

Chuck Close : head-on/the modern portrait : the Museum of Modern Art, New York, January 10-March 19, 1991

Author

Close, Chuck, 1940-

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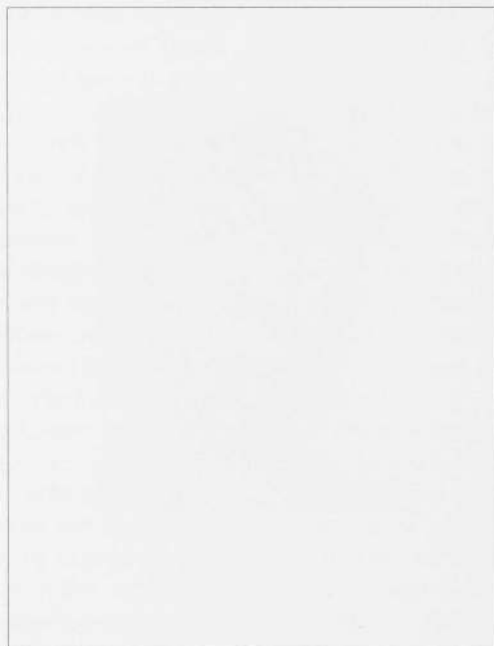
The Museum of Modern Art

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ARTIST'S CHOICE
Chuck Close
HEAD-ON/THE MODERN PORTRAIT



The Museum of Modern Art, New York
January 10–March 19, 1991

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FOREWORD

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Consider these ingredients: a willfully narrow governing principle; a patient, exhaustively particular attention to the process of working, unit by unit, toward a goal; and an end result of crowded intensity, whose fascinations are divided between the teeming life of the individual decisions and the confrontational impact of the whole construction. These are clearly elements of Chuck Close's paintings, and just as clearly elements of the exhibition he has mounted from the collection of The Museum of Modern Art.

The exhibition operates on several levels. First, its construction, building a complex field from a narrowed repertoire of units, mirrors the process Close follows in making up his own art. Second, by juxtaposing so many similar head-and-shoulder images, the display encourages us to see what the artist calls the "syntax"—the abstract devices, systems of marks, or choices of framing, viewpoint, and so on—within which different portrait likenesses are made. And third, by cutting across boundaries of medium, size, and conventionally accepted levels of value, Close's show embodies an unfamiliar (and, as he maintains, slightly subversive) idea of what the museum is.

This installation emphasizes the role of the museum, not as a selective arbiter of value, but as a data bank of accumulated units of information—each of which may inform, in different, unpredictable ways, the working imaginations of artists who come here. By abandoning the normal conventions of selective, well-spaced hanging, by which museums focus special attention on particular works, this show

frees—and challenges—viewers to form their own hierarchies of choice and patterns of attention. As Close explains in his statement, his intention is to share some of the pleasures he experiences as an artist; but the show also allows the Museum public to share some of the pleasures of the curator's life—the moments in study rooms or storage gal-

leries, where masses of works, in unconventional arrays, speak to each other in unexpected ways, and to the viewer with an informal intimacy not found in the exhibition gallery. As a memorable portrait does, Close's show tells us something surprising and true about the subject—in this case, a modern tradition of portrayal as well as a museum collection—about the maker, and about the relationship between them.

This exhibition separates itself dramatically, in structure and focus, from those selected by Scott Burton and Ellsworth Kelly in the first two Artist's Choice exhibitions. The variety of these shows re-educates all of us as to the potential for constant surprise and unpredictable renewal in the Museum's function as a source for fresh creativity. One statement that Chuck Close made during our conversations could serve well as an introduction, not only to this show, but to the entire Artist's Choice series: "The art that comes down to us is like a well, and each person who takes a bucket to it gets out a bucket of a different substance—which is really quite amazing, quite wonderful."

Kirk Varnedoe
Director, Department of Painting and Sculpture



Chuck Close. *Self-Portrait*, 1988

ARTIST'S STATEMENT

The following remarks have been excerpted from a conversation between Chuck Close and Kirk Varnedoe.

PORTRAITS

When I first started painting images of faces, I didn't think of them as portraits. I insisted on calling them "heads," and I insisted that people see them in a certain, specific way. But over the years people have seen the work in other ways and they have helped me experience it differently, as well. When you say something and expect that others will take it in a certain way, and then you see that they take it in another way, you have to stop and think, "maybe that didn't mean what I thought it meant." A work of art is not just the responsibility of the artist—it's not complete until it's been returned by the viewer. There's something about that return that modifies the experience for the artist, and subtle changes occur. That's what happens in any communication; and that's how I've come to understand that my work operates on many more levels than I originally thought it would. Recently, I've realized that when I go to a museum, the works I stand in front of for any protracted period of time are almost always portraits. So there must be something there that's more compelling to me than I ever thought was the case. It must be that I feel tagged-on to a long series of conventions and traditions of portraiture whether I want to be or not. As an artist you may want to feel like you were formed out of thin air with no precursors, just sort of spontaneously happened; but at some point there is an acknowledgment that, yes indeed, there were people who were pushing these issues around all these centuries and, in a way, they kicked the door open for you. That sense of continuity, of things passed on, is in fact one of the wonderful things about being an artist. Artists don't just make objects—we orchestrate experiences for the viewer. We go into the studio and we do this dance, but nobody watches the dance. Instead there are just these hints, this evidence in the art that this ritual dance took place; and long after you've gone, other people can come along and re-engage this, and dance along with it.

PRINCIPLES OF SELECTION

In selecting this show, I first thought perhaps I would make an exhibition in which I picked the fifteen most terrific portraits in The Museum of Modern Art. But then I realized that that's not very interesting to me. That kind of connoisseurship is better left to connoisseurs. As an artist I've learned as much from work I don't like as I have from work that I love; so it became important to be inclusive rather than exclusive.

This need to be inclusive involves trying somehow to mirror my experience as an artist. In other words, I was looking for what makes it different for me to be going through the collection and selecting works for an exhibition, as opposed to someone on the Museum staff making the choices. I wanted to try to put something together that had more to do with the ways in which I experience art, rather than just picking out some pieces that would give you my definition of what quality is.

This show is also not the imaginary exhibition that you would make if you had every work of art in every museum on the face of the earth to choose from. If you said, "Gee, let's do a show of portraits," then I would have that little Vermeer from the National Gallery, for example. But you have to deal with the reality of what the Museum actually has in its collection. Portraiture is not The Museum of Modern Art's strongest suit. It's not modernism's strongest suit. It's also not perhaps the primary interest of the various curators who've been at the Museum over the years. So things sneak into the collection because someone responded to a particular piece, or could make a compelling case for it, or perhaps because it was given as a gift. There may be dozens of works in the collection by one person, and nothing by another. And naturally there were times, in picking the work for the show, when I thought, "Oh, I wish there were a piece by so and so." But on the other hand, it was a wonderful experience to try to impose some sense of order on top of this.

One of the things I did was cut across some of the normal boundaries in the Museum's collection. When you get a large institution like The Museum of Modern Art, a kind of territorial division begins to take place, with certain curators making judgments in their special bailiwicks and other curators in theirs. I think I spent something like twenty-four, eight-hour days at the Museum, going through the collection; and the exciting thing for me was to be able to move freely from department to department. In fact I tried to scatter the experience—not just to go five days in a row to Photography, but to go one day to Photography and the next day to Prints and the next day to Drawings. It was wonderful to think, while I was looking at drawings, about what I'd just seen the day before in Photography, and to find particular conventions or traditions that spilled over from one medium into another.

There were also wonderful surprises that, if I were putting together my imaginary exhibition, I would never have come up with. One of the things I found is that I didn't necessarily pick my favorite art in the Museum. By limiting myself to head-and-shoulder portraits, I set rules that excluded much of what I actually love and prefer. I found myself going through the files and saying "Ah, I love this person's art, I wish I could put him in," or, "I love this person's art, I wish I could put her in." And then I'd come to some German Expressionist I never was particularly enamored of, and I'd find myself putting that work in, even though I didn't love it. There was something rather liberating about this, as indeed there is something always liberating about limitations. I always seem to impose severe limitations in everything I do.

Ultimately, I found this experience of selection to be much more defined by what I *couldn't* put in than by what I could put in. That seems sort of negative, but there was something about the process of selecting in this fashion which really mirrored being an artist. There are many kinds of art that I would love to make as an artist, but I chose to work in one area, in one particular way, and I leave all those other ways of working to someone else. I look at a lot of art, and when I go to shows, every time I see something, I say to myself, "Oh that's wonderful, that's something I don't have to do now"—because somebody else has done it. I can experience vicariously what it was like to make a piece, by looking at it. Those are the choices I make as an artist, and I love working within these limitations.

THE INSTALLATION

At first I railed against how little space I had. I wanted more, and I tried to think how I could take over the next room, too. Artists are always space hogs, we want more. Yet, now, if I had more space I don't know that I'd want to use it. I like how jumbled this installation is, and how images are brought close to each other, forcing the viewer to make comparative judgments just because of proximity. And I like the intensity of so many heads staring at you. Overlapping the mats and the frames to bring these images closer together makes them more insistent. I don't think now that I'd want to spread these things out.

For the purposes of this particular exhibition, I'm against what The Museum of Modern Art is known for, which is giving these art works room and space, and making each one a contemplative object you can go and stand in front of, and reverently pay homage to, without anything else in your peripheral vision. In a funny way I try to subvert what I like about the Museum. And I'm sure a lot of people will think there's something almost sacrilegious about stacking the art up in this way and feel that it's not showing the proper respect for the work. But it's another aspect that I'm after.

I'm treating these works in a way that's similar to the way I treat my own collection at home. I lean a lot of pictures against walls or shelves, and I'm always rearranging them. When something goes up on the wall and just stays there, it becomes expected, and it calcifies. I hate when art becomes invisible in that way; it just becomes meaningless background for cocktail chitchat—it's just decorative. So I'm always shoving my pictures around, putting something next to something else to try to get new mileage out of it—to make it not be a tired experience, which it can tend to become. It's almost like having books in a library: you know all that's trapped in there, but it isn't until you go over and reach out and take a book off the shelf and start to leaf through it that you release that material. A painting hanging on a wall can be almost as invisible as information closed in a book, if you don't do something to change its context—sometimes just by moving it, or even by putting it next to something else, you can make yourself confront a work in a different way.

Captions for the photos at right are on page 10



LEVELS OF INTEREST

One of the things I found was that for me all objects that were interesting were on some level the same. Society may be more interested in the things that make news stories, such as the prices paid for van Goghs. So people flock to museums to stand in front of a painting by van Gogh, while a painting of equal or greater importance is hanging two or three feet away, but they're not going to stand in front of that for the same length of time, if they stand in front of it at all. So here at the Museum there's this wonderful van Gogh portrait, but there is also an 8-x-10-inch xerox print by Ray Johnson that was folded up and stuck in the mail and mailed to the library. That xerox bypassed the curatorial process—it got into the Museum library's collection without anybody ever deciding it needed to be there. And yet it almost becomes irrelevant to me whether or not they are of equal quality, because they both interest me. There is something about the usefulness of an art object to an artist that is different from questions of its relative worth to society—questions which might be better left to a curator or a connoisseur or a critic or a collector.

It's not that I want to downplay the importance of what is portrayed. Certainly I tried to pick compelling, important images, not commissioned portraits or the head of some anonymous model, but portraits of people who were significant for the artist—either the artist himself or herself, family members, friends, or other artists. I tried to find what would have been for the artist important images, as the subjects of my pictures are for me. But by slamming images together in juxtapositions the way I have, I tried to set up a situation

which makes it more likely that viewers will also look at how the particular choices the artist made influence our experience of the subject.

VISUAL SYNTAXES

Somehow I have a sense that what I've been trying to do in putting these images together has something to do with the issues of syntactical comparison that William Ivins talked about in his book *Prints and Visual Communication*. He

makes a very interesting remark about the difference between verbal or written communication, and visual communication. Here's part of it:

Another important difference between visual statements and collocations of word symbols, is that while there are dictionary meanings for each of the word symbols, and while there may be dictionary definitions for the names of the things symbolized by a complex of lines and spots, there are no dictionary definitions for the individual lines and spots themselves. It is much as though we had dictionary definitions for sentences and paragraphs but not for individual words. Thus while

there is very definitely a syntax in the putting together, the making, of visual images, once they are put together there is no syntax for the reading of their meaning. With rare exceptions, we see a picture first as a whole, and only after having seen it as a whole do we analyse it into its component parts. We can begin this analysis at any place in the picture and proceed in any direction, and the final result is the same in every case.[†]

[†]William Ivins, *Prints and Visual Communication* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1953), p. 61



Vincent van Gogh. *Portrait of Joseph Roulin*. April 1889

With words, we have agreed-upon definitions: once you have a dictionary everybody knows what a given word means. And then you put larger meanings together out of such words. The difference between that and visual communication is that in visual communication we have ways to think about larger issues, but we don't have any way to discuss the basic building-block marks: the dots, the spots, the lines. So we don't tend to talk about that aspect of the work, because there's no agreed-upon jargon for it that everybody understands. So these basic means of describing tend to become less important than the thing described. The only thing that's repeatable and definable in writing is the individual word, whereas the only thing that can be agreed upon and defined in art is the whole thing.

Yet as an artist I'm incredibly aware that drawings don't just happen, and paintings don't just happen—they don't just emerge as a whole. Some works seem to be more systematic or more obviously about their process or technique than others, but no work of art ever got made without being built from dumb marks. Clusters of dumb marks stack up to make something which stands for something in a life experience. And then when we see the finished thing, we tend to go instantly to the life experience and sort of bypass the little dumb marks. Think of a novelist fashioning a book by slamming individual words together, and slowly adjusting those words to make just the right thought, so that the sentences and paragraphs grow out of that. Finally all that process is invisible when you read it. You don't think of it as individual words. But the actual choices that made it the experience that it is, and make one person's novel be a far more compelling telling of that story than the novel of someone else who might deal with the same sub-

ject matter—those choices finally happen right down in the trenches, in making those individual syntactical decisions.

For me, all this has a lot to do with what we see as a hierarchy of importance in portraits. We think that those things which are heavily loaded symbolically, like the features—the eyes, the mouth, etc.—are the important things, and they seem to be what's necessary to convey likeness. In fact I've found that the likeness doesn't often come from just these. Reduce things down to just outlines of the most symbolic

areas, and you find that that doesn't carry likeness very well at all. In fact, the building of portrait imagery is all about the little, incremental decisions. If a dot stays a dot, if it is a non-objective painting, then we stay on the surface and deal more with the artificiality. But the thing that interests me is a kind of simultaneity of experience: how you have the basic distribution of marks on a flat surface, and how, through all the syntactical decisions made by artists over the years, those marks all manage to coalesce in some way that builds not just any image but specific recognizable likenesses—or, in my own work, how I can present so much flat information and still have it become worked into



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something which has life experience in it.

I think I may be especially interested in these relationships between verbal and visual communication because I have a particular learning disability, dyslexia. Yet in other cultures, in another time, other skills that I have would be valued more than verbal abilities. For instance I have a great sense of direction. I can notice little subtle differences. If I were living in a jungle, I could find my way by paths that were marked in almost invisible ways. Those would be important survival skills, and someone who didn't have them would be in big

trouble. But here, I can't remember numbers so I can't find street addresses; I have to find places by walking up the street until I recognize something, and then saying, "oh yeah, I turn here." Artists, who maybe form a special section of society in the first place, may have certain special skills like this; and in my case it seems to relate to the experience of "finding my way" in the picture, building up an image from a bunch of what may seem like meaningless marks.

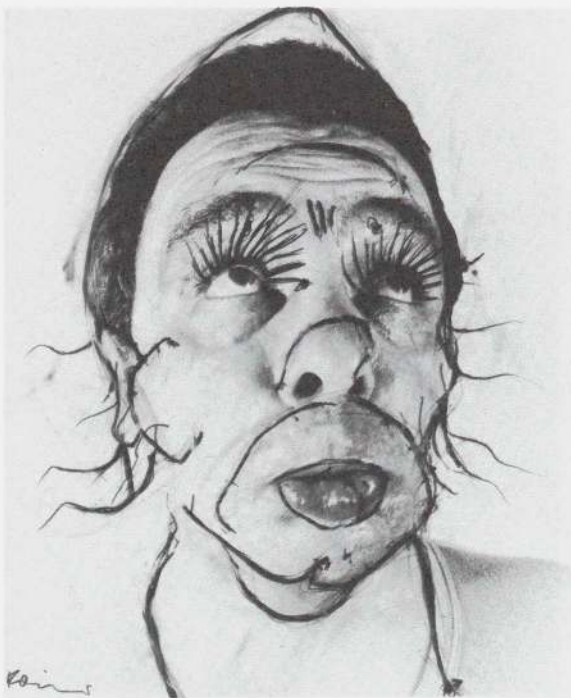
I saw something on television about the difference in intelligence between Australian aboriginal children and Australian white children. The challenge was to be presented with an array of, say, thirty-six objects, arranged six by six—that the kids would see, and that would then be dismantled. The kids would then be asked to reconstruct it. First they used scissors and a coin and a comb and different objects of that kind. And when the white Australian kids tried to solve that problem they would start to talk out loud, and would say, "Oh, the scissors." In rearranging them, they would say, "the scissors were in the left-hand corner, and just above that was the. . . ." Even if they didn't talk out loud, their lips moved, and you realized that they were using that part of their brain that was verbal, and that they had translated the images into things they could talk about. The aboriginal kids didn't do very well with those objects because they didn't have experience with them, and didn't have the names for them. But when you give the aboriginals thirty-six similar white rocks in a pattern, and put the challenge in that form, the kids have no trouble whatsoever putting the arrangement of thirty-six white rocks back together in the correct order—even though to us they all look like exactly the same rock.

Subtlety and nuance and slight differences between these rocks are thoroughly important to their survival, their experiences, what they "read." Their lips didn't move, they weren't depending on any verbal left-hemisphere activity. My own activity of building images, and my relation to the marks I make, is closer to that of the aboriginals with the stones.

DIFFERENT SYNTAXES, DIFFERENT EXPERIENCES

William Ivins also talks about Dürer copying a print by Mantegna, and points out that, though Dürer copied Mantegna's imagery, he refused to use Mantegna's "syntax"—his system of lines and dots; he imposed his own syntax instead. In the same way, if you told me a story and I told that story to someone else, it would have the same content but I might choose different words to tell it. One of the things that I'm trying to do in this show is to put together pictures that tell similar stories, in order to try to make it clear just how important it is which particular "words" are chosen by the different artists to tell their story.

I've also included photographs, which might seem to have no "syntax" in this sense. A photograph is complete in an instant, but a painting is incomplete until it is finished; with a painting, each thing you add changes what is already there. Since a photograph is made all at once, you're not so aware of the importance that various component parts play in the overall experience. But a really great photographer is somehow involved on this level of particulars, and makes all these judgments even though it has to be done in an instant. It seems to me that, while photography may be the medium in which you can be compe-



Arnulf Rainer. Untitled. 1969-74

tent most easily—virtually anyone can pick up a camera and make a competent image, but no one who first picks up a brush makes a competent painting on their first attempt—it may be the hardest medium in which to develop a personal, idiosyncratic point of view, because there is no evident handwriting, no “signature” style. But there really is a syntactical element to choices made with the camera, and certainly to choices made in the darkroom, or with materials. Here it is fascinating for me to see photographs set next to things that are painted and drawn—as they are in my collection at home—because, with a common denominator of iconography, we’re allowed to see just how much of the experience we’re having is due to the various syntactical choices made.

Those choices, in any work of art, orchestrate the experience that we’re moved by, without our knowing that it took place, almost the way a magician contrives an illusion. A magician can’t just say, “Oh I want this rabbit to hop out of a hat.” The only way he can make that happen is by making the device that produces that illusion. I’ve always wondered if, at a convention of magicians, when a bunch of magicians are in an audience watching a magician perform, they see the illusion, the device that makes the illusion, or perhaps a little bit of both. I guess artists probably look at art in that way because they’ve had the shared experience with the artists they’re looking at; they see both the device that makes the illusion and the illusion itself.

CONVENTIONS AND COMPONENTS

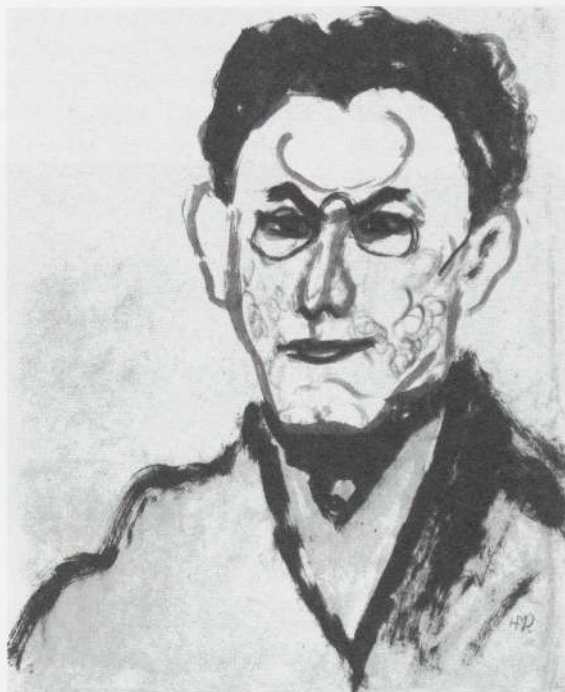
Think how artificial it is to produce an image of something with lines. To decide to draw the outline of something was initially a revolutionary idea; but now we accept line drawings as

ordinary experiences. Similarly, when people first saw black-and-white photographs, they must have been much more aware of the lack of color. There are so many things that we’ve come to think of as embodying life experiences, and they form this incredible veil between us and the experience—these conventions that we’ve come to accept as something that stands on a one-to-one level for something else, when in fact it’s at base a system of abstract things. All paintings are distributions of colored dirt. You take a stick with

hairs glued to the end of it and you drag it around in the colored dirt and you distribute this across a piece of cloth wrapped around some sticks—and the fact that they make space, and that certain colors or things make you think about experiences you’ve had, or places you’ve been, is truly amazing.

The same material is available to every artist, and it always remains amazing to me that you can stack this stuff up one way and build one thing, and stack it up another way and build something else—that there’s nothing about the unit, the individual unit, that determines its outcome. To use another metaphor, if you think of an architect choosing a particular brick, there’s nothing

about the brick that determines what kind of building will be made from it: stack it up one way and you build a cathedral; stack it up another way and you build a slaughterhouse. There’s nothing about the brick that says anything about what’s going to be made out of it. For example, I’ve chosen for this show one of the pictures Picasso made of his children, using his own fingerprints. And I’ve also included a portrait I did (without knowing about those Picassos at the time) of one of my children, using my fingerprints. Looking at those two together makes you realize that the choice of a particular



building block to begin with—no matter how distinctive or unusual that choice may seem—doesn't necessarily determine what the personality or originality of the final, complete work will be. It's only through the particular, personal manipulations of these basic units that you can build a transcendent experience that becomes greater than the sum of its parts. This is the illusion that the magician is finally able, through a lot of practice and manipulation, to build—something that's an apparition, that's wonderful, that's moving, that takes you some place else, that's not just colored dirt spread across the canvas.

SHARED PLEASURES

An artist experiences a work incomplete before it's complete, so he or she knows what it's like to make something, rather than just to look at it after it exists. I was trying to share with the viewers, in a sense, some of that kind of pleasure I get in making art. There are two levels of joy for me in making my paintings. One is in fact the final totemic, confrontational experience that you have with the whole; and I know on one level what that's going to be like almost from the start. But the other joy is the sheer pleasure of fashioning things out of other things. You see what it feels like to put this next to that, and then say, "no, that's not right," and modify this, take it away, put something else in there, do something, do something else to it, do something else to that, move it from this general thing to a very specific thing. When I work I'm taking this path and leaving evidence—dropping traces

along the way, like Hansel and Gretel leaving a trail of crumbs—of what the experience was for me to build this image. And then hopefully the viewer will pick up those traces and be able to follow along and have something of that same pleasure—share *that* joy with me as well as the whole experience.

When we read we tend not to think about the words, but there are times when we do say, "Oh what a wonderful passage that was, I'm going to go back and reread that." Just to feel the way the words trip off the tongue, and to conjure up an image out of these six or seven or eight words, is such a wonderful pleasure. And really style is rooted in that, rather than in the bigger matters of subject construction. That's why the Classics Comic is not the experience of the novel: it's the *particular* experience which transports you rather than the iconography. With reproductions, or with books, the iconographic information in art can be transmitted, and shared. But it's very difficult to describe



an experience; there are not words that describe what it feels like to stand in front of a work of art. If it could be done with reproduction, then you could close all the museums, and a book could literally be a museum without walls. But it doesn't work that way. The recombination of an exhibition like this one is simply an effort to get people to stand in front of a work of art again, one more time, and, looking at it, think something different from the last time they stood in front of it.

Chuck Close

Born 1940, Monroe, Washington

Attended University of Washington, Seattle, 1960–62; received B.A., 1962

Attended Yale Summer School of Music and Art, Norfolk, Connecticut, 1961

Attended Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut, 1962–64; received B.F.A., 1963; M.F.A., 1964

Fulbright Grant to Vienna, Austria. Studied at Akademie der Bildenen Künste, 1964–65

Moved to New York, 1967

Lives in New York City

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

All works are in the collection of The Museum of Modern Art, New York, except where otherwise noted.

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Chuck Close. *Self-Portrait*. 1988. Etching and aquatint, 20 x 16" (50.0 x 40.6 cm). Collection Chuck and Leslie Close, New York. Photo courtesy Pace Editions, New York

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TOP ROW (left to right): **Pablo Picasso.** *Paloma and Doll (Black Background)* (detail). December 14, 1952. Lithograph, printed in black, comp. 27³/₄ x 21³/₄" (70.4 x 55.3 cm). Curt Valentin Bequest; **Hugo Erfuth.** *Oskar Kokoschka*. 1920. Oil pigment print, 14¹/₂ x 11¹/₂" (36.8 x 29.2 cm). Gift of L. Fritz Gruber; **Jean Dubuffet.** *Jean Fautrier from the More Beautiful Than They Think*: Portraits series. 1947. Pen and ink, sheet 10³/₈ x 8¹/₄" (26.7 x 20.9 cm). Gift of Joan and Lester Avnet; **Alexander Rodchenko.** *Sergei Tretyakov*. 1928. Gelatin-silver print, 11¹/₁₆ x 9¹/₈" (29.7 x 23.2 cm). Provenance unknown

MIDDLE ROW: **Marie Laurencin.** *Self-Portrait*. 1906. Charcoal and pencil, sheet 13³/₄ x 12¹/₄" (34.9 x 31.1 cm), plate 8³/₈ x 6³/₄" (21.9 x 17.1 cm). Purchase; **David Alfaro Siqueiros.** *Moisés Sáenz*. 1931. Lithograph, printed in black, comp. 21³/₈ x 16¹/₈" (54.3 x 41.0 cm). Inter-American Fund; **Pablo Picasso.** *Head of Marie Thérèse*. 1938. Oil on canvas, 18¹/₄ x 15" (46.3 x 38.1 cm). Gift of Jacqueline Picasso; **Max Beckmann.** *Self-Portrait* (detail). 1922. Woodcut, printed in black, comp. 8¹/₁₆ x 6¹/₁₆" (22.1 x 15.5 cm). Given anonymously

BOTTOM ROW: **Joan Miró.** *Self-Portrait, I*. 1937–38. Pencil, crayon, and oil on canvas, 57¹/₂ x 38¹/₄" (146.1 x 97.2 cm). James Thrall Soby Bequest; **Oskar Kokoschka.** *Self-Portrait from Two Sides*. 1923. Lithograph, printed in color, comp. 24¹/₂ x 18³/₈" (62.0 x 46.7 cm). Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Fund; **Emil Nolde.** *The Artist's Wife (Frau Nolde)* (detail). 1911. Drypoint, printed in black, plate 9¹/₁₆ x 7¹/₁₆" (23.0 x 18.2 cm). Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Fund; **David Park.** *Richard Diebenkorn*. 1960. Watercolor on paper, 14³/₈ x 11³/₄" (37.1 x 29.7 cm). Larry Aldrich Foundation Fund

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Vincent van Gogh. *Portrait of Joseph Roulin*. April 1889. Oil on canvas, 25³/₈ x 21³/₄" (64.4 x 55.2 cm). Gift of Mr. and Mrs. William A.M. Burden, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Rosenberg, Nelson A. Rockefeller, Mr. and Mrs. Armand Bartos, Sidney and Harriet Janis, Mr. and Mrs. Werner E. Josten, and Loula D. Lasker Bequest (by exchange)

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Ray Johnson. *Bill de Kooning*. 1990. Photocopy, 8³/₈ x 10³/₄" (21.3 x 27.3 cm). The Museum of Modern Art Library—Special Collections. Gift of the artist

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Arnulf Rainer. Untitled. 1969–74. Oilstick on photograph, 23 x 19" (58.4 x 48.3 cm). Gift of Joachim Aberbach (by exchange)

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Max Pechstein. *Max Raphael*. c. 1910. Watercolor on brown paper, 22³/₈ x 18³/₈" (57.3 x 46.7 cm). Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Victor Thaw

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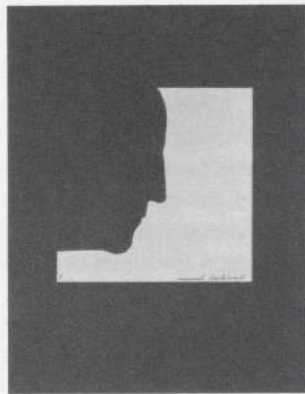
Chuck Close. *Elizabeth*. 1989. Oil on canvas, 72 x 60" (183.0 x 152.5 cm). Photograph: Bill Jacobson Studio. Fractional gift of an anonymous donor. Photo Bill Jacobson Studio, courtesy Pace Gallery, New York.

BACK COVER

TOP ROW (left to right): **Man Ray.** *Marcel Duchamp*. 1930. Gelatin-silver print, 8⁷/₈ x 6¹/₁₆" (22.5 x 17.0 cm). Gift of James Thrall Soby; **Joseph Stella.** *Marcel Duchamp* (detail). c. 1920. Silverpoint, 27¹/₄ x 21" (69.2 x 53.3 cm). Katherine S. Dreier Bequest; **Marcel Duchamp.** *Self-Portrait in Profile*. February 1958. Torn and pasted paper on velvet, 13¹/₈ x 9³/₄" (33.3 x 24.8 cm). Anonymous extended loan; **Jean Crotti.** *Marcel Duchamp*. 1915. Pencil, 21¹/₂ x 13¹/₂" (54.5 x 34.3 cm). Purchase

MIDDLE ROW: **Chuck Close.** *Self-Portrait* (detail). 1988. Etching and aquatint, 20 x 16" (50.0 x 40.6 cm). Collection Chuck and Leslie Close, New York. Photo courtesy Pace Editions, New York; **Pavel Tchelitchew.** *Head, I*. 1950. Colored pencil on black paper, sheet 18⁷/₈ x 12¹/₂" (48.0 x 31.7 cm). Purchase; **Jacques Villon.** *Head of Baudelaire* (detail). c. 1920. Etching, printed in black, plate 16³/₈ x 11¹/₈" (41.8 x 28.3 cm). Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Fund; **Paul Klee.** *The Crooked Mouth and Light Green Eyes of Mrs. B.* (detail). 1925. Pen, brush and india ink, sheet 6¹/₂ x 4¹/₄" (16.5 x 11.4 cm). A. Conger Goodyear Fund

BOTTOM ROW: **Raymond Duchamp-Villon.** *Baudelaire*. 1911. Bronze, 15³/₄ x 8³/₈ x 10¹/₄" (40.0 x 21.9 x 26.1 cm). Alexander M. Bing Bequest; **Alexander Calder.** *Marion Greenwood*. 1929–30. Brass wire-construction, 12³/₈ x 11¹/₈ x 11³/₈" (31.9 x 28.1 x 28.8 cm). Gift of the artist; **Jacques Lipchitz.** *Gertrude Stein*. 1920. Bronze, 17¹/₂ x 8¹/₄ x 10" (44.4 x 21.0 x 25.4 cm), including base. Fund given by friends of the artist; **Isamu Noguchi.** *Portrait of My Uncle*. 1931. Terra cotta, 12¹/₂ x 8¹/₂ x 9¹/₄" (31.7 x 21.6 x 23 cm), on base 9³/₄ x 8¹/₄ x 8¹/₄" (24.8 x 21.0 x 21.0 cm). Gift of Edward M. M. Warburg



Captions for these photos are on page 10