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PARKER, PICASSO, AND GRECO

By CORNELIUS FRANK GRECO, B.A.

A Master's Thesis Presented to the Faculty of the
Department of Art of Lindenwood College in
Partial Fulfillment of the
Requirements for the
Master's of Art
1997



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1997

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This _____ Day of _____ 1997

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COMMITTEE IN CHARGE OF CANDIDACY

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Professor Gary Hartgate

March 12, 1997

OUTLINE OF THESIS:

Everyone, everywhere is emulating something or someone for a very personal and defiant reason, why?., that's how life is. My reason for writing this manuscript is because I have been seriously impressed with these two artists for fifty five years or more, their names are Charles "Yardbird" Parker, the greatest Be-bop* and modern jazz saxophonist that ever lived and the worlds most renowned and celebrated painter, the fabulous Pablo Picasso.

I will explore their auto biographical world's in simple detail, but more so, I will make you conscious of their demeanor, styles, technics and ethics and interweave into your mind a clear message that they both achieved their fame from one of the oldest African art forms that exist.

It's impossible to establish the exact beginning of jazz as a distinct, self-contained music, Some historians like Gunther Schuller, use the year 4200 B.C. as a near-date as to the beginning of jazz, he also states that some Egyptian writings indicate, or verify that Nubian Pharaohs enjoyed the melodic musical sounds of their relatives, ¹ "others prefer 1864, the year the word "jazz" seem to have become current with the English language and the year that the original Dixieland Band made what was considered the first jazz performance; still others prefer dates in between , or later, but whatever dates, or when it was picked; it is safe to say that in purely musical terms the earliest jazz represents a primitive reduction of the complexity, richness, and perfection of it's Black-African antecedents.

Once we get past the fascinating stories, the awful lies, and legends of early jazz as a reflection of certain crucial changes in the social evolution of the Black-African-Americans we are left with a music which in most instances can hold the attention of everyone within it's range of sound projection. The purely musical qualities, heard without regard to their historical and social trappings, have lost their particular, almost tropical meaning for us, and as musical structures, in performance and conception, much of the earliest jazz sounds have made a complete change, a change that reflects the attitude of most Black-African-Americans.

This is not to say that we cannot or should not listen to early jazz in the context and aura of it's historical past. Indeed, if we as individuals can be conscious of the historical interest, we surely can enjoy early jazz more than it's purely musical qualities warrant. Objective discussions of early jazz is made more difficult because no large

¹ Gunther , *The History of Jazz*; 1956, pg. 18-24

body of recordings exists. The problem of assessing the quality of early jazz is compounded further by the fact that the pre-1905 recordings that do exist (or even those that are presumed to exist) cannot all be considered jazz in the strictest sense. Most of these recordings were made by white society orchestras with Black-African-Americans who were forced by economical circumstances to play jazz with them. (Most Black musicians knew when music is not played from the heart and soul), they know that the sound should "say-something", that they know and have experienced; most times a very painful or extremely joyous, cheerful feeling. It should be a sound that speaks an international language, that's immediately know by those who have lived or experienced the music.

The beginning of film coincides roughly with those of most early jazz recordings. Yet by 1907 the cinema had already picked it's first great jazz artist; as said by film producer D.W.Griffith., that was "King Oliver."²

In jazz as recorded proof goes we have to wait to hear the recordings of King Oliver and the great Louis Armstrong for comparable achievements. We may assume of course, that King Oliver and Louis Armstrong were playing nearly as well in 1907 as they were in 1915, and that players such as Jelly-Roll-Morton, Freddie Kippered, Bunk Johnson and Buddy Petit were producing above-average jazz in the decades before jazz recordings began in earnest, but we lack proof. The unfortunate circumstances that placed a social barrier between a Black American performer and the white recording companies have robbed us of the physical evidence (such as the

² *Ibid.*, 46-58

actual recording), forever.

But even if we could find isolated examples of great enduring jazz in this formative period, we would still have to admit that early jazz represents (Speaking strictly musically), a relatively low point in the Black-Americans musical history in the United States. Indeed, how could it have been otherwise? Circumstances such as segregation and extreme racial prejudice that forced the music to be what it was. That it was as much as it was, and that it had enough strength to survive and eventually grow into a world music, this is abundant proof of its potential strength and beauty.

From this nadir, jazz developed not only in quality but also in basic conception and content. The musicians who produced it were going through some very profound social changes and their music obviously had to reflect this. Many of the jazz followers accepted the necessity of the rapid social changes but were unwilling to accept the corollary changes in the music itself. Such a contradiction in position, is needless to say, untenable, however, as time and social conditions changed, so did the music, and among the many hundred's of great jazz artist,... emerged a genius of sound and articulate style in the world of jazz. His name was Charles "Yardbird" Parker, nicked-named "Bird", born in Kansas City, Missouri in 1921, died March 12, 1955 at #995 Fifth Avenue, in New York City.

In the forty-two years since his death, several simple facts have become changed and obscured by the legends that tend to grow about the "greats" of any art form. Some say he was in his fifties, others say that he never died, others have just played his tune, phrases and lines into the ground.

Those that knew him intimately can rely on their memories of him to bring him back; others have no recourse but to play his recordings and read about his movement

in music. Personally, Parker combines in his astute grasp, all the important elements that make for personal memorable jazz as expertly as the groups individuals have molded their separate talents into one pulsing whole, and he expresses everything from gut-bucket to ethereal passion, such as ripping, soaring, hot-pusling, cooking, wailing, smoking, moving, grooving, cutting, chopping, cutting riding, gliding human-voiced, searching, searing, air-cleaning, "Bird's" saxophone is one of the most exciting sounds to be heard in contemporary Be-bop jazz*

When he was swinging, which is most of the time, he had the musical -power to lift your soul and spirit, right out of your chair; while your body remained seated though animated. Charlie Parker's sound is immediately recognizable by his melodic sound and style, his sound is very vocal, blues-like, human cry, moan, whisper, gut-grutting that echoes in the darkness of your most hurting needs., his style ranges from the excruciatingly, exhilarating intensity of rapid, exigent runs with the residual harmonic impact of augmented and fluted fifth cords. Parker could create notes in between created notes and cords, that were said to be impossible to execute musically with lyrical phrase and beauty. On one hand "Bird" was the ruminative response that follows the intimate dialogue of actual satisfying romance, the sweet silence and soft breathing after the act of love. On the other it is , the kind of clarity that comes of solitude and provides the resolve that makes for refinement.

April 12, 1953, the Howard Theater, 42nd. and Broadway, New York City,. I was there!, to hear the jams of the "Charlie Parker Quartet", that included Miles Davies, Thelonious Monk, Max Roach and Ray Brown (it can't get any better than this), we couldn't sit down, nobody could!, "Bird" opened with "Anthropology" a jam he wrote with Monk's help. This side was taken to an unbelievable up-tempo, as if the flutter of

birds wings apthly demonstrates the execution of sharp chirpening like sounds of power, beauty and soul in a laied-backed relaxed groove, a jam session,.. something like a fast, smooth whisper-jet flight. The raw beauty and power of his sounds are now collaborated with the quartet which seemed greater and more intense than humanly possible to withstand. They jammed for about two hours on this side, and the party continued into funky bliss. I met the players after the session and got their autographs and a group photograph, with me holding Bird's "jamming axe".

I'm reminded of the great Pablo Picasso when I play some of Parker's jams, sometimes I can see what Picasso's paintings are saying, while deeply meditating to the sounds of Parker. There is a language in music that can describe other things that are relative to you and bring into clear focus the imaginary conclusion or answer you feel is super exaltation with the subject matter.

There is a work by Picasso, called "Les Demoiselles-d- Avignon, painted around 1906. That has created a paradox because, in a historical sense, it reconstructs. Compare the unity and continuity of space in Raphael's "School of Athens" with Picasso's whopper-jawed* room. In the tradition of the Renaissance, figures that occupy rational, perspectively space comport themselves with a certain rhetorical dignity, and have bodies that appear to be dense, continuous, integrated, stereo metric. Picasso's women, apparently prostitutes, pose themselves provocatively for the male gaze, and have such rearranged bodies that even their eyes do not remain on the same plane. This is probably the first example of cubism: a style and conceptual form that confronts order and rationality, logical representation, and the embodiment of Western values so necessary to European painting since the Renaissance. Picasso's provocation and gesture of defiance are against his

contemporaries and predecessors. He is lashing out as a result of his own "anxiety of influence," Picasso fractures the space; it is no longer Euclidian. It is as if he had painted the scene on a plate of glass and then dropped it. The painting has that sense of disruptive violence. The women are neither muses, saints, allegorical representations, or biblical. They are, according to tradition, denizens of the prostitute district (Rue d' Avignon) in Barcelona.

One can distinguish in this painting two types of women or female figures. The three on the left have large, heavily outlined eyes, ears in the figure eight and noses seen in profile. I think this was done to allow you to see the nose at all angles. The other two figures on the right are more angular, with colored markings or hatching on their nose, like an African bamboo's or mandarin's nose., but their faces negate the laws of symmetry in balance and composition. These women may have been eating fruit because there's fruit on a tray, or something resembling a plate. The colors are earthen, that explode with tension that surrounds the array of the painting. I think it depicts some form of resentment towards certain women. It also appears to be a work done by someone totally strung-out on drugs.

Parker relates to this in his depiction of a famous cut called "April in Paris" and "Lady in Blue", and he was also strung-out on drugs.

Mrs. Arianna Huffington lectured at Webster University, during my presence and she stated that Picasso was a man of fathomless contradictions, at war with himself and with the universe, and that he was the avowed atheist who identified with the crucified Christ, the bohemian rebel who became the toast of Parisian society, the man the world tormented by peasant superstitions, the ardent lover for whom the Minotaur was a symbol of his savage sexuality, the outspoken communist who spent millions to

live like a tramp under a bridge of gold, and the man whose exuberance for life masked an overwhelming terror of death.

Pablo Picasso is without doubt the best known artist in this country, even though he may not be the most revered. Critics and art lovers alike never stop praising the works of Picasso, partly for their brilliance, partly for the originality he constantly displayed, and to a degree also for the verity of moods and styles he delved in.

"One painting alone will tell you very little of his art", says the editors of the Modern Reference Library, they wrote that Picasso was forever changing his style in order to attack some new problems in art.³

The editors continued to say: that Pissaco is said to never have left a problem unsolved; but the minute he is satisfied with what he has done, he turns to something else. ⁴ So you can see that he has not, as so many artist have done, repeated his own successes until people grow bored with his worn-out mannerisms

The group called the "Fauvists" artist included Henri Matisse, Raoul Dufy, and the highly influential Cezanne and eventually, Picasso and George Braque joined the club in the early 1900's realizing that they would seem like wild men to the public and they thought it rather fun to be savage,.. Picasso to be sure, was a changeable soul, and sometimes painted roundly and solidly enough, by then Picasso turned to Cubism that is reportedly said to have been influenced by Cezanne.

Cubism (in my analogy), is a form of modern art characterized by the use of cubes and other abstract geometric forms rather than by a realistic representation of nature, a form of West African sculpture, ("Nubian") noted some 3000 years B.C. by Egyptians. (who apparently attest the events, because it's carved in stone, and

³

⁴

rewritten in English by an Egyptologist and on display in The British National Museum of History; in London, England). Most of all the Pharaoh's property of Egypt are in the Museums of Great Britain and Germany.

Looking at the young life of this extraordinary artist, it's not difficult to understand why he would march to his own drummer, and why he would refuse to do predictable art in line with critics and previewers as scholars expected him to do. He was, after all a prodigy. It is said by critics such as Lael Wertenbaker⁵ that Pablo Picasso was born in Malaya, Spain in 1881; his father was a museum curator, and an artist as well as a art teacher. Reportedly, he could draw before he could walk, he was receiving serious lessons in art by his seventh birthday. By the age of 19, Picasso had already put together an impressive volume of brilliant art, and was living in Paris, and part of a group of young and modern artist making waves in the creative world.

Did he like his art classes? No. He quickly lost interest in academic training, with its rigid emphasis on copying and severely limited subject matter. What was fascinating to Picasso was the life of the city; scenes of the cafes, Sketches of the poor and drawings of street entertainers flowed from his hands. From that point on Picasso was to become perhaps the most prolific of all artists, one of the most changeable. From his early classic sketches, to his African Period, to Cubism, to his Blue period, he was a man with a mission: worked as hard as possible in the studio to accomplish as many paintings and drawing as possible. And then in 1917, at the early stages of W.W.I., he painted curtain sets and costumes for Cocteau's ballet, "Parade".⁶

Maurice Raynal, said that the ballet was a fresh idea for his creative energies,

Lael Wertenbaker, *The World of Picasso, 1881-1974*, New York; Time Life Books 1982, pg. 10-22

⁶ Maurice Raynal, *Picasso Biographical and Critical Studies*, 1983, pg. 61-73; World Publishing Co, Cleveland, Ohio.

and the experience in Rome also changed Picasso: The stage took on the dimensions of a huge canvas for him, but one where live, costumed figures could be manipulated at will. All of his pictures hitherto had been like an endless choreography of forms, a stage of his own...(but now with the fusion of real and unreal). Picasso's genius takes up the challenge of a new idea. He makes first of all a clean sweep of all preconceived notions as to how to proceed. Then with his peculiar, innate ability to put himself in the shoes, as it were of the first cave men to scratch a picture on the rock, he then mazes the painting over again, step by step, to suit himself.

It must have been a time of great joy for Picasso, to do such an interesting kind of art form, on site, in a theater, with actors bringing his genius to life, literally. His long time friend and colleague, Raynal, said that apparently this period was a kind of mellowing period for the great man, and that his instinct had warned the artist that it was time to pause, to relax perhaps, and take stock on myself.

So, the man who kept his critics confused with sudden, bewildering changes of style, now was painting flowers, fans and baskets of fruit, and also Renaissance kind of pictures, a kind of Picasso "classicism" This period though in the early 1920's, included wonderful works like "Mother and Child" in 1922, and "The Lovers". For this observer, "The Lovers" is the favorite of Picasso's work, because it immediately draws to mind the great Shakespearian play, Romeo and Juliet.

Since love is the number one theme in life, and art (including literature as well as painting) is a mirror, or reflection of life itself, it is not surprising that a lot of people enjoy "The Lovers". If a person were to put together a book of the worlds most beautiful paintings (which R.T.V. Sales Inc., has done) which includes "The Mona Lisa" by Da Vinci, and "The Apache" by Remington, and "The Kitchen Table" by Cezanne and

Rousseau's "Environs of Paris", it's not a big surprise to see "The Lovers" among those best admired in paintings.⁷ The editors describe "The Lovers" as purity romantic in color, pose, attitudes of subjects, and in expressions.⁸ The woman is described as almost coy, the man gentle and tender. The man could also be concerned, or suddenly compassionate, as if he was just told he will become a father in a few months. The woman could also have been told that she is loved so much that the man has become lost in her soul. It's all together touching sense, one of those rare moments in art when softness, romance and sweetness blend into a loving picture, which could be applied to anyone's memory.

Remembering back to childhood, nearly everyone can recall a moment father caresses mother in such a very sensitive, loving, caring way, that all negative scenes which may come between that one loving scene are wiped away. It's an expression on both faces of shyness and intimacy. And the editors of the "100-most beautiful" book describe the coloring as:Applied in light transparencies...turquoise blue, red, green yellow, grey-violet, and grey. The woman's head dress and veil are medieval or Renaissance in feeling, and her garments are classical draperies, while the lover is wearing what we may imagine, if we so choose, to be doublet and hose. Truly, this is a beautiful and classic work of enormous value to society. Some prefer Picasso's later works, and his "Girl Before A Mirror" painting:⁹ It is a fantastic pattern of abnormally high visibility...his exhaustive researches (lead to the most puzzling) combinations in painting... He has been named the liberator, the man who delivered art from the bondage of academic practice and restored the principles of design.

⁷ One Hundred of the Worlds Most Beautiful Paintings, 1966, Shorewood Reproductions Inc., pg.5-8.

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⁹ Thomas Craven, A Treasury of Arts Masterpieces, 1939, pg. 554-557, New York, Simon & Schuster

Meanwhile , as was stated in the early part of this paper, Picasso was a painter of prolific production. And in fact, only recently have all of his works become known to the public. His sketchbooks (over 7000 drawings) recently toured the U.S. and art historian John Richardson called them "a treasure trove". The forty-five sketchbooks, which toured 15 American Cities under the sponsorship of the people at American Express, have many works of women in them, according to Working Women:¹⁰

...Your understanding of this great genius will deepen upon studying his sketches of women. there is a frenzy and a powerful eroticism expressed in his depiction of women and their strength... and of the energy and fierceness that go along with sex. To quote from one notebook in his sketchbooks exhibit:

"I picked up my sketchbooks daily, saying to myself that I didn't know? And when it isn't me anymore who is talking but the drawings I make, and when they escape and mock me , then I know I've achieved my goals".

Now that I've expressed some personal views of what I think was the social history and a very small portion of the autobiographies of Parker and Picasso, (with out the politics) allow me to call your attention to the qualities that I've admired, and how I've combined the relation of Charlie Parker and Pablo Picasso into an imaginary artistic expressive impression: First of all Picasso is the only Spanish artist , that became exceptionally famous and rich with over \$950 million in tangible assets from emulating Black-African art forms, and Parker was the first Black African-American artist to create a jazz forum called Be-bop that is also a take-off of ancient Black-African historical sounds of music and rhythms: (with \$600 million in assets), no other artist has earned this amount from emulating African Arts as of yet!, according to

¹⁰Patricia Bosworth, Genius H: Picasso's Sketchbooks, Working Women, 1986, pg. 286-287.

Who's Who, publishing journals, and Forbes Magazines.

When I began to understand the basic artistic and esthetical meaning of jazz and art forms, I began to imaginarily fuse the two art forms together that produced an imaginary image that became a very interesting project when I'd run out of positive ideas of things to create by drawing, painting, printing, photography and sculpting.

If I began to think of this process analytically., (or a way of separating into parts in order to understand the whole, theory stuff) Lets say that drawing is the major basics in graphical impressions of fine arts ,(“referring to Picasso,”) whether conceptual or abstract, It would be advantageous that you know the methods, techniques, logic and aesthetics towards the profession of expressed graphics from emphasized, highly creative and above approach procedures and techniques; (referring to Parker, that is , the vast disciplines in dexterity also applies in music, but of different names,) such as learning the various types of compositions, examining shorthand perspectives by way of sighting vertical and horizontally aesthetic space such as realism, linear and aerial perspectives. (all of these conditions can exit with improvised musical arrangements). Contour-line with value studies,in creating compositions with nonsequetial forms, fore shorting (a variation from frontal sightings), the fluid use of succinct lines.(think of advanced sheet music, and the execution of sound).

The various methods to produce mass and texture with values, beginning with various types of lighting, studies that move through cross hatching, eraser drawings, mirrored images with distortions, positive inverting negatives, tonal ranges with different papers, finger drawings, and the use of mixed medias. In my opinion there are several paradigmatic ways in the learning of how to draw figures expressively, (a

subject that should be nestled within these statements,) such as; How proportion, idealized beauty, and verisimilitude join when you play with ratios, and canons when the figure is used as the form.

How the breaking of the Renaissance picture plane loosens the figure from it's skin and bones with applied dissolution, using noble and refine methods of abusing the surfaces of paintings and drawings to expose an inter self, in depicting the figure against form. The brilliant ways of expressing methodology and theory of how to embrace the many different techniques of perceiving space and how to avoid the inconsistency and undivided perception that relate to fine arts, whereas , the consistencies are somewhat synonymous with falling into a complete rut.

How an iconographic ordering, either cultural or religious, infers completeness, when work with icons indicates something beyond the image itself, when figure is above form.

Figure and form, a paradox of how the accidental and surreal, the anti-art and the polarization of values achieve a near-mystical bridge among visual ambiguities, where within this framework, you began to work with chance, or the playgrounds of accidental strokes, and the possibilities of finding something from a mass of chaotic shadows and lines, more deeper, and further guided into surrealistic paradoxes as well as the paradoxes in conceptual realism of visual arts. This an it's inception is where I am ever present,..where I linger, deeply and helpless in a zenith of total bliss, loving every care-free moment of it. It's like finding this other side of your being.

The aforementioned are a small part of the realms of Parker's and Picasso's strategic artistic world.

I have at times used my cameras to photograph a subject with the idea that I am creating an image within my camera, as though the camera was a paint brush and the film's base plates and holders were my easel, the subject was suspended in space on an imaginary canvas and the various lens were my oil paints, the many buttons, levers, handles, knobs, etc., were my painting mediums. As I set myself, to focus on a subject matter, (if its a female model) I'm waiting for the most precise moment, when she began to radiate her splendor and marvelous charms. There's a certain glow or glitter of light that reflects from deep inside her eyes that makes you feel warm and cozy inside, then when she breaths and looks up to the camera, her bedroom eyes and magnetic smile, cast a warming glow through out my studio. Now!, and within this instance, I snap the shutter and capture the birth of a beautiful, most beautiful smile.

Now That I've found a place for my words, please allow some brief comments of my work. At this writing I feel very nervous, basically because I don't like to talk about my work, some of my works are full of loving memories, or things that happened during what I call the "moment", a "happening" that suddenly occurred without cause or reason, and dreams of actual occurrences that I've experienced.

The first of my works is a black and white silver gelatin photograph, 16"x20", matted in an off-white, 100% cotton-rag board (quarter-inch thick) and framed in pure Black Ebony wooden frames 18"x 22", the shot was did in Forest Park with my 553 Hasselblad camera with tilt lens attachments on 40mm Carl Zeiss lens, I had a roll of Konica 120mm infrared black and white film, rated at 750nm, so in order to cut the rays down to my camera's lens, I used a red #25 and #29 Wratten filter to optimize

exposures below 520nm to 640nm at F/5.6 @1/60 second in bright early morning sunrise, with no filter the film is rated at or equivalent to an ISO of 32., after several exposures with my 40mm Zeiss lens, I used my 4x5 flat-bed studio camera with Tri-X 400 film and 150mm Caltar-Pro Series lenses with Copal #1 shutters, the print was hand printed with two types of developers, Selectol and Dectol, then toned with sepia and lithium.

The reason I shot this work and at this particular time is that it reminded me of a place that I've dreamed of, I felt that I had been there before. Its a water fall, that falls about 100 ft. into a small black mirrow-like pool below, and the water seem to slow down and soften it self against the many beautiful sand and glade stone flat rocks before it gently fell into this dark lagoon. It reminded me of my deceased wife, she would have loved it. I tried to bring out the splendor of nature's trees as the morning light brightens each leaf and crevice of soil and stones while the beautiful golden - orange and floresscent pink lights from the morning sun seem to dance and flicker on the black glass-like lagoon pond, there were moments there, when a soft wind would blow the many gorgeous trees and shrubs so you could smell the freshness of plant life and the sound from the movement of the bushes and trees reminded me of Parkers' rendition of "Stella by Starlight"., I would like to name it "The Park's Falls".

The next photograph was formatted, prepared and shot in the same manner. My reason for shooting this is that it the idea setting for most landscape artist, it has most of everything a landscape composition reflects on., of course there are several ways to interpret the various ways the relation between humans and nature are seen as it relates to the society for which it was created . I see this, and I'm tying to reflect it's

spiritual forces of beautiful pleasantries and emphasize the play of light and the insubstantiality of objects in the beautiful volumes positive space. There is a quiet soft air of peace within this composition that reminds me of Parkers's rendition of "Laura", I would like to name it, "The Small Bridge".

The next work is a painting 24"x24", on 2"x1" handmade and stained spruce stretchers , with hot water and rabbit skin glue and white lead ground, on heavy grade silk-cotten canvas, that's held down with copper tacks. Most of the oils and pigments I personally mixed myself, to try an perfect a certain "blue mood" of complete relaxed tranquillity, that suggest humbled domesticity and moderation. It is the simple tools and tulip roses of a starving artist, who's in love with life., I would like to name it "The Blue Box" , from Parker's rendition of "Blue's for Lover's Only".

The next work is relevant to the aforementioned in size and content, but the final image was derived from a chance happening, where-as I had no idea as to what I was painting at first start, then as the negative background disappeared, I began to focus on the final image, which now appear to be the substance of a very lonely and frustrated artist, by the dark shades, and hues, it appear that I was totally obsurbed in the tools of my craft in a desolate environment, how-ever the perspectives of lines and gradations of light into positive space is some assurance of complete control and austerity., I would like to name it "Untitled #One", from Parker's rendition of "Sometimes I'm Happy, Sometimes I'm Blue".

My next work is a 11"x14" hand colored photograph in a 16"x20" 100% cotton rag format board, in a Flat black thin metal bordered frame, that was taken in a private

garden of St. Louis, City., Mo.. The photograph depicts the ultimate expression of nature's design and composition, whereas it is man's re-asimlance of nature's wonders. The rich colors reflect the roar of nature's gradure and balance, where harmony and spiritual bliss counteract each other's serenities., I would like to name it "Picture Post", This is a reflection of Parker's rendition of "Out of Nowhere".

My next work is a 11"x14' black and white photograph of very tall, very full and gracious Elm tree, the older I get, the more I'm reaquaiting myself with these beautiful living sculptures, This is an infrared black and white, which when processed, the leaves of all green colors turn soft white, so I then sepia toned the print to bring out the shadows, and then I toned the print with lithium, to brighten the highlights, that introduces a crisp edge to negative space, bringing the subject fore and rescinding the background for the maximum effects of contrast manipulations with photographic chemicals. The source of it existence is from it's deeply imbeded roots, that stands in the center of a large battle field during the Civil War of 1864., the sound is peace., the name,... "The Screaming Tree"

The next work is a photograph of a lovely young Nigerian Lady, who's full of life, fun and excitement, very convivial. She can't speak the English language very well, and she never stops talking, smiling, and dancing around me, (of course you know I love every moment of her.) She is a very pleasurable and caring female and model., The name will be "Mukia". This is a reflection of Parker's rendition of, "I Just, Can't Get Started With You".

The next work is a 11'x14' black and white photograph of a Court Building located in downtown St. Louis, City, named The Civil Courts Building. This beautiful white Colonial Styled building with white Grecian pillars, marble stairs and interior walls, heavy walnut and spruce panels in every room, with a painted dome ceiling with a large crystal tear drop Chandelier and spiraling wooden banisters leading to the Roman type arched opening that lead to massive front pillars where African Americans were chained, shackled and sold as slaves, less than 100 years ago. I was inspired to photograph this building because it's one of the of the many sites that still exist in this area where my ancestries were cruelly mistreated. I hate this place., I will name this work "Courthouse Where Slaves Were Sold"

The next work is a 11'x14' black and white photograph taken in the Forest Park of St. Louis, Mo. I was told that this was left from the St. Louis City's 1904 World's Fair. I'm drawn to the Egyptian style of the Green House, that's called the "Jewel Box". The six tiered glass and iron structure was the largest greenhouse in the world, and contained some of the worlds most exotic tropical plants. I was captivated my the well kept flower gardens and sculptures that surround the complex. I'm trying to show the building, pool, gardens and statue at eye level so as to captivate the building's reflection in the pool, to exsintuate the height and massiveness of the structure while the evening sun danced reflective sparkles on the many large ultra violet glass panes. I love beautiful old structures, there's so much human craftsmanship applied in their construction, some times in passing them I would take my hat off, or say a brief prayer of thanks for the workers who built such a wonder. I will continue the name "The Jewel Box"., and this remind me of Parkers renditions of "Starlight In Blue".

My next exhibit is a 3ft.x 5ft. oil on canvas painting of young nude female who has been shackled and chained from behind. I used soft warm earthen colors to emphasize her casualness, as if she was resolved with being a prisoner to man's influence and corporate power. It appear that when some men of color assumed some minute form of freedom, many white females are press into some of the many forms of slavery or imprisonment in the own homes and place of work. Strange how this madness from the bible has created so much designed genocide.

This remind me of Parker's rendition of "Body and Soul". The title will be "Prisoner Of Love"

My next exhibit is a Two and one halve by Six feet oil on canvas that depicts my concept of a jazz setting in a small cafe-type night club. I selected this size because it narrows the viewer's point of view, it appears as if they are looking through a small window, or around some large person sitting in front of you. I'm trying selectively to express this painting as impressions with surrealistic dynamics in expression. The colors are warm with an amber glow. I mixed more than normal medium and turpentine to give it the aged affect., this is a reminder of a night club in Paris that I frequently attended during the mid-sixties, this was when Paris was the Jazz mecca of the world and this very cozy club was lit by candles and a large fireplace that served French Onion Soup with hard crisp garlic bread, and home brooded wine and beer. The waitresses would sit in your lap and feed you, if you didn't mine, all of the waitresses were bottom-less. Most days it was very difficult to get in and buy some soup, because of the crowd and those crazy dudes.



The title will be "Jam For Sam"; from Parker's rendition of "Hot Stuff".

My next exhibit is a 2ft.x4ft. oil on canvas painting of a nude female's torso, I'm trying to depict the marvelous curves, hills and valleys of the female, in a small way I'm thing "Landscape", because of all the wonderful hill sides, mountains, crevasses, coves, and rolling plains of smooth, moist and soft flesh, bones and muscles, and subconsciously thinking that this is one of Gods greatest creation, supposedly made from the soil and a man's rib; "Crap".

I preferred to use warm- cool colors of violet blues with crimson reds and orange to mix a background that would show through the warm amber browns and pinkish orange flesh tones, revealing her athletic muscle structure and form. She's posing with her arms stretched out over head, with her knees slightly bent, In doing so this position allows her body to be very sculpturist when expressing physical attributes of female dynamics.

The title will be "Don't Ever Wonder", the music is Parker's rendition of "Sophisticated Lady"

My next exhibit is a 24"x 30" oil on canvas painting depicting my psychological conceptions of expressing a geometrically-cubic- style of abstract expressionism that methodically represent my interpretations of Africans that were the first to bring knowledge and peace for the world to learn. They are said to be the real "Olmec's", and the founder's and ruler's of ancient kingdoms of Egypt., the great Cities of "Carthage". The decedents of Old Ethiopia, when Nubia was the largest Nation in the Sudan. Before the inter breeding of the Berbers, Arabs, and Moors, the great grand

parents of "Hannibal", "Lamomba", "Shaka Zulu" and the Mau- Maus. The real history of these great decedents are kept away from the Black-Africans of America., but not in France. Their juxtaposed positions represent their love for each other, and the world, while one hand extends tender care, the other represent peace,

The colors are ultramarine blue made from ground lapis lazuli, vivid reds, aqua blues, violets, off-whites, burnt greens, bright yellows, embers, including charcoals and oil pastels, that was worked into the canvas with a knife cut on a bias.

The title will be, "Brother's From Another World"., taken from the inspiration and painting styles of Picasso, Braque, Bearden, and Miro., the song is "Where or When".

My next work is a 36"x48" oil on canvas that is an as semblance of faces that reflect the society of the new world their now forced to survive in, while they extend a hand of peace and forgiveness. It's an extension of the previous painting named "Brother's From Another World".

The colors are cold, hard, and bold; I sought to express the feelings of four different faces with solemn facial expressions,¹¹ with colors of two complementary colors , their mixture and their oppositions, the mysterious vibrations of tones in each other's proximity... to express the thought behind a brow by the radiance of a bright tone against a dark ground of discombobulated glazed patterns. This in my opinion, is emulated or inspired from the works of Picasso, Bearded, Miro and Braque.

The song that relates to this is Parker's rendition of "Brother Can You Spare a Dime".

¹¹ Vincent Van Gough's, "Bedroom at Aries" pg.18.

The next exhibit is a 36" x 54" oil on canvas painting of a still life with vibrant colors and contrast; I can't remember my original thoughts when designing the composition of this painting, however each time I look at it I'm drawn to a different conclusion. It now appears to be, or suggest my humble domesticity and the benefits of advanced moderation, but there is an abundance of extreme emptiness, the emptiness of earthly possessions and accomplishments by the transparent cup about to fall from the edge of a square topped table that's about to fall out of the framed canvas it's painted on. The painting will move your eyes into eight dimensions of space in depth of field, by the various shapes of plains composed in this composition . The colors are applied to intrigue and stimulate your imagination; you may want to lift the cup from the table, adjust the vase, and smell the tulip roses in the flower arrangement, then brace the black square pattern that's about to fall, (which is only a diversion, to take your eyes back into three dimensional space, on a single dimension plane), and while you are back there, you may as well absorb the warmth from the reddish- yellow glow of sun light., and if you look very close in the mirror of this painting you will see your smiling face.

The next work is a 11'x14" photograph of a splendid old tree, that's standing somewhat alone. The branches seemed very thin as if this old tree had seen its best days, but to me it looked very proud and sturdy, with its branches flowering with new and young leaves. I can almost hear the tree say,... I'm still here, my roots are embedded deep within the soil of my decedents, I gave you some of the fresh air you're breathing, my leaves have fertilized the food you eat to survive, so,...don't cut me down and destroy me, just because you now don't like me because of my colored

leaves....

The song is "Trees", and I will title it "The Old Tree, That Cried".

The next work is a 11"x14" color photograph of a large stable that housed military horses and mules during the Civil War of 1864 in United States. This is a very elaborate and well constructed structure of red clay bricks, with a grey slate stone roof, ornamented with wrought iron framed windows and hinges. Heavy large oak doors with brass throw bolts for locks, hinges and latches of heavy solid brass and copper. This is an indication that the horses were very well cared for., Strange how the soldiers slept on the ground in canvas tents, or in the open air in wool blankets.

I shot this with a hooded wide angle lens (40mm, Zeiss with uv filter) with Hasselblad on a tripod. The color negative film was Kodak's Vericolor 111, with an ISO of 160, but I pulled down a half stop and shot this at 100 ISO, because it was late in the day, and I was losing the northern sun light. The sky was a beautiful blue, with white fluffy puffed clouds with streaks of grey and off whittess-yellow, probably reflections from some water vapors floating within the clouds. I felt that this angle, this building, this time of day, was to my style of expression, and I assure you that this was a marvelous day.

The name will be " Saddle Up"., from the song "Moonlight In Vermont".

The next work is a 11"x 14" toned black and white infrared photograph of a breath- taking landscape, with beautiful Spruce and Pine trees, all kinds of wonderful flowering foliage, and a supervised rowed lawn with manicured zoisia grass. This was at one time a battle ground, where thousands of White Americans gave up their lives,

or lose their lives, trying to defend and protect the civil rights of African Americans during the Civil War.

I walked upon this hallowed ground, and made a silent prayer of gratitude and thanks, where I knew that beneath my feet lie the remains of young brave men, whose poor bodies have turned into soil to help fertilize this beautiful landscape, and I began to feel that they all died in vain.

This will be named "Untitled #3", from the song "I Guess I'll hang My Tears Out To Dry".

The next is a 11"x14" toned black and white photograph depicting my concept and view of this large highway bridge, overlapping a small railroad bridge, when the river has overflowed to its highest peak in the history of recorded floods, capturing unaware motorists and leaving them stranded, while their parked cars in five tiered garages are complexly submerged in the muddy river waters.

I choose this camera angle with wide angle lens and circular ultra violet filter, stopped down to the max for extreme depth of field and sharpness, I also used Ilford, ISO 50, black and white 120mm negative film for maximum fine grain and sharpness in enlargement reproduction of prints, this shot was shot on a tripod with special rigging so as to shoot from approximately one foot above ground level, with tilt lens attachments on my 553 Hasselblad camera.

The composition is an balanced "A" symmetric portrait, that is emphasized by the strength and weight of applied geometries in design, such as; the squared post is shown in this composition to direct your attention to the extreme depth of field and perspective of the overlapping highway bridge, as the mechanical highway bridge

descends into the infinity of negative space., in the same glance, view the lower black railroad bridge with horizontal lines, that cut the composition in half, but forces your eyes to concentrate on the trees, river, and reflective shadows and highlights of light in the river under both bridges. The winding cobbled stoned road, that blocked the parked vehicle from going forward or backwards adds weight to the mystery of the cars buried under approximately thirty feet of water and mud in the parking garage.

The title will be "The Bridges,.. The Flood".

The next exhibit is a 11'x14' color photograph of a large and very exclusive statue water fountain in the Downtown section of St.Louis, City. I don't know very much about it's, but the sculptured figures appear to be buy a well known artist who's name I've forgotten as I write. My decision to shot this seem to be more dynamic at night, so I did,.. I choose to shoot at a low angle with normal lens with a synchronized flash. I wanted to capture the water with the falling mist above it, while seeing the faint out lines of the surrounding building structures and glittering frosted night lights that laminate the area. This shot is intended to show the reflected ambient lights and the images of the statues through the cascading water vapor mist that lay on top of the fountains edge. I selected a color negative film by Kodak: "Vericolor 111, ISO 160, this was a triple flash exposure, because of the extreme darkness and the relatively slow film, it worked out very well. This composition express the warmth of water on bronzed -copper colored marble, while concentrating on the fantastic mythical Greek legions of Mermaids, Kings and Queens of the Seas, Cupid's children riding trained fish.

The next exhibit is a 11"x14" black and white photograph of the new Convention Center, I was some what surprised to see this building with a transit bus parked in front of it, this is good deed, because you can use this as a reference as to how large and how tall the building is. I thought this was a good time to shoot because I had some day light left and a few clouds that seemed to be posing for me as they hovered over the dome of the building, giving the impression that this new convention center is on fire. The dark sky was a beautiful background to excitate the clouds. The color of the building is in complete contrast an similarity with the transit bus and the black street. So this composition is sysmmetical balanced from the selected angle of view and the centered domed section with the winged effect adds dynamics to the extended delightment of the total concept.

Thanking you,.. I will remain forever in your gracious gratitude and respect.

Cornelius Frank Greco

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FOOT NOTES

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