



Mega Square

Jp. A. Calosse
Love

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Calosse J.

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A timeless theme that cannot be ignored, love has always fascinated artists. Painters, sculptors and even architects have drawn inspiration from and illustrated it. Ever new, love has led artists to create the masterworks of their life. From Titian's Sacred and Profane Love to Brancusi's The Kiss, the treatment of love has changed along with time and style, but remains, in the end, an everlasting universal language. This book illustrates love in all its strength and variety.

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Love

“There is nothing more common than to speak about love; there is nothing more rare than to speak well about it.”

Cardinal de Bernis (1715–1794)

From Réflexions sur les passions

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Foreword



Sandro Botticelli, *The Birth of Venus*, 1484–1485.
Tempera on canvas, 172.5 × 278.5 cm.
Galleria degli Uffizi, Florence.

The representations of Love in Western art are unnumerable: loving emotion, agonies of the soul, melancholy... Love is an inexhaustible subject, handled in an original way according to the perception and lives of the artists and the writers of any time.

This work chooses to give a major place to the emotion, to praise the loving happiness. By representing the theme through a hundred and twenty pieces extending from the Middle Ages to the end of the Modern period, it proves the timelessness of love.

We invite you to admire the legendary sculptures such as the Gian Lorenzo Bernini's *Apollo and Daphne*, Antonio Canova's *Psyche Revived by Cupid's Kiss* or Auguste Rodin's *The Kiss*.

Among other mythical paintings, you will find Antoine Watteau's *The Pilgrimage on the Island of Cythera*, Jean Honoré Fragonard's *The Swing* or still Marc Chagall's *The Lovers in Blue*. Every major artist who has celebrated the feeling of love is gathered here under your eyes.



Tamara de Lempicka, *Adam and Eve*, 1931.
Oil on panel, 116 × 73.

Private collection.

And what is more appropriate than poetry to illustrate this picturesque panorama? From Ovid to Verlaine, the biggest names of the literature knew how to make Eros speak.

In prose or in verse, their texts crossed the time by revealing one thousand and one faces of love. From Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* to Beaudelaire's *A Hemisphere in a Head of Hair*, passing by Goethe's *To the Distant One*, this book invites you thus for a discovery or for a rediscovery of the most famous passages of the Western literature.

Come! an Unseen Flute
Come! an unseen flute
Sighs in the orchards.
The most peaceful song
Is the song that shepherds sing.

The wind beneath the ilex
Ruffles the waters' dark mirror.
The most joyous song
Is the song that birds sing.

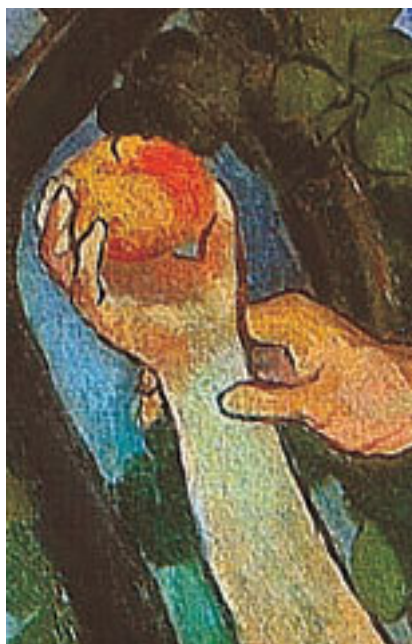
Let no worry torment you.
Let us love! Let us always love!
The most sweet song
Is the song that lovers sing.

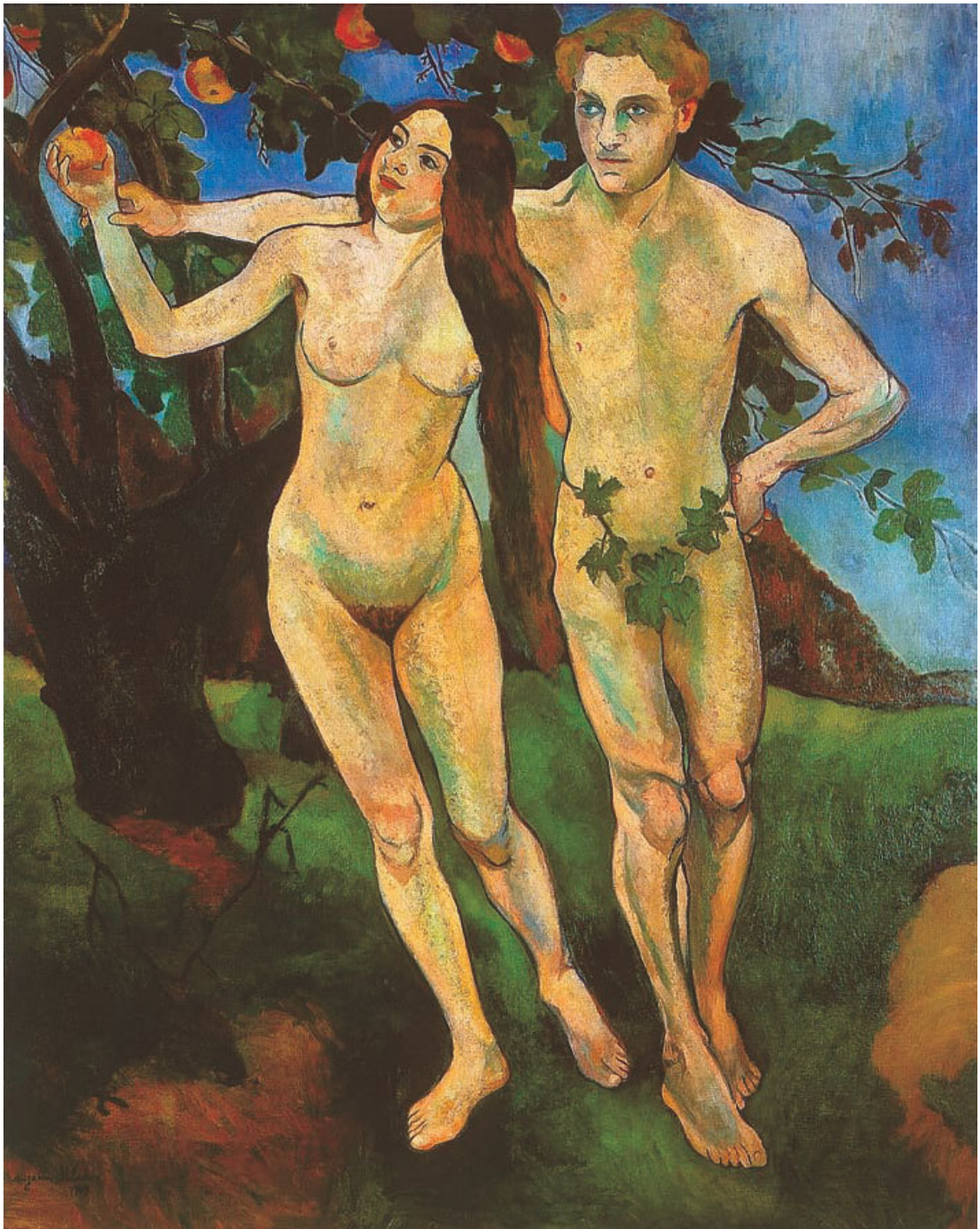
Victor Hugo (1802–1885)
Adam and Eve





Adam and Eve
Titian (Tiziano Vecellio), c. 1550.
Oil on canvas, 176 × 191 cm.
Museo Nacional del Prado, Madrid.





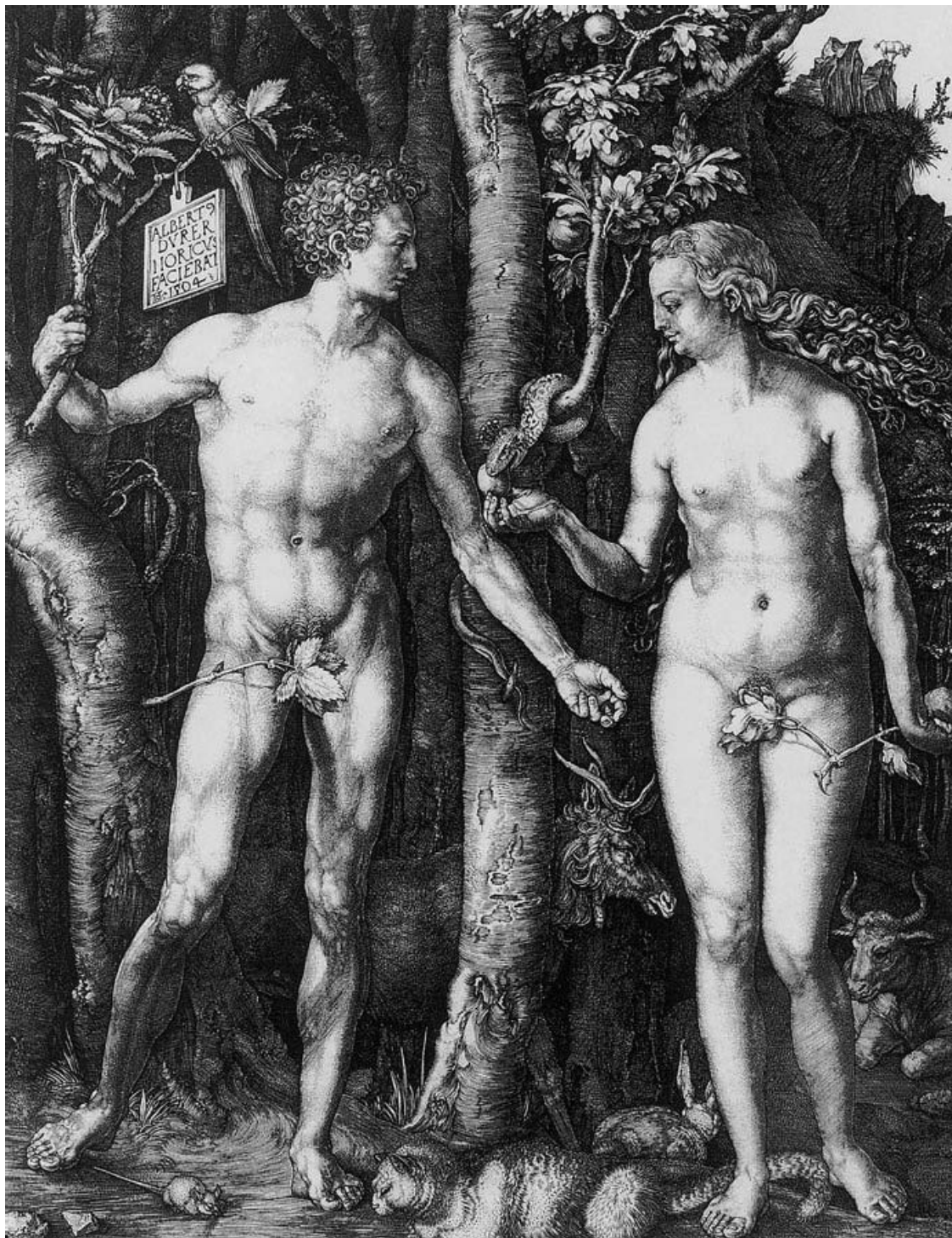
Suzanne Valadon, 1909.
Oil on canvas, 162 × 131 cm.
Musée national d'art moderne, Centre Georges
Pompidou, Paris.

I have been astonished that men could die martyrs for their religion —
I have shudder'd at it.
I shudder no more.
I could be martyr'd for my religion

Love is my religion
And I could die for that.
I could die for you.

John Keats (1795–1821)





Adam and Eve
Albrecht Dürer, 1504.
Engraving, 25.1 × 20 cm.
The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

The Gentle Heart
Within the gentle heart Love shelters him,
As birds within the green shade of the grove.

Before the gentle heart, in Nature's scheme,
Love was not, nor the gentle heart ere Love.
For with the sun, at once,
So sprang the light immediately; nor was
Its birth before the sun's.
And Love hath his effect in gentleness
Of very self; even as
Within the middle fire the heat's excess.





Adam and Eve

Gustav Klimt, 1917–1918.

Oil on canvas, 173 × 60 cm.

Österreichische Galerie, Vienna.

The fire of Love comes to the gentle heart
Like as its virtue to a precious stone;
To which no star its influence can impart
Till it is made a pure thing by the sun:
For when the sun hath smit
From out its essence that which there was vile,
The star endoweth it.
And so the heart created by God's breath
Pure, true, and clean from guile,
A woman, like a star, enamoureth.





The Hand of God
Auguste Rodin, 1896.
Marble, 94 × 82.5 × 54.9 cm.
Musée Rodin, Paris.

In gentle heart of Love for like reason is
For which the lamp's high flame is fanned
But what is left to love, thus leaving thee?
Alas! that cruel land beyond the sea!
Why thus dividing many a faithful heart,
Never again to meet, when thus they part?

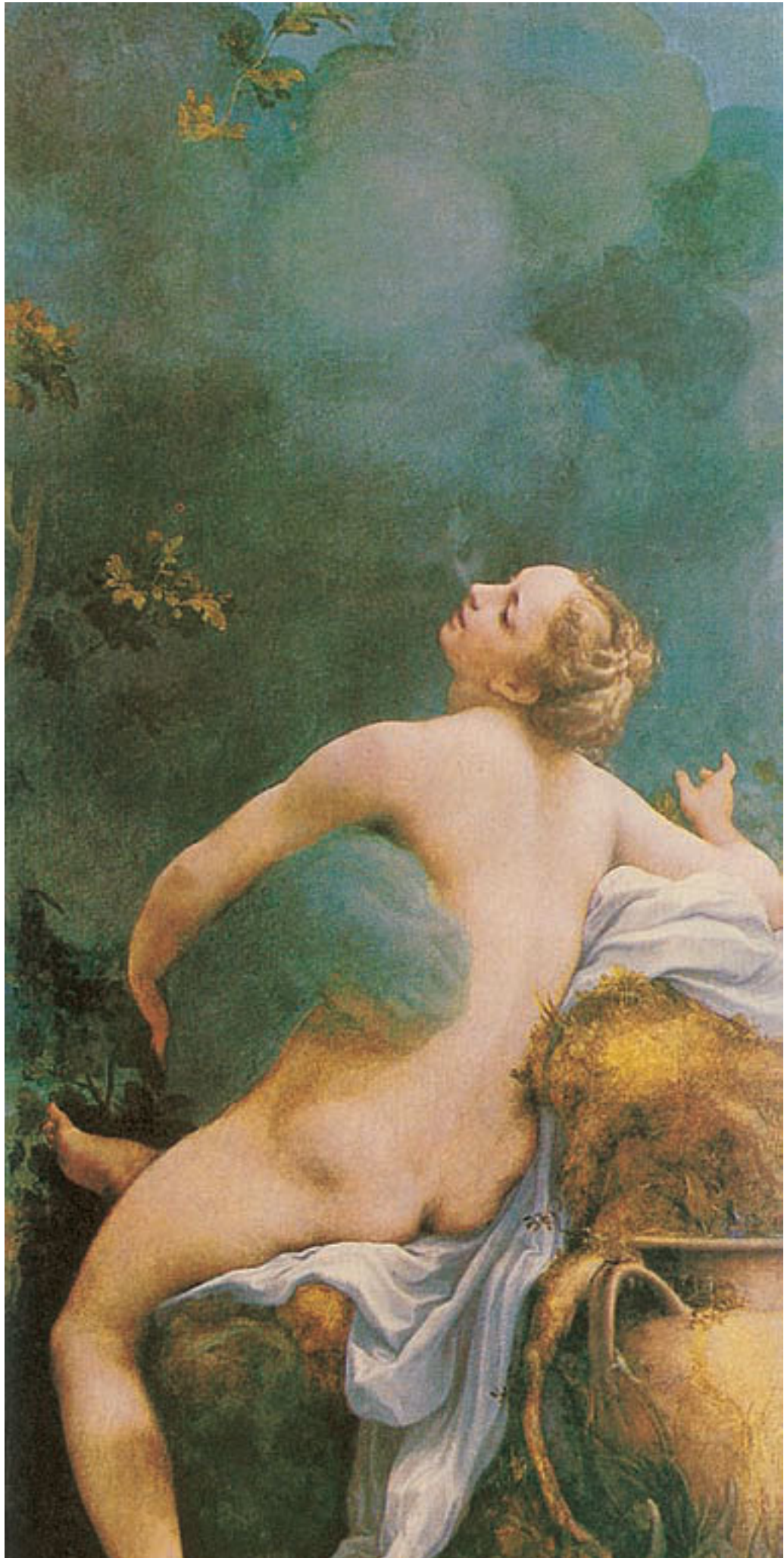




Apollo and Daphne
Gian Lorenzo Bernini, 1622–1625.
Marble, height: 243 cm.
Galleria Borghese, Rome.

I see not, when thy presence bright I leave,
How wealth, or joy, or peace can be my lot;
Ne'er yet my spirit found such cause to grieve
As now in leaving thee: and if thy thought
Of me in absence should be sorrow-fraught,
Oft will my heart repentant turn to thee,
Dwelling, in fruitless wishes, on this spot,
And all the gracious words here said to me.





Jupiter and Io
Correggio (Antonio Allegri), 1531.
Oil on canvas, 163.5 × 70 cm.
Kunsthistorisches Museum, Vienna.

O gracious God! to thee I bend my knee,
For thy sake yielding all I love and prize;
And O how mighty must that influence be,
That steals me thus from all my cherish'd joys!
Here, ready, then, myself surrendering,
Prepared to serve thee, I submit; and ne'er
To one so faithful could I service bring,
So kind a master, so beloved and dear.





The Rape of Europa
Francesco Albani, 1639.
Oil on canvas, 76.3 × 97 cm.
Galleria degli Uffizi, Florence.

And strong my ties – my grief unspeakable!
Grief, all my choicest treasures to resign;
Yet stronger still the affections that impel
My heart toward Him, the God whose love is mine.
That holy love, how beautiful! how strong!
Even wisdom's favourite sons take refuge there;
‘Tis the redeeming gem that shines among
Men's darkest thoughts – for ever bright and fair.

Guido Guinicelli (c. 1240–1274)





Europa
Titian (Tiziano Vecellio), 1559–1562.
Oil on canvas, 185 × 205 cm.
Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, Boston.

She Walks in Beauty
She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.





Flora and Zephyr
Jacopo Amigoni, 1748.
Oil on canvas, 213.4 × 147.3 cm.
The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling place.





The Wedding of Bacchus and Ariane
Jan Brueghel the Elder and Hendrick Van Balen, after 1608.
Oil on copper, 36.5 × 51.5 cm.
Staatliche Kunstsammlungen, Gemäldegalerie Alte Meister, Dresden.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

Lord Byron (1788–1824)





Leda and the Swan

Correggio (Antonio Allegri), c. 1531–1532.

Oil on canvas.

Gemäldegalerie, Staatliche Museen zu Berlin, Berlin.

Katharine

We see you as we see a face
That trembles in a forest place
Upon the mirror of a pool
Forever quiet, clear, and cool;
And in the wayward glass appears
To hover between smiles and tears,
Elfin and human, airy and true,
And backed by the reflected blue.

Robert Louis Stevenson (1850–1894)





Jupiter and Callisto
Peter Paul Rubens, 1613.
Oil on canvas, 202 × 305 cm.
Gemäldegalerie, Kassel.

Believe me...
Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly today,
Were to change by tomorrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.





Danaë

Titian (Tiziano Vecellio), 1544–1546.

Oil on canvas, 118.5 × 170 cm.

Museo Nazionale di Capodimonte, Naples.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear;
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

Thomas Moore (1779–1852)





Mademoiselle Lange as Danaë
Anne-Louis Girodet, 1799.
Oil on canvas, 60.3 × 48.6 cm.
Minneapolis Institute of Arts, Minneapolis.

Romeo.
She speaks: —
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him

When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air.





Aurora and Cephalus
Pierre-Narcisse Guérin, 1811–1814.
Oil on canvas, 257 × 178 cm.
The Pushkin Museum of Fine Arts, Moscow.

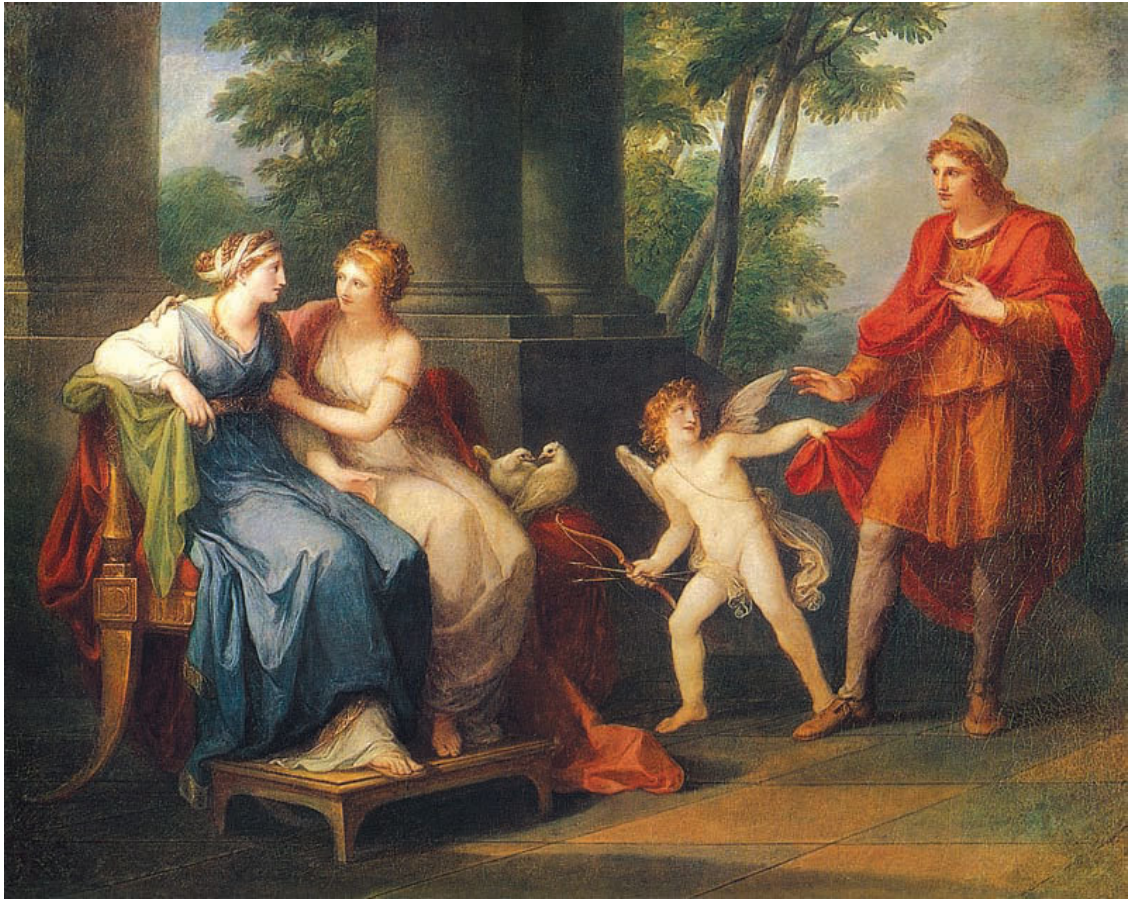
Juliet.

O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Romeo. [Aside.]

Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?





Venus Induces Helen to Fall in Love with Paris
Angelica Kauffmann, 1790.
Oil on canvas, 102 × 127.5 cm.
The State Hermitage Museum, St. Petersburg.

Juliet.

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title: – Romeo, doth thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.





Perseus and Andromeda
Peter Paul Rubens, c. 1620.
Oil on canvas, 99.5 × 139 cm.
The Hermitage Museum, St. Petersburg.

Romeo.
I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

William Shakespeare (1564–1616)
Romeo and Juliet (Act II, Scene 2)



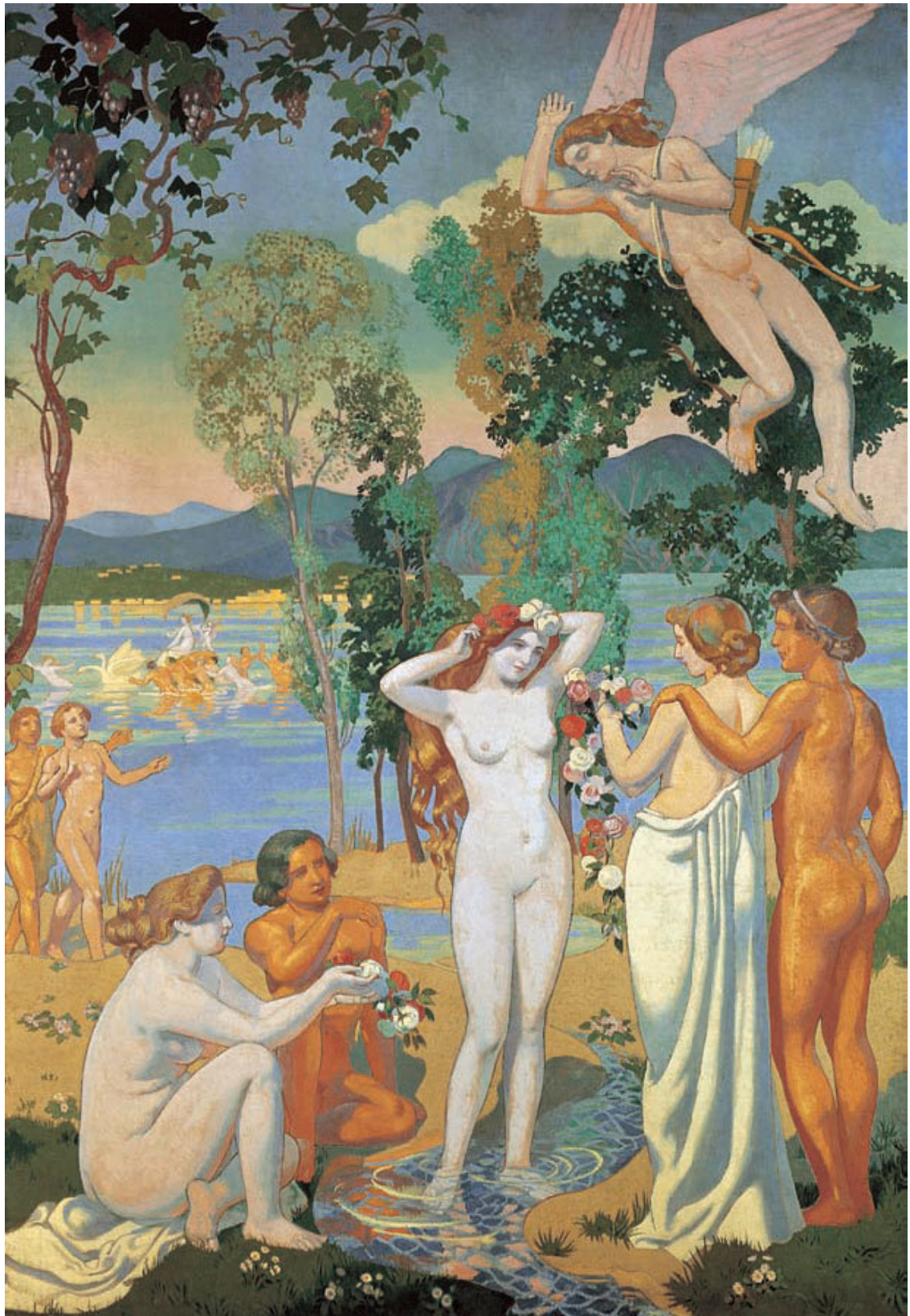


The Rock of Doom, from the Perseus Series
Edward Burne-Jones, c. 1884–1885.
Gouache on paper, 154 × 128.6 cm.
Southampton City Art Gallery, Southampton.

The Unseen Power
We are the flute, our music is all Thine;
We are the mountains echoing only Thee;
And movest to defeat or victory;
Lions emblazoned high on flags unfurled —
They wind invisible sweeps us through the world.

Mawlawi Rumi (1207–1273)





Eros Flying Is Struck by Psyche's Beauty
Maurice Denis, 1907–1908.
Oil on canvas, 394 × 269.5 cm.
The State Hermitage Museum, St. Petersburg.

He touched me, so I live to know
He touched me, so I live to know
That such a day, permitted so,
I groped upon his breast.
It was a boundless place to me,
And silenced, as the awful sea
Puts minor streams to rest.





Pan and Psyche
Edward Burne-Jones, c. 1872–1874.
Oil on canvas, 61 × 54.6 cm.
Private collection.

And now, I'm different from before,
As if I breathed superior air,
Or brushed a royal gown;
My feet, too, that had wandered so,
My gypsy face transfigured now
To tenderer renown.

Emily Dickinson (1830–1886)
Poems





Eros Finding Psyche

Edward Burne-Jones, 1865.

Watercolor, gouache and pastel on paper stuck on canvas, 70.3 × 48.3 cm.

Manchester City Art Galleries, Manchester.

Ode to Cassandra

Darling, come with me and behold
Whether the rose I saw unfold
For the new sun her crimson gown,
Has not this evening to lament
The loss of all her red raiment,
And colour lovely as your own.





Eros Delivering Psyche

Edward Burne-Jones, 1867.

Gouache, 80 × 91.4 cm.

Hammersmith and Fulham Archives and Local History Centre, London.

Ah! Darling, see how soon, alas!
She loosed her treasures on the grass
Letting them fall on every side!
Nature is well named step-mother
When such a flower unloved by her
Lasts but from morn till even-tide!





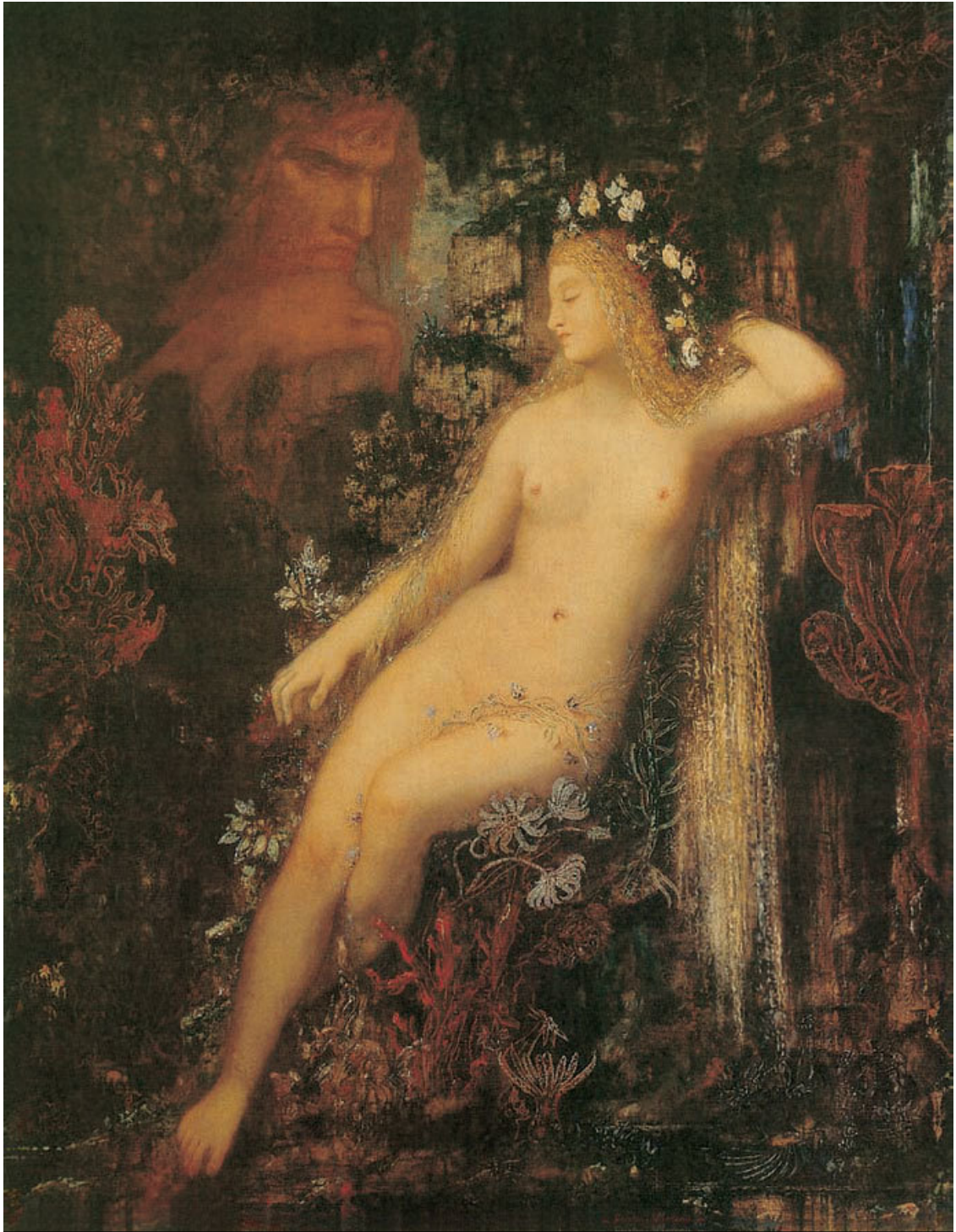
Psyche Revived by Cupid's Kiss
Antonio Canova, 1787–1793.
Marble, 155 × 168 × 101 cm.
Musée du Louvre, Paris.

Therefore, if you believe me, Dear,
The while your life may still appear
Clad in the greenest for its dress,
Gather, O gather all your Youth:
For Age, who showed the rose no ruth

Even so will dim your loveliness.

Pierre de Ronsard (1524–1585)
Ronsard & la Pléiade





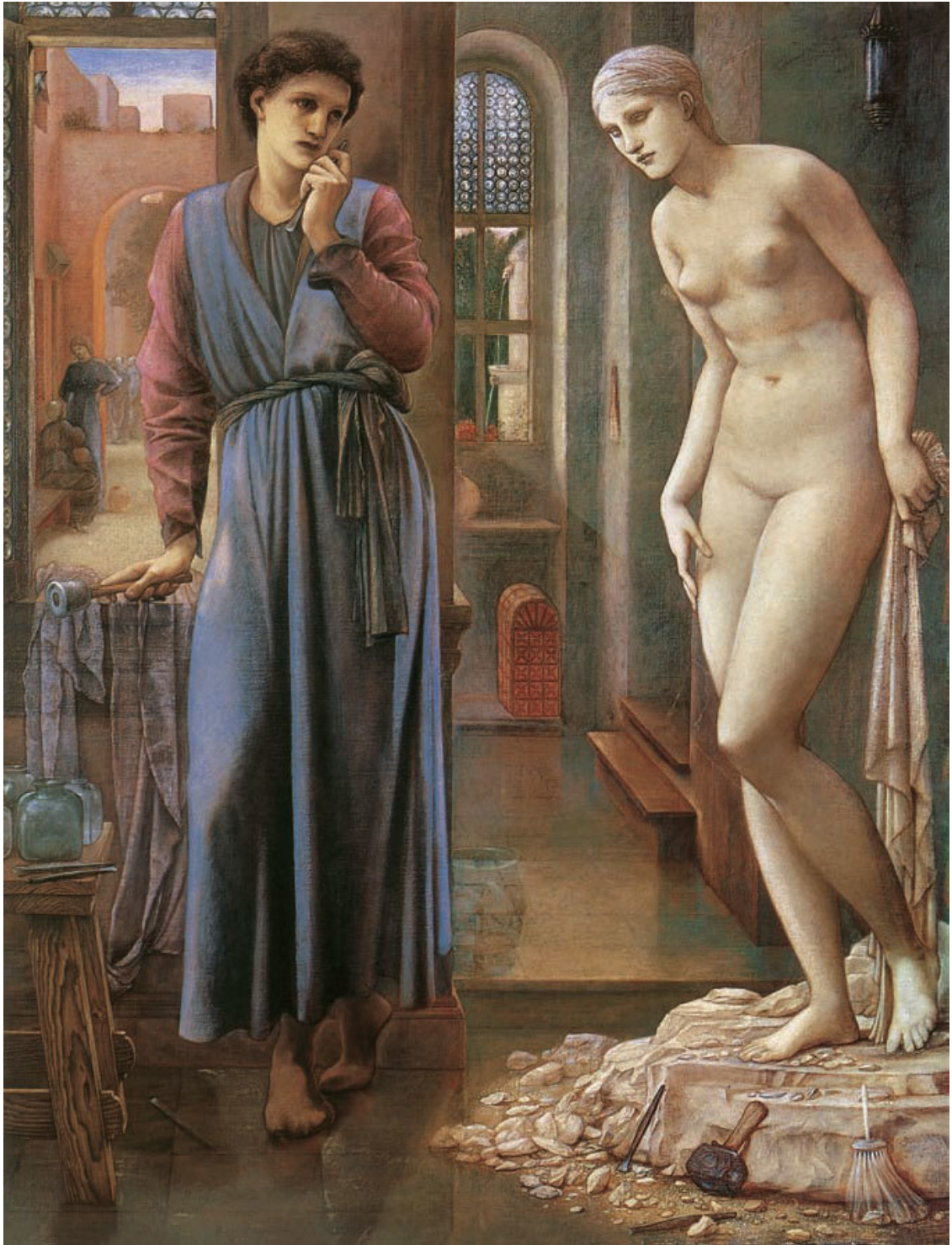
Galatea
Gustave Moreau, 1880.
Oil on wood panel, 85 × 67 cm.
Musée d'Orsay, Paris.

Ofttimes I have this strange and penetrating dream:
An unknown woman whom I love and who loves me,
And who, though never changing, ever seems to be

Another —
In whose eyes I see a well known gleam.

She understands. My heart that doth transparent seem
For her alone, alas, ceases also to be
For her, alone, a problem; and her tears fall free
Upon my pallid brow, refreshing as a stream.



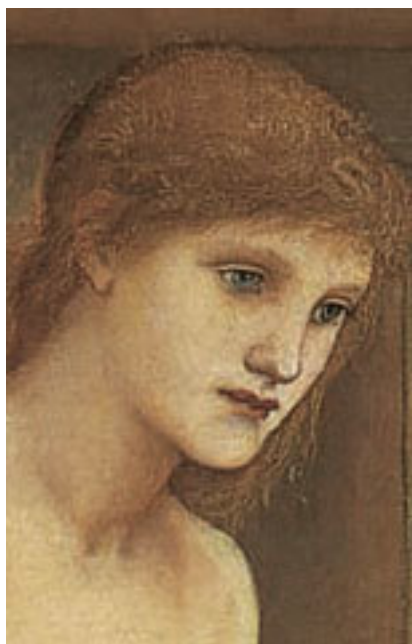


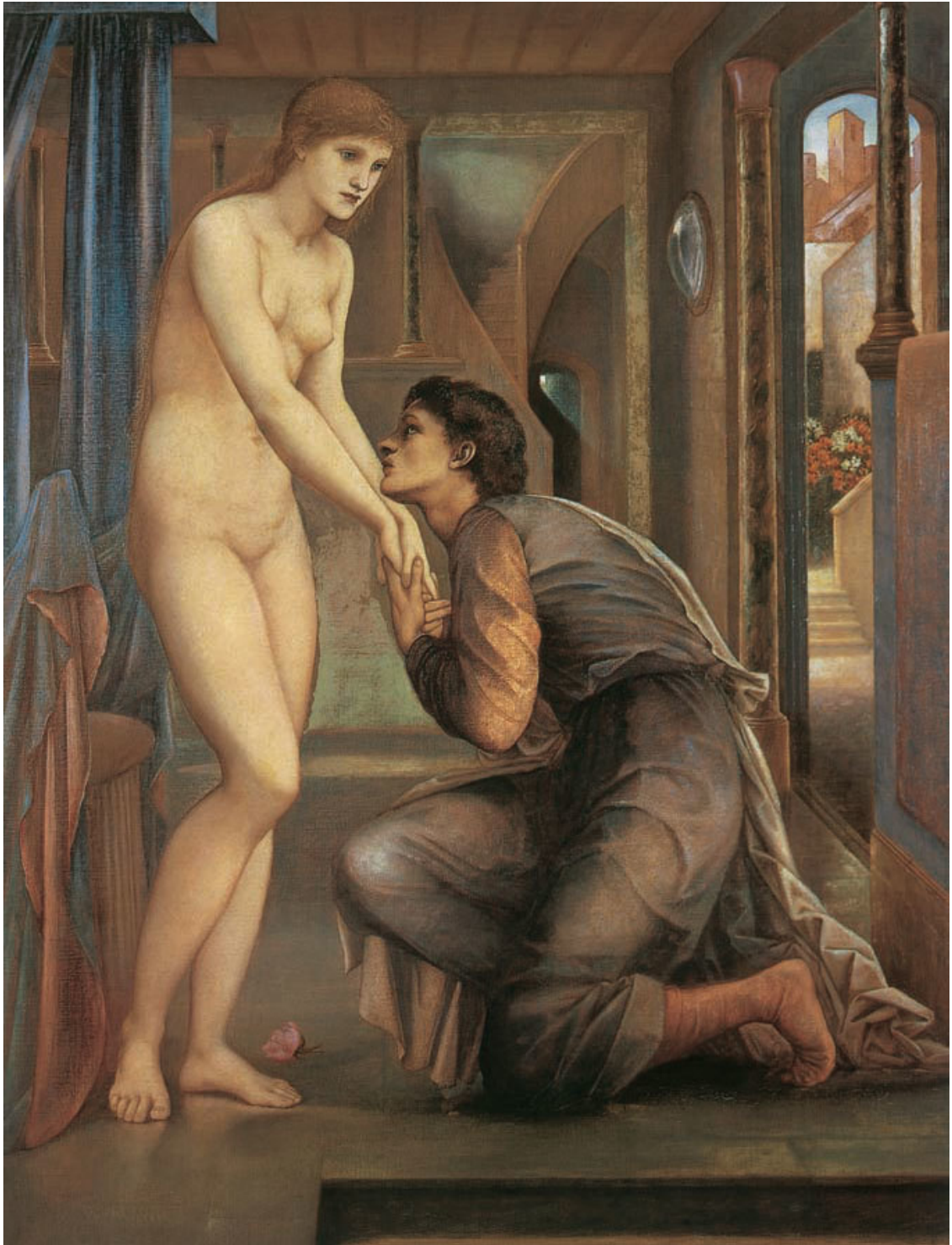
Pygmalion and the Image: The Hand Refrains
Edward Burne-Jones, 1875–1878.
Oil on canvas, 99.1 × 76.2 cm.
Museum and Art Gallery, Birmingham.

Brunette, or blonde, or Titian-haired? I do not know!
Her name? 'Twas sweet I weel recall when spoken low,
As sweet as those beloved ones by Life exiled.

Her glance is that of statues – looks that vaguely thrill —
And her voice – calm, faintly sounding, gravely mild
It hath the echo of dear voices long since still.

Paul Verlaine (1844–1896)





Pygmalion and the Image: The Soul Attains
Edward Burne-Jones, 1875–1878.
Oil on canvas, 99.1 × 76.2 cm.
Museums and Art Gallery, Birmingham.

Oh, rapturous martyrdom! ravishing pain!
Oh, infinite anguish and bliss!
With her horrible talons she wounded me,

While she thrilled my soul with a kiss.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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