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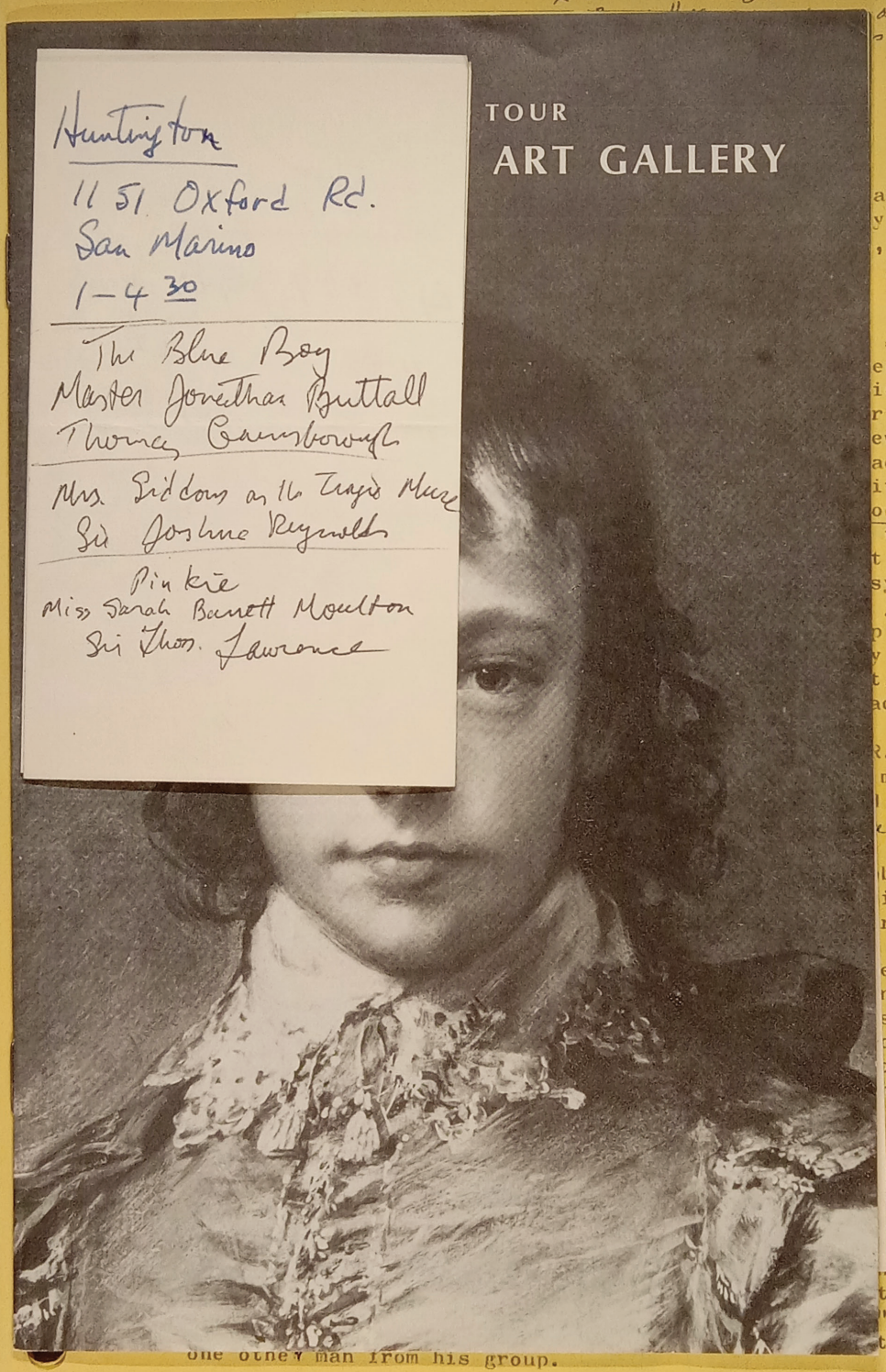
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	TOMKINS	IV.C.2

② Early life - Navy - School etc

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Huntington
1151 Oxford Rd.
San Marino
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The Blue Boy
Master Jonathan Buttall
Thomas Gainsborough

Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse
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Pinkie
Miss Sarah Barnett Moulton
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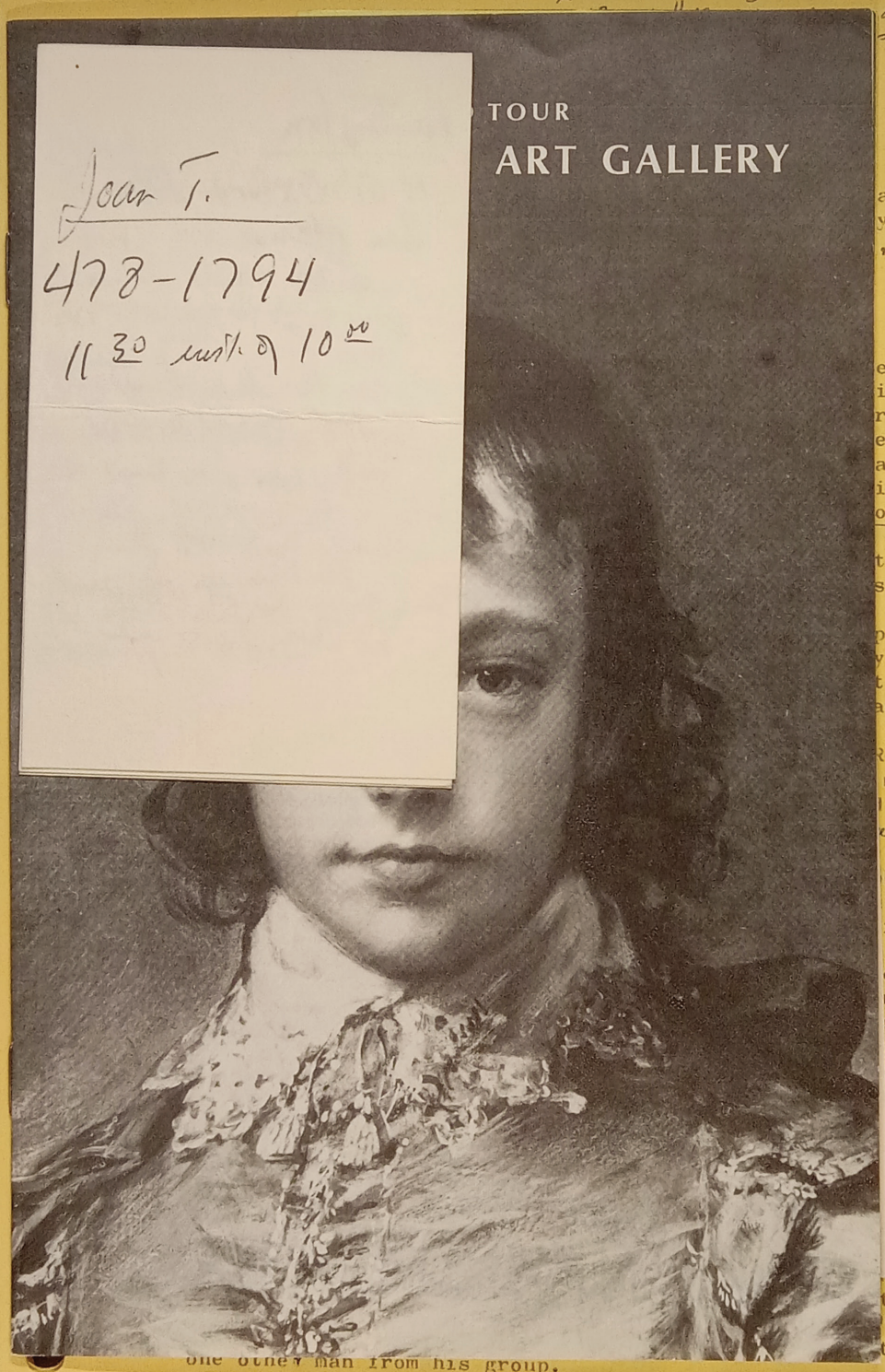
one other man from his group.

Boot training at Farragut. Never having been out of Texas before, he had ~~DENNIS~~ worn only a light cotton shirt and trousers. They travelled north by train for five days, and he got colder and colder, finally sneaked out a window one night and bought himself two sweat shirts.

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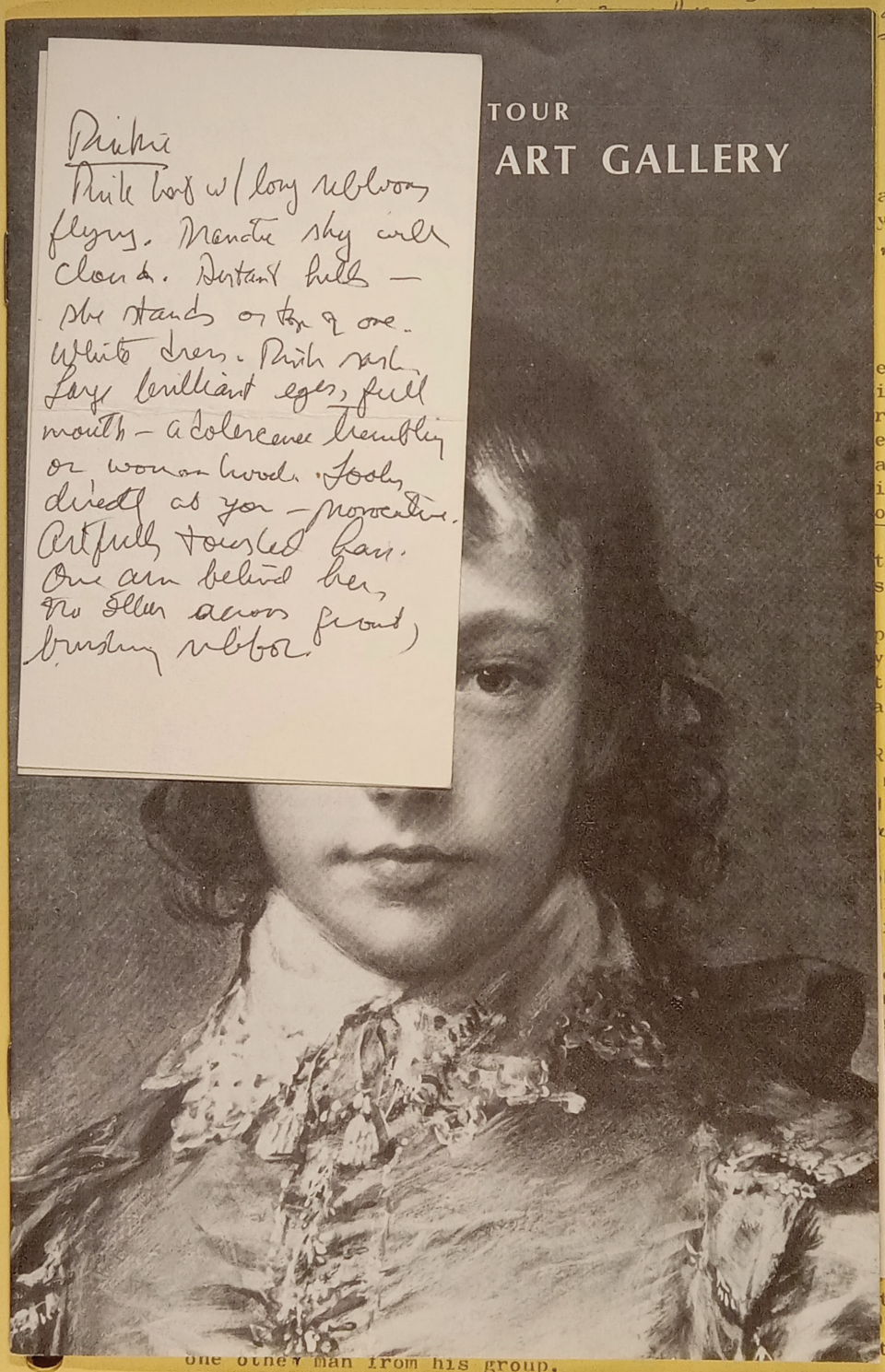
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Drawing
Pink box w/ long ribbons flying. Monster sky with clouds. Distant hills — she stands on top of one. White dress. Pink sash. Large brilliant eyes, full mouth — a tolerance trembling on woman hood. Looks directly at you — provocative. Artfully tousled hair. One arm behind her, the other across front, holding ribbon.

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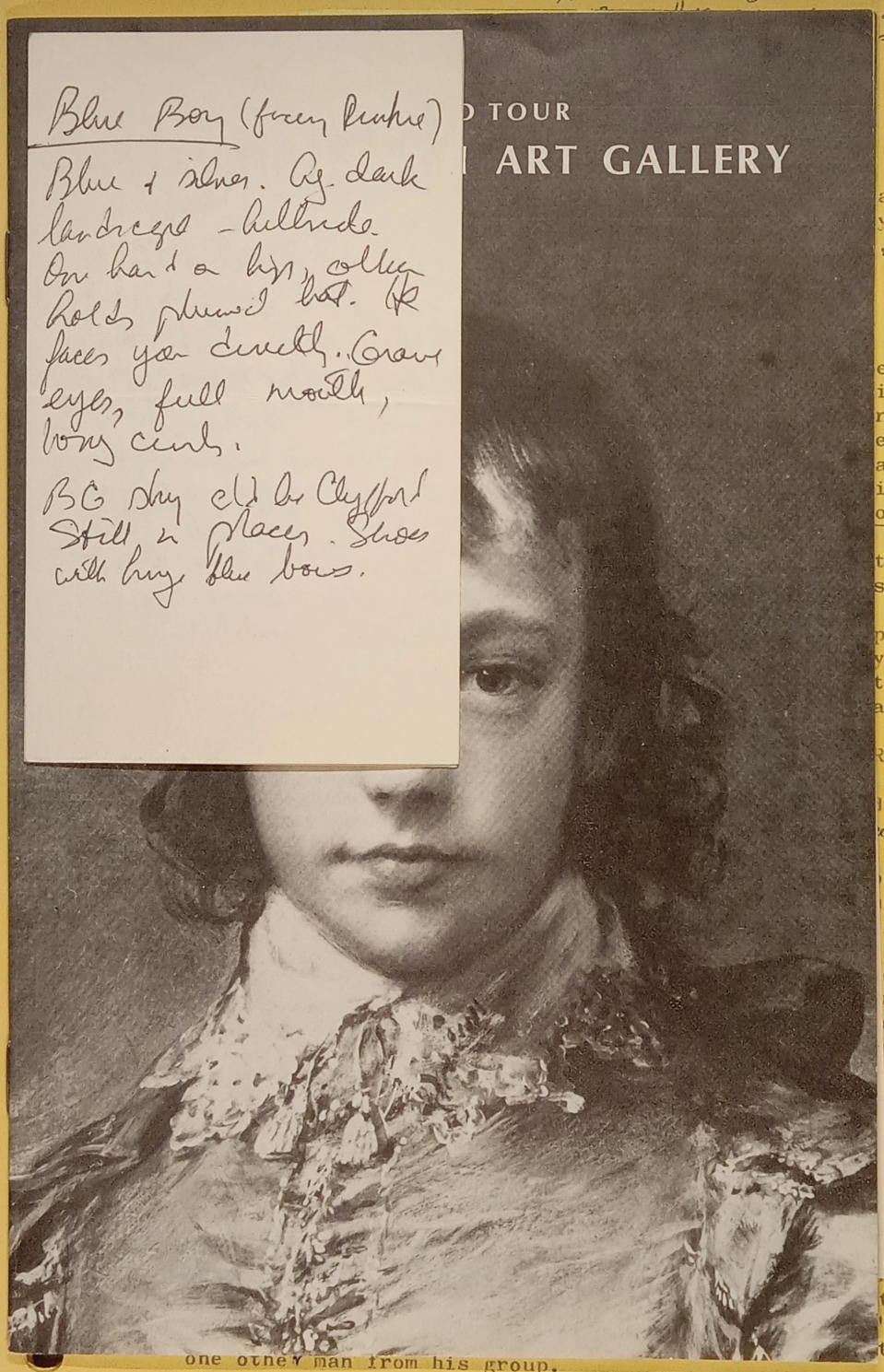
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Blue Boy (from Picture)
Blue + silver. Rg. dark landscape - hillside
On hand a hat, other hold shawl hat. Face you directly. Grave eyes, full mouth, long curls.
BG sky cl. Ch Clifford Still in Places. Shoes with long blue bows.

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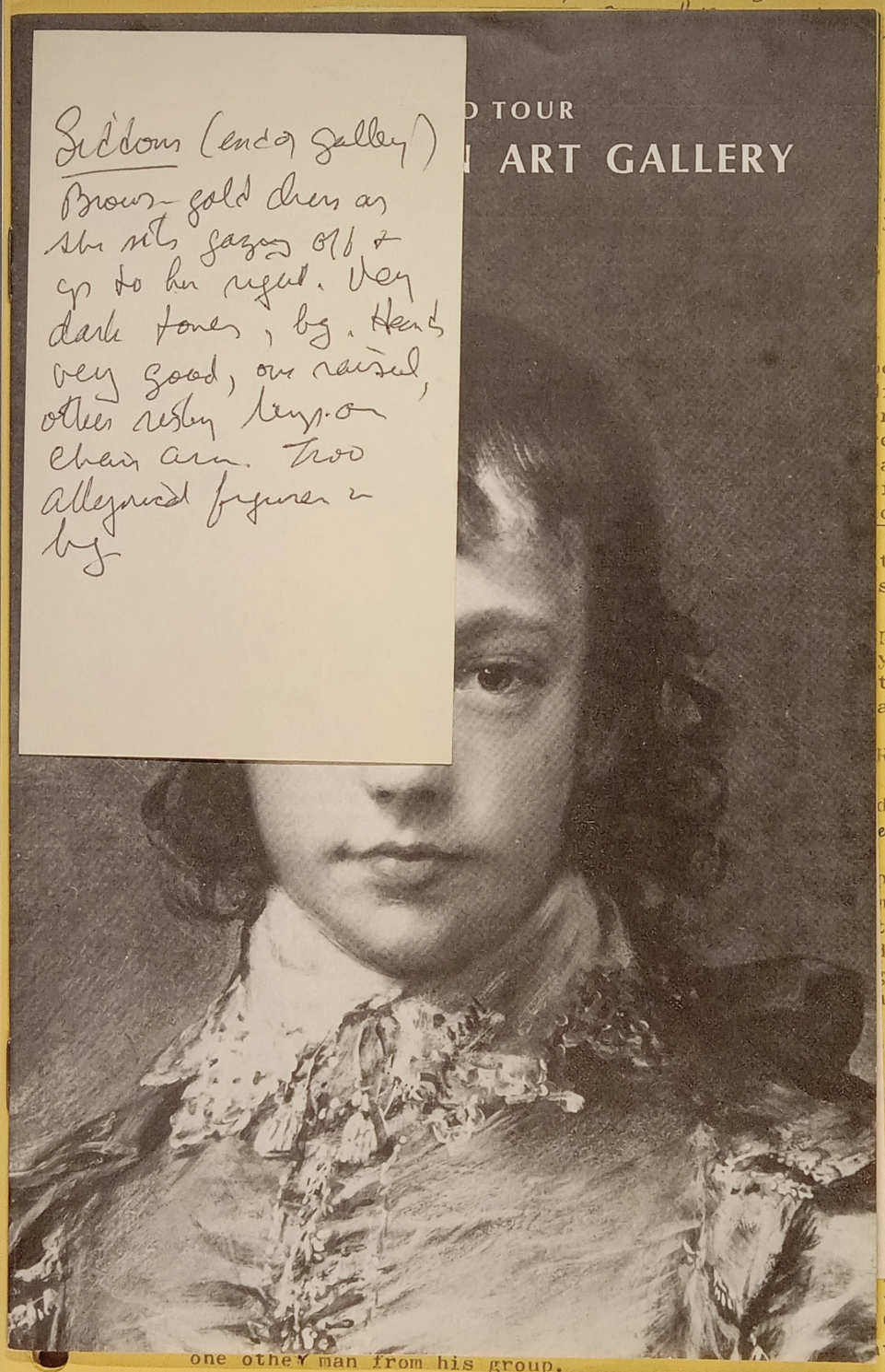
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Seddons (enda gallery)
Brown-gold dress as she sits gazing off & up to her right. Very dark tones, bg. Hands very good, one raised, other resting lap-on chair arm. Two allegorical figures in bg.

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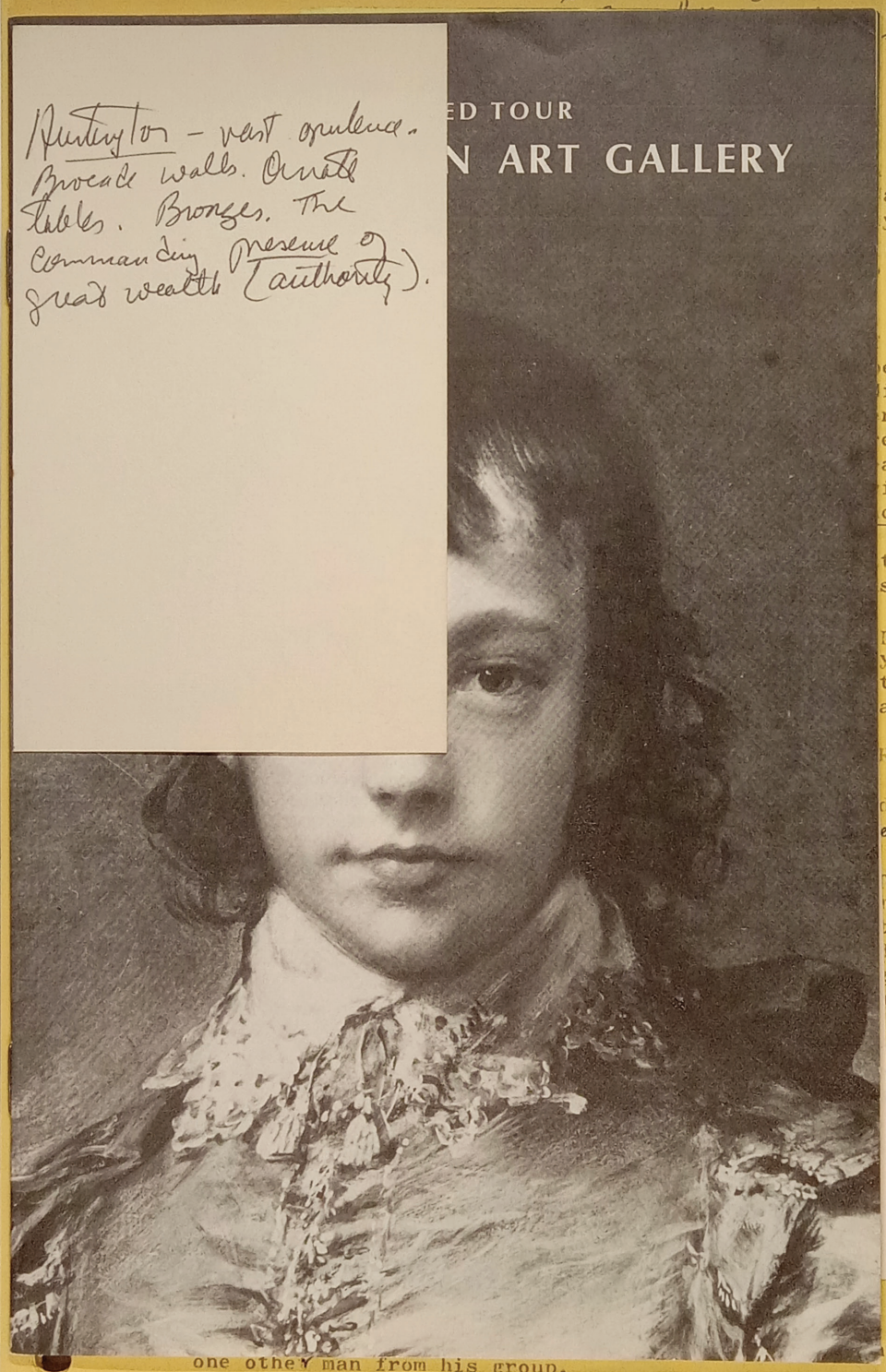
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Huntington - vast opulence. Brocade walls. Ormolu tables. Bronzes. The commanding presence of great wealth (authority).

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THE FLOOR PLANS printed on the back cover show the locations of the various rooms in the Art Gallery that are described in this booklet. The number given a room on the plan corresponds to a description in the text. To tour the gallery using this guide, begin with room number 1 — to the left of the main entrance — and read section 1.

THE HUNTINGTON ART GALLERY contains one of the most distinguished specialized art collections in the country. It is devoted primarily to British art of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries with a strong supporting collection of French furniture, decorative objects, and sculpture of the same periods. There are many publications available at the Bookstore about various parts of the art collection, and the visitor is referred to these books and catalogs for detailed information about individual works of art.



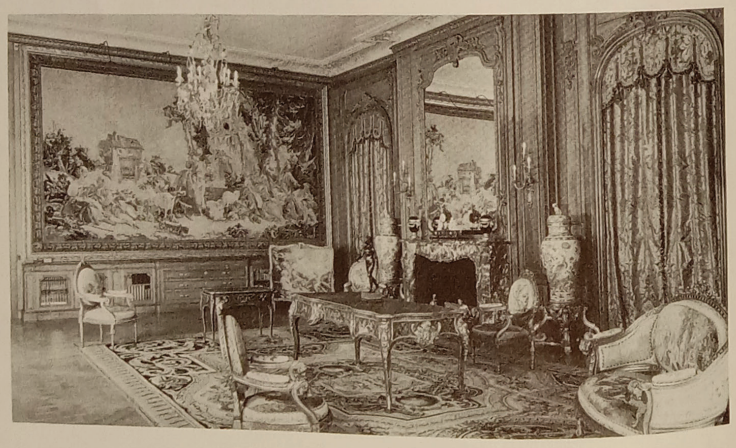
A NOTE ON THE BUILDING

The Huntington Art Gallery was originally the residence of Henry E. Huntington and was designed by Los Angeles architects Myron Hunt and Elmer Grey. It was built during the years 1909-1911. The exterior is in the general style popular for American mansions early in this century. Most of the interiors are modeled on French and English rooms of the eighteenth century, but, with the exception of the Quinn Room (No. 9), all the paneling was made at the time the house was built. The craftsmanship and design in the interiors are of outstanding quality, and the rooms provide a worthy setting for the collection. The Main Gallery (No. 6) was added in 1934.

The Main Floor

LARGE LIBRARY ROOM [1]

This room gives the impression of a grand French salon of the middle of the eighteenth century. The sumptuous and elegant furnishings are all of a type that would have been found only in a royal palace or the château of a wealthy aristocrat. The earliest objects are the two carpets, made in the late seventeenth century at the Savonnerie factory for Louis XIV and originally part of the furnishings of the Louvre. Their rich, but rigidly controlled formal designs are typical of the works of art with which the "Sun King" chose to surround himself. The wall tapestries, designed by François Boucher and woven at the Beauvais factory in the mid-eighteenth century, also seem to have been a royal commission. The lighter color, more casual organization, and more playful mood exemplify the general change in tone in French art after the death of Louis XIV. The tapestries covering the chairs and settees (again from the mid-eighteenth century, but woven at the Gobelins factory) almost certainly once belonged to the mistress of Louis XV, Mme. de Pompadour.



The curved sides and legs of the three large desks are in the style popular in the mid-eighteenth century. The straighter contours of the small table near the entrance show a change in taste that took place later, on the eve of the French Revolution.

Furnishings such as these required a great deal of labor by highly skilled craftsmen and were enormously expensive. (A normal rate of work for a tapestry weaver would be one square yard a year!)



Savonnerie Carpet, detail

LARGE DRAWING ROOM [2]

The paneling is modeled on a French interior of the late eighteenth century, some twenty or thirty years after the Large Library Room (No. 1). The furniture is also late eighteenth-century French, and its relatively simple, rectangular contours make an interesting contrast with the compound curves favored in the mid-century (in No. 1).

The most eye-catching things in the room are the paintings, and these are all English. The dominant type of English eighteenth-century painting is portraiture. The four examples in this room introduce the three leading artists: Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney. There will be better opportunities to study the works of these three painters in the Main Gallery (No. 6), but the examples in the Large Drawing Room are characteristic.

Reynolds' popular painting, *The Young Fortune Teller*, represents two children of the fourth Duke of Marlborough, ancestors of Winston Churchill. The portrait is typical of Reynolds' sophisticated approach. He clothes the children in fancy costumes, unlike any clothes they would actually have worn, and poses them in what was intended to be a whimsical reminder of a well-known early seventeenth-century Italian painting by Caravaggio.

Romney's portrait of the two daughters of the eccentric millionaire, William Beckford, is much more



The Young Fortune Teller, Reynolds



The Beckford Children, Romney

[illegible] Army officer. So he went into the Navy -- with one other man from his group.

Boot training at Farragut. Never having been out of Texas before, he had ~~beenxx~~ worn only a light cotton shirt and trousers. They travelled north by train for five days, and he got colder and colder, finally sneaked out a window one night and bou ht himself two sweat shirts.

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straightforward and direct. The little girls, wearing their normal clothes, are posed more casually and painted with Romney's attractive, broad, simple brushstrokes.

Gainsborough's portrait of the Duchess of Cumberland (a lady whose marriage to one of the brothers of George III provoked a royal scandal) exemplifies that artist's free, rhythmic brushwork and his normally gentle mood.

In the nineteenth century the emphasis in British painting shifts from portraiture to landscape. A fine example *(Grand Canal, Venice)* by one of the greatest of English landscape painters, Turner, is hung in this room near the windows. Turner was fascinated by light and color. Partly for this reason he was particularly drawn to the brilliant skies, marble palaces, and shimmering lagoons of Venice. But on the more sinister side he seems also to have been attracted by the opulence and decadence of that capital of a great commercial empire then in decline. In this painting he adds a narrative note by introducing Shylock (with his bond, scales, and knife) in the lower right corner.



Grand Canal, Turner



Salisbury Cathedral, Constable



Mrs. Willett, Romney

SMALL DRAWING ROOM [3]

Constable's *Salisbury Cathedral from the Bishop's Garden* is an instructive contrast to Turner's *Grand Canal, Venice* (No. 2). The artists were contemporary rivals, and the two greatest landscapists England ever produced. Turner delighted in the dramatic and exotic (Venice, the Alps, violent storms, disasters) and traveled all over Europe in search of such subjects. Constable was attracted by the quieter moods of his native countryside. He never left England, and even there confined his paintings to about four areas he knew very well. He had friends at Salisbury, and the great cathedral in its charming, semi-rural setting was a subject he found constantly appealing. The picture in the Small Drawing Room was commissioned by the bishop as a wedding present for his daughter. Constable originally included some of the wet cumulus clouds that he painted so effectively, but the bishop sent the picture back for revision, saying that, as it was to be a wedding present, he wanted "a more serene sky"; adding that, in a climate such as that of England, he saw no need for a painting to remind him of the weather.

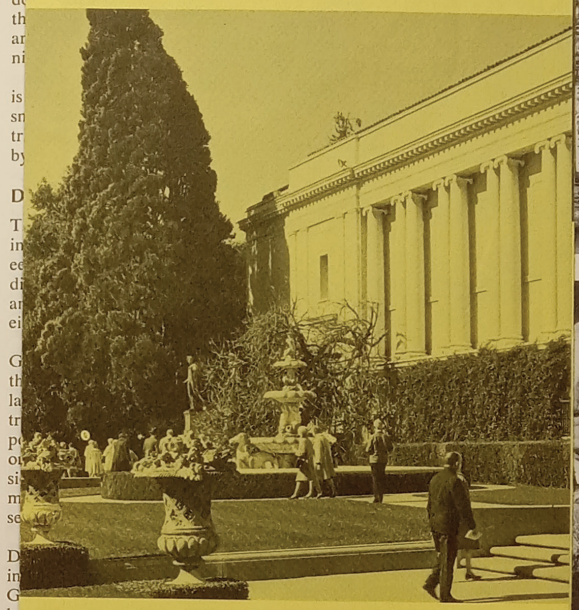
Among the portraits in this room Romney's *Mrs. Willett* merits special attention. You don't learn much from it about Mrs. Willett as a person, and indeed Romney had little interest in characterization; but the picture is a splendid example of his ability to create handsome surfaces of paint from color areas arranged with a sense of order and balance that should satisfy the most exacting student of abstract art.

The superb French clock on the mantelpiece is the

HUNTINGTON

Library · Art Gallery · Botanical Gardens

SAN MARINO, CALIFORNIA 91108

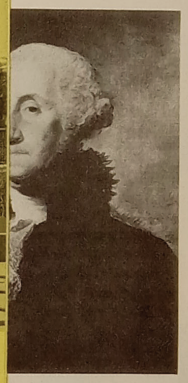


THE HUNTINGTON consists of three main parts. Within its park-like grounds are a Library, with a wealth of manuscripts and rare books in the fields of American and English literature and history; an Art Collection, with a distinguished concentration of British art; and Botanical Gardens, with a dozen specialized gardens of note. All parts of the Huntington serve as an educational institution for the use and enjoyment of the public and of research scholars.

This leaflet is our introductory guide for visitors. On behalf of all members of the staff, I extend a cordial welcome. We sincerely hope that you will find pleasure in your visit and will learn something of value. We invite you to come back as often as you can.

James Thorpe, Director





Stuart



Frederick Frankland, Hogarth

portraits and early silver.

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Grand Canal, Turner

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The superb French clock on the mantelpiece is the finest in the Huntington collection. There are about a dozen clocks distributed through the gallery and in the Arabella Collection in the Library Building. They are all French or English of the late eighteenth or early nineteenth century, and all are in working order.

Also in this room, beneath the Constable painting, is a small collection of French gold and enamelled snuff boxes; elegant, exquisitely crafted, expensive trifles that were frequently used as presentation pieces by royalty and the very wealthy.



Mrs. Willett, Romney

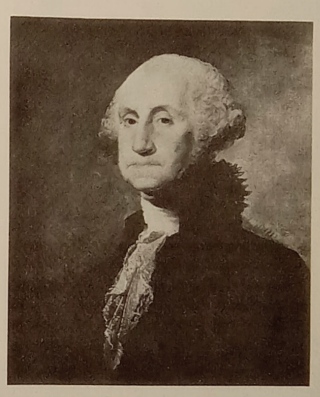


DINING ROOM [4]

This is the first room on your tour in which the paneling reproduces an English rather than a French eighteenth-century room. Most of the furniture — the dining table, the chairs, the spectacular chandelier, and the silver — are also English of mid- or late eighteenth-century date.

The most familiar of the paintings is the portrait of George Washington by Gilbert Stuart. Stuart, although born in America and active here during the later part of his career, received much of his artistic training in England. To meet the great demand for portraits of the first president, Stuart painted about one hundred repetitions or "replicas." Another version is displayed in the Library building. The small marble bust on the mantel beneath Washington represents his principal adversary, George III.

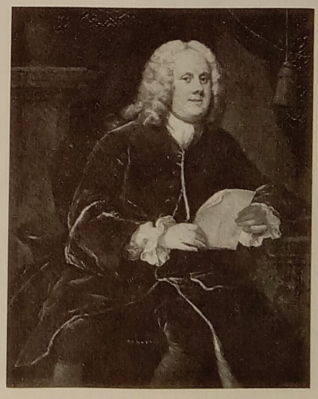
The two male portraits on the north wall of the Dining Room are among the earliest British oil paintings in the collection. Sir Godfrey Kneller, born in Germany but active most of his life in England, is the leading artist at the close of the seventeenth century and the beginning of the eighteenth. He is also the last of a series of foreign-born painters (including Holbein, Van Dyck, and Lely) who dominate British portraiture from the reign of Henry VIII to the accession of George II. William Hogarth, a native Englishman and very proud of the fact, is the most important artist active in England during the second quarter of the eighteenth century. Hogarth, best known for his narrative pictures, is represented in the Huntington collection by three portraits (two are in the Hall, No. 7). The portrait in the Dining Room is of a prosperous businessman named Frederick Frankland. It is quiet in mood and color, but exhibits the restless, rippling type of surface patterns popular in all European art in the mid-eighteenth century, and which you have already encountered in contemporary French furniture and tapestries.



George Washington, Stuart

NORTH PASSAGE [5]

In addition to the paintings, the principal things to see in this room are the collections of English miniature portraits and early silver.



Frederick Frankland, Hogarth

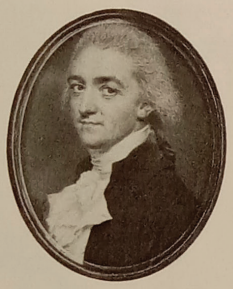
officer. So he went into the Navy -- with one other man from his group.

Boot training at Farragut. Never having been out of Texas before, he had ~~beeeeen~~ worn only a light cotton shirt and trousers. They travelled north by train for five days, and he got colder and colder, finally sneaked out a window one night and bou ht himself two sweat shirts.

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The painting of miniature portraits flourished in England from the late sixteenth to the early nineteenth century, and often commanded the talents of artists of great distinction. The Huntington collection is particularly strong in examples from the later part of this period, but also contains a fine group by the leading masters from the seventeenth century.

Miniatures were usually given as tokens of love or affection, much as we give photographs today. They were frequently worn as jewelry by both men and women. Normally they are painted in opaque watercolor on vellum or ivory and encased in glass. Frequently the back of the locket contains a decorative design made from the hair of the person represented.

The miniature reproduced above left is by Samuel Cooper (seventeenth century); that below is by John Smart (late eighteenth century).

The Huntington collection of British silver is distributed through the Art Gallery, much of it in the rooms upstairs. The pieces shown in the North Passage are some of the earliest and most important. Particularly noteworthy are the objects placed on the three chests: the early sixteenth-century Apostle Spoons; the ceremonial ewer and basin; the beautifully proportioned steeple cup. Most silver is ornamental, but was also made for use, in dining or elsewhere around the house. Consequently it often provides interesting insights into the customs of our ancestors. For instance: the special spoons designed to get marrow out of bones, or to dislodge tea leaves from the spout of a teapot, or to warm brandy. Because of the practice of hallmarking English silver with a series of little punches, it is frequently possible to tell the town where, the craftsman by whom, and the year when a fine piece of silver was made, a type of precise information that is seldom obtainable for other works of art.



Silver ewer and basin, 1607

THE MAIN GALLERY [6]

This room contains the most famous paintings in the collection. They are probably the finest group of full-length British portraits existing anywhere, and provide an unrivaled opportunity to study this phase of English art.

Most of the portraits date from the last quarter of the eighteenth century. Although many of them were commissioned by the people they represent, and eventually hung in their houses, most of the pictures were shown initially at the annual exhibitions at the Royal Academy in London. The portraits were conceived with these public exhibitions in mind, and this accounts for much of the stately, grand effect.

The best-known painting in the room, Gainsborough's *Blue Boy,* represents Jonathan Buttall, the son of a successful hardware merchant, and a close friend of the artist. In accordance with a widespread fashion at the time, Gainsborough has dressed the boy in a costume dating from about 140 years before the portrait was painted. This type of costume was familiar through the portraits of the great Flemish artist, Sir Anthony Van Dyck, who was resident in England during the early seventeenth century. Gainsborough had unbounded admiration for the work of Van Dyck and seems to have planned *Blue Boy* as a portrait in the style of that master and as an act of homage to him. Gainsborough was thus painting a close friend and forming the picture deliberately in the manner of an artist he admired above all others. This combination of circumstances may help to explain the special strength and hence the great appeal of this most famous of all English portraits.

Gainsborough is brilliantly represented in the Huntington collection, and, indeed, nine of his finest works hang in the Main Gallery. It is interesting to compare the paint application in *Blue Boy,* the earliest of these, with that in *Lady Petre,* nearly twenty years later. As Gainsborough matured he became more and more of a wizard with his paint brush, able to make a few squiggles suggest a tree, a skirt, or even a whole figure. For sheer virtuosity in the manipulation of paint on canvas he is with little doubt the greatest artist that England has produced.

Pinkie, facing *Blue Boy* and often paired with it in popular esteem, is by Sir Thomas Lawrence. It was painted about twenty-five years later than Gainsborough's masterpiece and had no association with the earlier painting until they both arrived at the Huntington in the 1920s. *Pinkie* is an extraordinarily



Blue Boy, Gainsborough



Pinkie, Lawrence

Navy material, said the Army offic
one other man from his group.

Boot training at Farragut. Never having been out of Texas before, he had ~~beenkx~~ worn only a light cotton shirt and trousers. They travelled north by train for five days, and he got colder and colder, finally sneaked out a window one night and bought himself two sweat shirts.

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Mrs. Siddons, Reynolds



Lady Spencer, Reynolds

fresh and lively performance which, in the original, has none of the slightly sticky sentimentality that frequently clings about the reproductions. The young girl was born in Jamaica of a wealthy plantation family. The portrait was painted on commission for her grandmother after the girl came to England for her education. Unfortunately she died, probably of tuberculosis, within a few months of the time the portrait was completed. Her brother, who later owned the painting, was the father of the poetess, Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

The portrait in the center of the far wall, Reynolds' *Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse*, is generally regarded as that artist's greatest work. It represents the then leading actress of the English stage, who specialized in tragic roles. The painting is a very learned performance, filled with scholarly allusions to Michelangelo, Rembrandt, Aristotle, pagan iconography, and theories of the passions, all of which were understood well enough by Reynolds' contemporaries but are not likely to be familiar to present-day spectators. Yet even without these additional levels of meaning the painting stands in purely visual terms as one of the grandest and most dignified of British portraits.

Reynolds, like Gainsborough, is very strongly represented in the Huntington collection. Reynolds applies his paint in a less exciting way than Gainsborough, but he is a much more penetrating student of character. He has what is at times an almost bewildering ability to change his manner of painting in accord with different subjects. Compare, for instance, the grave nobility of Mrs. Siddons with the charming domesticity of Lady Spencer and her son (also in the Main Gallery).

Facing Mrs. Siddons, at the opposite end of the Main Gallery, is a great British landscape, *View on the Stour near Dedham*, by Constable. The painting depicts a quiet stretch of country in eastern England within a couple of miles of the place Constable was born and grew to manhood. He painted various views of this area throughout his life, and seems never to have tired of studying the different moods which changes in weather and atmosphere created. Much of the fresh, open-air quality of the painting comes from the carefully observed clouds, suggesting a particular type of English summer day, and the way the light filters through the clouds to strike the land and water. The painting is in fact a portrait of a place, every bit as subtle and searching in its depiction of character as a great human portrait.

The furniture in the Main Gallery is all eighteenth-century English, of artistic and historic importance comparable to the French furniture in rooms 1 and 2 of this tour. Particularly noteworthy are the gilt-wood tables under *Blue Boy* and *Pinkie* which were designed by the famous architect Robert Adam.



View on the Stour, Constable

THE HALL [7]

The Hall contains, in addition to more British portraits, fine examples of English and French sculpture. The large bronze *Diana* is a major work by Houdon, certainly the greatest French, and probably the greatest European sculptor of the eighteenth century. Houdon has created a masterful combination of graceful lightness with the dignity appropriate for a Greek goddess. There are three other important works by Houdon in the Arabella Collection in the Library building.

Much of the best sculpture made in England during the eighteenth century was created by artists who were born and trained on the Continent, but chose to work in Britain. Probably the most distinguished of these was Roubiliac, an expatriate Frenchman represented in the Huntington collection by his lively busts of Handel, Sir Peter Warren (in The Hall), and by a charming *Bacchanal* of children cavorting around a wine barrel (in the anteroom off the North Passage). Rysbrack, an artist of Flemish extraction, is represented by a posthumous terra-cotta bust of Milton (usually in the Main Gallery).

The Hall also contains an outstanding collection of ornamental porcelain vases and figure groups made in England at the Chelsea factory during the middle years of the eighteenth century. These are an English equivalent of the elaborately curvacious furniture and decorative objects favored in France at the same time.



Diana, Houdon

one other man from his group.

Boot training at Farragut. Never having been out of Texas before, he had ~~beenn~~ worn only a light cotton shirt and trousers. They travelled north by train for five days, and he got colder and colder, finally sneaked out a window one night and bou ht himself two sweat shirts.

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Venus, Giovanni Bologna

THE SMALL LIBRARY [8]

This room is devoted primarily to our collection of Renaissance bronze statuettes, the one significant category of object within the Art Gallery that is not English, or French, or eighteenth century. The collection of bronzes is small, but of high quality. It is particularly rich in the work of the sixteenth-century sculptor Giovanni Bologna and his followers.

Bronze statuettes are an intimate form of art, intended for private contemplation on the desk or in the study of a connoisseur-collector. They must be examined at close range to enjoy the delicacy of modeling; they are also highly tactile, demanding to be held and examined by touch as well as sight. But unfortunately the rich surface patination would be destroyed by constant handling.

The Second Floor



QUINN ROOM [9]

The paneling in this room (installed about 1940) is original English work of the mid-eighteenth century, more heavy and architectonic in style than contemporary French paneling (as exemplified by the excellent modern reproduction in the Large Library Room, No. 1). The English paneling was certainly painted, with the carving probably gilded.

The furniture in the Quinn Room is English, mostly from the first half of the eighteenth century. It is of a type that would have been found in a prosperous merchant's house: sturdy and serviceable, covered with needlework that might have been made by the lady of the house herself (an interesting contrast to the professionally made tapestries that appear on contemporary French chairs).



The Gascoigne Family, Hayman

THE SOUTHEAST ROOM [10]

Most of the paintings in this room belong to a type of small-scale, informal, group portraiture that was popular in England during the mid- and late eighteenth century. These portraits are often called "Conversation Pieces" because the figures are usually represented talking to each other or engaged in some equally casual pastime. These attractive little domestic pictures are in contrast to the grand, full-length, life-size exhibition portraits shown in the Main Gallery, No. 6.

The earliest of the Huntington's paintings by Gainsborough, *Lady with a Spaniel*, is in this room. Gainsborough's art underwent an enormous change in the twenty years between this delightful but rather prim little picture and *Blue Boy*. Some of that change may be explained by the close study Gainsborough gave in the intervening period to the portraits by Van Dyck.

Also in the Southeast Room is a painting by the American-born English artist, Benjamin West. West's *Lear and Cordelia* belongs to the category of serious narrative painting. This type of subject never achieved the popularity of either portraiture or landscape in eighteenth-century England, although it was highly respected.



Lear and Cordelia, West

TEMPORARY EXHIBITION GALLERIES [11, 12, 13, 14, 15]

These rooms are used for changing exhibitions derived primarily from the gallery's large collection of British drawings and European prints. The Huntington collection of British drawings and watercolors numbers about six thousand items. It includes excellent samples of virtually all phases of British draftsmanship from the early seventeenth to the early twentieth century, with particularly strong representation of artists such as Blake, Rowlandson, and the landscapists in watercolor. The print collection contains Continental as well as English work, with special emphasis on the engravings and woodcuts of Dürer and the etchings of Rembrandt.

There are also rotating exhibitions of English silver, porcelain, and glass shown in some of these rooms.



Mrs. Siddons Rehearsing, Rowlandson

THE SOUTHWEST ROOM [16]

Pictures concerned with sport, particularly horse-racing and fox hunting, enjoyed great popularity in England. Many of these pictures are portraits of famous racehorses. Two of the finest of the sporting painters, George Stubbs and Ben Marshall, are well represented in this room.

Closely allied with sporting pictures were paintings depicting rural life and genre. The best of the artists concerned primarily with this type of subject is George Morland. Morland is another of those painters (like Gainsborough and Romney) whose free but skillful handling of his brush gives added interest and vitality to his pictures. *The Farmyard* is one of his most important works.



Sam, with Sam Chifney Up, Marshall

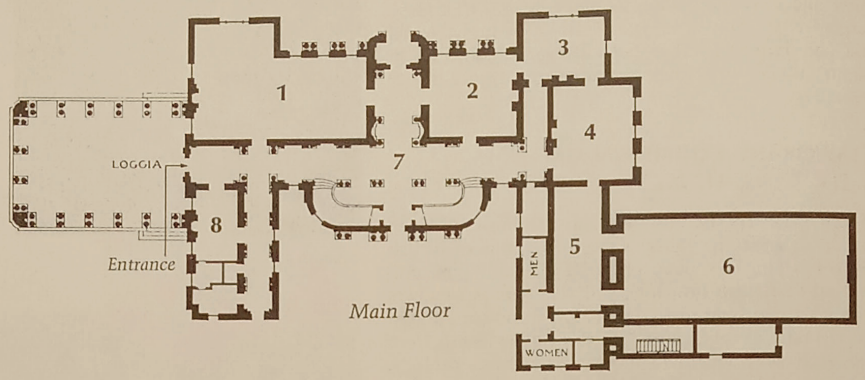
THE ROOMS in the Art Gallery that are not open to the public, especially those on the second floor, are used for offices, the storage of works of art (particularly the drawing and print collections), and an Art Reference Library. The last is available, by appointment, to qualified scholars. It contains probably the largest collection of books, photographs, and other materials for the study of British art that exists outside London. The Art Reference Library together with the art collection itself have made the Huntington an internationally recognized center for research in British art.

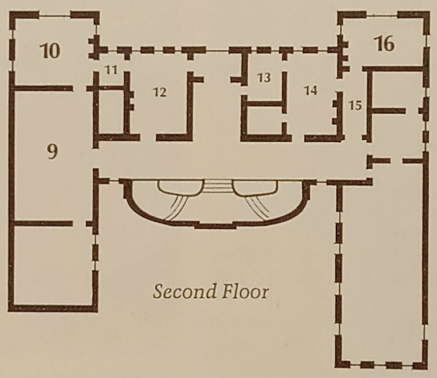
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Boot training at Farragut. Never having been out of Texas before, he had ~~[illegible]~~ worn only a light cotton shirt and trousers. They travelled north by train for five days, and he got colder and colder, finally sneaked out a window one night and bought himself two sweat shirts.

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Floor Plans of the Art Gallery

The Huntington Library · Art Gallery · Botanical Gardens
San Marino, California 91108

Printed by Grant Dahlstrom at The Castle Press, Pasadena, California

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HENRY

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HUNTINGTON

Library · Art Gallery · Botanical Gardens

SAN MARINO, CALIFORNIA 91108



THE HUNTINGTON consists of three main parts. Within its park-like grounds are a Library, with a wealth of manuscripts and rare books in the fields of American and English literature and history; an Art Collection, with a distinguished concentration of British art; and Botanical Gardens, with a dozen specialized gardens of note. All parts of the Huntington serve as an educational institution for the use and enjoyment of the public and of research scholars.

This leaflet is our introductory guide for visitors. On behalf of all members of the staff, I extend a cordial welcome. We sincerely hope that you will find pleasure in your visit and will learn something of value. We invite you to come back as often as you can.

James Thorpe, Director

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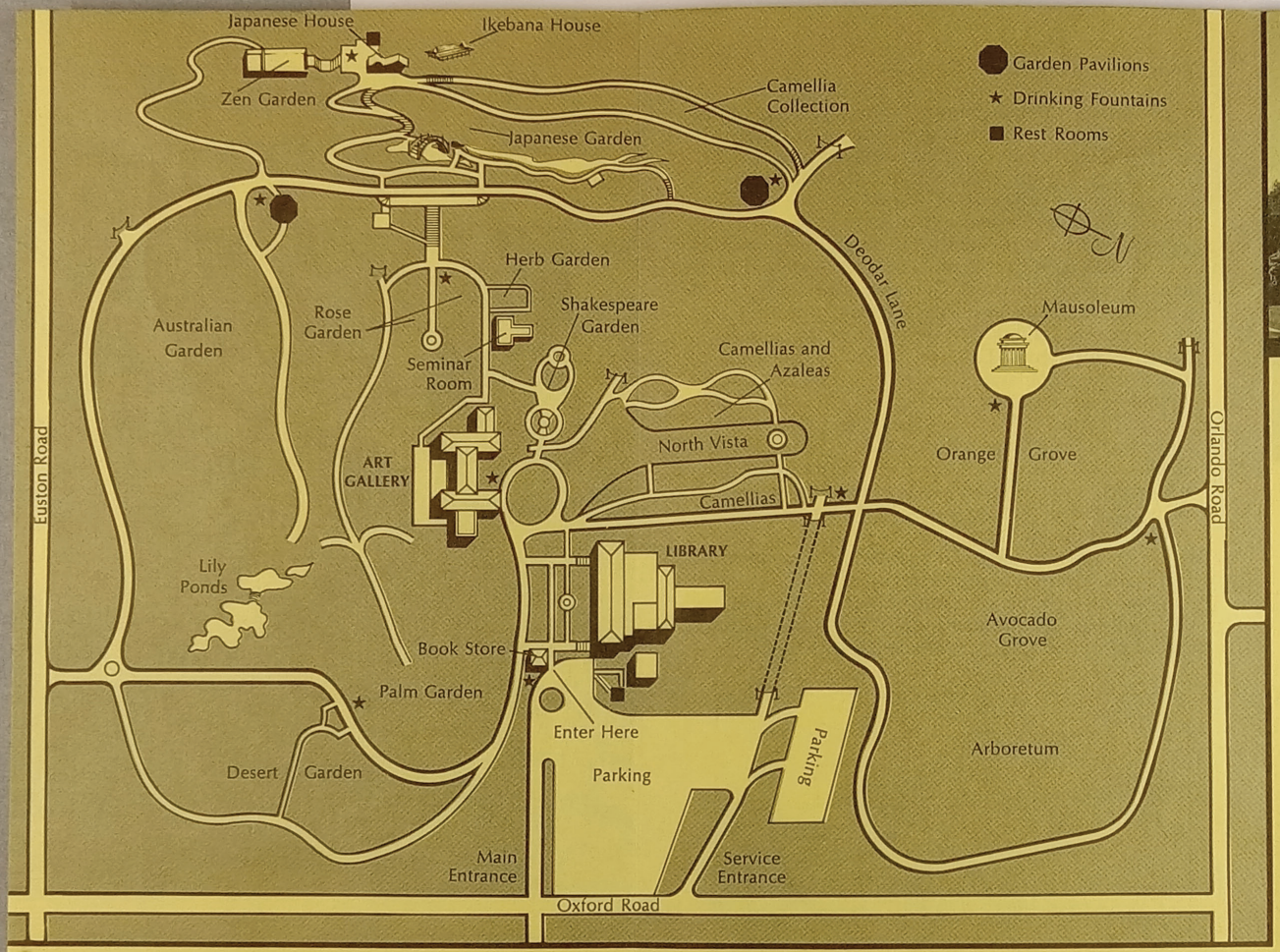
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The Library

The Library, the building to the right of the entrance, houses more than half a million books and five million manuscripts which are in constant use by scholars from all over the world. Nearly two hundred special treasures from the collections are always on view in the Main Exhibition Hall in the front of the Library building. They include the Gutenberg Bible (1450-55), the first book printed in Europe from movable type; the Ellesmere manuscript of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* (about 1410), frequently called the most important and most beautiful of all literary manuscripts; some sixty unique literary and historical manuscripts (such as Franklin's *Autobiography* and Thoreau's *Walden*) from the year 1060 to the present time; some seventy unique or very rare printed books (such as the first printings of Shakespeare's plays) from the 15th century to the present time.

Special changing exhibitions of other books and manuscripts on subjects of current interest are always on view in the adjacent rooms.

One wing of the Library building houses part of the Art Collection: Renaissance paintings and 18th-century French sculpture, furniture, tapestries, and porcelains.

The Botanical Gardens

Each of the gardens is an extensive collection of plants arranged for an interesting horticultural or botanical display. There are shrubs and trees from all over the world, and some plants are in bloom in every season of the year.

The *North Vista*, directly north of the Art Gallery, is an expanse of lawn surrounded by azaleas and camellias and bordered by 17th-century Italian statues.

The *Shakespeare Garden*, northwest of the Art Gallery, is a colorful acre of seasonal plants and flowers used in Elizabethan gardens.

The *Rose Garden*, west of the Art Gallery, has many hundreds of varieties, including the largest collection of tea roses in the United States.

The *Palm Garden*, east of the Art Gallery, has more than two hundred mature specimens.

The *Japanese Garden*, ¼ mile west of the main entrance, is a landscaped canyon of five acres, with Japanese plants, stone ornaments, an 18th-century temple bell, a moon bridge, a furnished Japanese house and a Zen Garden (including a sand and rock garden and a moss garden) and a bonsai court.

The *Camellia Collection* is north of the Japanese Garden and in the North Vista area. Covering six acres, it is the largest public collection of varieties in the world. Camellias are in bloom from late autumn through April.

The *Desert Garden* (southeast corner of the grounds) is the largest outdoor collection of desert plants in the world, covering twelve acres. Most interesting are the cacti, native to the western hemisphere, blooming in spring and summer; hundreds of other succulents, particularly South African aloes in winter, provide color through most of the year.

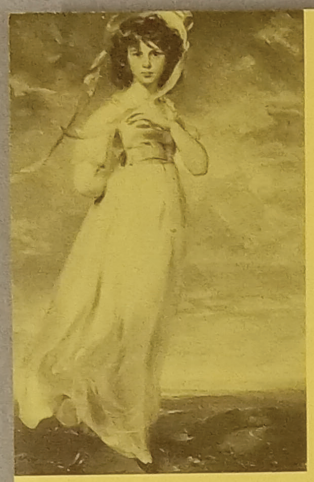


The Art Gallery

Most of the Art Collection is housed in the Art Gallery, the building to the left after entering the grounds. It is devoted primarily to British art of the 18th and 19th centuries, presenting for that period a general view of British art—including paintings, drawings, sculpture, sil-

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ver, miniature portraits, ceramics, and furniture—that cannot be equalled outside of London. The collection contains such world-famous paintings as Gainsborough's "Blue Boy," Lawrence's "Pinkie," Reynolds' "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse," and Constable's "View on the Stour."

The Collection also has one of the richest assemblages in America of French 18th-century decorative art—furniture, tapestries, porcelain, and sculpture. (A part of this collection, as well as one gallery of Renaissance paintings, is housed in the Library Building.) There is a small but distinguished group of Renaissance bronze statuettes.

Changing shows, occupying several rooms on the second floor of the Art Gallery, display selections from the extensive holdings of British drawings, and British and Continental prints.

The Art Gallery was originally the Huntington residence. The works of art are thus displayed in domestic settings similar in design to those for which the art was originally created.

Freeway Exits for The Huntington

— Pasadena Freeway (Route 11): Continue from the end north (on Arroyo Parkway) to California Blvd. Turn right and drive two miles to Allen Ave. Turn right and continue according to local map.

— San Bernardino Freeway (Route 10): Exit on San Gabriel Blvd. (north) and go to Huntington Dr. Turn left, drive one mile to San Marino Ave., and continue according to local map.

— Foothill Freeway (Route 210): Exit on Rosemead Blvd. (south) and go ¾ mile to California Blvd. Turn right, drive two miles west to Allen Ave. Turn left and continue according to local map.

— Ventura Freeway (Route 134): Follow directions to Pasadena and exit on Orange Grove Blvd. (south). Turn right and go to California. Turn left and drive three miles east to Allen Ave. Turn right and continue according to local map.

General Information

OPEN: Tuesday through Sunday, 1 to 4:30 p.m. Closed Monday, major holidays, and the month of October.

LOCATION: Twelve miles northeast of downtown Los Angeles at 1151 Oxford Road, San Marino, California.

PHONES: From Los Angeles (213) 681-6601
From San Marino-Pasadena area (213) 792-6141

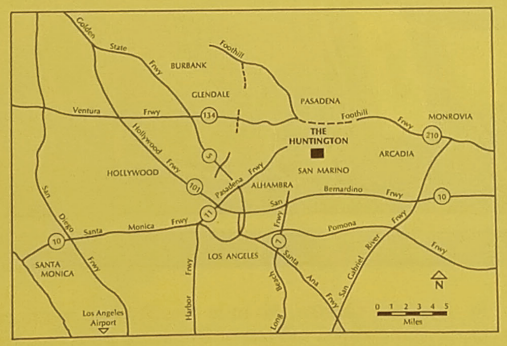
ADMISSION: There is no admission charge; no tickets required. Parking is free. Visitors of all ages are welcome.

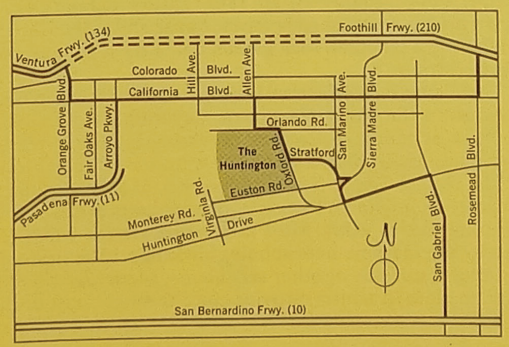
TOURS: Botanical Gardens: Docent-guided tours of 1¼ hours are normally available Tuesday through Friday at 1 p.m. Art Gallery: A taped tour of 45 minutes is available for rental. Library: Docent-guided tours of one hour are available Tuesday at 1:15 p.m. and for groups by advance arrangement.
For information on docent-guided tours for schools and other organized groups, please call the Tour Secretary, extension 56. A detailed *Visitor's Guide* and leaflets for self-guided tours of several parts of the institution may be purchased at the Bookstore. The leaflets are also available in the tour areas.

THE BOOKSTORE also offers for sale books, reproductions, facsimiles, cards, note paper, slides, and film.

PHOTOGRAPHY is permitted throughout the institution, but flashbulbs and tripods may not be used in the buildings.

PICNICS AND PETS are not permitted on the grounds.



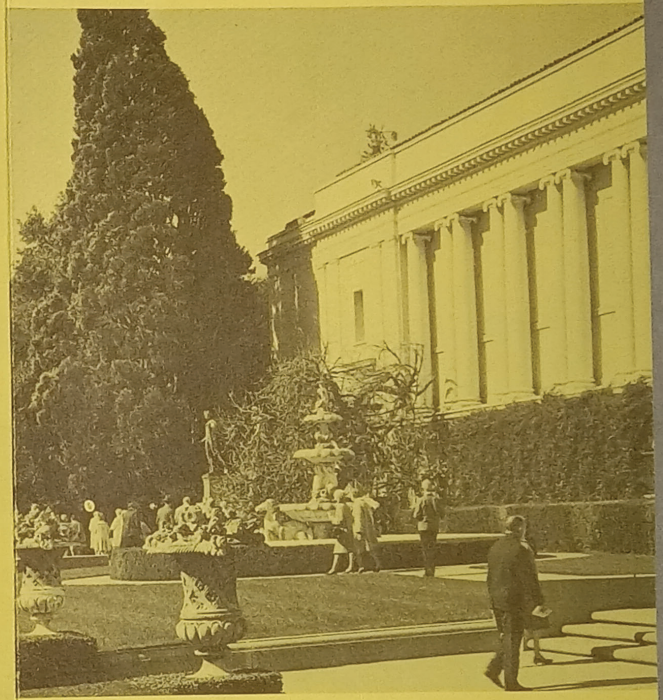


(Map not drawn to scale.)

HUNTINGTON

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SAN MARINO 9, CALIFORNIA 91108

ROBERT R. WARK
CURATOR OF ART

October 11, 1963

Mr. Calvin Tomkins,
The New Yorker,
No. 25 West 43rd Street,
New York, 36, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Tomkins,

The two portraits to which Rauschenberg had reference are Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse" (there is no reference to Medea in the painting) and Sir Thomas Lawrence's "Pinkie" (the girl's name is Sarah Moulton Barrett).

I might point out that we have no connection with the Huntington Hartford Foundation or Museum, to which your letter was addressed.

Yours sincerely,

Robert Wark

Robert R. Wark

...ture he saw until he left Texas at ...an on a globe "with his head in ...nvones and I think a lyre?"

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...ger. R. had always wanted ...ed his mustering out pay ...d she'd want lessons, too." ...La. (See letter)

...urch upbringing. Parents ...e denomination that ...he restrictions regularly, ...ngs and church-going were ...as large, with a great ...R's younger sisters came ...ily is still large, and ...home occasionally. Parents ...ther people whom they ...tant, and R's work is ...om it. No understanding ... recent years.

...physical, etc. On the bus up there, everyone was talking about how they'd rather get in the Navy. When R. ~~gnixts~~ had passed physical and came before two officers, one Army and one Navy, and asked which he preferred, he said the Army. Why, he was asked. "Everyone else was talking about the Navy. I don't really want to be in either one, I don't really care." "Sounds like Navy material," said the Army officer. So he went into the Navy -- with one other man from his group.

Boot training at Farragut. Never having been out of Texas before, he had ~~xrsnnxnx~~ worn only a light cotton shirt and trousers. They travelled north by train for five days, and he got colder and colder, finally sneaked out a window one night and bou ht himself two sweat shirts.

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	TOMKINS	IV.C.2

* once said his only picture he saw until he left Texas at 18 was Hope, a woman on a globe "with her head in one of those bandage-nooses and I think a lyre?"

Rauschenberg - BIO

Born October 1925 in Port Arthur, a refining town on the Gulf Coast of Texas. Never left Texas until he went into the Navy. Port Arthur is one foot below sea level. "It used to rain nearly every day. Visitors used to complain about the sheets being wet, but to this day I still do my best work in the summer; I seem to freeze up esthetically in cold weather."

Father, Ernest, (who died Oct., 1963) was ~~and is~~ an employee with the Gulf State Utilities Company. Family was poor, but not seedy. Father spent all his free time hunting and fishing, was always sorry that R. didn't really like either. A happy home, though. "My father and mother really loved each other. They were so happy with each other that I grew up very independent." R. did poorly in school, never liked reading.** Spent most of his time drawing, but never connected this with the idea that one could be an artist. "It wasn't until I left school that I realized there was such a thing as an artist.* It's different today, of course -- Life magazine and the newspapers carry articles about artists... But in Port Arthur when I was a child, it was very easy to grow up without ever seeing a painting. Being an artist was just not a possibility. I never asked my parents for help later, for this reason -- I couldn't ask them for something that they didn't even know was possible. And then I had always been independent." R. spent his free time climbing trees, and collecting live and dead bugs and animals.

** Got into every school play, but no good at remembering lines.

Was close to his sister, who is ten years younger. R. had always wanted piano lessons. When he got out of Navy, he used his mustering out pay to buy a piano for his sister. "I just assumed she'd want lessons, too." Sister now married and living in Layafette, La. (See letter)

Both R. and sister had a very conscientious Church upbringing. Parents belonged to the Church of Christ, a very austere denomination that frowned on social dancing, etc. R. violated the restrictions regularly, but went to church every Sunday. "Family outings and church-going were the two major social occasions." The family was large, with a great many cousins, aunts, and uncles. Most of Mrs. R's younger sisters came to live with them at one time or another. Family is still large, and very close. R. on good terms with them, goes home occasionally. Parents are very proud of him now, for two reasons: Other people whom they respect have told them that R.'s work is important, and R's work is economically successful -- he makes a living from it. No understanding of it, though. Mother has taken up painting in recent years.

(Mother's story about R. running in Class press release with check in classroom - Still can't understand why this didn't work.)

NAVY

R. was drafted in 1942. Taken to Houston for physical, etc. On the bus up there, everyone was talking about how they'd rather get in the Navy. When R. had passed physical and came before two officers, one Army and one Navy, and asked which he preferred, he said the Army. Why, he was asked. "Everyone else was talking about the Navy. I don't really want to be in either one, I don't really care." "Sounds like Navy material," said the Army officer. So he went into the Navy -- with one other man from his group.

Boot training at Farragut. Never having been out of Texas before, he had been worn only a light cotton shirt and trousers. They travelled north by train for five days, and he got colder and colder, finally sneaked out a window one night and bought himself two sweat shirts.

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	TOMKINS	IV.C.2

Solomon tells story abt R's parents getting him to enroll in medical school after return from Navy. He did so, but on first day of classes was given a frog to dissect and refused to do so. Told to dissect frog or leave school, he left school

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	TOMKINS	IV.C.2

R. was an "honor recruit." "I was terribly shy, and I did everything they told me. The possibility of goofing off was something I didn't learn until much later." But at the end of boot training, when the men were being assigned to various branches, R. told them they'd better not give him a gun because he certainly wasn't going to kill anybody with it. He was put in the Hospital Corps, and sent to Hosp. Corps School in San Diego.

While there, he saw his first real paintings, at the Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery in San Marino ~~Hartford Museum~~ near LA. Was on liberty in LA. Had been drawing more and more -- at boot camp he used to sketch the men and give them the drawings to send home. Had realized that he could make drawings that looked like the original, which other people couldn't do. "Had learned from more sophisticated people that drawing leads to painting, "and when one knows that, you hear about great paintings." In any case he was interested enough to go out to the ~~Hartford~~ Museum, where he was really shook up. R. remembers three paintings: "There was a portrait of Mrs. ~~Sarah~~ Siddons as The Tragic Muse, (by Sir Joshua Reynolds) ~~Lawrence~~, an enormous brown thing, and then there was the Blue Boy, and Pinkie,* which I recognized from the backs of playing cards. I looked at them with a kind of fascination and awe." Painting began to seem like something that it was possible to do. *Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of Sarah Moulton Barrett.

R. still didn't really believe he could be a painter, though. He knocked around California in the Navy, going to Corona Naval Hospital where it was discovered that he had a family history of TB; then up to a rehabilitation center at Arrowhead Springs where he did outdoor work, then back to San Diego for neuropsychiatric technicians course. Toyed with idea of becoming a psychiatrist, which appealed because of its direct involvement with life, etc. But drawing more and more -- mostly people. [Told in Navy Hospital: "Don't be sympathetic, be realistic. But you can't help it, and there wasn't enough of me to go around."]

Post Navy

Got out in the summer of 1946. Came home planning to surprise his family, got to the house, and the door was opened by strangers. His family had moved to Layafette, La, about five hours away. (No one wrote letters). R. very embarrassed. He didn't want to ask other members of the family in Port Arthur, because "it didn't seem right for me not to know where they were." Found out that they were in Lafayette, and went there. Went into a drugstore to look up their address on phone book; saw his father having coffee at the counter.

R. left home again after about ~~two weeks~~ 6 months. "I was so restless, and so changed, after moving from such a narrow to such a wide range of experiences. Everybody felt that way, I guess. Anyway, I felt I knew more about Los Angeles than any place else, so I went back there."

He took a series of odd jobs -- in the packing room of a dept store, doing illustrations for a small weekly paper (loaves of bread), etc. Then he met a girl who was going home to Kansas City; knowing he wanted to be an artist, she urged him to come to the Kansas City Art Institute, and he cheerfully agreed. (Pat Pearman)

R. arrived in KC early one morning, about 3 AM. Had nothing to do but think and sit and drink coffee for a few hours, until he could call the girl, and he decided to change his name. "I'd always disliked my given names, and I'd had enough trouble with Rauschenberg anyway. A

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	TOMKINS	IV.C.2

name like that is harder to cope with in the South, where you find fewer unusual names (Note: It came from a Berlin doctor who settled in Texas and married a Cherokee Indian woman -- this was R's grandfather). I decided I wanted the most common name there was, either Bob or John. Sitting there in the train station, I decided that the first person who asked me my name, I'd say Bob, and if they believed me it would be Bob from then on." First person who asked was the Registrar at KC Art Inst., and she believed him. * (Note: Real name is Edwin Milton)

(over)

R. stayed in KC for about a year (Fall 1946- 1947). "During that time I found out that in order to be an artist you had to go to Paris. I took all those jokes ~~seriously~~ very seriously. I was terribly excited about going to art school. I took day courses and night courses, and I also had three jobs: Making movie sets for a company that made shorts for local businesses, to be shown in the movie theaters; making animated animals and forms for special industrial displays; doing window displays for a shop near the school, a haberdashery and novelty store -- the girl who had the job before me got pregnant, and recommended me, although I'd had no experience. My idea was to make money to go to Paris." R. says KC was important as a first step, a commitment to becoming an artist, but that he was too naive to be able to learn very much. "I got more out of those odd jobs -- they were all jobs that I alone was responsible for, and they taught me a lot."

He came east in the fall of 1947, straight from KC, with his passport for Europe. Spent three days in Newark thinking it was New York ("You know how they are on trains"). Sailed on a converted troopship, the Marine Tiger.

Paris

Studied at the Academie Julian for a while. Had been told about that and the Grand Chaumière by friends in KC, written to both, been accepted by Julian. "It was very difficult there. Not much teaching was being done. The criticism was once a week, and I didn't understand any French so it wasn't much help. I simply wanted to learn to paint, you see. Everyone else was hung up on whether their stuff should look like Picasso or Matisse." Support was G.I. Bill.

R. met Sue Weil at the Academie. The two of them took to the streets painting. They lived in a cheap pension at 7 Rue Stanislaus, just off the Blvd Raspail and not far from the Dome. Paris was sort of depressing then. One egg a week, milk rationed, glum atmosphere. R and Sue were scared of the concierge in the dingy pension. They painted in the front room, which no one else ever used, and whenevr ~~in~~ one of them spilled a drop of paint on the dark, aged oriental rug, they would go around and put a drop of the same color in corresponding places to equalize it; the room began to seem brighter and brighter.

"I started painting with my hands. I didn't like using brushes, for some reason. I wanted literally to get as involved as I could with the act of painting." But his work was representational, not abstract -- mostly people, and some cityscapes. "It wasn't until I got back to the States that I realized what I was doing could be related to Expressionism or Fauvism. I saw my first Picassos in Paris. They didn't really make much sense to me. I liked Matisse better. But neither one really influenced what I was doing. It was just a sensual relationship to the act of painting." I guess I made mostly messes, and I certainly ruined what few clothes I'd brought.

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	TOMKINS	IV.C.2

On name-changing as a characteristic gesture: "I tend to like things that are not supported by historical fact. To this day, that's the element I find most fulfilling in my work. The exception is the Inferno drawings. The fact that this was an exception made it very exciting to me. If you're going to do anything, though, it seems to me you just more or less have to up and do it -- I don't think initiative is anything you ought to be complimented for. If you're doing something that doesn't have an outside responsibility, if the responsibility is only to yourself, then precedent has no real value."

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	TOMKINS	IV.C.2

R. stayed about 7 or 8 months in Paris. Sue was leaving to go to Black Mountain College. R. had read an article about Black Mtn in Time,"which said that Albers was the greatest disciplinarian in the United States. I knew that what I needed was discipline, if I was ever going to grow out of what I was doing, so I decided to go there, too." Sue went on ahead, R. waited until he had enough money for passage. ~~(Note: ask about support while in Paris)~~. ~~zzEnteredx~~ ~~BlackxMtnxinzOctoberzx1948(?)~~ (one and only time he asked parents for help). Returned aboard student ship which took 14 days to cross because it ran into a hurricane, during vernal equinox. R. went right to Black Mtn for his interview, then home to Lousiana. Entered Black Mountain after term had begun, in October 1948.

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Father very easygoing with everyone except family. Very anxious about fact he'd only gone through third grade, and was a real fanatic about education as the cureall. "But they never really paid too much attention to me. I was born so soon after they got married. My mother and father were so close that often there didn't seem to be much room for anyone else -- which never bothered me at the time. They'd sit holding hands. Until the last few years they never spent a night apart.

"I never was any good at sports. I often wondered where I was when everybody learned football and baseball. I was pretty much a loner. I was very shy -- I spent most of my time either in a tree or under the house. I'd hide when somebody was coming. Uusually I had one good friend, but that one would change pretty often."

Animals -- goats, rabbits, live to dead bugs, ducks, chickens, dogs.

Did go fishing with his father. "But he was so serious about it that it was never really a pleasure. A great deal of his confidence came from the fact that he was one of the area's best hunters, and that he also had the best dogs. People would come from miles around to hunt with him. Duck hunting mostly, but everything else too.. He usually left me pretty much alone. My mother says he was crazy about me, but...

Did a lot of drawing as a kid but thought nothing of it -- assumed everyone could do it. One day he was home alone, bored, nothing to do, so he painted over his sister's set of bedroom furniture - and caught hell for it later.

School - "I hated it. I had a lot of trouble with reading. Maybe because I was so bored. I had no experience at that sort of concentration.. I just lived in terror day after day of going to school. And I was always getting progressively further behind. I didn't get interested in any subject until junior high school when I got off on chemistry, where you could actually touch things -- I got A's in all the tests, and the teacher gave me a D for the year; I went to ask about it, and she said, 'Oh,you did so poorly in everything else I knew you must be cheating.' Then in high school I loved geometry, it was so visual. My mother used to say I should be a lawyer because I liked to argue so much.

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	TOMKINS	IV.C.2

Bio notes - 1

Family, Childhood

Two four grandparents died of TB. He never knew any of them. His father's mother was part Cherokee -- "mostly, if not all." She died when his father was a child. By the time his father was seven he was not living at home, sent out as a farm hand near Gatesville, Texas (not far from Waco).

His mother had three sisters and a brother, and one or another was always with them. When she would get married, another would move in.

Father cared mostly about hunting and fishing. (~~Zachary~~ Ernest R., worked for Gulf States Utilities). He also raised hunting dogs, "and when it wasn't against the law we even had live decoys -- ducks." When Bob was in his teens his father took him out to learn to handle a gun - this was before anybody knew he was nearsighted. "You can imagine how well I did. I've always suspected that one of the reasons I did so poorly in school was that I couldn't see. Most of the teaching then was with flash cards."

Father very easygoing with everyone except family. Very anxious about fact he'd only gone through third grade, and was a real fanatic about education as the cureall. "But they never really paid too much attention to me. I was born so soon after they got married. My mother and father were so close that often there didn't seem to be much room for anyone else -- which never bothered me at the time. They'd sit holding hands. Until the last few years they never spent a night apart.

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	TOMKINS	IV.C.2

"If I'd been able to relate better socially I might have done better at school. The only way I related at all was that I really loved to dance, and was considered quite good at it. Also the theatrical side -- I painted scenery. I only acted once, and of course I fell to pieces even tho I was in a wheelchair. I liked hanging around all that kind of activity. After classes were over, I volunteered for committees on publicity, on decorating, on drama -- everything."

Running for class president was a joke. "I did have a sense of humor, and I liked the ridiculous notion that anyone as unpopular as I was should run for class president." Senior year. He took a goose into each room, released it saying 'Vote for Bob R.,' then ran around to back entrance to collect it. Most of his classmates were just bewildered. The humor was a little sophisticated for Port Arthur and even for RR. He'd painted a lot of posters of Veronica Lake saying "Vote for R." Lake was easy to draw because she had only one eye.

His father expected his mother to devote all her time to running the house. She secretly joined the garden club, and was elected president; it got in the paper, and Ernest made her quit.

Ernest died about ten years ago. "The closest he ever got to my career was once in the early sixties, he said they wanted to talk to me, so we had a sort of formal meeting, and he said he'd always thought I was wasting my time but now he realized I knew more about it than he did, and he never knew I was going to make a lot of money. He never came to any of my exhibitions."

(Now the family says Bob's nephew Rock Begneaud (age 20) is "just like Bob.")

Bob was a healthy child. Chronic nosebleeds. Diptheria once, during a period when they were so poor they'd rented out the two bedrooms in the house; Bob was quarantined in the living room and the rest of the family had to live in the kitchen.

"Supposedly I was a tease -- it was about my only sport."

The family used to go camping nearly every weekend -- maybe that's when the others learned sports.

Church of Christ - "I was going to be a preacher until the age of 13 or so. Giving up that was a major change in my life. Our church was so strict it was a fulltime job for any Christian just to search for evils. You weren't supposed to dance. Movies were questionable. Lots of people wouldn't even play cards at home. I was really serious about a lot of it. But finally I decided I couldn't spend the rest of my life thinking everybody else was going to hell. I stopped going to church, more or less. I still did go in the Navy and for a time afterward.

Navy College

Bob made a deal with his parents on college. He promised them he'd go for a year; if after that he still didn't want to do it he would be free to do what he wanted. Looking back he thinks it was pretty fair of them, and speaks well of the family relationship.

He would have preferred to study veterinary science, but that was at Texas A & M and he didn't want military school. So he compromised with

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	TOMKINS	IV.C.2

pharmacy at the Univ of Texas, where he lasted about 8 months. His refusal to dissect a frog wasn't quixotic. He was willing to watch a classmate do it, and write a paper. But on the way to see the Dean he released his frog from the jar, so the die was cast - a disciplinary problem. He got drafted a month later.

Navy
Went to Houston for the physical. He was in one of three busloads from Port Arthur, and all the guys on his bus wanted to go in the navy. He passed the physical, and went into the room with the army lieut. and the navy ensign, who asked which service he wanted. He said army. Why? Bob said he didn't really want either, but a lot of others wanted the navy so he thought he should make another place available. "Sounds like navy material to me," said the army lt. He was one of two taken by the navy, and was terribly embarrassed.

Basic training at Farragut (boot camp). Ice and mountains. "I was honor man, because I was so naive I did everything anyone told me to. I would stand two watches in a row because my replacement didn't show up. Also I was popular, because I sketched everybody and gave them portraits to send home. I was a cleancut kid you know. It was just beginning to occur to me that I could draw with a little more ease than other people. But I still thought everybody could draw.

"Somewhere in there I got a set of oil paints. I started a portrait of somebody, and because the john was the only place with lights on after curfew I sat in there to finish it. When I ran out of red, I pricked my finger and rubbed it into the skin tone. I think the guy's name was Hubler. People were telling me they wished they could do that, and I wasn't so dumb I didn't notice. Actually I would have been an extremely literal artist if I hadn't been a schizo and a Libra -- I have about four sides to me, so that by the time I hear from all four I'm free to do anything I want."

Aptitude Test - told Chief Petty Officer "If you think I'm going to kill anybody you're crazy." As a result the rest of his boot camp company was shipped out and he was left. After a time somebody remembered him, and he was assigned to hospital corps and sent to San Diego Hospital for training. Then to Corona, where he was assigned to a critical TB ward; he mentioned that three of his grandparents had died of TB and he'd heard that you could inherit a tendency. Three months later he was shipped to a rehabilitation center in Arrowhead Springs, near San Bernardino. Nobody knew what to do with him there, so he was put to work with a civilian crew rebuilding the water line. Then back to San Diego because a Chief thought he'd make a good neuropsychiatric technician; after six weeks training he went to Camp Pendleton where he finished out his service. He worked there with everything from disturbed draftees to people with extreme combat psychosis. "I was doing a good job mainly out of compassion. I didn't have enough objectivity - another couple of months and I would have become one of my own patients. But I really enjoyed the work. I had a few tricks I developed, such as how to get everybody to go to bed at the same time. The guys would take bets on how many foots of beds I could walk across without falling -- but they all had to be in bed before I'd start. Usually the nurse assigned to the ward didn't know anybody's history. I was the go-between with

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	TOMKINS	IV.C.2

the psychiatrist, who had too many wards.

We ran a 4-0 ward, with a captain's citation every Field Day. Actually I always liked the patients best just before they were completely cured - that area just before they become boring adjusted people, the period when they were curious, gentle, poetic. I watched one guy go back from that to work in his father's barber shop. I knew I took it too personally to be effective for any long duration.

"In the meanwhile, when I was at the repair base I started hitchhiking up and down the coastal highway - I'd spend half my furlough hitchhiking up and the other half back. During one of those weekends, I went to the Huntington Library, really to see the cactus garden there. While I was there I went in and saw the paintings. It sounds really corny, but my moment of realization that there was such a thing as being an artist happened right then. There were four paintings -- Pinky, The Blue Boy, Sara Siddons as the Tragic Muse, and either a Reynolds or a Lawrence of some mad countess. I knew the first two from playing cards, but seeing them that way, with the integrity of real objects... And the Sara Sddons -- even today I don't remember ever seeing a brown painting that was as interesting. "

Postwar and Kansas City

"I still assumed then that whenever I wasn't in the navy I would live in Port Arthur."

He stayed about six months in Lafayette, after finding his parents' new home. Wasn't fitting in - but still no thought of becoming an artist. Decided to go to LA because he knew more people there. Before that he'd bought his sister a piano with his mustering out pay -- he'd always wanted one, but she didn't "She hated it, even though I painted it silver." Bob had hitchhiked back to Layafette with a classical piano record in his gear (Chopin), thinking he would learn to play by putting the record on and playing along -- didn't work out.

Back in LA he had a couple of funky jobs before he got one packing bathing suits in a bathing suit factory. Pat Pearman was an assistant designer or stylist there -- Ballerina Bathing Suits (Pat was always first assistant to top person), and they became friends. She was beautiful, with red hair, a big girl from Joplin, Mo. Became his best friend, and encouraged to take "what she called 'my talent' seriously. She herself used to brag about having no talent whatsoever." Her mother was ill, so she had toquit her job and go home to Missouri. They decided that if she could arrange for Bob to go to Kansas City Art Institute he'd go - she did and he did. Really a good influence. He earned the money to get there by two days work as a standin for a movie company.

"That was the beginning of everything. " No more doubt about what he would be.

Paris

Sailed on converted troopship, slept out on deck because of the vomit. (He did get off the train at Newark and stay two days at YMCA there, thinking it NYC). Hooked up by accident with two other guys going over, one of whom became a painter and never came back. They found a pension at 7 Rue Stanislaus (wild guess). There were only two art schools that

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The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection: TOMKINS	Series.Folder: IV.C.2

were eligable under GI Bill, the Academie Julian and the Grande Chaumiere. "Both Sue and I were disappointed by the complacency of the other students." Bob was doing expressionistic work, European-style (where the hair could be any color). They gave each other support. Both admitted later that they sat next to each other because each thought the other the worst student in class.

Bob was drawn to Sue's animal-type energy. "One of those people you just have a good time with." After the second week he was pretty sure you didn't have to be in Paris to be an artist. They started going to class less and less, took to painting in the streets. Also talked people at the pension into posing. Most of the residents were over sixty, so they had use of front room after dinner. Painting there seemed very risky and daring to them - they did compensate for every spill.

Bob went to the Louvre, but had so little art history that he didn't know what he was looking at. (At KC Institute he'd taken every course poss., held three jobs -- commercials for showing in theaters, window displays, animated animals for clothing manufacturer). He was very struck by Matisse because of his economy and exactness. "I was so incredibly ~~the~~ excessive. I was going to drown in it if I didn't find some excuse to crawl out. I even s opped using brushes, I loved the medium so much I was painting with my hands. I've since seen some of those works of mine, and they're really lousy. Once I was in Lafayette and didn't have anything to do, so I thought it might be interesting to look at some of the stuff in the garage -- they were the ugliest things you've ever seen."

He and Sue couldn't live together because of the chaperone, who wore a big black witch hat at all times.

He was good in school but unnerved my father when he found sketches and drawings in his geometry notebood instead of his school work. He had the calling way back there.

One of my childhood keepsakes is an oil of a duckling done on the end of an apple crate Bob did for me when I had the measles at 4 years old. It will never be a collector's item but it means a lot to me.

Bob had possitively no encouragement in his chosen field from my parents. I guess they knew that it would be a hard road to the top. But of course they are so proud of him now, not only for being well recognized for his work but for sticking with it even through hard times. I admire him too for being so determined to do what he liked that he made good.

All of our friends and relatives in Port Arthur and in Lafayette are very interested in him and what he is doing, but they don't know much about his work. We are so far removed from that type of art here in the deep south, that all we know is what we read in magazines (adverse or otherwise). All of these people get real excited to see his name or picture in print in national publications.

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	TOMKINS	IV.C.2

Janet Begneaud
412 West University Avenue
Lafayette, Louisiana
July 22, 1963

Dear Mr. Tomkins,

It is certainly no imposition on my part to speel off about my favorite brother. My opinions are biased and I will probably get off on a tangent about him.

I agree with you that Bob has not changed much. He has always been a warm and sensitive person and very uncomplicated. I have admired his ability to see and understand the simple and logical things in our busy lives. I think that his work demonstrates this feeling.

He has, since childhood, been a lover of animals. When he was 8 years old the following animals were his pets all at one time: a horned toad frog, a nanny goat, a banny rooster, some gold fish, 2 adult hunting dogs that had a family of 9 puppies.

You ask about our childhood together. I am afraid that the 10 years difference in our ages did away with most all "togetherness". I remember being a terrible pest and tease to him. I peeped through the keyhole to see where he hid his favorite possessions and then after he left, I went in and re-hid them so that he couldn't find them. I tattled on him the time he painted fleur-de-lis' with red tempora paint on the woodwork of his bedroom and all over his bedroom furniture.

He was good in school but unnerved my father when he found sketches and drawings in his geometry notebood instead of his school work. He had the calling way back there.

One of my childhood keepsakes is an oil of a duckling done on the end of an apple crate Bob did for me when I had the measles at 4 years old. It will never be a collector's item but it means a lot to me.

Bob had possitively no encouragement in his chosen field from my parents. I guess they knew that it would be a hard road to the top. But of course they are so proud of him now, not only for being well recognized for his work but for sticking with it even through hard times. I admire him too for being so determined to do what he liked that he made good.

All of our friends and relatives in Port Arthur and in Lafayette are very interested in him and what he is doing, but they don't know much about his work. We are so far removed from that type of art here in the deep south, that all we know is what we read in magazines (adverse or otherwise). All of these people get real excited to see his name or picture in print in national publications.

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Lafayette is a university town and all of the art professors and most of the students at U.S.L. know mother and me as "Bob Rauschenberg's mother or sister". We love this.

A painter from California recently moved to Lafayette and went to mother's next door neighbor to have his tax forms filled out. In conservation, the tax consultant mentioned that he lived next door to Bob Rauschenberg's parents. He told us that after this he had a hard time keeping the painters attention on taxes rather than B.R. The neighbor said that he felt more important just knowing Bob. This type of thing is happening more and more and of course mother and daddy are glad that other people are finding out what they have known all along, that their son is a very good painter. (You know the story about every crow thinking his is the blackest!)

Bob and I have become very close now that I have grown up. I am only sorry that we don't see more of each other. I love having a brother that is a well known painter.

I hope that I have been of some help to you. I am sure that I have rambled on about him and how proud we are of him and you knew this before you wrote me.

I would like to read this profile after it is finished and in print. Will you please send me a copy?

Please tell Bob that I send my love, when you see him, to him and Christopher. We Rauschenbergs are a poor lot when it comes to letter writing. (You can tease him about this). I enjoyed hearing from you and I am very happy that the New Yorker is this interested in Bob.

Sincerely,

Janet Begneaud

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