOU UNDERSTAND? OF COURSE, THIS WAY HE CONTRADICTS THE EVOLUTION OF ART, THE SIGNIFICANCE OF AN ORIGINAL WORK, WHICH MUST BE, AFTER ALL, A BEAUTIFUL UNIQUE HANDMADE WORK. I'LL NEVER COME TO TERMS WITH THAT, I'LL ERASE IT FROM HISTORY... HA, HA, HA, IN OTHER WORDS, IT'S AN OBJECT, AN OBJECT THAT YOU KNOW, YOU SEE IT EVERY DAY, SO YOU CAN'T MISTAKE IT.



THAT'S THE ONE THAT I WOULD LIKE YOU TO, SO TO SPEAK, DIVERT.



TO BE CONTINUED

