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THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
11 WEST 53RD STREET, NEW YORK

TELEPHONE: CIRCLE 7-7470

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Miss Gertrude Stein gave her first lecture in America for members of the Museum of Modern Art on Thursday, November 1. The subject of the lecture was "Pictures". It was given in the ballroom of the Colony Club, through the courtesy of Mrs. John S. Sheppard, a member of the Club and a Trustee of the Museum.

Excerpts from Miss Stein's lecture are as follows:

"When I look at landscape or people or flowers they do not look to me like pictures, no not at all. On the other hand pictures for me do not have to look like flowers or people or landscapes or houses or anything else. They can, they often do, but they do not have to. Once an oil painting is painted, painted on a flat surface, painted by anybody who likes or is hired or is interested to paint it, or who has^{or has} not been taught to paint it, I can always look at it and it always holds my attention. The painting may be good it may be bad, medium or very bad or very good but anyway I like to look at it. And now, why does the representation of things that being painted do not look at all like the things look to me from which they are painted why does such a representation give me pleasure and hold my attention. Oh yes, well this I do not know and I do not know whether I ever will know, this.....

"The first thing I ever saw painted and that I remember and remembered seeing and feeling as painted, no one of you could know what that was, it was a very large oil painting. It was the panorama of the battle of Waterloo. I must have been about eight years old and it was very exciting, it was exciting seeing the panorama of the battle of Waterloo. There was a man there who told all about the battle, I knew a good deal about it already because I always read historical novels and history and I know about the sunken road where the French cavalry were caught but though all that was exciting the thing that was exciting me was the oil painting. It was an oil painting a continuous

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oil painting, one was surrounded by an oil painting and I who lived continuously out of doors and felt air and sunshine and things to see felt that this was all different and very exciting. There it all was the things to see but there was no air it just was an oil painting. I remember standing on the little platform in the center and almost consciously knowing that there was no air. There was no air, there was no feeling of air, it just was an oil painting and it had a life of its own and it was a scene as an oil painting sees it and it was a real thing that looked like something I had seen but it had nothing to do with that something that I knew because the feeling was not at all that not at all the feeling which I had when I saw anything that was really what the oil painting showed. It, the oil painting, showed it as an oil painting. That is what an oil painting is.....

"I do remember..... a sign painting of a man painting a sign a large sign painting and this did hold my attention. I used to go and look at it and stand and watch it and then it bothered me because it almost did look like a man painting a sign and one wants, one likes to be deceived but not for too long. That is a thing to remember about an oil painting. It bothered me many years later when I first looked at the Velasquez in Madrid. They almost looked really like people and if they kept on doing so might it not bother one as waxworks bother one. And if it did bother one was it an oil painting, because an oil painting is something that looking at it it looks as it is, an oil painting. One does not like to be mixed in one's own mind as to which looks most like something at which one is looking the thing or the painting.....

"..... I began to look at all and any oil painting. I looked at funny pictures in churches where they described in a picture what had happened to them, the ex-voto pictures. I remember one of a woman falling out of a high two wheeled cart, this a picture of what happened to her and how she was not killed. I looked at all oil painting that I happened to see and not consciously but slowly I began to feel that it made no difference what an oil painting painted it always did and should look like an oil painting.....

"..... You cannot refuse a new face. You must accept a face as a face. And so with an oil painting. You can now see that when it came first to Matisse and then to the cubism of Picasso nothing was a bother to me. Yes of course it was a bother to me but not the bother of a refusal. That would not have been possible being that I had become familiar with oil paintings, and the essence of familiarity being that you can look at any of it.....

"Really in everybody's heart there is a feeling of annoyance at the inevitable existence of an oil painting in relation to what it has painted, people, objects and landscapes. And indeed and of course as I have already made you realize that is not what an oil painting is. An oil painting is an oil painting, and these things are only the way the only way an oil painter makes an oil painting

"And then there is another trouble. A painting is painted as a painting, as an oil painting existing as an oil painting, it may be in or it may be out of its frame, but an oil painting and that is a real bother always will have a tendency to go back to its frame, even if it has never been out of it.If it does belong in its frame, must it the oil painting be static. If it tries to move and there have been good attempts made to make it move does it move. Leonardo, in the Virgin child and Saint Anne tried to make it move, Rubens in his landscapes, Picasso and Velasquez in their way, and Seurat in his way.....

"(In the same Leonardo) there was an internal movement, not of the people or light or any of these things but inside in the oil painting. In other words the picture did not live within the frame, in other words it did not belong within the frame. The Cézanne thing was different, it went further and further into the picture the life of the oil painting but it stayed put.

"I have thought a great deal about all this and I am still thinking about it. I have passionately hoped that some picture would remain out of its frame, I think it can even while it does not, even while it remains there. And this is the problem of all modern painting just as it has been the problem of all old painting. That is to say the first hope of a painter who really feels hopeful about painting is the hope that the painting will move, that it will live outside its frame."