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Words not spent today
Buy smaller images tomorrow

1962 APERTURE 10:4

The desperate are the greatest image makers
smoke signals at three paces
doctor I am dying
every word fights for an image
the most irrepressible state of an idea
only the desperate can help us.

All rare things should be lent away
and I have borrowed very freely
let all those who here recognize their wares
in turn make restitution
lest their sleep be more disturbed than useful

A rooster a calf and a bed
a washing machine
the sky and two pigeons
three flat tires
the peculiar walk of people when you don't see their horses the
eye of the sun red in a springtime of flowers
the wind captive in my mind
the sensation of knowing more beautiful things
but where could it have been

for frances

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When the world was young images were strong

Images have sources and antecedents
to turn away from them is to have no images
to breathe life into

We have again become so young
that someone will have to turn on a light and find us

This mission we do not have
but this purpose we have eternally

Some things are of everyone's concern
but only a few do
these are the geniuses.

Every morning duration falls from the wall
Gold fruit and grain adore
In borrowed shrines to reassure grief

A fine poem is a house one can live in
Vesuvius Vitruvius
Who says that the obsessed are not well housed?

A straight line can be as alive as the wildest arabesque or tender embrace, it is a question of who tensions the straight line. Mondrian is as organic as Gaudi, both are very close to life.

Life is the longest 45 minutes close to nature.

Some speak of a return to nature, I wonder where they could have been.

Color moves through a painting like spring and the corrosion of time, resplendent foreboding of transformations to come.

There is in every painting, poem or print,
Something of the long rolling undulation of the open sea.
Painter and poet inhabit this legato of breathing and silence.

Photographic surfaces are sensitized before they ever see the sun
not enslaved to an image slave of the sun.

Every judgment
the last judgment
or triumph of death

Bruno paid on a burning field of flowers
inconceivable accounts

Socrates was given poison for moral reasons
when his art had been condemned to death.

Unaccustomed to one another
law is not elegant
art is not just

Beginning of nastiness

Of man's many moods none is more atavistic than the playfulness of the hunter wandering through field and forest. He learns much in these gambols and ambushes to graft upon his other moods. Before long he finds himself confronting another hunter in serious ballet. He had not learned that the smallest retribution compounds tragedy. This earthly paradise is not for sportsmen to sharpen their claws on disaster.

Three times I applied unsuccessfully for a Guggenheim grant. The mistake was mine. I did not know that their decisions most frequently favor social needs. Social needs are not central to the problems of photography as an art. Art gives unasked out of abundance to anyone and to all needs.

I like the simplicity
that permits us to be more comfortably bedded in complexity.

I cannot work faster
than I can taste or live what is happening.

We work for that part of our vision which is uncompleted
taste is the gourmet among empiricists.

Reality is greater than our dreams
yet it is within our ourselves that we find the clues to reality
clues are essences and keys and keys are stronger
than the doors they open

Life itself is not the reality

We are the ones who put life into stones and pebbles
if we did not dream reality would collapse

I once thought that I did not need a hobby. This was before everyone had taken to painting and photographing. Now I know better. Having never made a calculated investment, and seen chance functioning with elegance, it is natural to give financial advice. I have not made an investment yet. Instead I soon discovered that it is the things people are silent about that I understand best. I found myself contemplating with ever greater fascination the fast structure which scares to death almost everyone every day. This monster, the National Debt, is on the contrary the creative embrace holding together all aspects of our financial expectations. The size of the National Debt eloquently states the magnitude of the fight for a share in the taxing power of an economy successfully at work. This is indeed an exciting hobby. Vision and clarity are possible when not paralyzed by fear. How all this works will not be bought from me cheaply. It has become *de rigueur* to make one's hobby pay.

All mischievous smiles are honeymoons
What are small conspiracies but the finding of hearts.

Leaves exchanging confidences
In the audible tapestry of my heart

Blame not the blamed
Quarrelling is the uncorking of a good wish

Enthusiasm is the duty of understanding
Before the night fatal to remembrance

A tiny squirrel leaps in the sign of perfections
And the weight of its shyness vanishes.