

FORTUNE SMILES

THE TYCHE FOUNDATION GIFT

ACKLAND ART MUSEUM | THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA AT CHAPEL HILL

FORTUNE SMILES

THE TYCHE FOUNDATION GIFT

ACKLAND ART MUSEUM
THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA AT CHAPEL HILL

Published on the occasion of the exhibition *Fortune Smiles: The Tyche Foundation Gift*
at the Ackland Art Museum, The University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill,
22 May – 29 August 2010.

© 2010 Ackland Art Museum
The University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill

Taletelling the Tyche Collection © 2010 Allan Gurganus, used by permission

All rights reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means,
electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or any information storage or
retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

ISBN: 978-0-9743-6566-4

Published in the United States by:
Ackland Art Museum
The University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill
Campus Box 3400
Chapel Hill, North Carolina 27599-3400

This publication has been made possible by the Carl and Lily Pforzheimer Foundation,
friends of the Tyche Foundation, Allan Gurganus, and the William Hayes Ackland Trust.

Design by:
Rivers Agency
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

Printed in the United States by:
Chamblee Graphics
Raleigh, North Carolina

Image permissions:
William Baziotes, *Green Night*, © The Estate of William Baziotes.

Charles Burchfield, *Whirling Sunlight (Our Ailanthus)*, © The Estate of Charles Burchfield.

William Dasonville, *Fishing Boats*, © Donald Dasonville. Courtesy of Susan Herzig &
Paul Hertzmann, Paul M. Hertzmann, Inc., San Francisco.

Jules Olitski, *Graphics Suites Numbers One and Two*, © The Estate of Jules Olitski/
Licensed by VAGA, New York, N.Y.

Neil Welliver, *Stump and Ferns*, and *Stump*, © Neil Welliver. Courtesy Alexandre Gallery,
New York, N.Y.

FORTUNE SMILES

THE TYCHE FOUNDATION GIFT

ACKLAND ART MUSEUM
THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA AT CHAPEL HILL

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Fortune Smiles on the Ackland Art Museum	<i>Emily Kass</i>	4
“Those bright in learning esteem numerous arts...”	<i>Peter Nisbet</i>	6
Checklist with Commentaries		8
Ancient Art (nos. 1–2)		10
Asian Art (nos. 3–13)		11
European Art before 1900 (nos. 14–24)		17
Photographs (nos. 25–33)		22
Modern American Art (nos. 34–39)		27
Taletelling the Tyche Collection	<i>Allan Gurganus</i>	30

FORTUNE SMILES

ON THE ACKLAND ART MUSEUM

Tyche (tī'kē) *n* [Greek *Τύχη* – lit, *luck*]: goddess of chance and fortune

Museums are the sum total of successive generations of visionary leaders and generous donors. Each director leaves his or her mark on the institution and then hopes that future generations will look kindly on the record. But rarely will a former director care so deeply for an institution that they continue to support the museum and the directors who follow. Charlie Millard is such a person. Brilliant, elegant, and entirely too modest, Charlie has had a museum career that led him from graduate studies at Harvard University to the Los Angeles County Museum of Art and the Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden. It was the Ackland Art Museum's good fortune that Charlie came to direct the Museum in 1986, at a moment when the Ackland was about to undergo profound transformations. During his seven-year tenure, Charlie oversaw the complete renovation of the Ackland building to its full use as a public, university art museum; he expanded the staff, creating the Museum's first education department with its first University program liaison, and he expanded the permanent collection by 800 works of art through purchases and numerous gifts. Following his retirement in 1993, Charlie continued to be a champion of the Ackland, serving on the National Advisory Board and unofficially as a friend and advisor to my predecessor and to me.

Shortly after my arrival as director in 2006, Charlie asked to meet, telling me that he had a surprise that he hoped I would like, but could not yet reveal. When we met, he told me of a chance encounter with a work of art that had turned into a windfall. Fortune smiled. It turns out that an unidentified

work he purchased many years ago at an auction had ultimately been identified as a valuable and highly sought after work of art. After a great deal of soul searching, Charlie decided that what he really wanted to do was sell the artwork in order to create a foundation to benefit the institutions he most cared about.

Thus was born the Tyche Foundation. For the next several years, Charlie did what he loves the best: He looked at a great deal of art, brought all of his judgment and experience to bear, and acquired important works for the Museum. While the Ackland has been the primary beneficiary of this extraordinary generosity, the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, where Charlie has had a long commitment, also received funds for nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs. During this period of active searching, hardly a month would pass without a call from Charlie to let us know that new works were being shipped to the Museum. Charlie intimately knows this collection—our strengths and our gaps—but he also has his own very particular tastes and interests. Because of this rare combination, each of the works enriches and adds an important aspect to the permanent collection and reflects the singular vision of this donor.

The works in the Tyche gift can now be seen in the galleries of the Ackland, but another less visible but ever present gift is also noteworthy. Charlie has a marvelous circle of loyal friends who have embraced his dedication to the Ackland. Too many to name, I will confine myself here to a special “thank you” to Allan Gurganus for his generous contributions to this publication. Allan’s genius at spinning tales, as well as his early training as an artist, is readily apparent in his responses to several of the works in the Tyche collection.

When Fortune smiles, everyone who benefits should say thank you. The entire staff and National Advisory Board of the Ackland Art Museum join me in thanking our dear friend and patron, Charles Millard.

Thank you, Charlie.

-EMILY KASS, *DIRECTOR*

“THOSE BRIGHT IN LEARNING ESTEEM NUMEROUS ARTS...”

A bewildering, exhilarating collection of wonderful works of art confronts us. Ranging across some 2,500 years and a variety of the world’s cultures, this assortment is a very personal choice, guided by powers of visual acuity and standards of aesthetic quality which are hard to articulate, but readily recognizable. The collection of the Ackland Art Museum has been decisively, permanently, enriched and strengthened by this unprecedented act of generosity.

On the one hand, the individual works will in time settle into accustomed museum categories and uses; on the other, the individual works will in the future continue to *unsettle* us by their power and excellence. But for now, we are challenged: how do we deal with this collective array of seemingly unconnected works?

To record its gift to the Ackland, the donor Foundation has produced an elegant picture book with full-page, full-color illustrations, accompanied by minimal information. Organized simply and strictly by the chronological order of the objects’ making, *The Tyche Foundation Collection: Gifts to the Ackland Art Museum*, *The University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill* offers a primarily visual documentation of the more than three dozen works.

The present volume is offered as a counterbalancing complement to that picture book. Divided into two contrasting sections, it presents first a conventional checklist arranged by the expected categories (“Asian Art,” “Photography,” etc.) with art historical information and commentary. The second part of this publication consists of noted author Allan Gurganus’ narrative elaborations on a handful of works, openly unconstrained by scholarly decorum. The contrasts and tensions, the overlaps and oppositions amongst these three approaches to coming to terms with this collection (visual, scholarly, imaginative) are intentional and welcome.

Gurganus' texts are a worthy tribute to Charles Millard, the Foundation's president and prime mover. The reader should be alerted: once read, Gurganus' "narrative responses" have a tendency to fix themselves in the mind, coloring responses at the same time as they "hope to draw from you those tales, hunches, and sensations most completely and privately your own" (p. 31). Gurganus is an experienced hand at this "taletelling" prompted by works of art, having already done it for a publication by the North Carolina Museum of Art and for a catalogue of work by the photographer, Peter Kayafas. The genre is a fascinating one, going beyond the tradition of ekphrastic description and entering the arena of dramatic narrative, a kind of elaborate "backstory" to an image. Surely, it is a renegade activity largely at odds both with the protocols of the academy and, interestingly, with the rigorously aesthetic approach exemplified by the Foundation president's frequent invocation to "just look!" Gurganus' stimulating contributions to this publication offer illumination along with moments of bothersome but beguiling misdirection.

To take just three small examples: Gurganus reads the scene in a seventeenth-century Mughal miniature as recording the culmination of ancient tribal rivalries (p. 48)—perhaps reflecting current preoccupations with the Muslim world—while it is more accurately a scene of peaceful, spiritual mentorship (checklist no. 9). On the other hand, in writing of Charles Burchfield's ecstatic rendition of a backyard tree and buildings (checklist no. 34), did the novelist not intuit the message of the work's correct title? Recently amended from "Whirling Sunlight on Ailanthus" to "Whirling Sunlight (our Ailanthus)," this title and its possessive pronoun point to the personal significance of this tree in the artist's rural garden, much as Gurganus, without knowing the correct title, elaborates an intergenerational story about "our tree" (to quote his closing lines, p. 35). And is there not something wonderfully provocative but appropriate about the novelist's pair of laconic and chiasmic three-word sentences about Japanese screens with extensive calligraphy (p. 36, 37), when contrasted to the lengthy translation of the poems on those screens (checklist no. 13)?

This introduction's title cites one line from the poems on those screens: "Those bright in learning esteem numerous arts..." The Tyche Foundation gifts certainly do show evidence of high esteem for numerous arts: drawing, painting, printmaking, sculpture, calligraphy, photography, numismatics—the list can be extended. Surely, it will always be this diversity of this collection that will strike viewers, even if careful and reflective looking might reveal some aesthetic constants, such as a predilection for works with a high degree of finish, a distancing air of authority (whether religious, martial, or aesthetic), a pervasive sense of energy masked by elegance, and a preference for symmetry and frontality.

But this motto about "esteeming numerous arts" should itself be extended to encompass esteem for the arts of scholarship and the arts of narrative. And if the phrase "those bright in learning" can be generously interpreted to encompass those still learning alongside those already erudite, then we can confidently affirm that the Tyche Foundation gift will bring together not only a variegated collection of works of art of the highest order, but also an assortment of admirers, students, and enthusiasts, each one individually balancing and assessing different interpretive and evaluative approaches. And we can confidently affirm that this process will continue for years to come. For now, we simply celebrate our extraordinary good fortune, noting that ancient statues of the goddess Tyche (fortune) often showed her with a cornucopia, the horn of plenty overflowing with fruits and grain. For the Ackland, fortune brings a cornucopia of products not agricultural, but cultural: fine and challenging works of art.

—PETER NISBET, *CHIEF CURATOR*

CHECKLIST

WITH COMMENTARIES

This checklist offers basic cataloguing information of all the works of art donated by the Tyche Foundation to the Ackland Art Museum. The entries represent the current state of knowledge (which has sometimes advanced even beyond that reflected in the Foundation's own recent publication), of course with the proviso that research is ongoing on many of these newly acquired objects. Details of the presumed or verified ownership history of the works are given where available (with the sale to – or acquisition by – the Tyche Foundation recorded first). Exhibition and publication histories have been omitted. Only inscriptions on the recto are noted.

Information for the checklist and commentaries derives in large measure from the dealers who sold the works to the Tyche Foundation, and from the researches of the Foundation's president whilst the works were still in the Foundation's possession. Current and former colleagues at the Ackland Art Museum who have researched objects, provided facts, or drafted commentaries (often in forms very close to the published text) include: Carolyn Allmendinger, director of academic programs, (checklist nos. 15, 19, 22); Krysta Black, former graduate intern, (checklist no. 15); Alison Hafera Cox, former gardaute intern, (checklist no. 22); Carol Gilham, curator emerita of drawings (checklist nos. 16, 17, 18, 20); Timothy Riggs, curator of collections, (checklist nos. 16, 23, 24, 25, 26, 28, 29, 31, 36, 37, 39); and Lauren Turner, curatorial assistant (checklist nos. 30, 32, 33, 38). In addition, Lauren Turner did much work on the checklist itself. Lyn Koehonline, conservator, greatly improved the accuracy of the media descriptions.

Outside experts who have generously contributed opinions and suggestions for the ongoing work of cataloguing include Jonathan Bober, curator of prints and drawings, Jack S. Blanton Museum, University of Texas at Austin (checklist no. 17); Barbara Butts, Toronto (checklist no. 14); M. L. Prattatatorn Chirapavati, assistant professor, California State University at Sacramento (checklist no. 8); Amelia Dowler, Curator of Greek Coins, The British Museum (checklist no. 2); Laura Harrington, visiting scholar, Boston University (checklist no. 5); Susan Huntington, professor emerita, Ohio State University (checklist no. 5); Kimberly Masteller, Jeanne McCray Beals Curator of South and Southeast Asian Art, The Nelson-Atkins Museum of Art (checklist no. 9); Wei-Cheng Lin, assistant professor, University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill (checklist no. 12); Forrest McGill, Chief Curator and Wattis Curator of South and Southeast Asian Art, Asian Art Museum of San Francisco (checklist no. 8); Mary McWilliams, Norma Jean Calderwood Curator of Islamic and Later Indian Art, Harvard Art Museum/ Arthur M. Sackler Museum (checklist no. 9); Bert Meijer, visiting fellow, Center for Advanced Study in the Visual Arts, National Gallery, Washington, D.C. (checklist no. 17); Robert Mowry, Alan J. Dworsky Curator of Chinese Art and Head of the Department of Asian Art, Harvard Art Museum / Arthur M. Sackler Museum (checklist nos. 3, 4); Carol Plazzotta, Myojin Curator of Italian Painting 1500-1600, The National Gallery of Art, London (checklist no. 17); Virginia Raguin, professor, College of the Holy Cross (checklist no. 14); Mary Sturgeon, professor, University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill (checklist no. 1). Hiram Woodward, Baltimore (checklist no. 8); Yao-Fen You, Assistant Curator of European Sculpture & Decorative Arts, Detroit Institute of Arts (checklist no. 21). The commentaries on objects for which Allan Gurganus has provided a “narrative response” include a page reference for that text in this volume.

Full-page color illustrations of all the works in the donation (in strict chronological sequence) are available in the privately published *The Tyche Foundation Collection: Gifts to the Ackland Art Museum, The University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill* (Chapel Hill: Tyche Foundation, 2010).

-P.N.



- 1
Unidentified artist
Greece (perhaps Rhodes)
Head of a Goddess, c. 500 BCE
terra cotta
21.6 x 17.3 x 13.2 cm
Gift of the Tyche Foundation, 2010.8

Purchased from Ward & Company, Works of Art LLC.
Formerly in the Norbert Schimmel Collection. Sold at
Sotheby's New York, 16 December 1992, lot 54.

This archaic Greek head was part of a votive bust, originally including the neck and shoulders. The sculpture would have been painted, with the headband probably red and the earring blue. Such “protomes” were placed in both religious sanctuaries and in tombs. While definitive identification of the goddess is not possible, Demeter has been suggested, based on the apparent find-site of Knidos, a Greek city on the west coast of Asia Minor and home to an important cult of that deity.

See also the “Narrative Response” by Allan Gurganus, p. 46.



- 2
Unidentified artist
Greece, Smyrna
Tetradrachm of Tyche, c. 150 BCE
silver
3.4 cm (diameter); 17.1 grams
Gift of the Tyche Foundation, donated by Michael and Stark Ward in honor of Charles W. Millard III, 2010.34

Gift from Michael and Stark Ward. Formerly at Numismatica
Ars Classica, Auction 52, 7 October 2009, lot 173.

For many ancient Greek and Greek-influenced settlements, Tyche served as a civic goddess of fortune, chance, and fate. Her turreted crown, as seen on the obverse of this tetradrachm (a coin worth four drachmas), refers to the fortified walls of a city. Her image frequently appeared on official coinage. Ancient statues, including a famous one at Smyrna where this coin was struck, would also often show her holding a cornucopia (horn of plenty).



3 Unidentified artist
China, Northern Wei dynasty (386 – 534 CE)
Pair of Tomb Guardian Warriors, c. early 6th century CE
unpainted earthenware
46.3 x 12.2 x 4.3 cm and 45.0 x 12.5 x 4.9 cm
Gift of the Tyche Foundation, 2010.22.1 and 2010.22.2

Purchased from Ralph M. Chait Galleries, Inc., New York.

In the Chinese funerary tradition, warrior figures such as these would have been placed in tombs to protect the corpse and spirit of the deceased on its journey to the next world, as well as to ward off desecration and looting of the tomb itself. These two figures are both dressed in high ceremonial hats, billowed long trousers, and robes with voluminous sleeves. They carry swords and wear two-part armor (front and back panels, connected by straps).



4 Unidentified artist
China, Tang dynasty (618 – 905 CE)
Pair of Tomb Guardian Figures, 7th century
gray earthenware with cold-painted pigments and gold leaf
92.0 x 46.5 x 24.9 cm and 88.7 x 41.0 x 30.0 cm
Gift of the Tyche Foundation, 2010.20.1a-b and 2010.20.2a-b

Purchased from J.J. Lally & Co., New York. Sold at Sotheby's, New York, 22/23 September 2004, lot 152.

These impressive, large-scale figures are notable for the vibrancy of the surviving color, and are unusual for their slender form, frontal pose, tall helmets, and relatively static stance on U-shaped bases. Many other such guardian figures from the Tang dynasty are more dynamically posed, shown standing on rocks or trampling on demons or animals. In general, Tang tombs would have included, as a core group, ceramic figurines of two guardian figures, two guardian beasts, a pair of officials, and a group of horsemen, camels, and their grooms.



- 5 Unidentified artist
India (Eastern India, Bihar), Pala dynasty (8th – 12th century)
Manjusri, 10th century
phyllite
84.7 x 51.4 x 22.0 cm
Gift of the Tyche Foundation in honor of the 50th Anniversary
of the Ackland Art Museum, 2008.20

Purchased from Carlton Rochell Ltd., New York. Formerly
with Robert Winter, Oriental Antique Art, Japan.

In Buddhism, bodhisattvas are beings who have achieved full enlightenment, but elect to postpone their entry into Nirvana in order to help all creatures achieve the same state. Manjusri is the bodhisattva of transcendent wisdom, identified by his attributes: the sword with which he destroys ignorance and his book on perfect wisdom, resting on top of a lotus flower in his left hand. The tiger claws on the necklace are symbolic of his youthfulness as such ornaments were traditionally worn by young boys to protect them from danger. Produced in the Pala kingdom, this typically frontal stele-like sculpture would have been enshrined in a niche in one of the region's brick temples. Although dated twelfth century when acquired, recent opinion, based on stylistic comparisons, has suggested that a date of around the tenth century may be more appropriate. The sculpture relates to works found in the region of Bodh Gaya, the location where the Buddha achieved enlightenment and a flourishing center of Buddhist worship in the Pala period.



- 6 Unidentified artist
China, Yuan dynasty (1279 – 1368)
Monumental Head of a Lohan, 14th century
wood, cloth fragments
55.0 x 33.6 x 34.0 cm
Gift of the Tyche Foundation, 2010.30

Purchased from J.J. Lally & Co. Oriental Art, New York.
Formerly in a private collection, New York.

Buddhist lohans were apostles of the Buddha, who, by following his teachings, have put an end to all cravings and attained spiritual enlightenment. Believed to be able to use magical powers to remain alive indefinitely so that they might preserve and continue the transmission of the Buddha's teachings, lohans were often depicted in ways that emphasized their monk-like austerity, concentration, and religious commitment, as in this example, with its prominent forehead, furrowed brows, and intense gaze. These exaggerated features often reflect a wish to depict the lohans as "non Chinese" or "foreign" (the Buddha's earliest disciples would have been Indian), as in the high cheekbones, aquiline nose, thick lips and square jaw here.



7 Unidentified artist
Nepal, 14th century, Malla dynasty
Bhrikuti, the Female Companion of the White Avalokiteshvara, Lord of Compassion, 14th century
wood with polychrome
105.5 x 39.0 x 25.0 cm
Gift of the Tyche Foundation, 2010.9

Purchased from Terence McInerney Fine Arts Ltd., New York. Formerly in a private collection, Bombay (c. 1950), and a private collection, London (c. 1985).

This elegant figure would originally have formed part of a group in a Buddhist temple, standing to the left of a bodhisattva, the so-called White Avalokiteshvara, who would have had another female companion, Tara, to the right. Two further, smaller figures may have flanked this trio. The White Avalokiteshvara (The Lord Who Looks Down from On High) was considered one of the guardian deities of the Kathmandu Valley of the Himalayan kingdom of Nepal, and numerous temples were dedicated to him. This Bhrikuti figure would have had a fourth arm; two of her missing hands would have held symbols (probably a coral tree and a rosary), while the two other hands formed gestures, one (now missing) probably towards the White Avalokiteshvara, the other the gesture of reassurance. The sculpture would have been covered with gesso and painted. This decoration has survived in remarkably good condition.



8 Unidentified artist
Thailand, perhaps Kampheng Phet, 16th century
Buddha Shakyamuni, perhaps 16th century
gilded bronze with inlaid stone
130.0 x 94.4 x 48.0 cm
Gift of the Tyche Foundation, 2010.26a-b

Purchased from Carlton Rochell Ltd., New York. Formerly in the collection of Leo Albrecht, Lübeck, Germany (1977, purchased from J. Hansen, Denmark).

This image of the Buddha Shakyamuni ("sage of the Sakya clan") shows him seated in the pose of "calling the Earth to Witness." According to the narrative of this episode, the Buddha, challenged by the demon Mara, touched the ground with the fingers of his right hand, calling upon the earth to witness his triumph over this personification of evil and greed. The flame-shaped radiance, the mark of his ultimate wisdom, rises from the fine haircurls. Dating such sculptures of the Buddha is enormously difficult. The present piece, which is in exceptional condition, seems to combine aspects deriving from the style of the Sukhothai period (mid-1200s to 1438) with later traits. It has hitherto been assigned to the city of Kamphaeng Phet in the 16th century, but no technical analysis has yet been undertaken. Whatever its precise origins, this beautiful work is a powerful and imposing statement of Buddhist beliefs.



9

Jalal Quli

Indian, Mughal, active 1630 – 1660

Prince Dara-Shikoh and Mullah Shah, Accompanied by Five Retainers, in Kashmir, c. 1640 – 50

opaque watercolor and gold on paper mounted on an 18th-century album page with nasta'liq calligraphy on the verso
27.3 x 17.3 cm (image)

Gift of the Tyche Foundation, 2009.21

Signed (on a rock, in lower center): "The work of the least of the slaves of the household, Jala Quli, the maternal grandson of Farrukh Chela"

Purchased from Terence McInerney Fine Arts Ltd., New York. Formerly in the A.C. Ardeshir Collection, Bombay (c. 1930) and Windsor (c. 1939).

This exquisite image, deriving from Persian prototypes featuring a holy man in the wilderness and a ruler seeking counsel, depicts a meeting between the Prince Dara Shikoh (1615–1659), eldest son of Shah Jahan (reigned 1628–1658), and one of the most prominent Sufi teachers of a Sunni Islamic sect which was famous for its meditational techniques and liberal beliefs. Beginning with the Emperor Akbar (1556–1605), the Mughal family was affiliated with the Chishti Sufis. However, at the age of twenty-one, Dara was brought to Mian Mir, a renowned Sufi of the Qadiri order, by his father, who had heard of his miraculous powers. Four years later Dara and his sister were initiated into the order by Mullah Shah Badakhshani, who became their spiritual

mentor. The scene probably shows the Mullah holding a volume of sacred biographies written by the prince. Appropriately, the stream seems to emanate from the Mullah, the fount of sacred knowledge, and divides him from the profane world of the prince. Furthermore, the background associates the rocky landscape with the mystic, and the Mughal city to the right with the worldly rulers. Scholars suggest that the artist may have been Kashmiri.

See also the "Narrative Response" by Allan Gurganus, p. 48.



10

Myochin Munefusa

Japanese, 18th century

Mask (E-mi somen), late 18th century
russet iron with traces of black lacquer
22.6 x 18.8 x 13.5 cm

Gift of the Tyche Foundation, 2010.25

Purchased from Robert Winter, Oriental Antique Art, Japan.

This fine example of a Japanese full-armor mask with a laughing expression carries on the chin plate the name of its maker, a member of an extensive and distinguished family of armorers. There would have been a throat guard of lacquered leather or iron scales attached by silk cords through the holes visible under this chin plate. A cord passed through the rings on the lower cheeks would have held the helmet on the head.

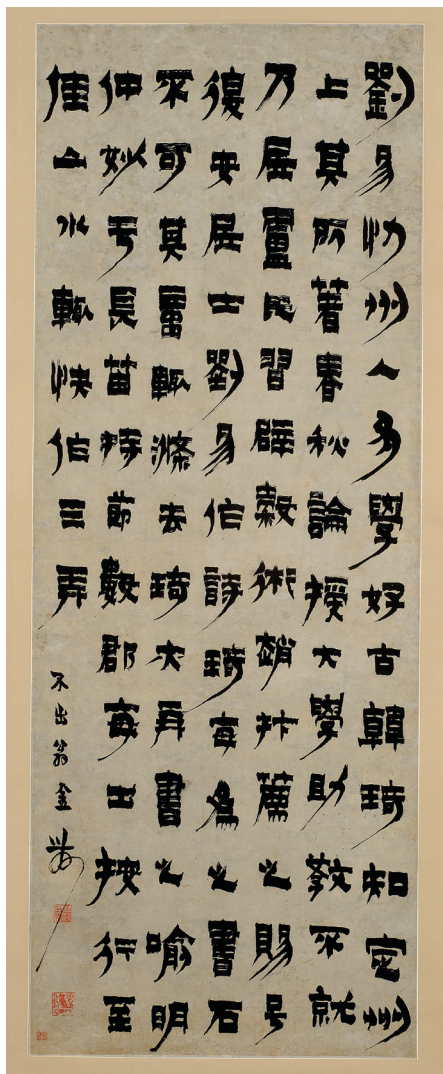
See also the "Narrative Response" by Allan Gurganus, p. 40.



- 11 Unidentified artist
Japan
Helmet Ornament in the Form of a Demon (Oni Maedate),
18th century
red lacquered wood, gilded copper, gold leaf, and bear fur
9.9 x 12.5 x 3.7 cm
Gift of the Tyche Foundation, 2010.28

Purchased from Robert Winter, Oriental Antique Art, Japan.

In Japanese folklore, “oni” are devil-like demons with wild hair, a fierce look, and two horns on their forehead. Oni hunt for the souls of those who did evil things in their lives. This finely-carved ferocious and grimacing face would have adorned a Samurai helmet. The fangs are gilded, as are the eyes (with lacquer pupils) and the interior of the ears. The hair is made of short, frizzy bear fur.



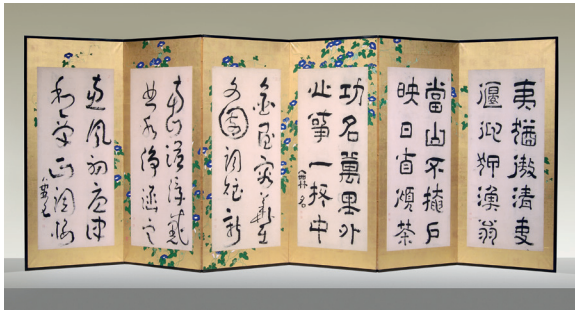
- 12 Jin Nong
Chinese, 1687 – 1763
Biography of the Poet Liu Yi, 1747
hanging scroll, ink on paper
135.4 x 50.7 cm
Gift of the Tyche Foundation, 2010.29

Seals: A. “Seal of Jin Nong” B. “Year of Yimao [1747]”
C. [indiscernible]

Purchased from A. Chang, Inc., Morris Plains, New Jersey.

Qing-dynasty artist Jin Nong was popular both as a painter and as a calligrapher. He was a member of the group known as the “eight eccentrics of Yangzhou,” who rejected the orthodox ideas about painting in favor of a style deemed expressive and individualist. He also invented the so-called “lacquer” script, emphasizing thick horizontal strokes and tapering diagonals. A fine example of this manner, this hanging scroll presents the biography of the poet Liu Yi, which can be translated as follows:

“Liu Yi (d. 1066), originated from Yizhou, was knowledgeable and interested in archaic things. Han Qi (1008-1075), magistrate of Dingzhou presented to the throne his work on the discourse of history and received a position to teach at the University. [Han was, however,] reluctant [to take it] and [instead] took residence at Mt. Lushi, where he practiced Taoist cultivations. Zhao Pian (1008-1084) [again] recommended [Han to the throne for his conduct, and Han consequently was] given the style name, Gentleman of Peaceful Retreat. Whenever Liu Yi made poems, [Han] Qi would write them down on the stone. If not meeting the mind, the written poem on the stone would be washed off, and [Han] Qi would write it again. Yu Mingzhong (fl. 11th c.) was good at flute. Using claps to keep tempo, he never missed every time he played. Upon seeing a wonderful landscape, he would improvise a trilogy. A Retired Old Man, Jin Nong”



13

Ike no Taiga

Japanese, 1723 – 1776

Calligraphy in Four Script-styles, mid-1760s

pair of six-fold screens, ink on paper; borders of gold paper painted with opaque watercolor

173.4 x 435.6 cm and 173.4 x 435.6 cm

Gift of the Tyche Foundation in honor of the 50th Anniversary of the Ackland Art Museum, 2008.15.1-2

Seals: Various seals of the artist

Purchased from Kaikodo, Ltd., New York.

Ike no Taiga was one of the most versatile, virtuosic, and, by the time of his death, celebrated painters in eighteenth-century Japan. Prolific as a landscapist, he also was a highly talented master of calligraphy, especially as influenced by the Chinese tradition. This pair of six-fold screens uses four script styles to render four poems. See translation below.

See also the "Narrative Responses" by Allan Gurganus, p. 36-37.

Top screen: panels 1-3, right to left
(in *chuan* seal script-style)

*The elder sage faces the stately tree,
above the lofty pavilion rise scudding sunlit clouds.*

*Bamboo entices the lute-carrying man,
flowers invite those bearing wine to visit.*

*By spring pond apart from one hundred young ones,
Are fragrant trees more than ten-thousand seasons old.
Sangaku.*

Top screen: panels 4-6, right to left
(in *k'ai* regular script-style)

*Those bright in learning esteem numerous arts,
elevated conversation belongs to those with talent.*

*The sword's point gives birth to crimson lightning,
the horse's hooves give rise to red dust.*

*Through the brush bursts the breath of rivers and peaks,
literature boasts the spirit of clouds and rain.
Sangaku.*

Bottom screen: panels 1-3, right to left
(in *li* official script-style)

*Even the eastern barbarians are in awe of a pure official,
and bow to welcome the disrespectful fisherman.*

*On Tang Mountain people do not shut doors
but come forward to pour tea.*

*Merit is famed beyond ten-thousand li,
while affairs of the heart are contained within a single glass.
Mumei.*

Bottom screen: panels 4-6, right to left
(in *hsing* running script-style)

*In houses of gold the appearance of glory is present,
while in gardens of culture verbal wrangling is always new.*

*On South Mountain sophistry and frivolity are cut off,
and the River Ch'u cleanses by submerging plum.*

*Gentle breezes begin at the embankment ford,
pleasant air harmonizes perfectly with blossoming plum.
Mumei.*



14 Unidentified artist
Flanders or Rhineland, 15th – 16th century
Virgin and Child, c. 1500
painted glass
23.2 x 11.8 cm
Gift of the Tyche Foundation, 2010.24

Purchased from Blumka Gallery, New York.

The monogram in the lower right corner of this delicate composition can be identified as belonging to the Ofhuys family. Although this presumably refers to the commissioning patron, one member of the family is himself recorded as being engaged with glass painting in Brussels and Ghent in the early sixteenth century. However, the style of the imagery points rather to a place of origin in Germany in the late fifteenth century (the period of the youthful Albrecht Dürer and the later work of Martin Schongauer). Although there are puzzles in the iconography (what does the infant Jesus hold in his left hand? Why do the stigmata appear only on his feet?), the quality of execution is indubitably high, with subtle stippling and highlighting in the grey middle tones. Given its scale and refinement, this panel would probably have been mounted in a window of a private house.



15 Attributed to the Workshop of the Master of the Altötting Doors
German
Altar with Scenes of the Passion, 1520-1530
linden wood
90.0 x 61.9 cm x 7.0 cm (open)
Gift of the Tyche Foundation in honor of the 50th Anniversary of the Ackland Art Museum, 2008.19

Purchased from Blumka Gallery, New York.

The comparatively modest size of this altarpiece suggests that it was made for a smaller, side chapel in a church, or perhaps a private patron. Its eleven scenes represent a Passion cycle, beginning with Jesus in the garden of Gethsemane and ending with his ascension to heaven. The compact scenes on the wings were modeled closely on Hans Schäufelein the Elder's woodcut illustrations for a devotional book, Ulrich Pinder's *The Mirror of the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ* (1507). By contrast, the crucified figures in the central scene demonstrate that their carver, perhaps another member of the workshop, was familiar with Italian Renaissance canons of proportion. On the exterior of the wings, there are faint traces of inscriptions written in a sixteenth-century German hand. Although they have not been deciphered, they were probably instructions to another artist about the subjects of paintings or prints to decorate the exterior panels.



- 16 Maerten van Heemskerck
Dutch, 1498 – 1574
Abigail Before David, 1566
pen and brown ink on paper, incised for transfer
19.7 x 25.1 cm
Gift of the Tyche Foundation in honor of the 50th Anniversary
of the Ackland Art Museum, 2008.17

Signed in pen and brown ink at bottom center: Heemskerck/
Inventor (?); inscribed in brown ink at bottom left: 1566

Purchased from Richard L. Feigen & Co., New York. Sold at
Sotheby's London, 27 June 1974, lot 165.

Heemskerck, quickly recognized after his return to
Haarlem from Rome in 1537 as the leading artist of the
Northern Netherlands, was not only a painter but was
a prolific draftsman whose work was widely known
through the nearly six hundred engravings made after

his drawings. These drawings tend to be executed in a linear manner that could easily transfer to the medium of line engraving. In his designs for prints, the principal figures in the foreground are heavily drawn while those in the middle ground and distance gradually recede in density of line giving a spatial quality to the composition. This sheet has been incised for transfer for an engraving, which appeared as an illustration of "Blessed are the Peacemakers," one in a series *The Eight Beatitudes*. As recounted in the Bible's first book of Samuel, Abigail's husband, Nabal, a wealthy, churlish man, rejects the friendly overtures of the Israelite King David's servants and refuses them food and water. Abigail hears of her husband's actions and immediately takes it upon herself to save them all from the angry revenge of David and his army. Abigail and her servants quickly bring supplies to David, from whom she pleads for forgiveness (as seen in this drawing). David praises the God of Israel for sending this handmaiden to save him from shedding blood and avenging Nabal's insult. He accepts the provisions and he tells her to go in peace back to her home. Heemskerck treated the story of the exemplary Abigail in at least two other times, once in a print series dated 1555, the other in a single print from c. 1560.



- 17 Attributed to Girolamo Macchietti
Italian, 1535 – 1592
The Charity of St. Nicholas, c. 1580
brown wash with white gouache and black and brown chalk
on buff-colored paper
28.3 x 42.6 cm
Gift of the Tyche Foundation, 2010.23

Collector's mark at lower left in black ink: J. Grünling (L. 1107)

Purchased from Richard L. Feigen & Co., New York.
Formerly in the collection of J. Grünling (L. 1107); T. O. Weigel
(L. 2554); A. Freiherr von Lanna (L. 2773), (sold, Stuttgart,
Gutekunst, 6-11 May 1910, lot 57); V. Bloch; Kurt Meissner
(sold Sotheby's, New York, 13 January 1988, lot 100).

This composition illustrates an episode from the life of St. Nicholas of Bari, as recounted in the Golden Legend of Jacopo de Voragine. In this story, the ultimate source for the Santa Claus legend, St. Nicholas anonymously tossed three golden balls at night through the open window of a house of an impoverished nobleman, gifts for three young women whose father lacked funds to provide dowries for them, thereby risking their ignominy and dishonor. While the narrative of the drawing may be clear, the question of authorship is by no means settled. The most recent scholarship posits that this sheet is probably by Giralomo Macchietti, a sixteenth-century Florentine artist, copying his own painted version (now in the National Gallery, London), in preparation for an engraving by Cristofano Cartaro, published 1587.



18

Johan Wierix
Flemish, c. 1549 – c. 1618
Pieta, 1618
pen and brown ink on vellum
13.2 x 10.1 cm
Gift of the Tyche Foundation, 2010.12

Signed, inscribed, and dated, lower left in brown ink:
"Johan Wirix [in]ventor AE 69 a. 1618"

Purchased from Richard L. Feigen & Co., New York.

Although the Flemish draftsman and engraver Jan Wierix executed numerous drawings in preparation for prints and print cycles, this drawing seems to have been an independent work of art. Drawn on vellum, it would have appealed to contemporary collectors in its own right, as a demonstration of the artist's technical virtuosity. As teenagers Jan and his brothers had proudly recorded their ages on minutely accurate copies of prints by Dürer and other artists. Here, at the other end of his career, Jan again recorded his age, evidently proud of his steady hand at the advanced age of 69.



19

Gerard Seghers
Flemish, 1591 – 1651
Noli me Tangere, 1630s
oil on panel
43.8 x 31.8 cm
Gift of the Tyche Foundation, 2010.7

Purchased from Jack Kilgore & Co., Inc., New York. Formerly with Rafael Valls Ltd., London.

This painting illustrates a passage from the Bible (John 20:17) describing an event between Jesus' crucifixion and resurrection. Mary Magdalene, mourning at Jesus' tomb, is astonished to recognize him—she thought at first he was the gardener—and reaches out toward him. His response, "do not touch me" ("noli me tangere"), offered artists like Seghers the opportunity to treat tactility. The fingers on her left hand come tantalizingly close to his robe, and throughout the painting lush surfaces like textiles, vegetation, and hair suggest the sensation of touch. The painting's style, along with a mark on the verso used in Antwerp until 1638, point to a date in the 1630s, when the artist often imitated the art of Peter Paul Rubens, who was famous for achieving vivid textures like these. The painting's restricted range of colors and size suggests that it was the direct model for the engraving of the composition by Jacob Neeffs, a relationship reinforced by an inscription on the back naming both Seghers and Neeffs.



20 Jan van Goyen
Dutch, 1596 – 1656
Landscape with Travelers Resting, 1649
black chalk and gray wash, within black chalk framing lines
16.2 x 27.2 cm
Gift of the Tyche Foundation in honor of the 50th Anniversary
of the Ackland Art Museum, 2008.18

Signed with initials and dated in black chalk at lower left:
VG 1649

Purchased from Agnew's Fine Art Dealers, London. Sold
at de Vries, Amsterdam, 22 June 1910, lot 137; at F. Muller,
Amsterdam, 15 June 1926, lot 375 (bought by Cassirer);
at Galerie Fischer, Lucerne, 31 May 1979, lot 422 (bought
by Douwes, Amsterdam); and at Christie's, Amsterdam, 10
November 1997, lot 63.

Jan van Goyen, one of the most accomplished Dutch landscape artists of the seventeenth century, was a prodigious draughtsman. Several hundred of his drawings survive. A majority of his drawings were conceived as independent works, not as studies for his paintings. They are usually signed and dated as is this sheet, whose composition is also typical of many of his landscapes. A peasant reclines at the lower left. Two standing travelers and one sitting rest on a rise under a tree. More figures follow a road receding into the distance: one on horseback and two leading horse drawn carts. The figures in the foreground are more highly defined in black chalk. The cottage in the background is lightly sketched as is the village in the far distance in the right portion of the drawing.



21 Unidentified artist
Flanders, Antwerp
Pair of Angels, c. 1700
linden wood
93.2 x 54.9 x 37.5 cm and 96.4 x 56.6 x 30.7 cm
Gift of the Tyche Foundation, 2010.31.1 and 2010.31.2

Purchased from Blumka Gallery, New York. Formerly in a
private American collection.

These angels probably derive from a large-scale
altarpiece, maybe an Adoration or a Lamentation.
A relationship to the work of Willem Ignatius
Kerrixx (1682 – 1745), a prolific sculptor of many
works in Flemish churches, has been suggested.



22 Jean-Louis Le Barbier le Jeune
French, 1743 – c. 1797
Madame de Villeneuve-Flayosc, 1789
oil on canvas
170.8 x 123.8 cm
Gift of the Tyche Foundation in honor of the 50th Anniversary of the
Ackland Art Museum, 2008.16

Signed J. Louis le Barbier le Jeune, pinxit à Rome 1789

Purchased from Jack Kilgore & Co., New York. Formerly in the collections of Antoine, Marquis de Forbin-La Barben; the Chateau de Roquefort, France; and a private collection, France. Sold at Georg Rehm, Augsburg, 13 November 2004, lot 8081.

This portrait of Mélanie de Forbin-Gardanne, Marquise de Villeneuve-Flayosc, presents the sitter as though just interrupted at her drawing table, the tip of the black chalk in her crayon holder nearly brushing her gleaming silk skirt, her sheet of blue paper curling at the corner where her elbow secured it just a moment earlier. The books stacked on the table, portfolios of drawings at her feet, and statue of Minerva, the Roman goddess associated with the arts, allude to this woman's cultural aspirations. Her silk dress trimmed with fur, fashionable coiffure, and the richly appointed room point to her elevated social status. The inscription indicates the portrait was painted in Rome in 1789, the year after Mélanie de Forbin-Gardanne married and

became the Marquise de Villeneuve-Flayosc. Her portrait is one of a pair; the companion painting, now in a private collection, depicts her sister, Clotilde.

See also the "Narrative Response" by Allan Gurganus, p. 38.



23 Édouard Manet
French, 1832 – 1883
The Gypsies (Les gitanos), 1862
etching on chine colle
31.5 x 23.8 cm (plate)
Gift of the Tyche Foundation, 2010.27

Signed in plate, lower right, "Éd. Manet." Marked, lower right, graphite, "Guerin No 21." Printed, across bottom of image, "Manet Sculpt. Imp. Delâtre, Rue des Feuillantines, 4 Paris./Les Gitanos./Paris, Publié par A. Cadart & F. Chevalier Éditeurs, rue Richelieu, 66."

Purchased from Frederick Baker, Inc., Chicago, Illinois.

This is Manet's first published etching, reproducing in reverse one of his own paintings, which he later destroyed. It appeared in the first issue of a periodical devoted to modern etching, whose preface by Théophile Gautier summarized the interest in the medium as an alternative to the meticulous, previously dominant technique of engraving: "At a time when photography charms the public with the mechanical fidelity of its reproductions, art required the arrival of a movement towards free whimsy and picturesque fantasy. Needing to react against the positivism of the mirror-machine, more than one painter has picked up the etcher's needle," deploying a medium which "understands the hint; it needs only a few rough hatchings to comprehend and express your secret reveries."



24 Unidentified artist
France (Breteuil?), 19th century
Demon of Fury, c. 1900
stoneware
21.3 x 16.6 x 8.1 cm
Gift of the Tyche Foundation, 2010.33

Purchased from Jason Jacques, Inc., New York.

This piece is an example of Japonisme—the appropriation of Asian styles into European art-making that followed the commercial opening of Japan in the mid-nineteenth century. This *Demon of Fury* draws its inspiration from Japan's tradition of Noh Theater, in this case resembling a Shikami mask utilized for many theatrical roles. While it resembles a demonic character as portrayed at the moment of its defeat in an Asian production, it was actually produced at a workshop in northern France to reflect Parisian tastes in the decorative arts. It is stamped "Breteuil, Eure," which, on the evidence of captions on old postcards, was the site of a ceramics factory but so far no further definitive information has come to light about any ceramic studio or production site in this northern French town.

PHOTOGRAPHS

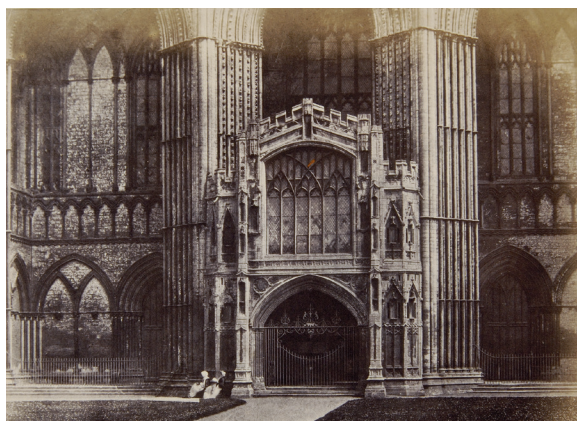


25 Unidentified artist
France, 19th century
Street Musicians, 1853
salted print from waxed paper negative on original mount
20.2 x 15.3 cm
Gift of the Tyche Foundation, 2010.10

Printed, below image, "Études Photographiques./Sérié, No. 58/Blanquart-Évrard, éditeur. Imprimerie Photographique, Blanquart-Évrard, à Lille"

Purchased from Charles Isaacs Photographs, Inc., New York. Formerly in the collection of Charles-Frederic Kuhlmann.

Published as plate 58 in Louise Blanquart-Évrard's *Études Photographiques* (1853), this photograph was once in the collection of Charles Frederic Kuhlmann (1803-1881), a chemistry professor in Lille who was a strong supporter and backer of Blanquart-Évrard's photography publication enterprise (see checklist no. 26).



26 John Stewart
British, 1800 – 1887
Henri-Victor Regnault
French, 1810 – 1878
Entrance to Peterborough Cathedral, 1853
salted print from waxed paper negative on original mount
26.6 x 34.5 cm (image)
Gift of the Tyche Foundation, 2010.11

Printed, below image on mount, "Photographié et
Édité par Blanquart-Évrard./Entrée de la cathédrale de
Peterborough./ L'art Religieux, XIVe siècle. Pl. 603 Imprimerie
Photographique, Blanquart-Évrard à Lille."

Purchased from Charles Isaacs Photographs, Inc., New York.
Formerly in the collection of Charles-Frederic Kuhlmann.

Peterborough Cathedral, in the east of England, is most famous for its magnificent west front portico with its

trio of enormous arches, probably completed in the early thirteenth century. This photograph concentrates on the porch that was added around 1370, between the central two triangular piers. The focus on an architectural composition is balanced by the anecdotal inclusion of two women at rest. The photograph was a collaboration between two men: Henri-Victor Regnault, who was also an accomplished physicist excelling at precisely measuring thermal properties of gases, and John Stewart, the brother-in-law of Sir John Herschel, who played a pioneering role in the invention of paper-negative photography. Included in the album *L'art religieux: Architecture, Sculpture, Peinture* (as plate 603 of the volume devoted to the fourteenth century), this photograph is one of the many hundreds widely published by Louis-Désiré Blanquart-Évrard (1802-72), who, by standardizing chemical formulas and procedures, was able to produce photographic papers that gave consistent results in quality and editions of photographic prints that did not discolor or fade.



27 Dr. A. C. B. Neill
British, 1814? – 1891
Hullabeed. The Great Temple. Sculptures from the West Front, 1856, printed in 1866
albumen print from paper negative on original mount
34.8 x 26.1 cm (image)
Gift of the Tyche Foundation, 2010.18

Marked, lower right, graphite, "Neill." Printed label affixed to mount beneath image, "Plate XX: Hullabeed. The Great Temple. Sculptures on the West Front."

Purchased from Lee Gallery, Winchester, Massachusetts.

Hullabeed, more commonly now known as Halebid, was the capital of the Hoysala dynasty (twelfth-fourteenth centuries) in Karnataka, in the southern Deccan region of India. Of the many temples in the area, the most famous is the early twelfth-century Hoysaleswara temple dedicated to Shiva as Nataraja, the Cosmic Dancer. Lavishly and profusely decorated with ornamental friezes and bands of sculpture, the temple attracted the attention and admiration of nineteenth century British scholars, enthusiasts, and photographers. The present photograph appeared as plate 20 in the volume *Architecture in Dharwar and Mysor. Photographed by the late Dr. Pigou, A. C. B. Neill, and Colonel Biggs. With an historical and descriptive memoir by Colonel Meadows Taylor and architectural notes by James Fergusson. Published for the Committee of Architectural Antiquities of Western India under the patronage of Premchund Raichund.* (London, 1866).



28 Charles Aubry
French, 1811 – 1877
Floral Still Life, c. 1860s
albumen print on original mount
35.0 x 26.3 cm
Gift of the Tyche Foundation, 2010.14

Inscribed at lower left (in negative and reinforced in black ink): 20. Signed beneath image in black ink, "Ch. Aubry" Embossed stamp, bottom center, "Ponce Blanc/Depositaire/69/Boulevard St. Germain"

Purchased from Lee Gallery, Winchester, Massachusetts.

Charles Aubry created photographic floral still-lives with the intent to market them to industrial design schools. His belief was that what he perceived as photography's truth to life could replace indexical books of engraved plant life illustrations that designers of fabrics and other decorative arts had previously consulted for inspiration. His photographs are marked by a visually compelling close-up concern with an object's formal properties. However, his venture failed and he filed for bankruptcy after only a year in business.



29 Julia Margaret Cameron
British, 1815 – 1879
La Contadina (The Peasant Girl), 1866
albumen print from a collodion negative, on original mount
35.9 x 28.0 cm (image)
Gift of the Tyche Foundation, 2010.13

Inscribed beneath image, in brown ink: "From life not enlarged La Contadina Julia Margaret Cameron"

Purchased from Hans P. Kraus, Jr., Inc., New York.

Julia Margaret Cameron began photographing at the age of 48, when her daughter gave her a camera. Particularly noted for her portraits, in her brief but intense career, she also made elaborately staged illustrations for works of literature (such as her friend Alfred Lord Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*), as well as images of a single figure, in costume but without an artificial setting, such as "La Contadina" ("The Peasant Girl"). The model for this photograph was Mary Emily (May) Prinsep (1853 – 1931), the artist's niece who would eventually become the second wife of the poet Tennyson's son.



30 Timothy H. H. O'Sullivan
American, c. 1840 – 1882
Tropical Scenery, Banks of the Limon River, At the Falls, 1870
albumen print on original mount
28.3 x 20.2 cm
Gift of the Tyche Foundation, 2010.19

Printed inscription beneath image: "Darien Expedition/
Tropical Scenery/Banks of Limon River, At the Falls./Com'r
Selfridge, Comd'g."

Purchased from Lee Gallery, Winchester, Massachusetts.

Famous for his photographs of the Civil War and subsequently of the American West, O'Sullivan also journeyed in 1870 to the Isthmus of Darién under Lt. Commander Thomas O. Selfridge to explore the feasibility of a route that would one day be the basis for the Panama Canal. In circumstances that would prove prescient of that later engineering endeavor, the jungle climate proved too demanding to accommodate early photographic processing. After a few weeks on the survey, O'Sullivan was ordered back to the Panamanian coast where he instead took images of the indigenous peoples and, as here, scenes along the Limon River.



31 Gertrude Käsebier
American, 1852 – 1934
Gertrude O'Malley and Son Charles, c. 1900
platinum print
20.1 x 14.4 cm
Gift of the Tyche Foundation, 2010.17

Purchased from Lee Gallery, Winchester, Massachusetts.

Charles O'Malley was Käsebier's first grandson, born in 1900. His mother Gertrude (b. 1878) holds him up to the viewer—who, at the moment of photographing, of course, was the infant's grandmother herself. This familial intensity and informality are counterbalanced by a subtle composition. To balance the tilt of the mother's head, the silhouette of a tree fills the background. This manner of filling the picture plane with interlocking shapes may reflect the influence from the compositional theories of Käsebier's former art teacher, Arthur Wesley Dow.

See also the "Narrative Response" by Allan Gurganus, p. 42.



32 Albert Hiller
American, 1877 – 1944
California Landscape, c. 1920s
gelatin silver print
33.6 x 25.2 cm (image)
Gift of the Tyche Foundation, 2010.16

Purchased from Lee Gallery, Winchester, Massachusetts.

Albert Hiller ran the most prominent photographic studio in Pasadena, California, in the early years of the last century, producing portraits, architectural and commercial images, and, as here, landscapes.



33 William Edward Dassonville
American, 1879 – 1957
Fishing Boats, c. 1925
gelatin silver print
20.1 x 25.2 cm
Gift of the Tyche Foundation, 2010.15

Inscribed lower left in black ink: 325

Purchased from Lee Gallery, Winchester, Massachusetts.

Dassonville began as a photographer in the so-called pictorialist tradition, making platinum prints. By the mid-1920s, though, he was largely focused on the field of photographic technology. In efforts to achieve some of the effect of platinum printing without the costs, he tested and manufactured his own series of photographic paper for gelatin silver prints, the most successful of which was named Charcoal Black. This photograph may well have been made using this paper.



- 34 Charles Ephraim Burchfield
American, 1893 – 1967
Whirling Sunlight (Our Ailanthus), 1946 (later reworked)
watercolor, charcoal, and white chalk on joined paper
mounted on pressboard
96.5 x 83.8 cm
Gift of the Tyche Foundation, 2010.21

Purchased from DC Moore Gallery, New York. Formerly owned by the Charles E. Burchfield Foundation.

Burchfield was a solitary and visionary poet of nature, whose responses to natural phenomena were often mystical and intensely personal. Beginning in 1943, he returned to themes and subjects from earlier in his career, either completing old studies or elaborating already finished works by adding strips of paper. The present work is such a composite, though an exact determination of the process and sequence of execution has not yet been made. The date “1946” derives from inscriptions on the pressboard backing, though it is not yet clear whether this date refers to the year when the composition on the main sheet of paper was executed, or to the year when all three pieces of paper were mounted. Furthermore, the drawing may also have been reworked at that point, or later. Resolution of these questions

awaits further technical study. The work in its current state is an ecstatic rendering of pulsating sunlight as it dissolves an ailanthus tree into abstract patterns, set off against the corners of two buildings. Apparently unfinished passages reinforce the sense of dissolution and experimentation.

See also the “Narrative Response” by Allan Gurganus, p. 34.



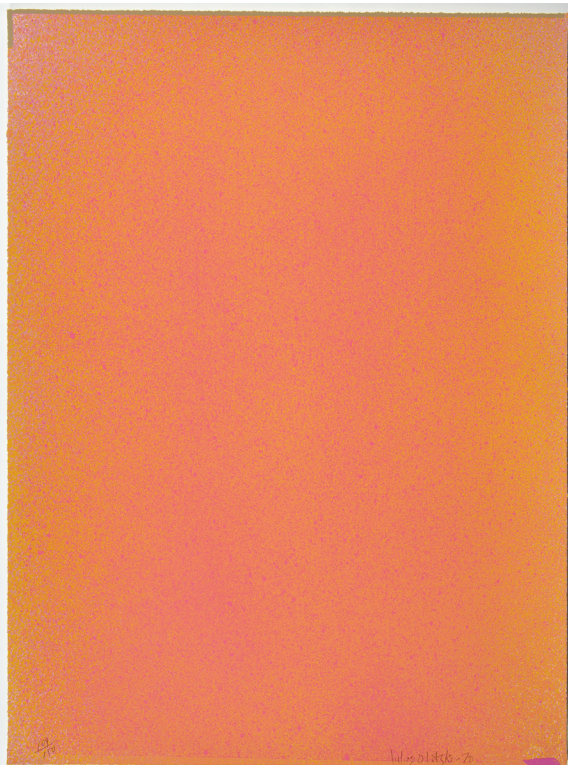
- 35 William Baziotēs
American, 1912 – 1963
Green Night, 1961
watercolor and ink over graphite
35.4 x 42.5 cm
Gift of the Tyche Foundation, 2009.22

Signed at lower left in black ink: Baziotēs 1961

Purchased from Richard L. Feigen & Co., New York.

Baziotēs’ late work offers a supremely confident distillation of the lyrical biomorphic abstraction that he had persistently developed since the 1940s, when he had been a member of the pioneering generation of abstract expressionists. In this watercolor, the flame-like shape at right and the serpentine line below both support the vaguely organic, light form floating in the atmospheric green. Does this major form have a head, arms, and legs? Is it swimming

in some watery environment? Such associations would certainly be buttressed by some of the titles of other works by Baziotēs (such as two paintings in the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, *Water Flower* [1954] and *Aquatic* [1961]). But the temptation to poeticize should not distract the viewer from acknowledging the artist’s aesthetic accomplishment. It is surely in the formal balance and coloristic nuance of works such as this that criteria for assessing that accomplishment should be sought. *Green Night* is also the title of a 1957 oil painting by Baziotēs (Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden, Washington D.C.).



36 Jules Olitski
American, born in Russia, 1922 – 2007
Graphics Suite Number One, 1970
five screenprints
88.9 x 66.0 cm
Gift of the Tyche Foundation, 2010.32.1.1-5
© The Estate of Jules Olitski/Licensed by VAGA, New York, N.Y.

Purchased from Knoedler and Company, New York. Formerly in the collection of the Jules Olitski Warehouse, LLC.

2010.32.1.1 illustrated at left.

See also the "Narrative Response" by Allan Gurganus, p. 32.



37 Jules Olitski
American, born in Russia, 1922 – 2007
Graphics Suite Number Two, 1970
five screenprints
88.9 x 66.0 cm
Gift of the Tyche Foundation, 2010.32.2.1-5
© The Estate of Jules Olitski/Licensed by VAGA, New York, N.Y.

Purchased from Knoedler and Company, New York. Formerly in the collection of the Jules Olitski Warehouse, LLC.

By 1970, Olitski had come to be seen as a leading exponent of what was then called "color field painting." He had developed a painting technique that relied on the spray gun to create flecked fields of sprayed color anchored, at the edges, by small but assertive accents or lines. On a comparatively modest scale, these two portfolios of prints (including checklist no. 36) effectively summarize Olitski's work as an abstract painter in the late 1960s. The screenprint process offered many parallels to his painting method. Screens could be created using a spray-gun, and print heavy layers of ink similar to the acrylics he was using in paintings. Color is opaque in some areas, covering everything beneath it, and seemingly transparent in other areas, so that the layers below are visible. The result is a rich, complex surface, where color exists simultaneously in solid material masses and delicate atmospheric transitions.

2010.32.2.2 illustrated at left.



38 Neil G. Welliver
American, 1929 – 2005
Stump and Ferns, 1986
oil on canvas
152.4 x 152.4 cm
Gift of the Tyche Foundation, 2010.5

Purchased from Alexandre Gallery, New York.

Neil Welliver studied at Yale under the renowned abstract artist and color theorist, Josef Albers. While he tackled representational subject matter, he did so by demonstrating an attention to the formal properties and processes of painting. To produce his large-scale works, he applied even and consistent brushstrokes in a limited color palette, after first carefully working out the composition on the canvas. The resulting effect is a calculated impressionistic rendering of scenes of nature with undeniably clear forms of leaves, stumps, and ferns. Like much of Welliver's work, *Stump and Ferns*—and the related woodcut *Stump* (checklist no. 39)—captures one of the many sights on Welliver's 1600-acre wooded retreat in Maine. The stump was a popular symbol in nineteenth-century American

landscape painting, an evocation not only of mortality and the passage of time, but also of the price of progress and civilization. Welliver's composition may be read as both homage to and a refinement of that symbolism. In his painting, the forest has reclaimed the stump and invigorated it with the new life of mosses and lichens; additionally, no signs of human habitation are visible.



39 Neil G. Welliver
American, 1929 – 2005
Stump, 2000
color woodcut
88.9 x 86.4 cm
Gift of the Tyche Foundation, 2010.6

Purchased from Alexandre Gallery, New York.

This sheet is a tour-de-force of the woodcut technique, having been printed in 30 colors from 27 blocks, deploying small areas of flat color that mimic the touch of the artist's brushwork in many paintings.

TALETELLING THE TYCHE COLLECTION

NARRATIVE RESPONSES BY ALLAN GURGANUS

FOR C.M.

In the vaults where art work rest backstage, I studied thirty pieces from the Tyche Collection. Eager to do them homage, I confessed: I had not been trained as an art historian.

I am, however, a storyteller. I know my place.

Scouting for narrative ore, I'd brought along my notebook. I bent over a terracotta face still grinning from the ancient world. I offered to take dictation. I solicited any fugitive wishes. Though this form was perfectly finished, its secrets as yet seemed open secrets. I sought the history of its making. Which local girl posed to be this goddess? After hours spent modeling, did her beautiful back hurt?

Some works of art seem to wink at the viewer; others sensibly refuse. The winkers enticed me first. However abstract, certain images demand a familiar, immediate, emotional response.

I rushed home, my notebook full of cryptic words, speedy sketches. Once safely at my desk, I unplugged the phone, turned off the lights, typed myself blind.

Each tale offered here is meant to be the opposite of "Definitive."

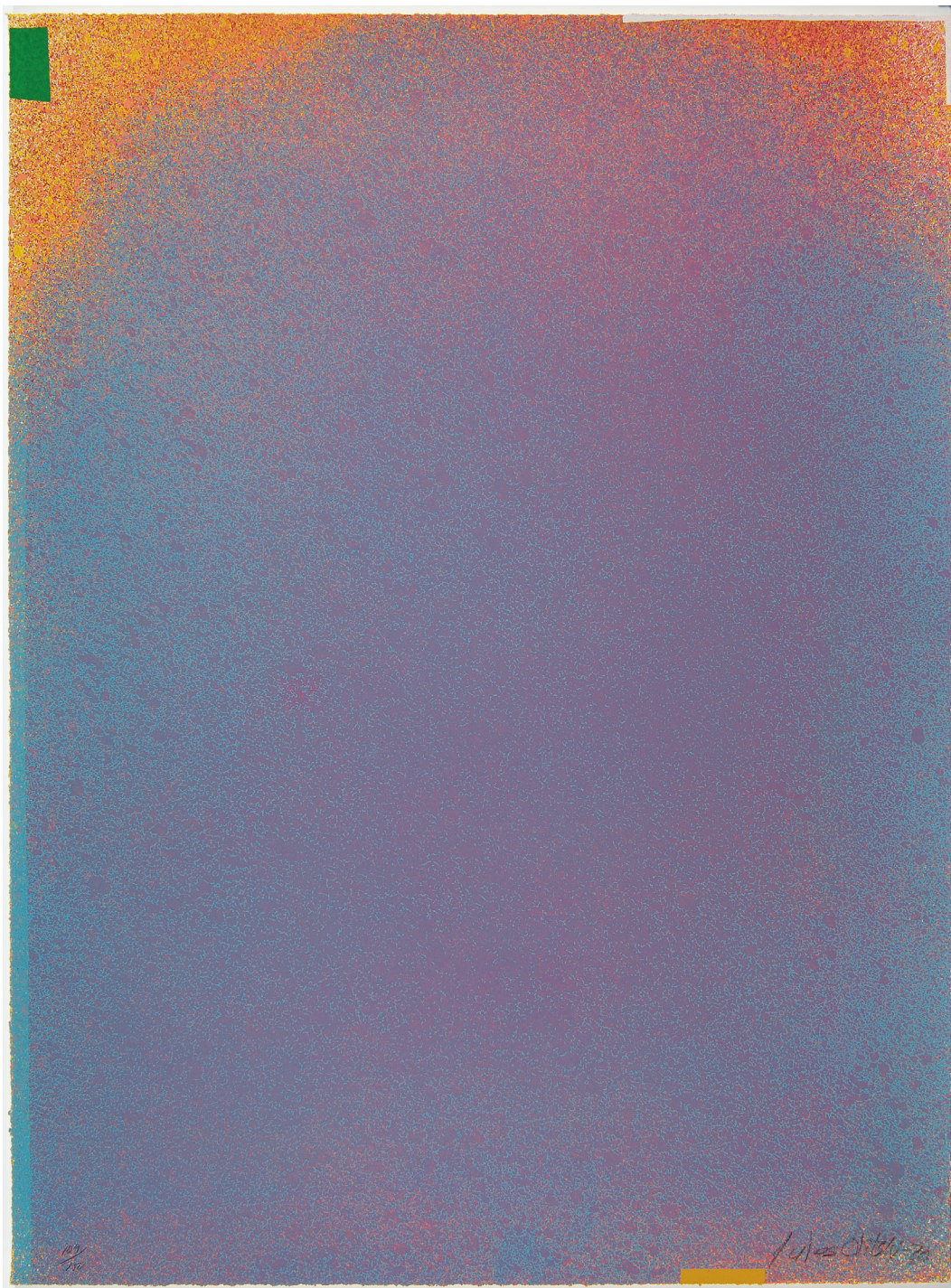
Highly subjective, each story resists research past the Imagination's own.

(If the very next day I'd returned to the Museum, after eating another sort of lunch, the same sculptures and paintings might've spoken in different voices regarding other whims and missions. But that particular Tuesday, in a mood of joy at the collection's epic variety, the following ghosts and scraps were those yielded, decoded.)

These fragments are meant as introductory, improvisational as jazz.

They hope to draw from you those tales, hunches, and sensations most completely and privately your own.

-A.G.



Jules Olitski, Print from *Graphics Suite Number One*, CHECKLIST NO. 36
© The Estate of Jules Olitski/Licensed by VAGA, New York, N.Y.

Mission-Control's just silent static now.
Significant vector-displacement.
Our flight-bridge possibly afire.
Suddenly no sky-edge.
Heat-shield likely frozen under us.
All goes hurtling,
Striving for balance amid-fall.
Make a note. "Impede." "Accept?" No, best
"Surrender" to a last rose
Spray.



Charles Burchfield, *Whirling Sunlight (Our Ailanthus)*, CHECKLIST NO. 34

We call them *weed-trees* *hereabouts*. Allow one any sunny spot and if you leave the thing unmonitored? It knows to shoot right up. With August's goodly growth, how soon one gets the jump on you! A weed becomes a major tree, matter of weeks.

Our family backyard has two outbuildings. One is Dad's law office. Just beside it stands his woodshop. Like Mom says, "You always know where to find Hubert, either totally on-duty or completely off." Father's excellent head can shift like that from citing legal precedents to masterminding his band-saw. Dad's bald dome is so soon covered in gold sawdust.

Pop never much cared for maintenance chores. "Don't sweat the small stuff." But Small soon gets so Big. Under eaves, a wasp-nest fattens past beach-ball-size. Ignored, the weed-tree-volunteer forever re-sprouting. He was the genius, I his cleanup crew. Early on I understood: you get one *Ailanthus* and—in under four years—you've got your grove. No Marquess of Queensberry Rules where weeds're concerned!

I came home from college after summer session. I'd been sprinting through my BA in two years. Found our grass was up like this, thigh-high. Mom took me aside. Whispered: "Your Dad is failing."

Not sixty yet, forgetting ordinary words, somehow lost his suit-coat at church. Missed a big court-date. He'd just cut his hand on the band-saw out back. Less able than ever to deal with keeping our place neat. Hardly noticed our yard and gutters going, as Mom always puts it "to wrack and ruin."

Mowing out back, I saw how—between his law office and woodshop—the Ailanthus had jumped up way bigger. It looked happy as a truant. How many times as a kid had I chopped it all clean-out? Now, determined, being sturdier myself, I stepped over to his shop, fetched his stubbornest crosscut-saw.

Arm in sling, Pop was sitting on a step in sunlight, doing nothing. Even less able to keep our place neat. He'd lately take naps standing up. His slippage Mother watched like a harsh schoolteacher. I could see him following my eyes. Dad craned around to see that nuisance tree, returned. He could see how it elbowed up between his clapboard hangouts. Why would I bother killing it now? Hadn't I pestered it nearabout to death this whole last decade? Still, every time I went away to camp or school, the danged thing got another run at living.

I saw how Dad looked up at it. He knew I'd kill it this time, sure. Guessing that, he stared like it was his only son, the favorite. Then I wondered why I'd kept doing this, summer to summer, over and over? We weren't about to sell the family compound. Was it really such an eyesore, stuck off here in back? It was mother's tidiness forcing me and surely some young strictness of my own. He'd been the smart one, but I'm stronger.

Dad rose now with a struggle I allowed. I mostly wanted to rush over, help. But did fear shaming him. He wandered nearer me, him rickety but agreeable as ever. Dad, addled, stood beside me now and we just looked up at it. All twenty sudden feet of it.

His silence, his attention to the green thing, made me watch it harder. These days his speech came rarely and could be hard to understand. Instead, hushed, we both simply gaped. The weed-tree seemed to welcome our attention as if sucking up more sun. Its growing in August heat, you could all but see pulp-wood expanding. Bug-sounds rang crazy from the Rawleys' famous oaks next-door.

Maybe it was how Dad's quiet worked on me. I heard his silence. He was begging that I give it a last headstart. Before another try aborting it, just let's just see how far up it might get if allowed.

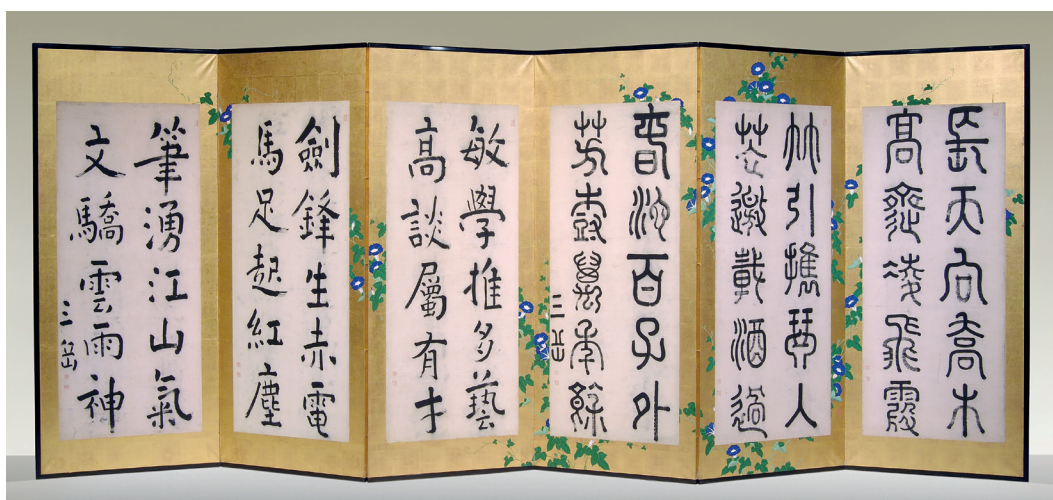
As we stood facing it, as I did, something happened. I am not by any stretch a mystic, mind you. But I saw the thing as my father had, all along. I'd always thought he felt proud: how often I tried killing it. Seemed "man's work" to me, a kid. Now I guessed that all these years it'd been his orphan outlaw friend, the best mongrel-dog he ever got to name 'Rex.' I took in its saw-toothed leaves. I noted the upward plumbing of its welded limbs. Had to almost-admire all it fought off just protecting its fair share of yellow sun.

Only once my lawyer father lost his power to speak did I see this as he wished me to. I saw it as the fuse-nerve-center of all local life. I saw how, as heat and daylight ricocheted off it, the thing, encouraged, began to shine like some lit wick that wasn't ever going to burn clean out. I could only nod to an energy even greater than my own, at twenty.

So I stepped past Dad into his shop. I hung into its proper place the strongest of his saws. I drew back where we stood now side by side, father and son, volunteers.

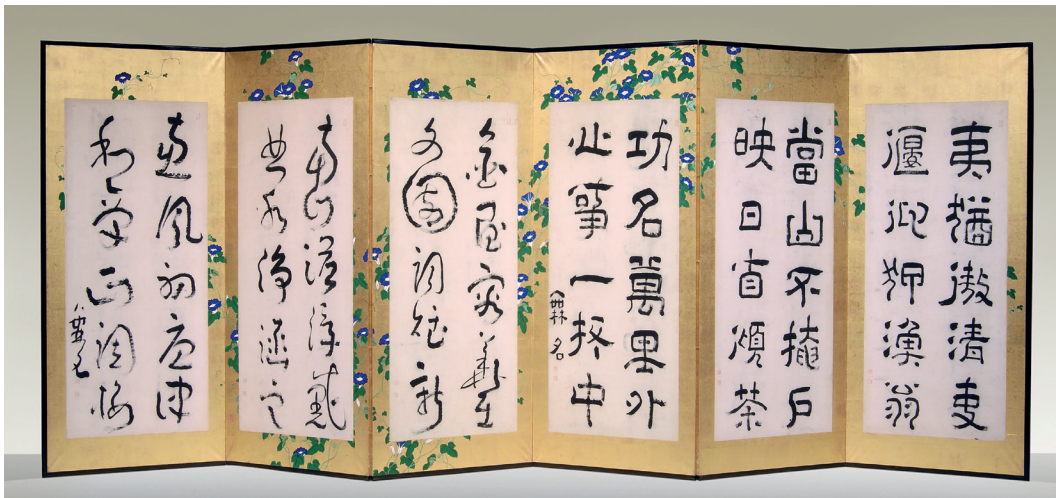
Feeling jointly almost proud of it, I guessed that, if weed-trees had sexes, this must be a young male one. We two men of a certain size, looked square up at it, a jailbreak of energy. The shingles clicked. It grew so we could see it grow, showing off. The thing seemed to live in its own stinky blur, in smoke left over from Creation.

Silent, we stood surveying our tree. Till Mother called us in to lunch. ■



Ike no Taiga, *Calligraphy in Four Script-styles*, CHECKLIST NO. 13

Writing is drawing.



Ike no Taiga, *Calligraphy in Four Script-styles*, CHECKLIST NO. 13

Drawing is writing.



Jean-Louis Le Barbier Le Jeune, *Madame de Villeneuve-Flayosc*, CHECKLIST NO. 22

She wrote one poem. It concerned the seasons, there being four, etc. Her husband, the young bride's senior by forty seasons and more pounds, announced her ditty to be "intriguing," her handwriting "very pretty."

She heard her lord-and-master pronounce her first work, "Excellent. The Winter Section is especially clever, where you compare a frozen pond to some lady's looking glass. Had no earthly idea how inwardly gifted you truly were, my dove. But what book served as your model? Who helped you get even this much down?"

"'Helped!' *Moi?*" cried his bird, his cherrystone, his late-life masterpiece. Young Madame flew snorting and enraged from his chamber. Young Madame's maid flew snorting and enraged from his chamber. Neither was seen downstairs for five long days. Monsieur, unloved, had felt old to start with

but now was aging far faster than any bachelor. He trapped his lady's maid downstairs. Plain though she be, she treated him with all his spouse's haughty frost. This servant swore she had watched the words flow from Madame's pen. "Flow, sir!"

At his club, confessing to his friend the Ambassador, Monsieur Villeneuve-Flayosc learned of a local portrait painter. This gent was half-merciful in his fees while proving fully devilishly-clever with his brush. Beautiful women, his speciality. Happily, the artist was also reported to be a man neither handsome, rich, nor young. The spurned husband's one hope: Getting back into his adorable wife's good graces by having her oil-painted as a writer, not a plagiarist.

Her sulking continued, even as Monsieur proposed the scheme via a letter written and delivered within his own home. Why had he not simply *praised* her? What an idiot! How much would that have cost him? And what a bliss of gratitude could then have awaited Monsieur upstairs! Instead he'd given voice to a moment's logical doubt—the briefest flash of business realism! A treacherous force when loosed in the life of a gent decades older than his bride.

This portrait must be nearly life-sized. The husband's sole direction to the artist, "I desire that my wife be depicted as the great poet she, potentially, is. Her poem about the seasons fills two full pages, both sides. It covers every single time of year and you can all but feel the heat or cold of each. She must be portrayed with all a poet's rights, privileges, and *props*."

And so began the sittings in the sunniest East Parlor. She herself had window-dressed the desk. A bronze Minerva had been borrowed from her most intellectual sister-in-law. A bird's nest of flowers she centered at the orbic center of her hair in hopes this nosegay's perfume might offset the odious varnish-and-horsehoof stink of an actual inkpot. To her sash, as a hint toward the French Academy some few years hence, a medal was attached. One bought from the glass-fronted case of an old antiquarian.

And, after twenty long posing-sessions, during which the white satin dress and its sable trim remained innocent of even one stray inkblot's punctuation, her indulgent husband insisted on a grand and sociable unveiling. Every one either literary, artistic, or lovely or, in rare cases, all three, appeared. Nothing would do but that our young poetess dress exactly as depicted.

The portrait was adjudged a perfect likeness. Much praised: the way it caught her incipient poetic career, caught the exaltation of 'getting an idea' then contrasting that with the sheer exertion of expression's labor.

And, it was only after the successful vernissage, only once a Morocco-bound limited edition of her poem, "Les Quatres Saisons" was handed to each departing guest—only after she'd swept, not unsatisfied and feeling even more herself, past her painted likeness identically dressed, only then as all the champagne flutes were cleared most musically away—did old Monsieur Villeneuve-Flayosc beg her forgiveness, even offering, as if a far younger man, to go down on one knee (if necessary) and, being, after all, her first and favorite reader, did he at last escort his muse upstairs, did Monsieur get to finally bolt their door and, in a bed worthy of not just any one poet but all poems, did he finally regain, as text, Madame Villeneuve-Flayosc! ■



Myochin Munefusa, Mask (E-mi somen) (detail), CHECKLIST NO. 10

The ancient warrior needs new battle-gear. Summoned to this great man's sleeping-quarters, a young armor-maker approaches his first and most difficult assignment. His assistants follow, clanking as usual. The young artisan feels fretful, bringing a new face-guard for this famous chieftain. (Portraits, in or out of iron, are always hardest.)

Unmentioned: the warrior's lately standing three vertebrae shorter than he did in his prime. At the parade ground, wearing his original battle-gear, he rattles within it. He appears an eleven-year-old on tiptoe staring over a wall. New armor has been commissioned, secretly reduced to suit the old one's actual size. Given the veteran's illustrious battle-past, there will be no hint of Before and After. Least of all from the supposedly-gifted young armor-maker newly-imported from another court.

Our boy craftsman finds the national hero slumped beside a fire. The old one keeps stroking, like some man of peace, his favorite skinny hunting hound. Greetings are exchanged. His new iron mask is ceremoniously revealed.

Its face shows this warrior as he looked fifty years ago. Thirty then, he was handsome at the height of his fame. The armor-maker has based this likeness on early historic portraits. This mask features a metal brow serene in its boyish strength. Its power, like its owner's longevity, appears assumed, replete.

"No," the old one barks. He sounds far louder than even he himself expected. He struggles to stand then, hands behind him, pacing. "Isn't armor meant to shield us even as it terrifies our enemy? The concept cannot be new to you. What about Youth is terrifying, young young man? Even an ugly boy promises to someday with luck grow less ugly. Youth has a bad temper but can make no threats.

"No, never again show me me when young. Return directly to your forge. Start my old face over. This time, tell the truth. On or off the battlefield, nothing is scarier." The armor-maker nods, bows, tries to take the mask but the warrior holds it like a mirror before his furrowed face.

"I am eighty," he calls through its smooth mouth-hole. "It's time I boast about my years not lie them away. Show my body as small as the boy I'm shrinking into. But make my face buckle worse even than it does. Let my features droop and stretch and go far sadder. Let them show me lost as I feel when alone here like this with my dog. I have no more beauty, no surviving wife, not even decent enemies these days! Show that! Every arching wrinkle, Apprentice Armor-Maker, fold it up to make a backing seam. Portray decay and you will save me. All that added iron my wrinkles require? it will make my faceplate secretly the stronger. We shall terrify our enemy-young. We will show them how near death I am already! What has a face left to fear? Except perhaps a sudden mirror?! Death, by now, is my twin, my best wife ever, at least my quietest.

"Wait. Before returning to your fire, take up that brush. Sketch direct onto my metal brow. Show every line my face has truly earned. Here, I will hold up this silver thing beside the damage. These furrows were dug by being the father to six, the husband who outlived three women I slowly overpowered. Preserve the marks around this mouth, these eyes. All came from laughing. At my enemy dead!"

The craftman's assistants, hidden in the room's darkest corner, clank.

The armor-maker traces fifty added years upon a blank iron face. Backing from the room, the young man fears—first for his mind—then for his head. (Last year his predecessor was executed. Poor workmanship had caused a callous to form around the royal wrist.) Today's young metal-smith, having inked grotesque damage across the face shown at age thirty, must now decide. Given the epic scale of human vanity: did the old man mean it when he asked to be shown mean, old? How mean is mean enough for war, how old can one man bear to see himself this side of deathmask?

Six weeks later, the risky likeness seems ready to show. Approaching his ruler's quarters, our armor-maker sweats freely. He has hidden the finished mask within a bag of black brocade, a lovely container, it nonetheless recalls, alas, a severed head.

The old one, whose eyes have weakened even in these weeks, must carry the thing for perusal beside the fire. His best dog still nods here. The warrior unveils his new mask. "I see you made me black, not silver." His eyes are still that good.

He bends, meets it face to face. He lifts the grimace nearer failing eyes. He makes his own mask nod to him. Confronting himself at his witty worst now causes the Great One to cackle.

Firelight plays its orange across newly-dried black lacquer. The iron is beautifully worked, segmented like some insect; separate tiers form brow, nose, cheeks and chin, but swiveled, joined behind. The jawline feels lightweight enough to be a party mask's. But every place some wrinkle arises, the armor-smith has used its puckered fold, redoubling metal's backing weight. So, around the eyes, bracketing the mouth, metal holds so solid it can ward off any sword-blow.

A dying man's cunning is now shown as somehow protecting him. Bitter wit ribs his face in inky zebra-stripings. His pointed chin, those hollowed goggle eye-holes are all kept separate yet stay locked into a single howl. The half-smile makes a greeting—but it is Death's own sociability.

The old one totters toward a wall-mirror. Chuckling, he stares at a comic monster masterpiece of his own familiar faults. He laughs, "No wonder they always ran!"

The dog by the fire is waking.

The old warrior now dances, forefingers extended, acting happy inside the new face. He whirls the mask upon his hound. The creature starts up, nearly steps back onto coals. Bent inward, hair along its spine now lifts as weakest armor. The beast skulks off, whimpering. It glances back while trotting from the chamber. The young armor-maker stands straighter only now. He hears the dog go barking down a corridor, warning its Master: by fireside, Death awaits him.

A success! ■



Gertrude Käsebier, *Gertrude O'Malley and Son Charles*, CHECKLIST NO. 31

Some tales stumble backwards into happiness. Only then can your whole history be seen from right in-front, held up face-foremost like some dangled infant.

Her parents had objected. Kate, most gifted of Summit Avenue's privileged girls, found her own cause early: a young man from the wrong street. Old story, always painful. From the wrong income, too, meaning none at all.

Worse, his unemployed father drank; maybe even worse, his mother made hats for other ladies on the wrong streets. She daily wore her latest downtown. People swore you could see her coming—under many an ostrich-sacrifice—at a distance of two city blocks.

Kate's parents wore only white under black or gray. Each sat on the Board of Directors of a separate college. Kate's father, the Judge, was never called anything but "Judge," even by his wife, possibly even in their shared four-poster. Katherine, an only-child born to them late, had been considered, from kindergarten forward, a leader and a beauty. The words "Smith College" seemed all but embroidered on her play-togs. Kate's parents secretly ranked her among the next generation's Margaret Sangers, Madame Curies.

Young swains from all Summit's mansions and dancing classes duly courted Kate. Though several were handsome unto prettiness, most boys struck her as essentially silly. From playschool forward, males had all seemed younger.

Accepted early into Smith, waiting for September, Kate volunteered at the Public Library. (She had such a civic heart, her parents spoke of its danger to her promise.) Kate helped one young man find a missing volume of state legal cases. He just looked like someone putting himself through Law School, nights. A Mr. O'Malley, he learned that Thursdays were her Library days. He seemed always to be there then at one sunny table near the bathrooms.

This practical lad parted his hair in the middle, which was all right, but he used excessive water doing so. He looked like someone grateful newly-rescued from a well. Different bits of hair kept drying at varying rates, rearing up at odd levels like certain stubborn feathers bringing up the back-ends of his mother's hats. Gingery with blond eyelashes, he was well enough made, but there was far too much of him. His face stayed lantern-solemn till it grinned. Everything changed then. Seeing Kate each Thursday, he smiled with such suddenness it made a kind of popping sound.

To her he seemed the opposite of Silly. That, alas, made him the opposite of Rich. O'Malley, instead of wasting time with roadsters and his tennis backhand, was already half-through Law School on his own. His father had suffered a public workplace-accident before retiring indoors to develop a strenuous weakness for The Drink. As for his Mother's daily millinery parade along Falls' wooden sidewalks, it was comic till your daughter attended Episcopal services with the Baptist son of such a creature.

"It will not do," Kate's mother finally addressed her girl over dinner. "His hair, when dry, is the color of a county yam. You were accepted five-months-early into Smith. The whole world now lies before you but you? You fix instead upon some seven-foot rube as the cross to which you imagine

yourself nailed!?” At the word “nailed,” Judge cleared his throat, lowering his eyes. Kate’s mother regretted her outburst’s leading even to a possible double-entendre. Right then, Kate asked her parents to invite Rupe for dinner... (Yes, his ridiculous Lord-Fauntleroy-name was “Rupert.” But everybody local long-ago shortened it. Their abbreviation did sound a bit like “Rube.”) Rupe brought flowers though you could see his mother’s taste in the four-colored ribbons binding them.

Rupe believed Kate’s parents were acting politely toward him. Kate knew better. Her folks dispensed not a drop of usual practiced charm; they told no stories, instead asking him his. And Rupe offered maybe three too many, smiling—even during his bad news—with a manly factuality Kate loved.

She could see it had not gone well. Even before Rupe knocked over his demitasse then rose so fast trying to “mop it up” he nearly upset that whole end of the table. “Could’ve happened to anyone,” her mother offered the boy. “No trouble at all,” her mother consoled in the very voice of Antarctica.

Determined to marry, Kate postponed going East to Smith. Her mother took to bed and could be heard to howl all one night like a beagle dog. “You see what you’ve done?” Judge, in his nightshirt, told the only child.

Her parents considered this their greatest grief. Having brought up such a sterling girl, it never came to them she might choose a boy so early, much less a boy off any street but theirs. She soon found full-time work at the Library. Her meager salary went to fund Rupe’s night-school classes. Her parents mourned her, though Kate still lived with them. Dinner became a course of silences. The Judge tried not mentioning her classmates’ early triumphs off at Harvard. Kate remained at home, stuck upstairs in her bedroom full of dolls and Chemistry books.

Her parents aged so quickly at this time. They were already into their sixties. And one night, as Rupe visited, Kate’s father was heard to fall. He’d been trying to retrieve one book from a high library shelf. Rupe rushed in then carried the Judge to a Doctor’s house next door. At first Kate worried her young man had been too hasty but with strokes, timing is essential. And everyone agreed to think well of Rupe for taking charge, for how he had opened the Judge’s collar buttons and cufflinks, unfastening the old man’s belt. Rupe became a regular visitor during convalescence and her parents did not exactly warm to him. But Kate could see they now respected his “drive” as they called it with a touch of disdain. If only from fatigue, they were almost getting used to him.

College boys were expected home for Christmas on the festive train that should’ve brought Kate west. Instead she worked late, another unwed drudge at the Library, sneezing over mildew. Dragging home tired, she perked only when Rupe rang the door chimes. Now he ate with them three times a week.

Judge was recovering when Rupert O’ Malley asked for Kate’s hand. He got it, if reluctantly. The wedding appeared cut-rate, everything done at the house. A cousin clergyman officiated, not the eloquent old Rector of Saint Timothy’s. The less said about Rupe’s mother’s hat the better. Kate’s own mom, a Christian after all, had referred to it only as “your all-time Masterpiece.” Everybody smiled except the thing’s wearer who puffed her chest out, hearing only compliment.

The Judge worried at the couple’s small apartment. Not daring to offer cash supplements, Kate’s parents secretly hoped the place’s miserable floral wallpaper, the living over a grocer’s shop, would bring their girl home faster. Ghastly, to see their darling’s promise lost on such a street, living above a store-window draped with raw pork sausages. They no longer blamed poor Rupe alone. He did kind things for them, always handy around their house, saying in the most natural way, “May I?”, “Here, allow me...” And yet such sadness persisted. Her father somehow announced that her marriage had caused his stroke. He refused their visits for some months, and everyone got worse.

One year after the little wedding, Kate asked for a special meeting with her parents. Holding Rupe’s hand, she announced a pregnancy. She said she felt it to be a boy. If so, they’d name him for the Judge.

And, if somehow a girl, for her mother. There was mild rejoicing. It made things easier to bear, the thought of the Judge's only child bearing at least one of her own before both its grandparents expired.

Her father's condition worsened but the sight of Kate growing rounder in the middle and more oval in her face soon proved a balm for the old man. During her last two months' lying in, the parents declared they were proud at least of Rupe's rising as a practicing attorney. He had stopped plastering his hair-part with that much water. Kate had helped him find a new division more to the right. Rupe looked well in his celluloid collar and was acknowledged as the fabled Judge's son-in-law. The way he helped his pregnant bride upstairs to see her father was so natural and endearing it could not to be surpassed. In it, Rupe's in-laws began to glimpse a natural gentleness that, at times, passed nearly for gentility. You saw they were a unit, as much of one or more than Kate's own parents felt themselves to be. And theirs had always seemed, to them at least, the happiest of marriages.

They kept track of all Kate's former suitors back East. Along with football heroics and articles published, they did hear of binges, huge bills left unpaid at a tailor's shop in Princeton, New Jersey. Kate's folks quietly compared such childishness with how Rupe, having only night school, daily built his local career.

The moment of greatest happiness came. Her Judge father was now confined to bed. The doctor had advised against his even attending the Christening at Saint Tim's. But all principals agreed to restage it at the foot of his bed on the summer sleeping porch upstairs. The baby had been named for the Judge (excepting that "O'Malley"). Today the child would turn three months old. On the porch among the treetops, after a longer than usual bath and brushing, Kate rebuttoned her boy into the inherited family christening gown.

Rupe stood off to one side, smiling that shy enormous smile of his. Kate's parents had begun accepting that their daughter would not be the next Marie Curie. A bitter understanding for such civic people. Kate had tried explaining: Love was also an arena of pursuit, some sort of daily laboratory. But, only now, as Kate, enjoying the weight of her boychild in this ancient gown—lifted her son toward her father, did something happen. Both grandparents, usually so decorous, reached for the baby, hands striking hand, competing for him.

He was a remarkable baby, even making all usual allowances for favoritism. His face shone bright and inquisitive, the very image of his mother at that age. And when both grandparents gestured at once for him, the old man's palsied hand persisted, darting past his wife's palm. Kate appreciated the act so much she turned half-away. She'd seen them know: he was legacy enough. All their hopes for her were present now in him. And, if the Nobel they'd expected ever came this family's way, it must now come to and through this infant. So, at this moment's grand unveiling, a child at last became the heir, their truest future joy. He would do. ■



Greece (perhaps Rhodes), *Head of a Goddess*, CHECKLIST NO. 1

O*ne young face can outstrip all the old ones' wisdom.* Features nearly good as hers know on sight they're bested. The very finest, it is always of a different order. For every ten-thousand Pretties finds one Beautiful.

Her eyes set at such cat-angles offer an unnerving universal candor. Is she pleased with the world or herself? Is there, for such a one, any difference? Her symmetry is scary as armor. That smile of hers it curves up finally into such a taunt. It starts on you as warmth then greets you as a possible entitlement. You feel implicated, wondering what she has seen of you, in you, and what she might, despite her power, allow.

Why should beauty, our species' best, be what first we hold up to the sky? What else have we? Past everything, our better faces. Past all that our most gifted hands have thought to make.

Such a perfect mortal smile becomes our shield, our promise, our lens, our tribe's descriptor. And finally—shown here when she was just turned twenty, from a nice enough but till now only-usual-looking family—she will stay, for the year or two that such beauty survives its melting—our agreed-upon best, our goddess.

Who would not like to *be* with her? To *be* her?

Failing that, who'd not like to simply *see* her? ■



Jalal Quli, *Prince Dara-Shikoh and Mullah Shah, Accompanied by Five Retainers, in Kashmir* (detail), CHECKLIST NO. 9

Our tribal wars have killed both sides' best men these last four hundred years. Children of dead warriors lately beg, on either side of our shared border, to play—not in the grassy fields provided—but amid gravestones where their own young fathers rest. This, even enemies agree, is wrong.

So, finally, a meeting has been called between rulers. They choose to gather in an ideal Kashmiri glade. This most beautiful spot, everyone concurs, might help end a hatred. It has fueled into some force, like gravity, beyond mere human countermanding.

The old Mullah, bearded, now blind, revered almost as a deity by his own people (and considered at least a foxy rascal by his enemy) turns up early at the war-counsel location. Courtier-handlers of the Mullah do not like any foe to ever see him grope or stumble. They want the old man well in place upon his prayer rug before the slim young prince arrives.

The prince's white horse and his minions' brown ones are left tied downhill. Two clusters of exactly thirty men now stand to face each other. Only the Mullah, with impunity, sits. Introductions sound formal, frozen. The Prince knows the great Mullah's face solely from bitter caricatures, village propaganda. The old man has only heard about the young aristocrat's beauty.

Both tribes' musicians pull in closer. Since our separated music was essentially the same, instruments that arrived here meaning to war with one another find unsettling concord. Antique memory. Harmonies emerge almost against their makers' wills.

Mullah speaks first, a word of welcome. He says he considers today—considers it both as an old man and a professional fool—very sad: for instance, how we must meet outdoors. Though this spot is said to be beautiful, his own advisors would not allow him to enter any building they do not control. They fear further tries upon his life. There have been thirty-nine. Forty-one, a younger man corrects. Mullah ignores this, adding: it seems to him a loss how, at such a potentially genial gathering, there can be no food, no drink served (for fear of poison from both sides). He simply wants that sadness stated, registered. The Prince accepts the observation.

Like so many others when facing the Mullah's blank eyes, the Prince, despite his resolutions otherwise, refers at once to vision, "What do you see, Mullah, when it comes to our two peoples warring all these centuries?"

After pausing, the Mullah marvels that, if only one tribe had proven far better than its opponent, bloodshed might have stopped long long ago. "But we're too often equals! Is it fair that ten thousand heroes must perish to prove our game's been tied these last four hundred years?"

The young prince stays hushed. Finally speaking, his voice sounds scarcely changed from that of a piping boy. "I have lost two fine older brothers. And Mullah, legend claims, you sacrificed four of your strongest sons. Tell me what you envision ahead?"

The Blind one sits silent—till others hear how such silence actually contains birdsongs and a stream rushing surprisingly nearby.

"I see nobody here but one very old man who must be led like an infant, and someone who's come of his own will, young if wise and freer in spirit than many a more ancient sage. I see us seated under a tree. I picture its being shaped like our mountain nearby. I see how this morning we both occupy is itself pure gold, to spend or waste. I see that, here on this mountainside, the news of war, the pride of our two separate peoples, all fade. Instead, musicians—intent upon competing—find themselves within our single blended music. Being artists, they are powerless to stop this reunion of the thousand old songs linking us. My philosophy complains we should even now be telling jokes. We might let one decent young man from either tribe take off his metal helmet. Let these two go together and fill their headgear at that stream we hear nearby. We may both then drink, trusting, from the armor of each other.

"May I be the first to show I do not fear you—easy as it is to poison one worn and sightless as I! And let us this day recall that we are only old men or young, but men, seated, wrapped in familiar music, exchanging talk, refreshing ourselves at the most beautiful spot we all know. That is everything I, blind, presently 'see.' I say 'No past. Only present pleasure as the first step forward finally.'"

"Done," speaks the young prince. And two attendants, one from each faction, remove their bright silver helmets and quickly wander toward the sound of a stream surprisingly close-by.

Both are handsome men of twenty-four and, being courtly and civilized, they talk lightly only of weather, about crops, and regarding the most beautiful young women presently inspiring their separate walled villages. They sound like what they are, cousins from one essential tribe cursed with feuds.

The old man whose beard is a thatch of gray, whose eyes show white, soon drinks cool water from an enemy-helmet. The young prince at once gulps out of his opponent's silver headgear. The two agree the local water has a sweetness that seems siphoned down the calming blue distances of Kashmir itself.

Our nation's written histories sometimes call this peace "The Pact of Silver Helmets Overturned For Use as Drinking Vessels."

And verily, established on this day in such a perfect glade, that concord would run on—a stream unsullied—for the next hundred and eighty-five years. ■

Tyche (tī' kē) *n* [Greek *Tύχη* – lit, *luck*]: goddess of chance and fortune

“The collection of the Ackland Art Museum has been decisively, permanently, enriched and strengthened by this unprecedented act of generosity.” – PETER NISBET

Fortune Smiles presents an extraordinary collection of works of art given to the Ackland Art Museum at The University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill by the Tyche Foundation. Distinguished by its impressive range and variety, the Tyche Foundation gift includes drawings, paintings, prints, sculpture, calligraphy, and photographs marked by uncompromising aesthetic quality. Published in conjunction with the premier exhibition of these objects, the catalogue includes fifty-two full color images with:

Foreword by Emily Kass, Ackland director;

Introduction and art historical commentaries by Peter Nisbet, Ackland chief curator;

and a special section of narrative responses by Allan Gurganus, acclaimed author of *Oldest Living Confederate Widow Tells All*, *White People*, *Plays Well With Others*, and *The Practical Heart*.

