

Christian World View

TRUTH

the battle in art

The Battle in Art

“the river of dreams” · Billy Joel · 1993

In the middle of the night, I go walking in my sleep,
from the mountains of faith, to a river so deep.
I must be looking for something, something sacred I lost,
but the river is wide, and it's too hard to cross.

And even though I know the river is wide,
I walk down every evening and I stand on the shore,
and try to cross to the opposite side,
so I can finally find out what I've been looking for.

In the middle of the night, I go walking in my sleep,
through the valley of fear, to a river so deep.
And I've been searching for something, taken out of my soul,
something I would never lose, something somebody stole.

I don't know why I go walking at night,
but now I'm tired and I don't want to walk anymore,
I hope it doesn't take the rest of my life,
until I find what it is that I've been looking for.

In the middle of the night, I go walking in my sleep,
through the jungle of doubt, to a river so deep.
I know I'm searching for something, something so undefined,
that it can only be seen, by the eyes of the blind.
In the middle of the night . . .

I'm not sure about a life after this,
God knows I've never been a spiritual man,
baptized by the fire, I wade into the river,
that runs to the promised land.

In the middle of the night, I go walking in my sleep,
through the desert of truth, to the river so deep.
We all end in the ocean, we all start in the streams
we're all carried along, by the river of dreams.
In the middle of the night . . .

The Battle in Art

“amazing grace” · John Newton · 1829

Amazing grace! How sweet the sound that saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found; was blind, but now I see.

’Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, and grace my fears relieved;
how precious did that grace appear the hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils and snares, I have already come;
’tis grace hath brought me safe thus far, and grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me, His Word my hope secures;
He will my Shield and Portion be, as long as life endures.

Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail, and mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil, a life of joy and peace.

The earth shall soon dissolve like snow, the sun forbear to shine;
but God, who called me here below, will be forever mine.

When we’ve been there ten thousand years, bright shining as the sun,
we’ve no less days to sing God’s praise than when we’d first begun.

The Battle in Art

“abstract painting” · Ad Reinhardt · 1963



The Battle in Art

“abstract painting” · Ad Reinhardt · 1963

“a square (neutral, shapeless) canvas, five feet wide, five feet high, as high as a man, as wide as a man’s outstretched arms (not large, not small, sizeless), trisected (no composition), one horizontal form negating one vertical form (formless, no top, no bottom, directionless), three (more or less) dark (lightless) non-contrasting (colorless) colors, brushwork brushed out to remove brushwork, a matte, flat, free-hand, painted surface (glossless, textureless, non-linear, no hard edge, no soft edge) which does not reflect its surroundings – a pure, abstract, non-objective, timeless, spaceless, changeless, relationless, disinterested painting – an object that is self conscious (no unconsciousness) ideal, transcendent, aware of no thing but art (absolutely no anti-art).”

Adolph “Ad” Frederick Reinhardt · 1913 – 1967
estimated value of painting = \$120,000 to \$180,000

The Battle in Art

“the laughing heart” · Charles Bukowski

**your life is your life
don't let it be clubbed into dank submission.
be on the watch.
there are ways out.
there is a light somewhere.
it may not be much light but
it beats the darkness.
be on the watch the gods will offer you chances.
know them.
take them.
you can't beat death but
you can beat death in life, sometimes
and the more often you learn to do it,
the more light there will be.
your life is your life.
know it while you have it.
you are marvelous
the gods wait to delight in you.**

The Battle in Art

“wild geese” · Mary Oliver

You don't have to be good.

You do not have to walk on your knees

for a hundred miles through the desert, repenting.

You only have to let the soft animal of your body

love what it loves.

Tell me about despair, yours, and I will tell you mine.

Meanwhile the world goes on.

Meanwhile the sun and the clear pebbles of the rain

are moving across the landscapes,

over the prairies and the deep trees,

the mountains and the rivers.

Meanwhile the wild geese, high in the clean blue air,

are heading home again.

Whoever you are, no matter how lonely,

the world offers itself to your imagination,

calls to you like the wild geese, harsh and exciting –

over and over announcing your place

in the family of things.

The Battle in Art

“invictus” · William Ernest Henley · 1875

Out of the night that covers me, black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be for my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance my head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears looms but the horror of the shade,
and yet the menace of the years finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate, how charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate; I am the captain of my soul.

***invictus* = invincible · unconquerable**
William Ernest Henley
1849-1903

The Battle in Art

Jim Carrey · actor

I don't believe in personalities.

I believe that peace lies beyond personality,
beyond invention in disguise.

Beyond the red "S" that you wear on your chest
that makes bullets bounce off.

I believe that it's deeper than that.

I believe that we're a field of energy dancing for itself.

There's no me.

New York Fashion Week · interview

The Battle in Art

“something good” · Julie Andrews · 1965

Perhaps I had a wicked childhood,
perhaps I had a miserable youth;
but somewhere in my wicked, miserable past,
there must have been a moment of truth.

For here you are, standing there, loving me,
whether or not you should;
so somewhere in my youth or childhood,
I must have done something good.

Nothing comes from nothing,
nothing ever could;
so somewhere in my youth or childhood,
I must have done something good.

Richard Rodgers, songwriter · Sound of Music