
FREDERICK SOMMER

A Gate Without An Inscription
Makes no Sense

1995

Father German
Mother Swiss
Born in Italy
Discovery of Brasil
and landing in Hoboken
Frances and Cornell

Life is reality set to music
if you know how to dance

To invent is to dream along
with what we find

Fate arrives in the morning
when destiny is still asleep

A scholarly education is a company
of building blocks marching together

A dog who barks at birds in a tree
to chase their shadows on the ground
knows about cause and effect.

To canonize a vision
in marble and stone
is to give proportions
to reality

Tradition takes from the past
the lineaments of the future.

Everything is made out of
analogies and precedents
only the fire is new

Art and science are a contemplation
we cannot be without

Aesthetics is cared-for logic

With science we serve
a statistical harmony

Where ideas play, logic reasons
We look for concordances we admire

The more fastidious our feelings
The more we need help

We Dance to the music of design
It takes talent not to have a talent
when ideas play

Are we to presume from a confusion of
Caricature and manners that anything goes,
That tradition stands apart and forgets
In a Garden of Eden?

Duchamp seems to think so

Art is a primordial balancing act
that needs only to be appreciated.

We do not know what Art is about,
but we do know that it has
its own inner cohesion
and elegance of facts.

Morality and manners serve
The behavior of our needs,
Where Art remains the confessor
For artists who have something to say.

There is a time in the making of a print
when it has to be shown to itself
for an approval
of what it is becoming and final seal.

I do not remember
where first I met art
in the outlines of splendor.

Eventually it became clear
that art has reasons
shaped by magic.

A tinted shape
walking in a dark interior
to embrace creation
in a figure

There is agreement between man and his mistakes when metaphysics builds ideas reality cannot afford. There is a place in literature where stables needed so badly to be cleaned out that giants had to be called in.

Please, Chance, forgive me if I have overstayed my holidays from the hoarding of guilt as value.

The infinitely nears and the infinitely far meet in a fine lens like the Artar.