

ART















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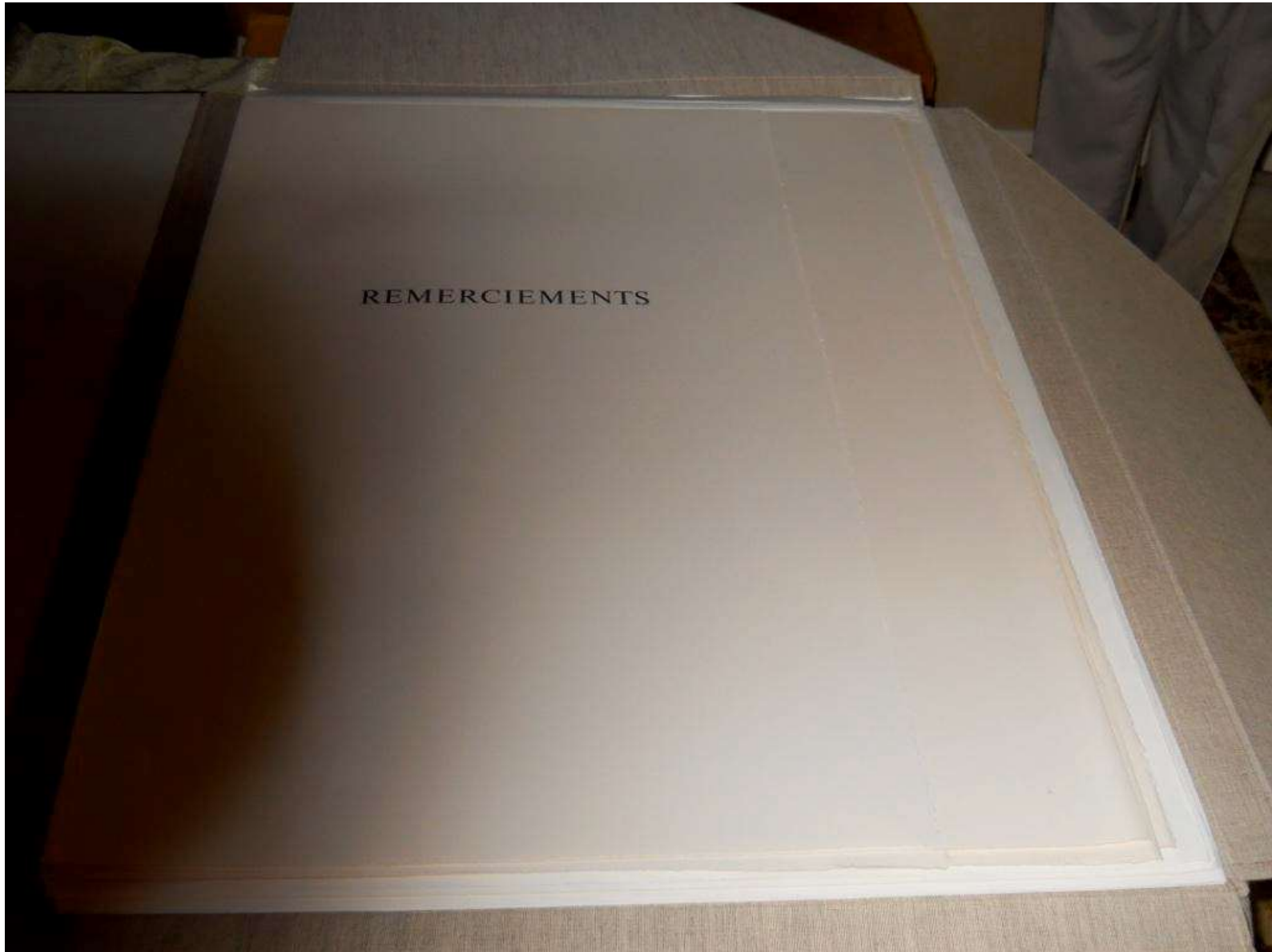




13. folio. "Album International 2", No. 44/50, with copper front plaque with facsimile signatures of each contributing artist, published Geneva 1977, Editions Alpic Geneve.



14. folio. "Album International 2", No. 44/50, with copper front plaque with facsimile signatures of each contributing artist, published Geneva 1977, Editions Alpic Geneve.



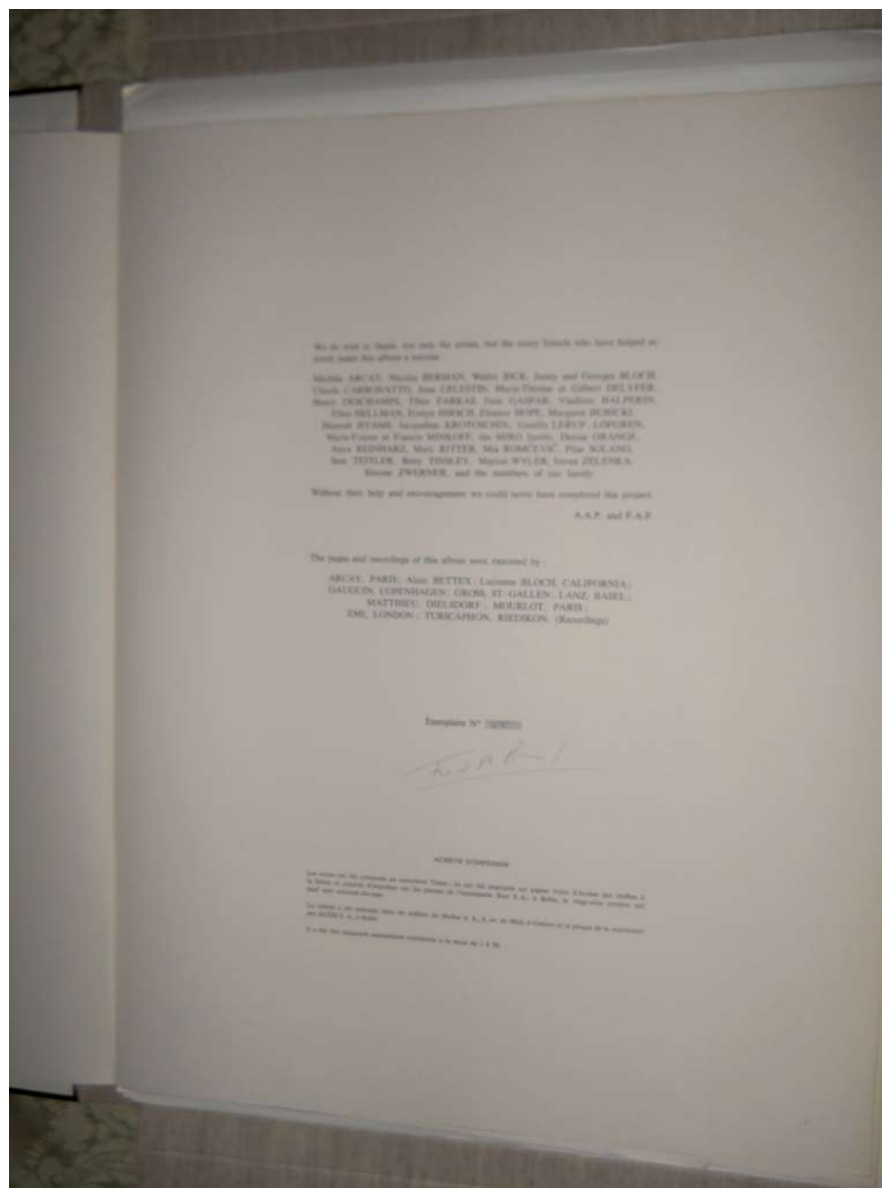
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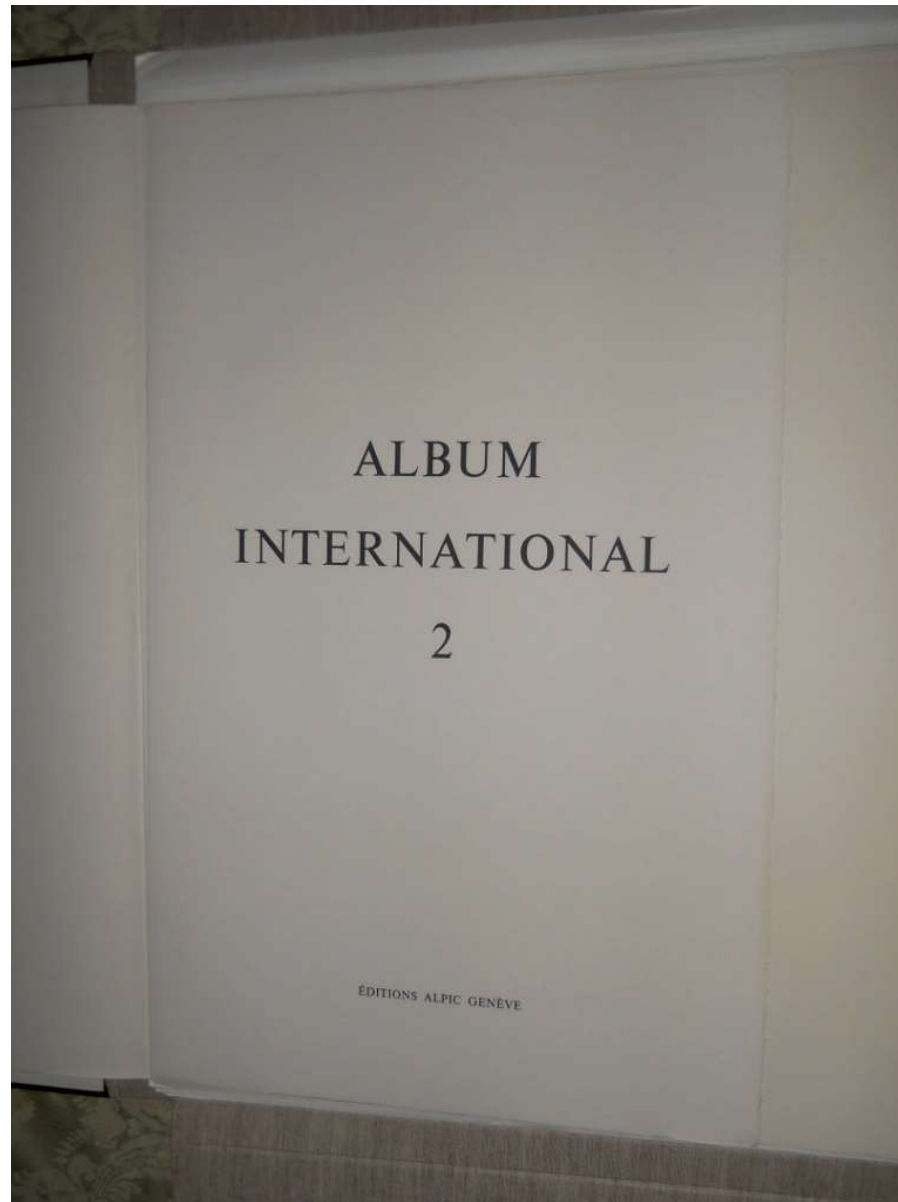
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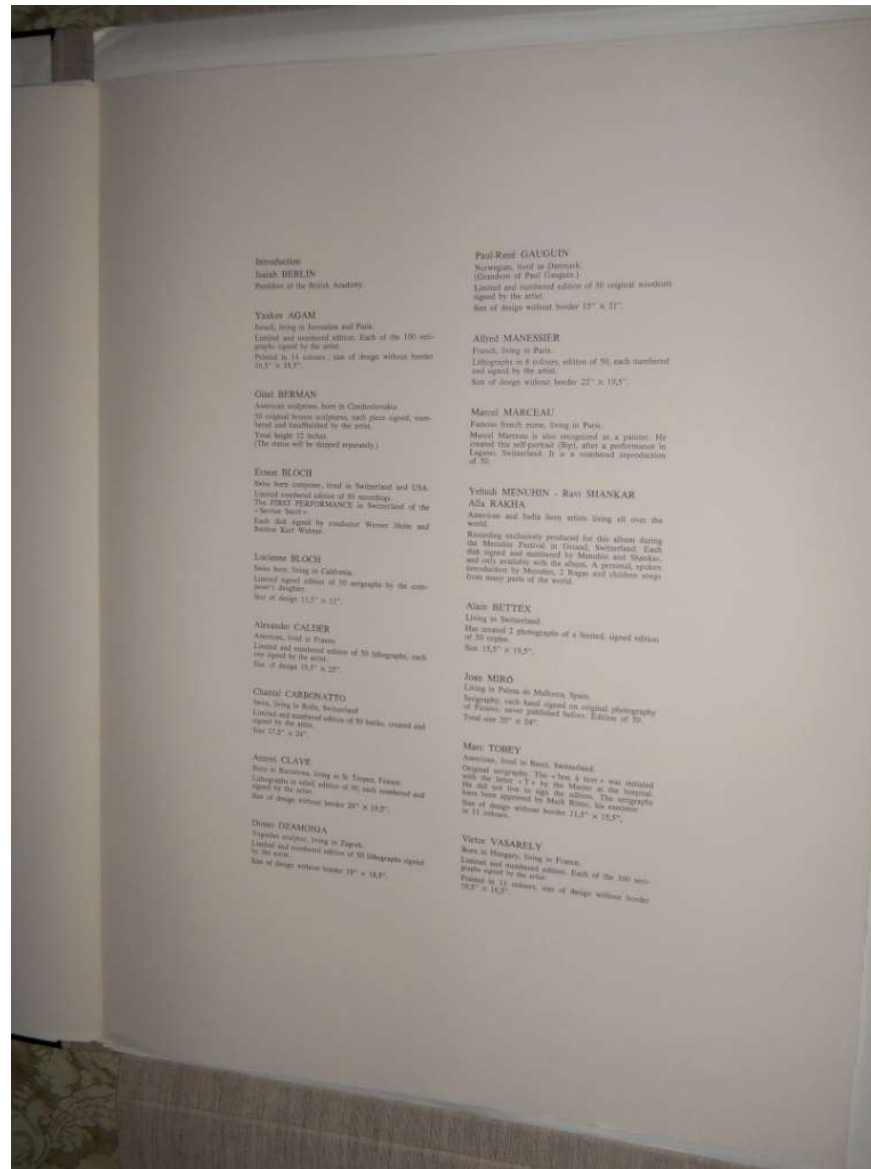
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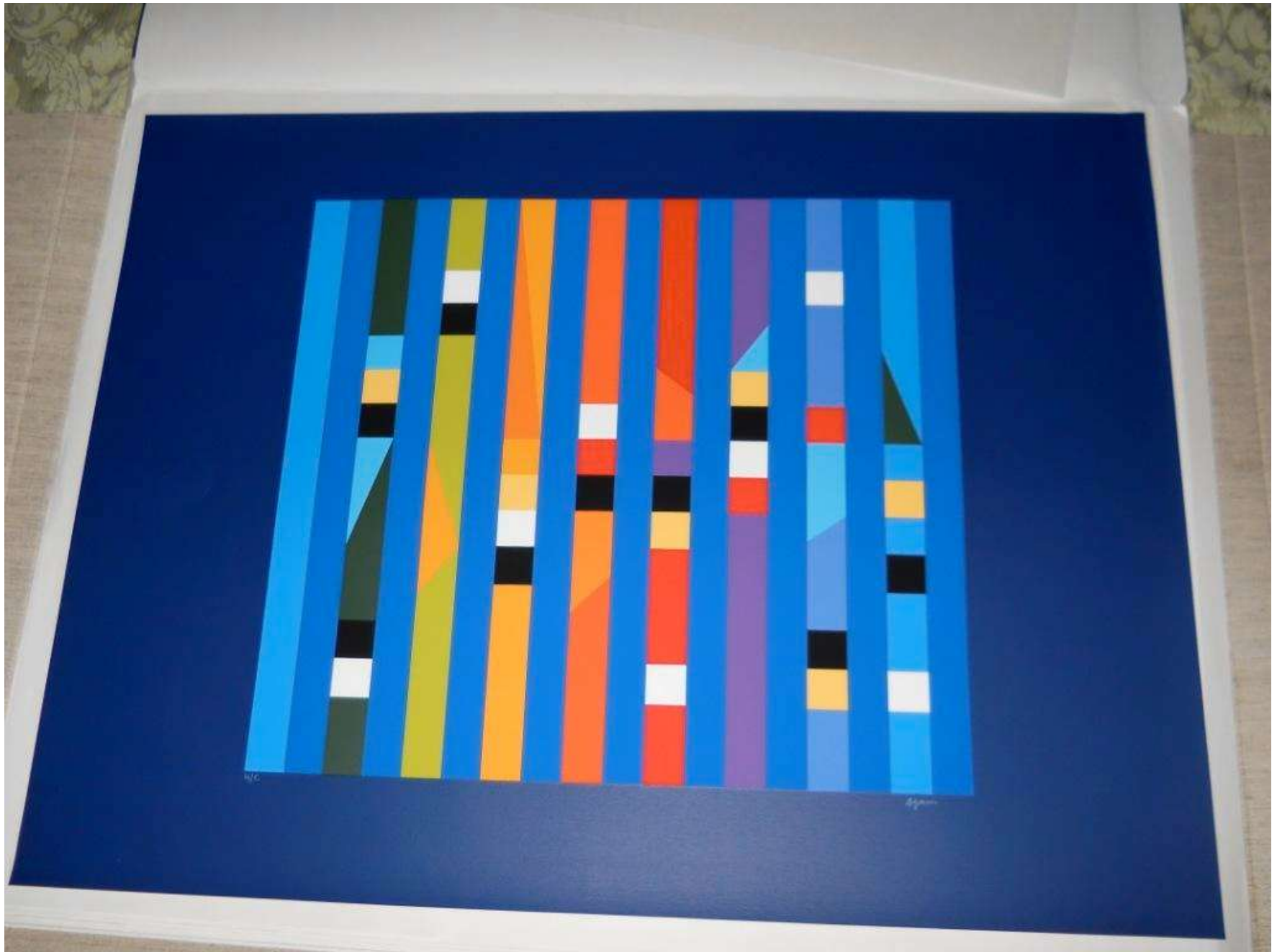
21. folio. "Album International 2", No. 44/50, with copper front plaque with facsimile signatures of each contributing artist, published Geneva 1977, Editions Alpice Geneve.



22. folio. "Album International 2", No. 44/50, with copper front plaque with facsimile signatures of each contributing artist, published Geneva 1977, Editions Alpique Geneve.



23. folio. "Album International 2", No. 44/50, with copper front plaque with facsimile signatures of each contributing artist, published Geneva 1977, Editions Alpica Geneve.



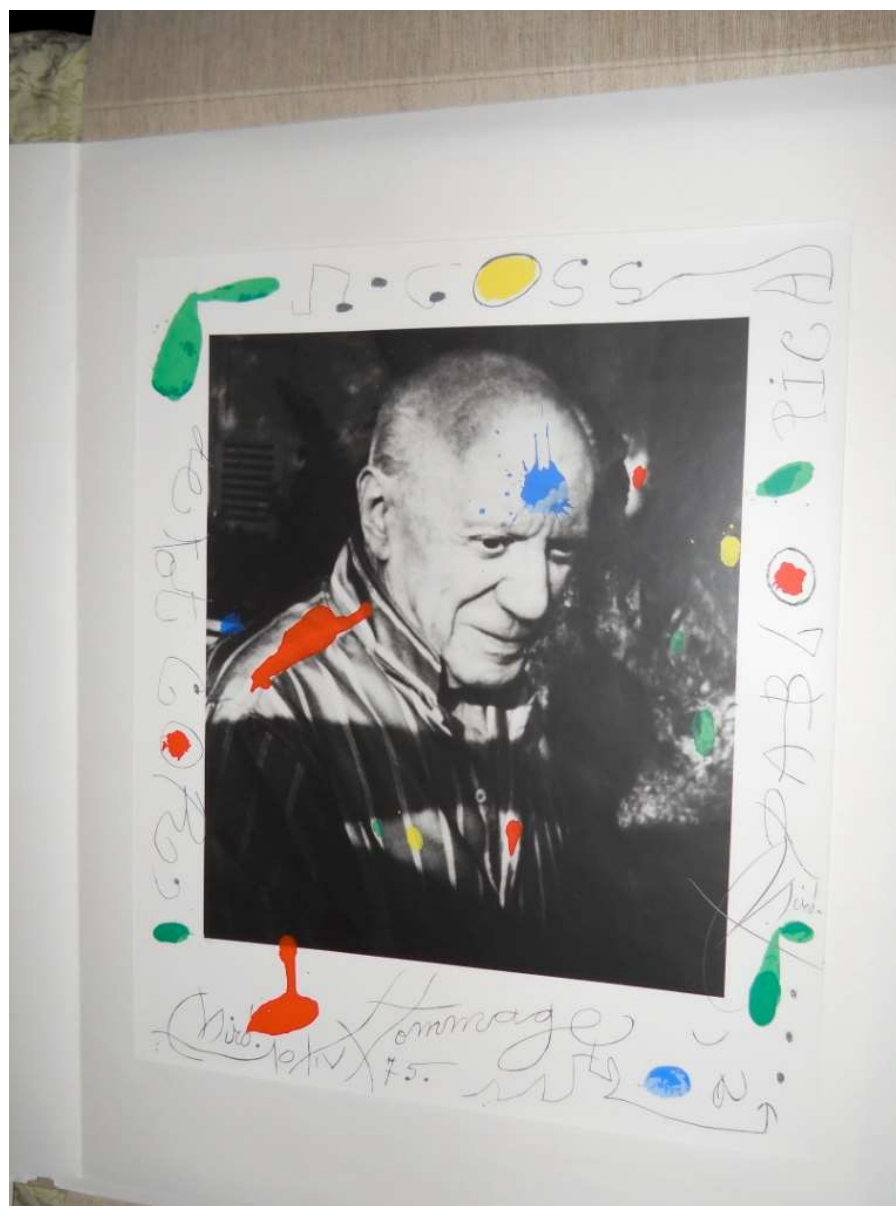
24. serigraph, by Yaacov Agam, from edition of 100, 16 ½" x 18 ½".



25. bronze sculpture, by Gizel Berman XX century Czechoslovakian school, from edition of 50, 12"; with accompanying lithograph.



26. record. "Service Sacre", by Ernest Block, from edition of 50.



27. Serigraph, by Joan Miró, 1893-1983 Spanish school, edition of 50, 20" x 24".



28. batik, by Chantal Carbonatto, XX century Swiss school, from edition of 50, 17 ½" x 24".



29. Lighograph, by Antonio Clave, 1913- Spanish school, edition of 50, 26" x 19 ½".



30. lithograph, by Dusan Dzamonja, XX century Yugoslavian school, edition of 50, 19" x 18 ½".



31. woodcut, by Paul-Rene Gaugin, XX century Norwegian school, edition of 50, 15" x 21".



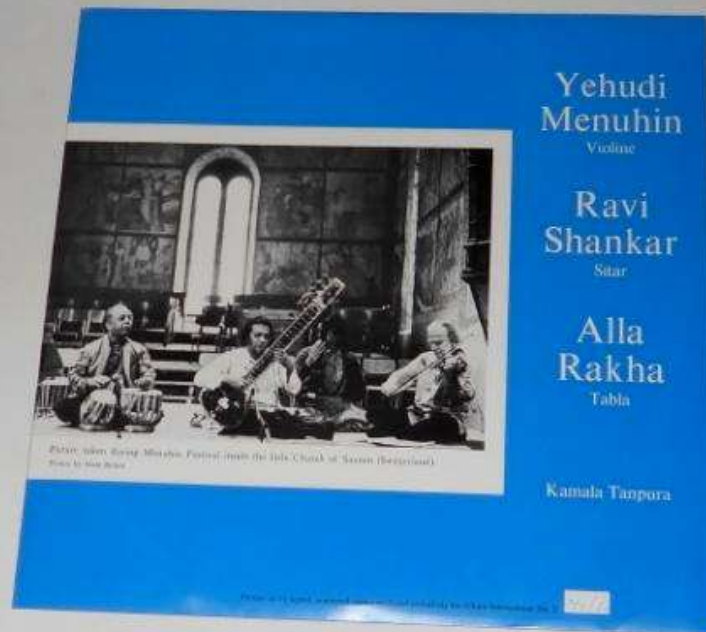
32. lithograph, by Alfred Manessier, 1911- French school, edition of 50, 22" x 19 1/2"



33. Lithograph by Marcel Marceau, XX century French school, from edition of 50.



34 . Lithograph by Marcel Marceau, XX century French school, from edition of 50



35. record, by Yehudi Menuhin, Ravi Shankar and Alla Rakha, signed.

Yehudi
Menuhin
Violine

Ravi
Shankar
Sitar

Alla
Rakha
Tabla

Kamala Tanpura



*Picture taken during Menuhin Festival inside the little Church of Saanen (Switzerland)
Pictures by Alain Bertoz*

36 . record, by Yehudi Menuhin, Ravi Shankar and Alla Rakha, signed.



37. photographs, by Alain Bette, edition of 50, 15 ½" x 19 ½".



38 . photographs, by Alain Bettex, edition of 50, 15 ½" x 19 ½".



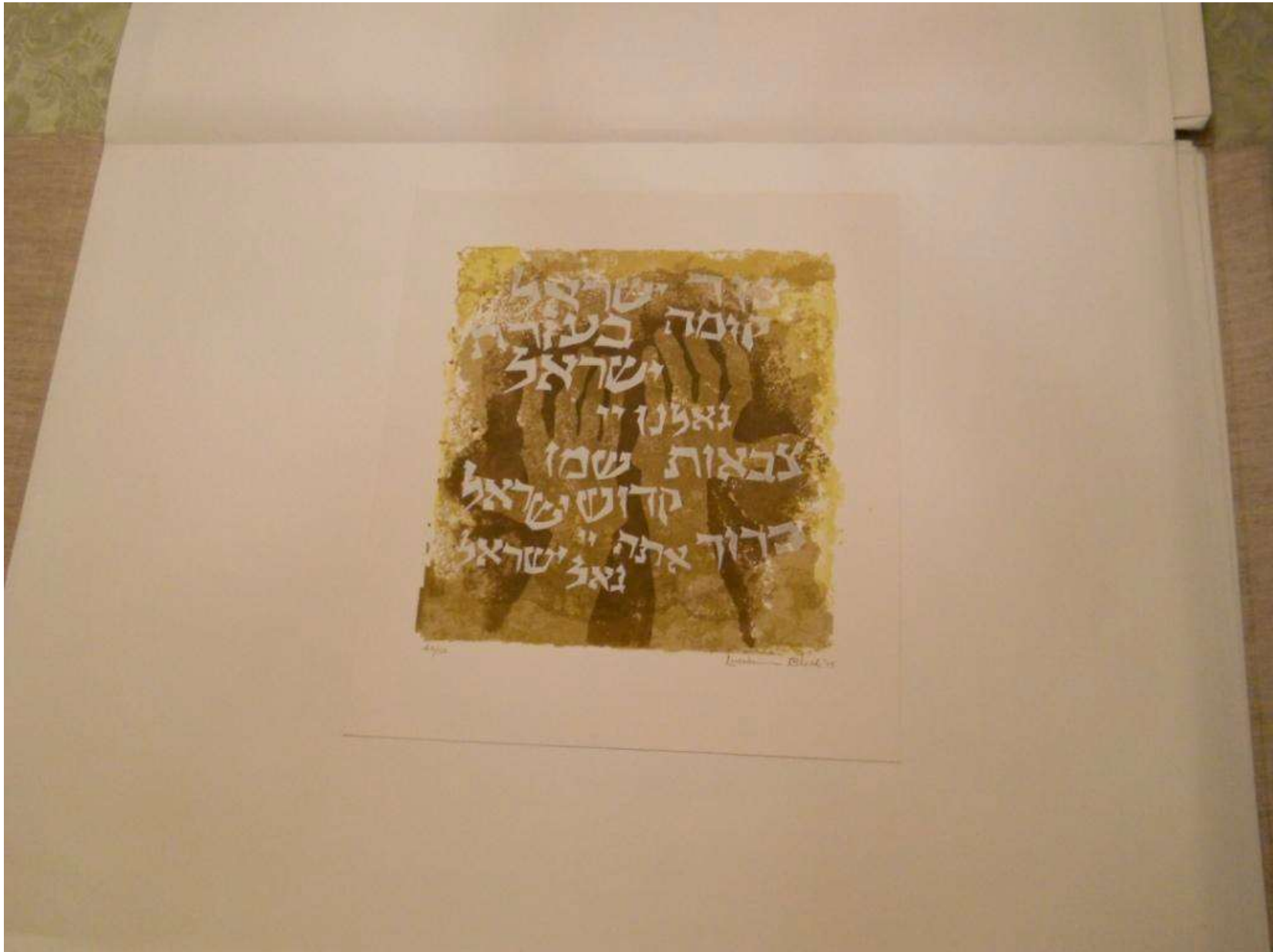
39. serigraph, by Marc Tobey, 1890-1976 American school, edition of 50, 11 ½" x 15 ½".



40. serigraph, by Victor Vasarely, 1906-1997 Hungarian school, from edition of 100, 19 ½" x 16 ½".



41. lithograph, by Alexander Calder, from edition of 50, 19 ½" x 25".



42. serigraph, by Lucien Bloch, XX century American school, from edition of 50, 11 ½" x 11".

HARCOURTS

GALLERY OF FINE ARTS

251 BOWLING GREEN SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA 94104

April 17, 1974

Dr. William J. Robinson
1881 Morisy
Northridge, California 91324

Dear Dr. Robinson:

As we discussed by phone today, I am enclosing a photo copy of a notarized statement given by Robert W. Astrow, regarding the legitimacy of the Siqueros purchase you made here on April 10, 1974.

In addition, I want to assure you that any purchase you make at my gallery is guaranteed as represented by Harcourts, and there is no time limit that I can conscientiously place on quality, originality or authenticity. These guarantees carry a money back policy. In addition to this, we have always had a no time limit exchange policy, so that our customers may feel that should their taste change or should they find something they prefer, they are always welcome to return their purchase.

Art is an unusual commodity in that it is often purchased for aesthetic as well as investment considerations. Thus, it is subject to social as well as economic measurement, and I am sure that most established art dealers are cognizant of this, and that the few who suggest, by inference, that something is wrong elsewhere without backing up such claims, would be well advised to clean up their own house. I want to assure you, however, that the majority of art dealers hold these few in scorn, and waste very little time with them.

I am sorry that you have been subjected to one of these rare occasions. Please be assured that we want you as a customer and that you will be the final arbiter in any decision made.

Sincerely yours,

Fred Banks
Fred Banks

cc

Telephone: (415) 421 - 3428

STATE OF NEW YORK)
) ss.
COUNTY OF NEW YORK)

ROBERT W. ASTROW, First having been sworn, deposes and says:

I am the Vice President of C. P. A. Company, L.L.C. (formerly known as C. P. A. L.L.C., INC.) and have so been employed since October 15, 1970.

I have made a diligent search of the files of C. P. A. Company, L.L.C. and have located copies of contracts and documents between Donald Siqueros and Astrow Account, L.L.C., a trade name used for publishing ventures by C. P. A. Company, L.L.C.

It is apparent from our legal files, inventory receiving records, and cash payments that the so-called "Siqueros" and the "Astrow" accounts were contracted for, executed by and signed by Mr. Siqueros under the supervision of our employees. These signatures is a matter of documented records and we stand ready to make these records available in the event of any necessary to do so.

Rouvenata
John J. ...

Subscribed and sworn to
before me this 20th day of
January 1974

Fred Banks

Notary Public
for the State of New York
My Comm. Expires ...
My Comm. No. ...

SIQUEIROS

INTRODUCTION BY PIERRE CABANNE

POEM BY PAUL ELUARD

TOUCHSTONE PUBLISHERS, LTD.

NEW YORK · 1969

TOUCHSTONE PUBLISHERS, LTD.
100 EAST 57th STREET
NEW YORK 10022
PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN
BY THE UNIVERSITY PRESS
LONDON

TEN ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPHS BY
DAVID ALFARO SIQUEIROS

250 portfolios each containing 10 original lithographs in color were pulled on Arches paper. Each lithograph is signed by the artist and numbered from 1 to 250.

25 Double-Suite portfolios each containing 10 original lithographs in color were pulled on Arches paper, and 10 original lithographs in color were pulled on Japon Nacre paper. Each of these original lithographs is signed by the artist and numbered 1 to XXV.

Several portfolios marked "Artist's Proof" are the property of the artist.

The above lithographs were pulled at the Atelier Mourlot in Paris during 1968.

The type was set and printed at the Union National, France, and at The Spiral Press, New York.

SIQUEIROS

Working for all the others I am free
Because I know myself to be in the light of each one
And the boundaries of my hands are more flexible
Than those which the earth buries and forgets

I set myself my task and impose on myself an order
Rippling like water, burning like a flame
The same order that man will receive from life
Our order and I assemble without my comrades

They are all there, the brave and the timid
To guarantee our innocence and the windings
Of the whirlwinds wherein I become like a seed
That will bloom to represent the world

In love give me the comrades of yesterday
The virtue of today and the power of tomorrow
That unrestrained impulse that turns toward the center
Of a heart freed from impure need

Fierce heart that ever persists against its ashes

PAUL ELUARD

*In order to do great things, one must not be above one's
fellow men, but with them.*

DAVID ALFARO SIQUEIROS may not be familiar with this quotation from Montaigne, yet he has always lived by it. It is not enough, though, to say that he has lived alongside his fellowmen, for he has immersed himself in their struggle and taken as his own their desires, their hopes, and their ambitions. The whole tumultuous history of Mexico is reflected in his work: its lyric power, like the dream of a great communion between the past and the present, has one focal point: man's fight for freedom and happiness.

"The true artist," says a Nahuatl text of the Aztec period, "arranges things, embellishes them, and puts them in their place." For men and with them. The stare of the unmoving graven images of Tula, and of the soldiers who lie buried at Palenque with their throats slashed, was dead only to those who did not know that the ancient goddess Coatlicue would give birth to more warriors. For here before us is unfurled an epic, vast and tumultuous as an ocean, that combines the tragedy of Shakespeare and Hugo with the ancient Mayan legends. This surge of plumed kings, of sorcerers, warriors, rebels, and beggars, this world of blood, danger, and fire contains, besides the dust of a people long oppressed, a moral, an ethic, a sense of human brotherhood, which by the means of man addresses itself intelligibly to other men. Here they see themselves live and move, and their whole lives are influenced.

Thus art attains its *raison d'être* - to be the enlightenment of the world which beholds it. Siqueiros makes use of that world to enrich his painting. It is, no doubt, paradoxical to fragment in one suite of lithographs the astonishing rhetoric which he has inscribed on the walls of his country, the unfolding revelation of which affects the destiny of every individual and all peoples.

But the baroque instinct, the expressionistic power of Siqueiros and his pictorial movement, the dynamics of which influenced Jackson Pollock not long ago, is found in these fiery pages, imprinted with the force of a blow. He is the only one today to affirm social realism and its rights, the only one since the death of Diego Rivera to create, through form, material, and technique, a powerful language.

Our own conceptions of painting, on a human scale, are completely overturned; Siqueiros does not merely magnify life, he adapts his mental structure and that of the multitudes to the

phenomenology of space in its totality. For him, to paint is not merely to transcend the subject matter of the painting; it is to use the tools of the Creator to mold fate.

The political, social, and moral eloquence of his work would be meaningless if the civilization for which it speaks were based on emptiness or denial. This modern man proposes to us a cosmology not pantheistic but all-encompassing. It is remarkable that he carries with him traditions that are thousands of years old, for this wild Rubens, full of anger and protest, is truly a painter of the New World.

One hundred square yards for "Scenic Art in Social Life," a mural at the theatre of the National Association of Actors in Mexico; five hundred square yards for the "Mexican Revolution" at the Museum of Anthropology and History in Chapultepec; five thousand square yards for "The March of Humanity" which he is finishing in the auditorium of the Casa de Cultura in Cuernavaca, inaugurated on the occasion of the Olympic Games in Mexico—David Alfaro Siqueiros embraces the history of an entire people. Both as narrator and as impassioned denigol, he has merged himself in organic movement. He gives the fresco the power of a higher law and mass art the power of authority. Thus he has become an artisan as well. What he undertakes to do is neither for the museums nor for the collectors, but for that unknown brother who walks through life as he does. His means, his tools, are those which the mechanical age has to offer to men of his time and he uses them joyfully, appreciating their newness. His immense compositions, in which sculpture and painting are combined, are in public places which on holidays become like scenes at a village fair. The crowds look on and watch one another as all around them artists who have come from all over the world are working.

In the past, it was with the same fervor and the same *elan* that the pyramid of Teotihuacan or the sanctuaries of Palenque were built. Siqueiros is not at all displeased at being compared to the high priests of pre-Colombian civilization who not only founded the temple but directed its construction and supervised the painted and sculptured *décor*. He has made his art the last refuge of the gods.

His paintings are also a mirror. Siqueiros encloses within them reflections of Mexico, sweet and tender, with its vast rust-tinted horizons and sunsets flaming above the cracked earth; its night skies and shroud-white dawns, where space is boundless and empty, menaced by an undetermined drama. Men with straining muscles grapple with machinery or with the earth while women carry

their children on their backs like crosses. Copper-colored Indians with lined faces, black hair and eyes, remind us of the Toltec statues, though their limbs are more slender. Giants from another age, their bodies in bronze relief seem freshly hewn from bark or stone. They have the sexuality of wild animals, their suppleness and their cruelty. In the canvases of Siqueiros, mouths scream, fists thrust out, women have the full breasts of fecundity, and the flowers burst with hot blood during the hot nights of his native Chihuahua in its mountainous desert. Here is guerilla warfare; here is work done in rage and blasphemy; here is suffering. People love with that sweet violence found in poetry and song. Siqueiros is at the heart of the tragedies of man.

Look at his works. The miserable *peones* are as great as the kings, the warriors, or the great and terrible priests of the ancient cities that have disappeared, and their epic is no less fantastic than that of the victorious combatants in the frescoes of Bonampak. The concrete temples of the new towns have walls that, like the dilapidated sanctuary in the jungle of Chiapas, tell the heroic story of an eternal Mexico; they are as meaningful as the great stone faces that grince in the silent clearings of the forest, on the blue grass.

Siqueiros, last survivor of the national revolutionary triumvirate that he formed with Orozco and Rivera, carries on their common work and purpose; of the three he is the most romantic, the one who best understands the sensitivity of their ancient race. He has mixed its symbolism, born of the divination of wizards, with the aesthetics acquired from Europe: the dynamism of futurism, the irrational of surrealism. He has added to these the passion for truth, the constant obsession with human reality that for him has always been related to a deliberately modern awareness of the problems and needs of his time.

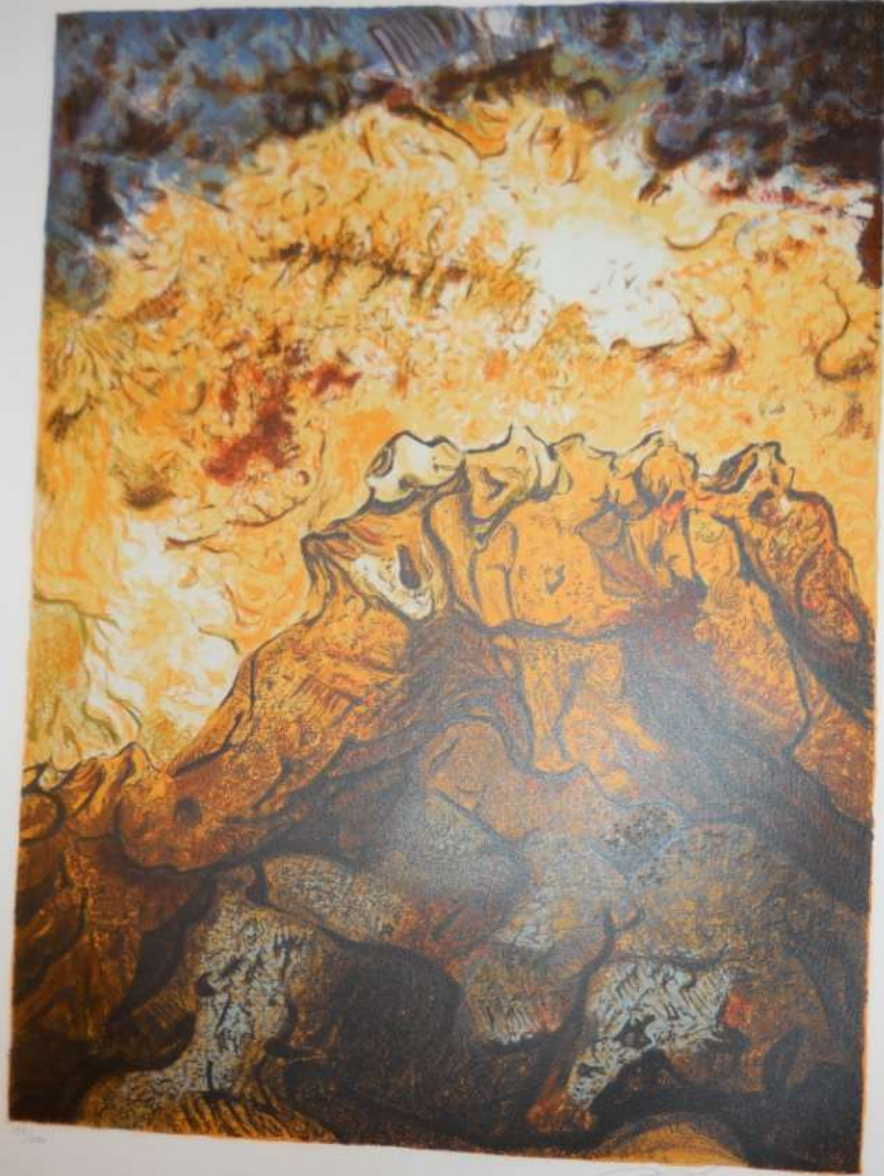
In the tomb of some important person, deep in the Temple of the Inscriptions at Palenque, a stucco head was found. It was a warrior with plumes and flowers who, with his sharp profile like that of a quetzal bird, bears a striking resemblance to Siqueiros. But the painter's eyes are intensely alive, and his speech is rich, colorful, and convincing, with that special humor that a traveler of long ago put on the lips of a Mayan peasant when he heard the sorcerer tell his dreams. For if a man lives by his dreams, the meaning he gives them is more important even than his works; David Alfaro Siqueiros has painted murals and pictures, not just for themselves, but in order to question and to manipulate Destiny.

Translated by Hilary Johnson from the French

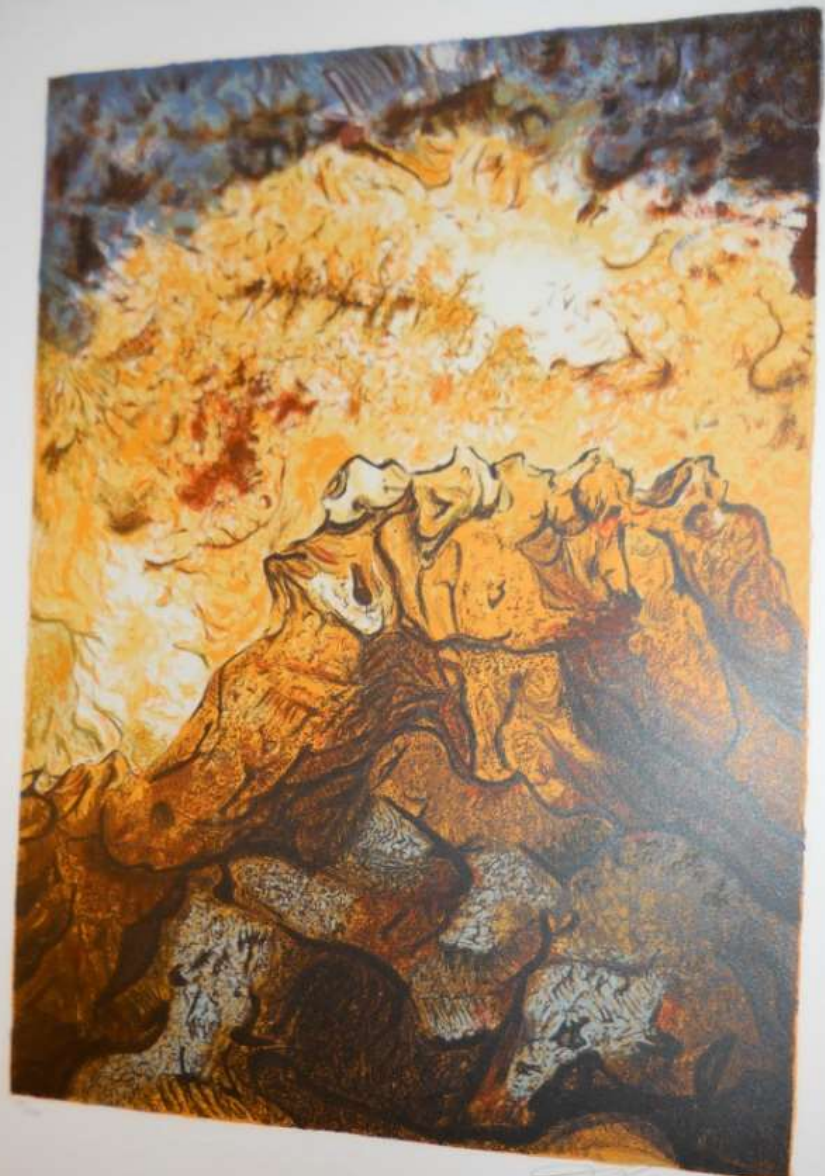
PIERRE CABANNE

LITHOGRAPHS

- I Mascara (Mask)
- II Paisaje Explosivo (Explosive Landscape)
- III Paisaje Montafas (Mountainous Landscape)
- IV Volcan Fosforescente (Phosphorescent Volcano)
- V Jesusito sera un santo (Jesusito will be a saint)
- VI Fuga (Escape)
- VII Cristo Amputado (Amputated Christ)
- VIII Mujer en la Carcel (Woman in Jail)
- IX Vista Aerea (Aerial View)
- X Autorretrato (Self-portrait)



J.M.W. Turner



J.M.W. Turner



M. Simeon



W. J. ...



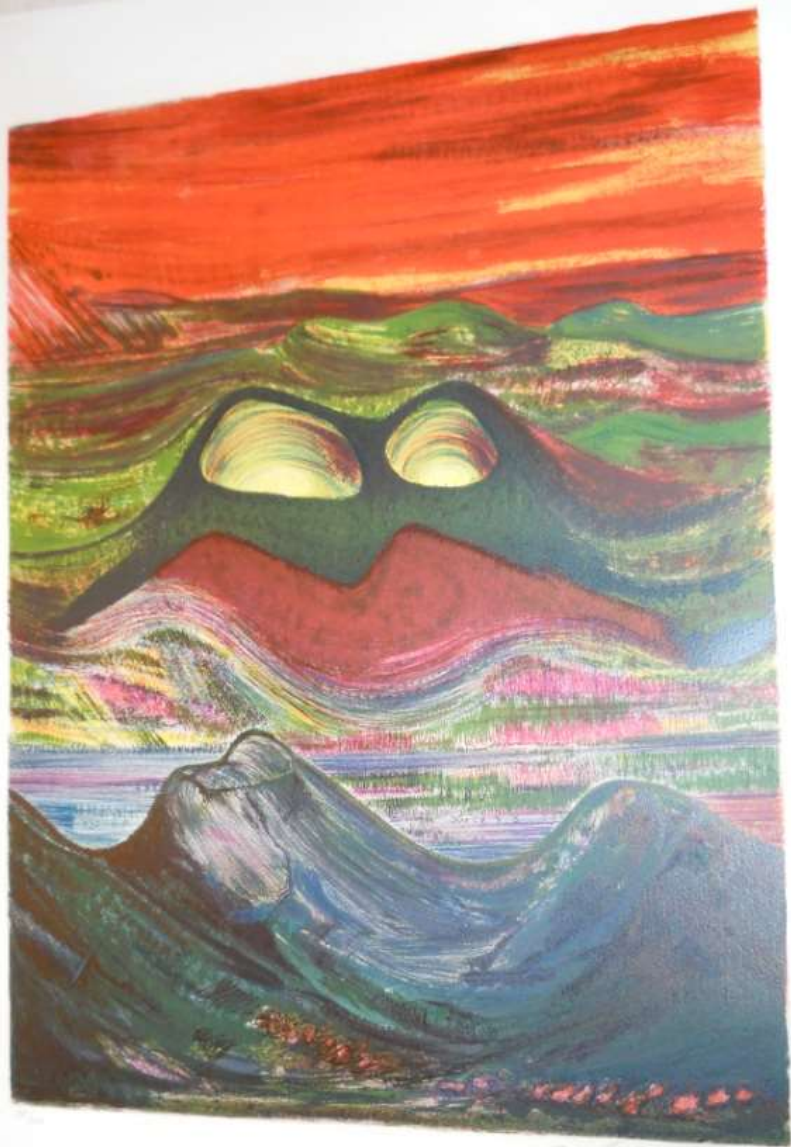


John Simpson

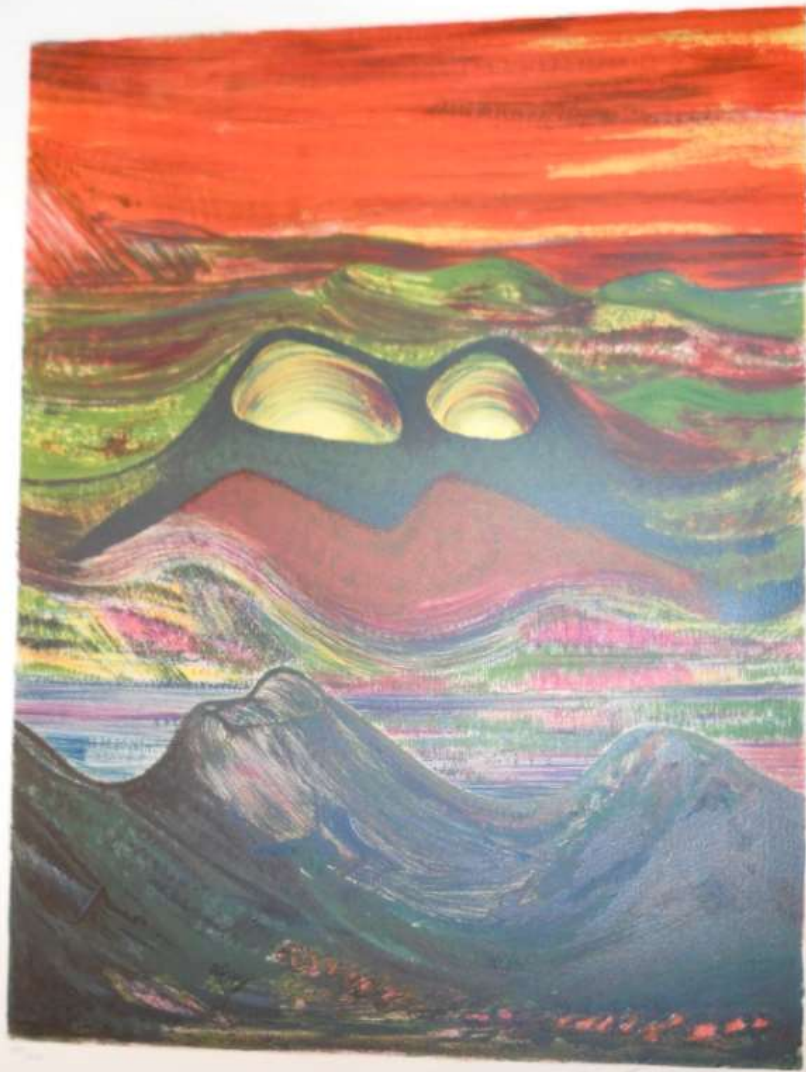




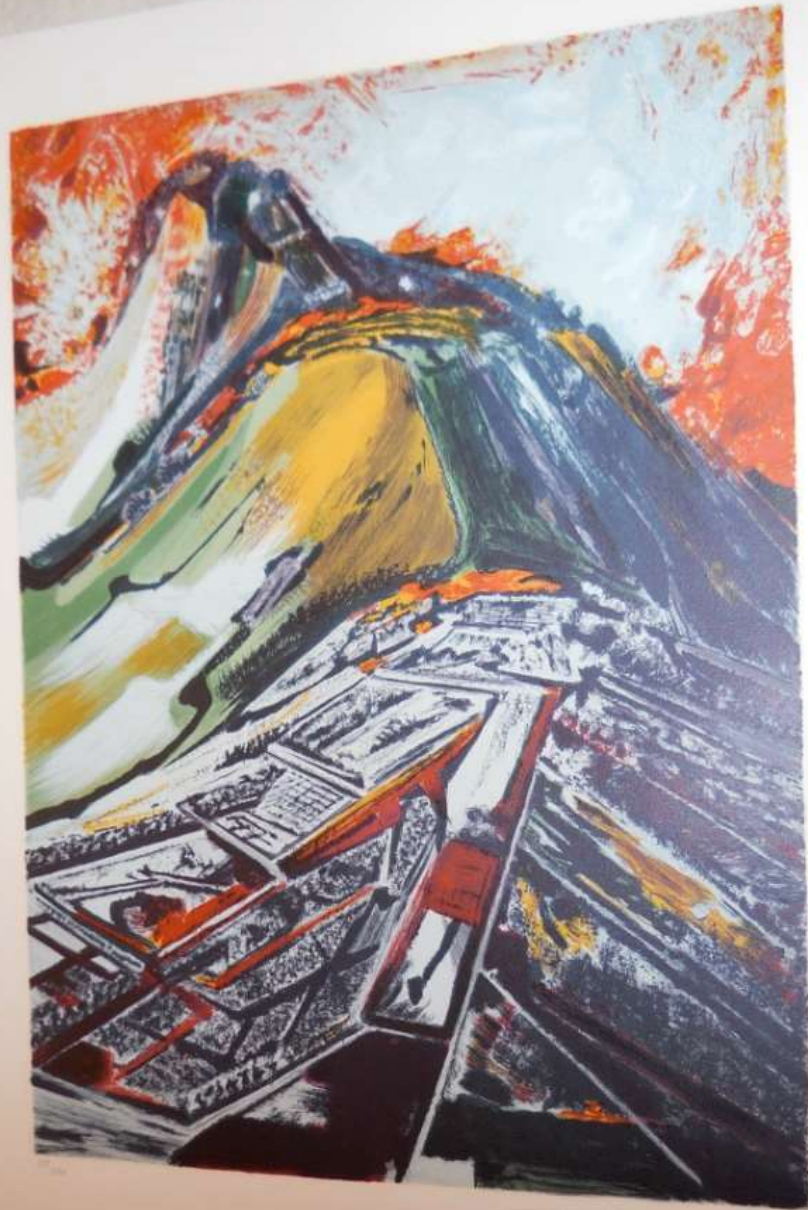
W. H. van Gogh



M. S. E.



V. van Gogh



J. H. [Signature]



END