

A peculiar aspect of this century, which grows, is the grudging and niggling nature of the regard for the best artists. Of course the best work conflicts with the ignorant complacency of the society, certainly the American society, but also most people who are not artists, but who are involved in art, are diffusely, tepidly critical of the best work, critical in a bad sense, in a know-nothing way. Know-nothingness is this time's prime feature: a new know-nothingness, a greater know-nothingness, even a new order, even neofascism. Most, not all, writers on art, most, not all, curators, as I've said before, seem to resent art and artists. The general tone is snide. Intelligence, enthusiasm, and any general view are absent.

They were also absent when Josef Albers was exhibiting his work in New York City during the 1950s and 1960s. The dominant attitude toward all serious artists was reluctant and snide. Then and now, if, by chance, a real criticism must be made, it must be snide. The public reputation of Pollock, Rothko, Newman, Still, and the others was made by *Time* and *Life* magazines portraying them as fooling the public, or as fools and one monkey. This public fame made New York City famous as an art center. The small and conservative art establishment in the city was happy to become famous and anxious to ignore the fools, which basically they did. You can look up the reviews and articles among those about the scene of changing but constant junk. Check on the infrequent and late exhibitions. Look at how little you can see in New York now. The first retrospective exhibition of Albers's work was only in 1988 at the dreary Guggenheim Museum; Ad Reinhardt's second exhibition is only now in the cellar in the dark at The Museum of Modern Art. Where were these museums of modern art when these artists were alive? All artists in New York were caught in the middle, but Albers and Reinhardt more closely than most. The third first-rate artist similarly caught was Stuart Davis, who is also posthumously "being honored" with a retrospective this fall, inhumed in the Metropolitan

Museum. If you drop down a little in something called “quality,” the list of artists trapped and ignored becomes long. These outclass most of the work being done now, certainly in painting. But intelligent attention to and exhibition of the work of the more famous Time-Lifers is itself nearly absent.

Among those supposedly interested in art, Albers’s work is underrated. During the time when he was working his work was underrated, though less so among artists, but still among artists. In New York in the 1950s among artists geometry was unspeakable. An enlarged old-fashioned Expressionism derived from de Kooning was prevalent to the point of academicism. All painting that was geometric in any way was considered old-fashioned, idealistic, rationalistic, rigid, and therefore European. More seriously and mysteriously, Surrealism, a source for Pollock and Rothko and the others, was not considered either old-fashioned or harmfully European. Neither were Picasso and Matisse. Albers was respected as a teacher, which was something of a condemnation, and relegated to the Bauhaus as a painter. Burgoyne Diller and Leon Polk Smith were ignored, and, more surprisingly, Fritz Glarner, who lived in New York. Ellsworth Kelly returned from Paris after the rapid collapse of the Expressionist academy. Reinhardt’s paintings were anathema. As Newman’s paintings became more geometric, he too was anathematized.

The paintings by Albers and Reinhardt are small paintings, but due to their nature it is hard to call them easel paintings. Big paintings were the fashion, a recent academicizing of genuine large paintings, and so for a second reason Albers’s work was disregarded. All the large paintings of the last ten years are another misunderstanding of that necessity in the work of Pollock, Rothko, Newman, and Still. Despite the presence of this work in Europe, its size and scale have never been understood by painters. In New York size and scale have been forgotten. All large paintings are now just big easel paintings, while Albers’s small paintings are not. The scale, the

internal relationships in Albers’s paintings, is quite large. This compares well with the scale in Newman’s small paintings. Size, scale, and wholeness were crucial to the work by Pollock and the others. In Albers’s paintings there is very much a simple, suitable, and natural wholeness to the arrangement of squares within squares, which is one of the best ideas in the world, one which provided enormous versatility and complexity. This arrangement is easily at one with the color. It’s amazing that it so quietly produces such brilliance. When I wrote the reviews of Albers’s exhibitions there was not much space for analysis, but also I was most impressed by the color, so that I neglected, underestimated, the singularity and efficacy of the concentric squares. They of course easily allow the color to be so diverse.

There was and is a bias against geometry. There was also a bias against artists of Albers’s age and younger, especially in Europe, because they were too young before World War II and too old after it. It destroyed the middle of their lives. Artists who did something new and different beginning from some of the premises of Malevich and Mondrian and many others, artists who provided a continuity, another generation, were set aside after the war and their background became merely a liability. The European “abstract” continuity was broken. This is one of the lesser purposes of war, as in the Iraqi-American War; it gets rid of art and other small oppositions to the central government. T. Roosevelt wrote in 1895: “Personally I rather hope the fight will come soon. The clamor of the peace faction has convinced me that the country needs a war.” Two good European painters that I knew, Olle Bærtling in Sweden and Richard Paul Lohse in Switzerland, younger than Albers, are examples of those whose efforts were obscured by the war. Both were considered the best painters in their countries, Max Bill in addition to Lohse, on ceremonial occasions. Otherwise there was not much support for what they wanted to do. Both Bærtling and Lohse made more open and whole paintings than the earlier artists and with less composition, but not to the

point of Albers's elimination of it. Pollock, Rothko, Newman, and Still started over. Albers's later paintings are very different from his earlier work, partly perhaps from the same desires as those of Bærtling and Lohse, and partly from the openness and wholeness of the paintings being done in New York. It's impossible to see Albers's work, or the others, as further Bauhaus examples, as the horse is often whipped. And anyway there was nothing wrong with the Bauhaus.

A recent example of muddled criticism of Albers's paintings is a review in *The New York Times* by Michael Kimmelman of the retrospective at the Guggenheim. Albers's connection to the Bauhaus is whipped again and his work is "chilling stuff," "rigidly formulaic color studies," and "often forbiddingly austere." The main argument is that because of the Bauhaus Albers has stifled his emotions with his mind. The review is fence straddling, a characteristic of the *Times*, not snide, as it would have been if it had been written by Hilton Kramer, drearily long of the *Times*. His deepest pit was his vicious condemnation of Anthony Blunt. In Kimmelman's article and in all that I will quote the premise is that the body and the mind are two different things, and that they are in opposition. This continues to feeling and thought, irrationality and rationality, unconscious and conscious, inferior and superior (or vice versa), bad and good (or vice versa), and in art to content and form. As I've written before this is a famous dichotomy of "Western" religion and philosophy. It's useless and false. I think you can see in Albers's paintings that he does not make this old distinction, does not even have to struggle with it, does not begin to lament its absence.

An example of a snide review is one of the same retrospective written for *New York* magazine by Kay Larson. It begins:

Scrounging for something fresh amid the dry rustle of Josef Albers at the Guggenheim, you might notice a few small ironies.

The second paragraph begins with:

The Bauhaus look (considerably debased) took 30 years to make its influence felt on design ...

Then:

The Guggenheim must have assumed that Albers's career would now be a burning issue. It's more like a dying ember: This show is intriguing not for his art but for its critique of the philosophy of less-is-more.

And then again on to the Bauhaus and how exalted it is and what a burden it is:

But the Bauhaus – well, who would refuse to bow toward Mecca?

This is know-nothingism. This is an effort to discredit achievement. It's a trite, cheap shot in order to support something fashionable, in this case "postmodernism." Clear ideas, definition, particularity, and achievement are a burden, a threat, and a constriction. The effort and ideas of the Bauhaus are frequently derided in order to justify the supposed freedom of the eclecticism of "postmodern" architecture. There are many other serious efforts to attack. Why not attack Dada for the benefit of the present mean and passive politics of the United States. Or, as Huelsenbeck wrote, maybe the United States is Dada. Larson repeats the malicious cliché which was prevalent in New York in the 1950s and 1960s:

Albers was an eminent teacher, and no doubt as formidable (and as difficult, pedantic, and Prussian) as his students say he was.

In other words it's bad to be serious and to have ideas and it's bad to be German, Prussian, even though Albers was not an aristocrat and was from Bottrop in Westphalia. Albers's paintings according to Larson are:

... a manifestation of the teacher's mind doing vivisection on a living organism, to show students its veins and arteries. ... Otherwise, he was primarily a designer. Concentrating on the language of pure form, as designers do, he lived happily inside his nutshell.

This is at least fifty-year-old New York nonsense. What does it mean? Do designers concentrate on pure form? Certainly not now, actually never. What is pure form? Perhaps the mate to pure content. What does the nutshell say? That Larson lives in it. She's saying that Albers's work is irrelevant.

Back to the Bauhaus:

But all of us who have been handed a package of received wisdom about the Bauhaus and its reductionist vision should maybe think twice. Less is, in the main, truly less.

Deceitful history has misled an innocent art critic, or perhaps just a cliché, or perhaps she didn't think to ask questions. There isn't anything in the past that you don't know about, that you can accept as the truth. Wandering clichés approaching assumptions are the easiest and most dangerous to believe. At the least it cannot be said of the Bauhaus that it was reductionist. But basically this whole argument is that Albers's work is not real art, which is more or less representational, whether of apples or paint in space, and which is a continuation of the traditional European representation of nature. Therefore Albers's work has to be disqualified instead of being recognized as different and as opposed. Instead of at least

stating the conservative position and saying that the work isn't art, which would seem intolerant, the intolerance has to be concealed by discrediting the work as pedagogical, which seems nicely objective, and as rational and cold, which seems warmly subjective, and as mechanical, of all things.

The application of the paint in Albers's paintings is hardly mechanical. It is instead quiet, enjoyable, and matter-of-fact, the latter somewhat like the application in Malevich's paintings. It does at least two important things: it keeps the edges from being hard and turning into lines; it does not conceal the original surface, usually masonite. This allows the surface to be definitely a surface while keeping it light in weight and light as light, since it is a little transparent. It's the one hundredth inexpressive Neo-Expressionist who applies paint mechanically, then as well as now.

The conclusion of Larson's article and the main point is the standard defense of "postmodern" architecture:

The postmodernist, steeped in complexity and chaos, is suspicious of systems, believing instead that the truly elemental is a marvelously rich and unsettled state, a creative flux.

"Postmodernist" architecture isn't diverse and inventive. It's a visible absence of thought. It's complete poverty. It doesn't matter whether it's against systems; it's operating in a system of ignorance. Standard, commercial, basically prefabricated structures are decorated with half a dozen very debased appearances of the past, not even ideas of the past. The reference is to be read by the ignorant tourist of both time and space. This and the equally superficial construction and materials are to be read casually as chic and playful and essentially as wealth and power. Except for the cuteness, this is like the international architecture of the 1920s and 1930s, even then that of all museums, generalized and pompous, that is, fascist.

The house of the witch in Hänsel and Gretel is “postmodern.” Dallas and Frankfurt are whole villages.

Before the conclusion Larson writes about the relationship of art to science, saying that in the 1910s and 1920s of this century:

The purity of science was the metaphoric anchor of modernist art.

This isn't a true statement. At the least, rightly or wrongly, relativity, which seems not to be Platonic, influenced Cubism. Then further, probability theory, which is older than Ernest Nagel's analysis of it fifty years ago, and the explanations of James Gleick's *Chaos* provide:

... just as effectively ... a description of the intellectual origins of postmodernism.

This is opportunism, in this case another justification for eclecticism. The main mistake, though, one which is common, and which has occurred earlier, as with Heisenberg's Quantum Theory, and which is a continuation of traditional religion and philosophy, is to argue that a condition in the universe has an effect upon human behavior – aside from food and water. The universe is certain therefore morality is certain; the universe is uncertain therefore anything goes. This is only this century's version of the pathetic fallacy in reverse. Our society and our behavior are made by us, not elsewhere. Astrology is out. Calvin too, except that the whole United States is sleepily deterministic: “That's the way it is. That's the way it works. What can you do?” Anyway I don't like the title of the book. What is chaos? Almost nothing is within our small idea of order. The words “order” and “disorder” are not usually relevant. Only to early sorrow. The sand on the beach is not chaotic. To call it so is to lament a kind of order which never existed

anyway. This is a continuation of the lamentation for the absence of God, who never existed anyway. Using the nature of the universe to fortify social matters is as old as the hills and is one of the most false and destructive maneuvers. Like the destruction of the earth, which partly it justifies, this attitude is sacrilege, or was earlier, and *hubris*.

The criticism in New York City has never had anything to do with the reality of the work being done there. The discussion by writers has, at best, had nothing to do with the discussion by artists. At worst, easily verified attitudes and facts are falsified. Most criticism is either like Larson's, where there is a fashion to support through the abuse of something, or like Kimmelman's, where the same is the case, but the fence is straddled. Good art continues to exist and to be made but it always appears in public in exhibitions and criticism among fashions and uses that are quickly over. All that continues of this in regard to the best art are the falsehoods that were first attached to it. I saw the second painting that I had seen by Jackson Pollock in a Whitney Biennial, when the museum was on Eighth Street, among incredible junk. This is still the case, since no one wants to make a decision and everyone wants only to exhibit the scene. And Pollock is still an ape in the books. Larson's clichés are pretty old. Clement Greenberg wrote in *The Nation* in February 1949:

As that part of his work shown at Janis's made clear, he is a sensuous, even original colorist, but there seems to be no relation whatsoever between this and his composition, which adheres to the dogma of the straight line. Consequently his pictures are more successful when they do not go beyond black and white....

At Janis's, the color, however interesting as pure chromatic effect, simply interfered with anything that may have been generated by the drawing. Alas, Albers must be accounted another victim of Bauhaus modernism, with

its doctrinairism, its static, machine-made, and logical art, its inability to rise above merely decorative motifs. It is a shame, for an original gift is present in this case that is much superior to all that. One has to regret that Albers has so rarely allowed the warmth and true plastic feeling we see in his color to dissolve the ruled rectangles in which all these potential virtues are imprisoned.

Greenberg is a better critic than most, or he is the only New York critic, but “in the country of the blind, the one-eyed man is king.” Actually in that country no one notices the one-eyed man. Greenberg’s writing is not extensive, is not so particular, is not so general in a good sense, and is not enthusiastic. It was not sufficiently strong at first, and finally it became dogmatic, and even snide, which isn’t true of this review. Greenberg had no opposition, which would have helped him and the situation. As that forbidden person, an authority, Greenberg is also at the moment a whipping boy. Someone wrote recently, continuing the attack on the artists in New York by sneaking under the fence, that the criticism in the 1950s was repressive, as if criticism was relevant to the artists. But it wasn’t repressive, it was ignorant and without judgment, which is more oppressive than repressive. Greenberg later supported both good and mediocre artists in a doctrinaire way, but Noland’s circles are very good paintings and Morris Louis’s so-called unfurled paintings, such as the one in Düsseldorf, are still way ahead of every painter except Agnes Martin. As with Albers’s, Louis’s work is underestimated and not sufficiently understood. Most of the aspects – size, scale, frontality, wholeness – of the work done in New York were never well understood in Europe, despite the presence of the work in museums, which is a criticism of the supposed public service of museums, and of critics, and an indication of European chauvinism, which is mild compared to New York chauvinism, which originally was

restricted to the establishment but which now in the city’s decadence is everywhere.

In addition to the clichés about the Bauhaus, Greenberg turned the wrong eye toward Albers’s paintings. Nothing in any work of art could be more interrelated, integrated, than the color and the “composition,” which is a very mistaken word, an irrelevant word, as is the word “drawing” in the second paragraph. The color would not have been possible with old-fashioned composition, which for one thing places everything into space behind the surface. And for another necessitates rigidity and restriction within the frame. In early work Albers draws very well. The last thing he wanted in the paintings was drawing. It’s impossible to even call the edges between the areas “lines.” Even the word “edges” is too definite. It’s crucial to the color and to the flatness that the edges be even and quiet, which in turn controls the contrast in color. Both words are wildly out of place and show no understanding of the intent and the philosophy of Albers’s work, nor of the aspects that were developing in the painting of all of the best artists. At that point it wasn’t possible to write “composition” and “drawing” without qualification.

Hilton Kramer wrote about Albers in *Arts* in April 1958, saying basically – which he didn’t, couldn’t, as Neil Welliver says he says in an answering letter – “Is this art?” In this case Kramer is not snide. Indirectly he is describing the characteristics of traditional representational art and deploring their absence in Albers:

Albers has been distinguished even among his coevals, so many of whom took up academic positions here, in retaining a cast of mind primarily pedagogic in its preoccupations. . . .

... Now this history of Albers’s teaching career is not merely an interesting biographical aside. It is of the essence; it is quite inseparable from the meaning of his work as an

artist, for he remains, above all, even now – and I mean *in his art*, not only in the particulars of his career – a highly committed instructor whose individual works of art are in the nature of exalted but nonetheless pedagogic demonstrations....

... The paintings in both series are primarily statements of color brought to a climax of impersonal intensity. It is a chilly intensity which in the end numbs the sensibility instead of enlarging it; but it is an intensity nonetheless, and it commands an extraordinary optical power and a compelling intellectual clarity....

Albers's method is designed to remove the act of painting as far as possible from the hazards of personal touch and thus to place its whole expressive energy – or as much as can survive the astringencies of the method – at the disposal of a pictorial conception already fully arrived at before a single application of pigment is made to the surface. The pictorial image is then “developed” in the act of painting in very much the same sense that a photograph is developed in the darkroom: it is not so much created as re-created. The execution is a form of reproduction. This accounts, I think, for the amazing – and slightly terrifying – clarity of everything which comes from Albers's hand, and it suggests, too, the cost at which clarity is won. The cost is nothing less than the elimination of all those notations of feeling which traditionally invest a painting with its pictorial meaning and make of it something more than a design.

To redeem such a radical dissociation of feeling from execution would seem to call for a conceptual content so compelling as to compensate for all that has been eliminated...

Of course all of the complaints against Albers except teaching and being German have been made against my work, so

I'm not uninterested in this discussion. Also the accusation of being too clear and strong has been made against everyone in the early 1960s. This is supposed to have prevented invention and diversity now. I guess all of the invention and diversity was used up then. Certainly it's now a premise of most art and architecture that there is only what was done in the past and that art and architecture is only a matter of selection, as in de Kooning's alphabet soup. This is part of another fallacy, that there is only so much of anything made by people, so that it's necessary to fight for some of it.

Since Albers's intent in all respects is not that of representation, why accuse him of failing in something that he doesn't want? Why, when that is absent, say that what is present is less? Both the integrated structure, not “composition,” and the color which it partially forms are new in the world. This is a new philosophy. This is more. A necessary aspect of being more is that the paintings are believable to Albers and to some viewers. Kramer uncomprehendingly stresses “the amazing – and slightly terrifying – clarity.” This clarity is thorough credibility. As art is less inventive, as it derives from a past which cannot be known, it is less credible, and less. The scheme of squares is more coherent, more unified, more, and the color is more. The surface is more as material since there is a greater regard for the actual surface the paint is upon. And the paint is very much paint as paint, as Albers writes. This may not be more if you want the pathetic fallacy at your deathbed, but if you want something credible while alive, an art that deals with all matters in proportion, art by a person, Albers's work is much more.

I didn't know Albers. I once saw him and Anni Albers putting paintings into a station wagon near the corner of Twenty-Second Street and Broadway, where he had a studio in a so-called taxpayer building, one of only two or three stories built to pay taxes on the land. This later burned, disastrously for some other artists, supposedly to clear the land, which was



almost confirmed by the adjoining large brick building burning a year or so later, which I saw. A big, new, cheaply made and decorated – one source for “postmodernism” – apartment building was built on both sites.

The influence of first-rate artists upon later first-rate artists is not nearly as direct as art historians think. They usually posit a hindsight determinism without any concern for how and why. And the degree of acceptable influence changes from century to century, in architecture from decade to decade. There is a lot of chance and circumstance in the relationships between the work of artists and a lot of thought and intelligence in just what those relationships are when they occur. I always admired Albers’s paintings; I’ve never otherwise used the word “lambent.” But I did not think of his work in relation to my paintings, which of course seems strange now. This is primarily because I was interested in the large size and the large areas of color of Newman’s, Rothko’s, and Still’s work and the size, material, and immediacy of Pollock’s paintings. Pollock’s way of painting seemed very developed, very much his, and unique. Albers’s color seemed similarly unique. Both still seem so. Also the scheme of concentric squares is unique and so much part of the color. I didn’t think of his paintings as “serial” or as variations, which they are not, so at that time the idea of possibilities within a scheme didn’t occur to me.

I’ve seen a lot of paintings by Albers, often singly, over half the world. They are always amazingly beautiful. This is also especially true of Rothko. There is a certain very nice quality in some art and literature that is calm and friendly, even light, and absolutely realistic about the nature of humanity and of life. It’s not cold at all or very somber and certainly not nostalgic; it’s very much about being alive. In literature this can be seen in Chekhov, Turgenev, and Tolstoy, and in most of the Russians. And in Hardy. In art, some ancient Greek sculpture is like this, like the light itself which moves across the surface, especially metopes, for example those in Palermo from

Selinunte, especially the one of Apollo behind his four horses from Temple C.

Color is a very large matter and is still insufficiently developed, in thought and in art. In a couple of hundred years, depending on continuance, the color in the art of this century should be seen as a good beginning. There is much more to be done; in fact color is almost brand new in the world. Color is seldom simply flat on a surface, covering it, and even if it is it has a material nature. In Albers’s paintings the surface of color is always broken some to the supporting surface, which is usually masonite carefully painted white. The name of the white and the company that manufactured it are written on the back, as are all of the colors. For example, I have a small painting, eighteen by eighteen inches, *Homage to the Square*, 1958, which is three concentric squares, which is really one square surrounded by a square band, itself surrounded by a square band. The inner two areas are low in the center, providing three different areas within each of the outer bands, six, a lot, plus the inner square, seven. Further, a centimeter of the white ground makes a band around the green squares at the edge, definitely establishing the ground as a surface, not as an illusion of space. That’s seven different areas with the second sides of the bands repeated to nine, plus four sides of the white at the edge, thirteen. As Franz Kline answered scorn for the simplicity of Newman’s paintings, it sounds pretty complicated to me. Albers lists the colors on the back from the center: cobalt green (Winsor & Newton), cobalt green light (Rembrandt), and ultramarine green – I can’t read the name of the company. He adds: all in one primary coat, all directly from the tube, no additional – I can’t read it, no additional – painting medium. He names the varnish. The paint is applied with a palette knife. Contrary to all of the writers, the edges are irregular, even diverse. The outer band of ultramarine green is scraped to middling transparency. The white ground is clearly evident. The band in between, the cobalt green light, is almost solid



and is not scraped. The central square of cobalt green is in between the other areas in transparency. There are three different colors, four with the white, and three different natures of color, none comparable, since they occur only in their respective areas, as the colors are not comparable since the areas differ in size. The identity of the color is not separable from the expanse of the areas or from the texture or transparency. The intensity of the color varies according to the expanse of the areas. And, famously, the color varies according to the colors surrounding it and it also has an identity as a changed color. Each band is three different colors, one repeated. The painting is one single whole and is as complex as a metope. The scheme of squares and the corresponding change of color provide changes in proportion, which is unused in recent art, and which I am interested in in my own work. In this painting the central square is moderate in size and scale while the band or square around it is large, especially at the top, which produces a great disparity between the inner complete square and the outer narrow band or square of ultramarine green, which verges, since it is scraped, on being dyed. Large areas as areas are possible, and without separation, as in a Möbius strip, narrow bands can almost be stripes.

The group of paintings titled *Homage to the Square* began with paintings of the façades of houses in Mexico, in which the windows, doors, and corners are outlined by bands of color. Nearby in Mexico, near Ciudad de Chihuahua, there is a town named Aldama, in which the façades of the houses along the main street and along a canal beneath cottonwoods are painted in bright colors.

As I said, color has a long way to go and is very difficult. I admire the large areas of color in Rothko's and Newman's paintings, which themselves are very important innovations and which probably come from Matisse, and perhaps also Léger, and from Matisse by way of Milton Avery, but the most particular innovations in color are those of Pollock and Albers,

Pollock because of the diversity, materiality, particularity, and immediacy of the color, color as material, and Albers, whose color has all of these characteristics but in a more general way, because of the actual change in a color throughout an area. It hasn't been done before or since.

In my review of November 1964 I was mildly critical of some of Albers's paintings; I wouldn't be now. My main regret is that I underestimated the importance of educating beginning artists in art. My own education in art was so bad that it was hard to see that help was possible. Starting from nothing it was hard to imagine it possible to start from three or four. And then, what is to be taught? Almost anything will be irrelevant and become a barrier. But everyone has to begin and everyone will make barriers anyway. As part of the general underestimation, I underestimated the usefulness for others, not Albers, of his color theory. First, something that might be useful and relevant must be taught, which is certainly the color theory. Second, real thought about recent and past art is always relevant. Third, mainly, since attitudes and generalizations are part of the nature and the level of quality of art, it's absolutely necessary that beginning artists, who are not really students, be taught by first-rate artists, who like what they do and like their activity as a whole and assume that art is meant to be first-rate. The students of Albers were smart to have chosen him and lucky he was there. This is obviously the opposite of the prevailing situation in which tenured amateurs drearily teach further tenured amateurs from reproductions in art magazines.