IVAN ALBRIGHT

A retrospective exhibition
organized by
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in collaboration with
The Whitney Museum of American Art

Catalogue by Frederick A. Sweet with a commentary by Jean Dubuffet

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THE WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART


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Foreword

It is pleasant to honor one's own. In this case the staff of The Art Institute of Chicago is especially proud to do so. With Ivan Albright it is a welcome treat to honor a living artist in his ripe maturity. There are reasons for honoring Ivan. He has kept the vision he achieved many years ago, not that he has not changed, for he has. Yet far more than any of his contemporaries, he retains his imagery and vision and has avoided that change derived from frenetic anxiety. Now originality alone is of no real consequence, because greatness lies in the quality of the utterance, not in its novelty.

Ivan Albright has taken his precise interest in surfaces and personal feeling for them and used these to suggest the implications which lie beyond the integument, but not (in spite of superficial appearances) in a literary sense. He is not literary in the way Pop artists or Surrealists are sub-literary. He has taken an intractable method and used it for a personal communication of great beauty. The beauty is that of the surface of the paint itself. This differentiation between means and possible ends, with loveliness seen unemphasized, reminds one that Ivan may have more in common with Foxy Grandpa than one may first think.

There is more to Albright's position. A commonplace of the history of art is the development of local schools. Since 1900 such developments seem but mildly important. (If the importance is too much touted at the time, the tired witness usually reacts only with greater fatigue.) In the last century most artists, like Chekhov's three sisters, have challenged all obstacles in order to reach their own Moscows. Ivan is different. His attitude has elements of Mr. Lancaster's ineffable Maudie Littlehampton who said, "I always say if it's me, it's U." But his security is really Olympian, that is, quite unconscious. Of course, he has stayed put; why should he go? Material security has had nothing to do with it, as it has had with far too many whose situation could never improve. High distinction is possible at home. The man with perhaps the greatest mind of the eight-
teenth century apparently never left the modest city of Königsberg, and one of the supreme novelists spent most of her time as a neatly sociable spinster, her manuscripts safely in the drawer. She never left her small, ivory square. With equal good sense, Ivan Albright has stayed with his iridescent surfaces, and through them created a real and frightening world.

The total man compels us with an incomparable sense of the surface, unique today in America, and with an impressive notion of structure. Through these purely formal means, Ivan has created his own world of personal mythology and sternly ordered not only his subjects but his audience, too, into it. That he is not part of the immediate main current of American art (whatever that may turn out to be) is irrelevant. That which is sui generis never knows currents or even the man next door. It is not a question of moral art, for art is never and cannot be moral. But men can and are. Ivan Albright has achieved and retained moral probity by remaining simply himself. His world is his own, and we enter or not as we choose.

John Maxon

On the cover: Detail from Into the World
There Came a Soul Called Ida, catalogue number 8.

Frontispiece: Self Portrait, 1935,
catalogue number 21. Lent by Earle Ludgin.
A Commentary by Jean Dubuffet

I do not believe that I have ever encountered a painting which gave me immediately such a strong sense of commotion as the one by Ivan Albright portraying a door; I found it at the Art Institute during my brief stay in Chicago in 1951. It is an unforgettable painting, and it seems to me, a striking example of a work that it is worth going to the ends of the earth to see. Later, I had the privilege of meeting Mr. Albright and of being a guest at his studio.

I saw through magnifying glasses his nests of wasps and mice, his cut-glass flasks, oxydized and encrusted with filth, his old hats and gloves, his collection of dust and spider webs. I saw with stupefaction in his studio on a turntable, the dramatic ground floor of a devastated shack which he had placed there after having numbered all the bricks so that he could reconstruct it with his own hands and position behind it, with an application truly demoniacal, so as to make appear in the interior of a room seen through a shattered window, the most alarming disorder of singular objects that can be imagined. I shall never forget that. I have never seen anything as frightening.

There are few pictures as alarming as those of Albright. Because what they represent to us belongs not to our accustomed world. Or rather, and this is what baffles so utterly, we see in them objects that we easily discern to be those which surround us but which are nevertheless unknowable. Never have we suspected that these objects could be clothed with such an aspect. In this strange aspect, it is so impressive, with such convincing authority, that no possibility is left to us of doubting the fixed reality. It is the reality of our customary views of things that we are as soon called upon to question.

We feel strongly, in front of these paintings, that we live in a mirage, that our eyes, that all our vision deceives us, that all the notions on which we have until now based our standards of appreciation of all things—are erroneous. That the keys to the world—and those of our lives and being—are quite different keys from ours: extremely foreign to ours.

I am sure that never have paintings had such strong powers of revelation. They upset with one blow the ramparts of our tastes, our affectivity, our aversions. The hostile is manifest in them that which we felt before as hostile, and which despite that appears to us suddenly, endowed with a fascinating irresistible attraction. A crumbling, rotting, grinding world of excrescences is offered to us in place of the one in which we had believed we lived. His striking and peremptory character is imposing. Abolished here totally are what were our canons of beauty. Swept away, in the marvelously proliferating universe, in
the pullulating anarchy that Albright offers us are all the criteria of order and
the archetypes of our former ideas of beauty; nothing remains. For them is
substituted a howling tumult, polycentric of many forms—a Gehenna of forms
entirely delivered to delirium; to all beings a suddenly rendered liberty. A
liberty, one must say, of the most disquieting kind. Each of the painted objects
perpetrates its flowering without, it seems, the slightest thought of its surround-
ings. The center of the picture is everywhere at once; all being is center. And it
is from this which doubtless comes the feeling of fear that the painting of
Albright gives to many people.

It is uncomfortable to see revealed that our world is constituted of objects
thrown into a terrifying isolation, which are neighbors without slightly know-
ing each other, each one obviously occupied with the expansion of its own
being without the shadow of regard for the things of which it is the neighbor,
and not even to those of which it is a component part. There results an im-
pression of profound and irremediable solitude, which without doubt frightens
one. As also frightens in this world which Albright reveals to us, the unchained
disorder in which these objects so freely conflict, and the apparent total absence
of any lightening or moderating intervention which would come to put order
into the open range of their appetites. It is this open range which makes one
afraid. It is the frightening liberty which all the objects seem to enjoy—an
abandoned world, from which all authority has retired.

Rarely, it seems to me, perhaps never, has the platonic and humanistic spirit
been opposed with the weight and authority of so devastating a wind. Never has
an assault of such force been given to the rationalistic order, to the secular
aesthetics which rule in our midst and to the metaphysics from which they pro-
ceed (or which gave them birth). An artistic creation is worth but the measure
to which it conveys. I wish to say to the measure of the views of the spirit to
which it can transport, of the myths and the mystiques from which it delivers.
The work of Albright—each of the works of Albright—carries (and everyone
feels this very strongly at the first glance) a strong charge and is dangerously
inflammable.

Must these paintings be burned? Yes, without any doubt, if fear of mental
adventure prevails, if the desire—to bind the eyes—not to endanger our tradi-
tional conceptions, to preserve the walled gardens that have been for thou-
sands of years the entrenched camp of our tranquillity.

But if the ancient walls by which these gardens are enclosed begin to crack,
if the precariousness of this specious refuge begins to make itself felt, if the
tranquillity obtained by means of blindness ceases to suffice, if we opt for
navigation in the great deeps and not in tide-water harbors, then let us not burn
Albright and his abominable propositions and let us salute in this very great
artist the allé pilote of new seas.

(Translation by Josephine Patterson Albright)
J'ai vu avec stupéfaction dans son atelier, sur un pont tournant, le dramatique rez-de-chaussée de masure devastée qu'il avait fait transporter après avoir numéroté toutes les briques pour l'y reconstituer de ses mains et organiser derrière, avec une application proprement démoniaque, de manière à faire apparaître l'intérieur d'une chambre vu par la fenêtre défoncée, le plus alarmant désordre d'objets singuliers qui se puisse imaginer. Je n'oublierai jamais cela. Je n'ai jamais rien vu d'aussi éffarant.

— Jean Dubuffet
A Tradition of Fine Craftsmanship

In 1740, Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, conducted a victorious war in Silesia and forced the Empress Maria Theresa of Austria to cede this province to him. One of his soldiers was a young gunsmith from Suhl named Andreas Albrecht. Born in the nearby village of Zella, April 2, 1718, in the picturesque valley of the Lauter in the midst of the Thuringian Forest, Andreas undoubtedly became an apprentice at the age of twelve as was the custom. Suhl was famous for the manufacture of firearms, and local families passed from father on to son the skills for which the town was justifiably renowned. The Albrechts perhaps had been gunsmiths for generations.

In 1750 Andreas Albrecht (soon to be called Andrew Albright) joined the ever increasing number of Germans who emigrated to Pennsylvania. He settled near Nazareth and was a member of the United Brethren, better known as Moravians. The nucleus of the group were Hussites who had been persecuted in Bohemia and Moravia but were given refuge in 1722 by Count Nicholas Zinzendorf at his country estate at Herrenhut in eastern Germany. Gradually their influence spread to other areas and their great interest in foreign missions led them to the American Colonies in the 1730’s where they established Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, then Nazareth nearby, and Lititz, near Lancaster.

In 1766 Andrew Albright married Elizabeth Orth, also of Nazareth, but in 1771 they moved to Lititz. Two of their sons, Henry and Jacob, followed their father’s trade and became distinguished gunsmiths. A considerable group of these German craftsmen developed during the 18th Century the unique American firearm popularly known as the “Kentucky” rifle. It was a cross between the short-barreled German rifle and the Scotch-Irish long-barreled English gun.
The American rifle with its long barrel and small bore weighed half as much as the earlier German ones and was far more accurate at a greater distance than any other gun in the world.

During the Revolution, many soldiers from the backwoods of Pennsylvania were armed with what the British called “cursed twisted guns, the most fatal widow and orphan makers in the world.” It is just possible that the American riflemen who killed Gen. Simon Fraser at the Battle of Saratoga and later won the Battle of King’s Mountain were responsible for the ultimate defeat of the astounded British whose muskets were no match for the Kentucky rifle. Daniel Boone, who was born near Reading, Pennsylvania, carried the rifle into Kentucky and thus gave the name to the firearm which was the chief possession of every frontiersman.

Continuing German tradition, Jacob Albright apprenticed to himself his son Jacob, junior, at the age of twelve. They lived in various parts of Pennsylvania but spent much of their time in Nazareth; hence the style of their workmanship was of the so-called Bethlehem School. Andrew Albright’s style, on the other hand, had been of the Lancaster School. A decided curve in the stock which was called a Roman nose, was the chief distinguishing mark of the Bethlehem style. Jacob Albright used as many as twelve solid silver inlays, a cheek piece in the form of an eight-pointed star and signed his rifles J. Alb. in script at the top of the barrel. He also placed his initials, large script J. A., on the stock. His brother Henry, who was an even more famous Kentucky rifle maker, has been described as a “great artist, master designer of patch boxes, master designer and engraver of brass mounts and silver inlays and a master carver.”

These rifles, especially during their classic period from 1780 to 1830, were truly works of art which not only required skilled knowledge of carving for the stocks which were usually of curly maple, but also ingenuity in casting and engraving the brass and silver mounts. Although they all shared a distinction and elegance due to the long, slender barrels and the well-polished stocks, there was plenty of opportunity for individual creative effort in the details of carving and in the designs and placement of the mounts. The Albrights stood high among the masters of this craft.

Jacob Albright, Junior, worked in a manner almost identical to that of his father. He not only used a variation of the eight-pointed star as a cheek piece, but also carved a very handsome spread eagle on the butt of the curly maple stock. By 1834 he was established in Millheim, Centre County, Pennsylvania, where he had a gun shop, and in that year took in his unwilling son Zachariah, age twelve, as an apprentice. By this time flintlocks were obsolete due to the invention of percussion ignition and gun parts were being made by machine.

* See Thoughts on the Kentucky Rifle in Its Golden Age by Joe Kindig, Jr. (York, Pa., 1960)
Young Zachariah preferred drawing on his slate and wanted to become an artist, but his domineering father forbade any such nonsense and thus forced the boy into a life of frustration and disappointment.

About 1840 the Albright family moved a few miles farther west to Pine Grove Mills, Pennsylvania, where on August 24, 1843, Zachariah married an eighteen-year-old local girl, Catherine Kepler, whose father John, a Pennsylvania-German farmer, was connected with the noted 17th-century German astronomer, Johannes Kepler. Zachariah’s father gave him a full set of gunsmith’s tools but these gradually disappeared as the family wandered westward to northern Illinois, southern Wisconsin, and finally to Iowa. Flails for buckwheat or runners for sleighs and bobsleds now became the output of the Albright gunshop.

Their eleventh child, Adam Emory Albright, was born August 15, 1862 in Monroe, Wisconsin; there were still two more before the family was complete. On they moved to Wapsie, Chickasaw County, Iowa, looking hopefully but fruitlessly for farmland where they could prosper. On the adjoining farm lived a doctor who was also in the Iowa legislature and had a red-headed daughter whom Adam Emory fancied at the age of three. In 1867 the doctor’s family moved south to Carthage, Missouri.

Adam Emory began making drawings on his mother’s paper flour bags as a little boy and, as long as making pictures did not interfere with his farm chores, he received encouragement from his parents. On November 1, 1880, at eighteen, he decided to leave home to become an artist. First he went to Lamar in southwestern Missouri where two older brothers ran a general store. There he obtained employment, continued with his art as best he could and saved a little money. A sister-in-law used to have as a guest a young cousin of hers, Clara
Amelia Wilson, from Carthage, twenty-five miles to the south. She turned out to be the red-headed daughter of the doctor who had been a neighbor in Iowa.

In January 1882, he went to Chicago and enrolled in the old Academy of Fine Arts. Then, after a year and a half, he transferred to the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts where he spent two and a half fruitful years with Thomas Eakins as a teacher. Great emphasis was placed on working from nude models, in addition to which students learned about muscle and bone structure from dissecting cadavers. Dr. William W. Keen, who lectured at the Academy, made it possible for them to have “pickles” as they were called, since the stiffs were kept in a tub of brine. Albright was put in charge of the morgue. When finished, the remnants were burned up in the furnace. This emphasis in learning about body structure and muscular function from nude models and cadavers was something unique in the country. For the gifted student this was superb training, but for the average, as Lloyd Goodrich has said in his definitive biography of Eakins, “The things he taught were too fundamental to have a readily recognizable impress.” Although most of his students were enthusiastic, a few prudish girls complained that he had female members of the class pose if the model did not show up and had a male model remove his loin-cloth to demonstrate the pelvic structure. There was an uproar which resulted in Eakins’ resignation February 13, 1886.

Albright had fortunately been at the Academy long enough to absorb Eakins’ methods of teaching which he made strict use of when he came to teach his own son Ivan. Curiously enough Adam Emory’s own style shows none of the impact of Eakins but rather more of the sentiment and impressionistic approach learned from subsequent studies in Munich, with Carl Marr, and certain academic touches learned in Paris under Benjamin Constant.

Returning from abroad he went to St. Louis where he met his childhood sweetheart, the red-headed Clara Amelia Wilson, who had just graduated from the University of Kansas. They were married Christmas Eve, 1888, and settled in Chicago where Adam Emory gradually achieved recognition. Their son Lisle Murillo was born in 1892, then on February 20, 1897, while living in temporary quarters in North Harvey, their twin sons were born, named Malvin Marr Albright and Ivan Le Lorraine Albright. Ivan later dropped his middle name when he discovered that his namesake, the painter Claude Le Lorrain spelled the name without an “e.” Soon they were back in their own house in Edison Park, a rural area at the northwest edge of Chicago. On returning from a trip to Munich it had been impossible for several months to dislodge the people to whom they had rented the house. Almost from the time the twins were born, up to the age of sixteen, they posed for their father’s endless succession of “country boys.” With bare legs and ragged shorts they sat interminably on a rock by a brook, fishing with rustic pole and bent pin.

At the age of eight, Ivan Albright began to draw under his father’s direction and continued this strict discipline, strongly influenced by Thomas Eakins’
methods, until he was at Northwestern University. This went on after school, on
weekends and during summers spent in various places according to where the
erald Albright's fancy took them. They often had models, otherwise there was
always a still life, but drawing, constant drawing was the order of the day. At this
time Ivan had no interest in painting and thought that most well-known painters
were conceited and that their flowing black silk ties were an absurd affectation.
A sense of fine craftsmanship was instilled into him through his father, who had
learned from Eakins, and from generations of skilled and inspired gunsmiths
back of that.

This respect for craftsmanship and detail was not inherited alone from these
sources. His maternal grandfather, Dr. James Fleming Wilson, was a medical
doctor and, as a side-line, an encyclopaedist. His interest in surgery and the
intricacies of the human body was equalled by his fascination for the minutiae
of word meaning and word derivation. These encyclopaedic pursuits, though
never brought to publication by him would be, he fondly hoped, carried to fruti-
ion by his two sons, one of whom was also a doctor. Such biological and
etymological interests are certainly reflected in Ivan Albright’s concern with
infinitesimal detail.

The enquiring doctor had been born in Ohio in the early 1820’s of a Scotch
family but the girl whom he married, Malvina Carpenter, was a bluestocking,
also Ohio born, coming from a long line of hard-headed New Englanders. Start-
ing with William Carpenter, a ship captain, who came to Weymouth, Massa-
chusetts, in 1638, the family later moved to Vermont, then to Castalia, Ohio,
where Malvina was born in 1830. She graduated from Oxford College for
Women in a day when higher education for women was in its infancy. The
young couple moved out to Chickasaw County, Iowa, then to Carthage, Mis-
souri, as we have already noted. Despite this ever pressing westward, the remote
heritage from the New England sea captain was not forgotten, a fact which per-
haps accounts for Ivan Albright’s fascination for the Maine coast during those
few summers that he had the opportunity of going there.

By the time he went to college, he had firmly fixed within him a feeling for
detailed drawing. The question was how he was going to apply this. At first he
considered architecture or engineering, but he found neither one very appeal-
ing. While overseas during the first World War he was employed in Base Hos-
pital No. 11 in Nantes, to do water-color drawings of wounds. Far from being
distasteful, he found this gruesome assignment most appealing. As the grandson
of a doctor and the son of a man who had dissected corpses under Eakins, he
experienced nothing out of the way in working with wounded soldiers. Although
most of the drawings are purely factual, in a few of them he had the opportunity
to use vivid reds and purples which, disassociated from their visceral connota-
tion, became independent creations of extraordinary intensity. Here we find
more than a germ of his later preoccupation with the merciless analysis of hu-
man flesh.

14
On returning from the War, he tried architecture and advertising and abandoned both as too commercial. At length in January 1920, he entered the School of the Art Institute. After graduating he spent a term each at the Pennsylvania Academy and at the National Academy. While this would seem to have afforded him an exhaustive art education, these schools actually taught him little except how to use paint. He was mature when he entered art school and was already thoroughly grounded from his father's teaching; his point of view was firmly set. None of his art school teachers made any great impact. In his earlier painting he practiced a broad realism while his interest in minute detail came later. His style, nevertheless, has always been entirely his own, unrelated to that of any teacher or any contemporary.

In content his work is predominantly literary and, like most realism in literature, his realism is twisted into channels of his own creative fantasy which is actually far removed from the world as we see it. "Things are nothing," he once said, "It's what happens to them that matters." It is not surprising, then, to know that he writes poetry, some of which was published in Creative Writing in 1939, and that at one time he contributed to the Daily News book reviews which were more often than not acidulous in character. His tongue as well as his pen, is noted for dry humor and his elfin wit can prove unsettling to the unwary. He is in no way the morose character that might be inferred from his preoccupation with human degradation, death and decay which are so often the subject of his paintings. He does not think that his interests are morbid nor does he consider himself a realist, but feels that life and death, growth and decay are all part of existence.

Frederick A. Sweet
Reflections by the Artist

The simplest things confound us. We look for the explanation but never find it. There is no limit to the division of things; there is no limit to the size of things. The answer is not in the eye, nor in reason. They make of the real the abstract and the mind gropes in the sub-conscious for an unanswerable answer.

Put everything in total darkness and you see nothing; put everything in full, powerful, brilliant light and you see nothing. For example, look at the sun, what do you see? If a room were lighted with a light as bright as the sun, you would see no more than if it were in total darkness. We are workers, see-ers in a twilight world of shadow.

In painting what do I have to work with? Darkness and light fused into twilight and shadow, movement and the motionless. In a room if I move, all things move with me. If I stir, they stir. If I stand arrested, all things become motionless. But on canvas—a single plane—I cannot paint motion, so all the things around me are deadly still, so still they hurt the eye. Still and flat and only the light from the sun that half-enters, turns and wheels them about bringing to them new facets and forms, new shadows. The sun becomes the mover, the disrupter of the deadlines of the quiet.

I have tried in a small way to enter the principle that is implied in motion on my flat area pictures. Motion is merely the change of position, of size, of angle causing in its change a change of color, a change of light with resultant change of shadow. These effects I achieve in my canvas by walking around my objects and painting them from numerous angles. Sometimes my canvas is upside down and the object then rendered when the canvas is righted becomes an object of contention with its neighbor. You place fifty objects like this and you have a picture battle whether you are painting a saint or sinner.
I walk about and put things in different positions to break up the deadness of their eternal death. I like to see dust move and crawl over an object like a film. I like to see the objects scream and work against their positions, against their size. Our world of sight is built around a world of very slow motion. If everything whirled around a room, you would see nothing, just as a fly-wheel becomes a mass of light, formless and light. For a moment before it reached high speed you would discern objects through this speeding light, then on faster motion nothing but light. We live in a land of shadow and sorrow and blinding light. So too, our happiness is in a shadow world; it reaches no greater depth than our eyes see in the visual world. Our sorrows are shaded shrouds of immobility, our ideas shaded, muted, toned down to dry-bone gray. Our efforts are as weak as our shadows; we exist in a clouded sphere of doubt, of uncertainty; through this haze no clear thoughts, no clear perceptions can penetrate far.

In this eternal smog-land of ours, if the real truth appeared, it would blind us, it would incinerate us as the sun would blind and incinerate us on close approach. We are shadows of the real but not the real; we live by half-truths and half facts. We live in a two dimensional world with the perception of space granted to each individual according to the distance set between his eyes, his space consciousness no matter who tells you is no more or no less than the width of the bridge of his nose. Each man carries his own space with him. This sight sense we use in our shadowy, slow-moving, half-feeling world in which we gropingly strive. Mortally we cannot get out; knowledgeably we do not know how we got in. We expect the part we haven't seen—the soul—to get us out, but did the soul have a part in getting us in?

Here on this planet we laugh-look at baseball, listen to jazz, drink, count dollars, overly breed, attempt to buy world friends so our enemies can't buy them, pray to the same God in churches of different denominations, hope our individual soul will reach heaven and have the best ringside seat. We are captured, tormented victims in a world of shadow, motionless and dead. Reason is based on falsehoods, is a limb of tree a million miles long. We have not one sure thing to hang reason on and, knowing nothing, realize not that we know nothing. Yes, we are subject to pain but how much pain can man take? Too much and he blacks out. Hunger? He can fill his stomach like you fill a pail of sand.

Virtue? How much can man take? Given overly and he is either nuts or a saint. We are a weak machine made to do weak things in a weak way. The body is our tomb. Shake the dust from our soul and maybe there lies the answer for without this planetary body, without eyes the light would not hurt, without flesh the pain would not hurt, without legs our motion might accelerate, without endless restrictions our freedom greater, our slavery less, without examples all around us our originality might be different. Without a body we might be men.

Ivan Albright
Chronology

RESIDENCES

1897, Feb. 20  Born at North Harvey, Illinois, at southern edge of Chicago.
1898–1910  Edison Park, now part of Chicago next to Park Ridge.
1902–1906  Summers at Annisquam, Massachusetts.
1909  Summer at Noank, Connecticut.
1910  Summer in Brown County, Indiana.
1911  Summer at uncle’s farm near Springfield, Missouri.
1914  Summer at Birmingham, near Tyrone, Pennsylvania.
1915  Summer at Woodward, Centre County, Pennsylvania.
1916  Summer at Tionesta, Pennsylvania.
1946–  Chicago.

FAMILY

1946, Aug. 27  Married Josephine Medill Patterson Reeve at Red Lodge, Montana.
1947, Aug. 1  Son, Adam Medill Albright, born.
1949, Feb. 8  Daughter, Blandina Van Etten Albright, born.
Joseph Medill Patterson Albright and Alice Patterson Albright (Mrs. James Fulton Hoge, Jr.) are Mrs. Albright’s children by her first marriage, adopted by Ivan Albright.

CAREER

1905  Began drawing at age of eight under his father’s direction and continued until he was nineteen. Posed for his father until he was sixteen.
1915–1916  Northwestern University.
1916–1917  University of Illinois, Urbana, Department of Architecture, then a part of The College of Engineering.
1917  Trip with family to Caracas, Venezuela.
1918  Exhibited The Oaks in Winter at the Art Institute's annual watercolor exhibition.

1918–1919  In the Army, went overseas 1918, did medical drawings at Base Hospital, No. 11, Nantes, France, for Dr. Robert Emmett Flannery and others.

1919  Studied briefly at Ecole des Beaux-Artes, Nantes.

1919  Summer—Came home, did illustrations of brain surgery for Dr. Sylvester of Oak Park, whom he met in France.

1919  September—One week at University of Illinois, Department of Architecture. Undecided as to whether to be a chemical engineer or an architect. Did not want to be a painter.

1919  Fall—Worked at Dwight Heald Perkins' architectural office.

1919  Fall—Did color work for advertising at Albert Pick and Company. Decided that architecture and advertising were both too commercial for his taste and that he would try art school.

1920  January—Entered the School of the Art Institute.

1923  June—Graduated from the Art Institute with Faculty Honorable Mention in Life and Portrait Painting.

1923  Exhibited Portrait of a Man at the Art Institute's annual Chicago exhibition.

1923  Fall term at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts.

1924  Spring term at the National Academy of Design, New York.

1924  Exhibited the Philosopher at the Pennsylvania Academy.

1924  October–December. Laguna Beach and La Jolla, California.

1925  January–Camelback, near Phoenix, Arizona.

1925  February–March. Old Laguna, New Mexico.

1925  Fall, to 1926. Spring–Studio on Cherry St., Philadelphia.

1926  October–December. Oceanside, California.

1926  Received Honorable Mention for Paper Flowers at the Annual American Exhibition at the Art Institute of Chicago. This made him decide definitely to become an artist.


1927–1947  Maintained studio at Warrenville, Illinois, in an abandoned Greek Revival Methodist Church. He and his twin brother Malvin Marr Albright (who painted under the pseudonym, Zissly) also had small twin studios built in Spanish style.
1930  
August 15–September 15. One-man exhibition of nine paintings at the Walden Book Shop, Chicago.

1931  
July 23–October 11. One-man exhibition of ten paintings at the Art Institute.

1939  
Summer at New Harbor, Maine.

1940  
Summer at Corea, Maine.

1941  
Summer at Cundy's Harbor, and Deer Isle, Maine.

1942  
January–Won the Temple Gold Medal at the Pennsylvania Academy for That Which I Should Have Done I Did Not Do (commonly called The Door).

1942  
Elected Associate Academician, National Academy of Design.

1942  
December–Won the first medal for the best picture in the exhibition at The Artists for Victory Exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum, New York, for The Door. Turned down the $3,500 purchase prize.

1943  

1945  
Fall–Exhibition with his brother at the Associated American Artists Galleries in New York and, in the Spring of 1946, at their gallery in Chicago.

1946–1947  
Submitted the Temptation of St. Anthony to the Bel Ami International Competition for a United Artist's moving picture. Eleven paintings shown in Washington, New York and Boston and Brussels Fair.

1947–  
Summers at Three Spear Ranch, Dubois, Wyoming.

1949  
Won the Watson F. Blair Prize of $600.00 at the Art Institute for Roaring Fork.

1950  
Elected Academician, National Academy of Design.

1951  
December 2–Given Centennial Award by Northwestern University.

1957  
January 21–Elected member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters.

1961  
Won the Benjamin Altman Figure Prize of $1,000 at the National Academy of Design for Yesterday.

1963  
Won $5,000 award at the Dunn International Exhibition, at the Beaverbrook Art Gallery, Fredericton, N. B., Canada, for Poor Room.
The Art Institute of Chicago and The Whitney Museum of American Art are grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Albright and to the several other lenders to the exhibition. Unless otherwise noted, the pictures are lent by the artist. Measurements are given in inches, and in all cases height precedes width.
Paintings

1 THE LINEMAN
Oil, 73 x 36 inches, 1927. Model, Art Stanford

2 FLESH
Oil, 36 x 24 inches, 1928. Model, Mrs. Art Stanford

3 MAKER OF DREAMS (MAN WITH A MALLET, THE MAKER OF IMAGES)
Oil, 30 x 20¼ inches, 1928. Model, Malvin Albright, twin brother of the artist
_Lent by The Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford_

4 WOMAN
Oil, 33 x 22 inches, 1928
_Lent by The Museum of Modern Art, New York, Given Anonymously_
5 AMONG THOSE LEFT (THE WHEELWRIGHT, THE BLACKSMITH)
Oil, 73 x 36 inches, 1928–29. Model, Hugo Kleinwater, Warrenville blacksmith
*Lent by The Museum of Art, Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh*

6 HEAVY THE OAR TO HIM WHO IS TIRED, HEAVY THE COAT, HEAVY THE SEA
Oil, 53⅛ x 34⅛ inches, 1928–29 (colorplate, page 27)
*Lent by The Art Institute of Chicago, Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Earle Ludgin*

7 THERE WERE NO FLOWERS TONIGHT (MIDNIGHT)
Oil, 48½ x 30¼ inches, 1929. Model, Frances Milburne
*Lent by Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence A. Fleischman, Detroit*

8 INTO THE WORLD THERE CAME A SOUL CALLED IDA
Oil, 55 x 46 inches, 1929–30. Model, Ida Rogers
(A detail from this painting is reproduced on the cover)
Number 8
9  FLEETING TIME, THOU HAST LEFT ME OLD
Oil, 30¾ x 20¼ inches, 1929–30. Model, Mr. McCain
Lent by The Metropolitan Museum of Art, George A. Hearn Fund

10  I DREW A PICTURE IN THE SAND AND THE WATER WASHED IT AWAY (THE THEOSOPHIST)
Oil, 36 x 23 inches, 1930. Model, Mr. Pattison

11  I SLEPT WITH THE STARLIGHT IN MY FACE (THE ROSICRUCIAN)
Oil, 30 x 20 inches, 1930
Lent by Mr. and Mrs. William Benton, New York

12  I WALK TO AND FRO THROUGH CIVILIZATION AND I TALK AS I WALK (FOLLOW ME, THE MONK)
Oil, 73 x 36, 1930. Model, Brother Peter at San Luis Rey Mission
13  MEMORIES OF THE PAST  
Oil, 29½ x 20½ inches, 1930

14  AND GOD CREATED MAN IN HIS OWN IMAGE (ROOM 203)  
Oil, 48 x 26 inches, 1930–31. Model, George Washington Stafford

15  THE FARMER’S KITCHEN  
Oil, 36 x 30 inches, 1930–31. Model, Mrs. George Washington Stafford  
Lent by The United States Department of Labor

16  NUDE (FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD CHILD)  
Oil, 22 x 15 inches, 1931  
Lent by Earle Ludgin, Chicago
17 WHEREFORE, NOW ARISETH THE ILLUSION OF A THIRD DIMENSION
Oil, 20 x 36, 1931

18 THAT WHICH I SHOULD HAVE DONE I DID NOT DO
Oil on canvas, 97 x 36 inches, 1931–41 (folding plate, following 36)
*Lent by The Art Institute of Chicago*

19 SELF PORTRAIT
Oil, 30 x 20 inches, 1932
*Lent by New Trier High School, Winnetka, Ill.*

20 SELF PORTRAIT
Oil, 14½ x 10¾ inches, 1933
*Lent by Mr. and Mrs. Berny Schulman, Glencoe, Ill.*
21  SELF PORTRAIT
Oil, 35 x 24 inches, 1935 (frontispiece)
*Lent by Earle Ludgin, Chicago*

22  SHORE SENTINELS
Oil, 26 x 45 inches, 1939

23  BLACK CLIFFS, SCHOODIC POINT, MAINE
Gouache, 25 x 19 inches, 1940
*Lent by Mrs. A. H. Patterson, Chicago*

24  THIS ICHNOLITE OF MINE
Oil, 22 x 15 inches, 1940
*Lent by Earle Ludgin, Chicago*
25  AH GOD, HERRINGS, BUOYS, THE GLITTERING SEA
Gouache, 29 x 22 inches, 1941 (painted in reverse looking into dark mirror, Corea, Maine)

26  POOR ROOM—THERE IS NO TIME, NO END, NO TODAY, NO YESTERDAY, NO TOMORROW, ONLY THE FOREVER, AND FOREVER AND FOREVER WITHOUT END

27  DIVIDED AND DIVIDED
Oil, 27 x 42 inches, 1942

28  STONES AT STONINGTON, MAINE
Gouache, 14 x 20 inches, 1942

29  THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY
Oil, 85 x 42 inches, 1943–44

30  THE TEMPTATION OF SAINT ANTHONY
Oil, 50 x 60 inches, 1944–45

31  AFTER THE STORM (COASTAL ROCKS, COREA, MAINE)
Gouache, 21¾ x 29½ inches, 1947
Lent by Mr. and Mrs. Arnold H. Abelson, Phoenix, Arizona

32  I FOUND MYSELF IN THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA, AN ANCIENT, A DRY SEA
Watercolor, 13½ x 19½ inches, 1947
Lent by Lawrence M. Pucci, Chicago

33  ROARING FORK, WYOMING
Watercolor, 22¾ x 31½ inches, 1948
Lent by the Whitney Museum of American Art, Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence A. Fleischman (and Purchase)

34  THE PURIST
Gouache, 27 x 40½ inches, 1949
Lent by Harry F. Guggenheim, New York

35  IN GEORGIA, A CYPRESS SWAMP
Gouache, 22 x 30½ inches, 1949
Lent by Lawrence M. Pucci, Chicago
36  THE WILD BUNCH (HOLE IN WALL GANG)
Oil, 30\(\frac{1}{2}\) x 42 inches, 1950–51
*Lent by Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence A. Fleischman, Detroit*

37  AROUND AND AROUND
Oil, 14 x 20, 1952
*Lent by Mr. and Mrs. William Benton, New York*

38  TROUBLED WAVES
Oil, 9 x 14 inches, 1952
*Lent by Dr. and Mrs. Jack Weinberg, Glencoe, Ill.*

39  PORTRAIT OF MARY BLOCK
Oil, 39\(\frac{1}{2}\) x 30 inches, 1955–57. Model, Mrs. Leigh B. Block (colorplate, page 51)
*Lent by The Art Institute of Chicago, Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Leigh B. Block*
40  RUE DU BAC, PARIS
Gouache, 25 x 15 inches, 1960

41  RED ONION
Gouache on panel, 18 x 14, 1962
Lent anonymously

42  CAPTAIN JOSEPH MEDILL PATTERSON
Oil, 30 x 24 inches, 1962–64

43  ASPEN SELF PORTRAIT
Gouache, 23 x 17 inches, 1963
Lithographs

44  FLEETING TIME THOU HAST LEFT ME OLD
Lithograph, 15 x 11 inches

45  HEAVY THE OAR TO HIM WHO IS TIRED, HEAVY THE COAT, HEAVY THE SEA
Lithograph, 19 x 12 inches

46  INTO THE WORLD THERE CAME A SOUL CALLED IDA
Lithograph, 20 x 16 inches

47  SELF PORTRAIT AT 55 EAST DIVISION STREET
Lithograph, 16 x 12 inches

48  SHOW CASE DOLL
Lithograph, 18 x 26 inches
49 THREE LOVE BIRDS
Drawing on canvas, 78 3/4 x 42 inches, 1930

50 SHOW CASE DOLL
Drawing on canvas, 35 x 54 inches, 1931–32

51 PLATINUM POINT, SILVER MINER’S ROW
Drawing, platinum point, gold point and silver point, 14 x 22 inches, 1956

52 CAPTAIN JOSEPH MEDILL PATTERSON
Drawing on panel, 30 x 24 inches, 1962
Sculpture

53  NOW A MASK
Bronze, 1930, height 11½ inches

54  TURN THE OTHER CHEEK
Bronze, 1931. Model, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Art Stanford, height 8¾ inches

55  HEAD OF MARIE
Bronze, 1933, height 10½ inches

56  HEAD OF ADAM EMORY ALBRIGHT
Bronze, 1935, height 15 inches
Lent by The Art Institute of Chicago, Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Earle Ludgin

57  JOSEPHINE MEDILL PATTERSON ALBRIGHT
Bronze, 1954, height 13½ inches
Notebooks

58–59  TWO NOTEBOOKS OF MEDICAL DRAWINGS DONE AT BASE HOSPITAL NO. 11 AT NANTES, FRANCE, 1918–1919

60  NOTEBOOK OF MEDICAL DRAWINGS DONE FOR DR. ROBERT EMMETT FLANNERY, 1918–1919

Lent by Robert E. Flannery, Jr., Milwaukee

Two leaves from Catalogue Number 60