

Voice of the Landscape

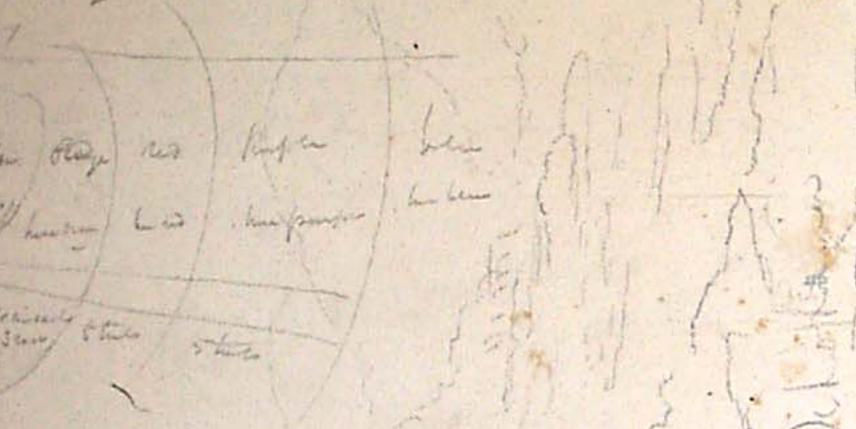
A Palimpsest of Time and Place

Thomas Cole

Painter, Poet, Prophet

From Kaaterskill Falls
to the 21st Century

Paid for Mr. Westcott
 one ~~...~~ Mr. Gilmor
 one ~~...~~ Mr. Russell
 one ~~...~~ Mr. Kitchin
 one for ~~...~~
 one for ~~...~~
 Mr. G. on



care of Mr. Samuel Corp
 Bedford Court
 Throgmorton St
 London

Thomas Cole

W York. 1827

Thomas Cole
 Paid to Mr. ...
 in the year 1828

Mr. Pitkin
 July 1 11 1/2
 2 8 1/2

L. Y. ...
 L. Teacher
 Miss ...
 William P. ...

In the Spring about March, \$50.
 Paid to Mr. ... on the 21 of April 1828
 20 dollars on account
 40 dollars on account July 9th 1828
 July 8 50
 other 50
 1827 April 10 50

As it should be, this 1827 sketchbook resides within a vault rarely seen. We have long envisioned the book's pages, however, transported before us in the air. Thus revealing the process of art's creation and providing a transformative participatory experience.

It is now a possibility...

Subjects
The Ages -
The way of Life in four pictures -
The path of Pilgrimage -

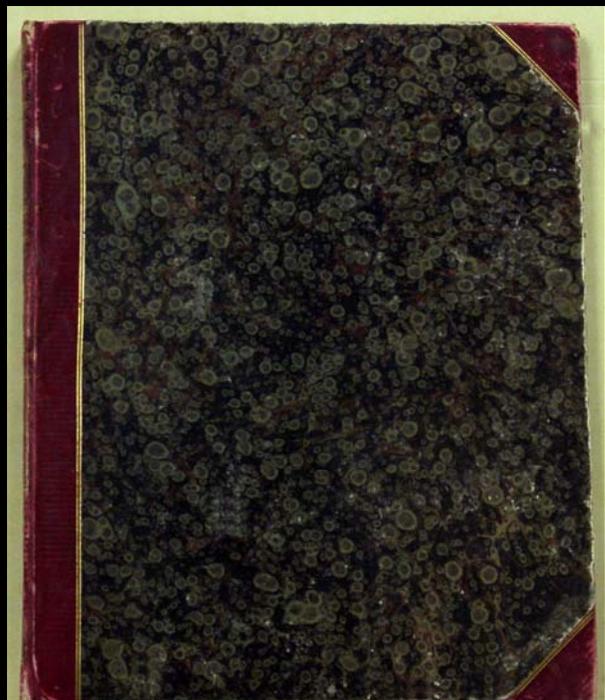


The Vale of Joy
The Vale of Gloom
Evening - Night - a series
Dead Hemlock

Thomas Cole
New York
1827 -
Thomas Cole



VC 10635
Box 7 Folger 7
Thomas Cole
Sketchbook
1827





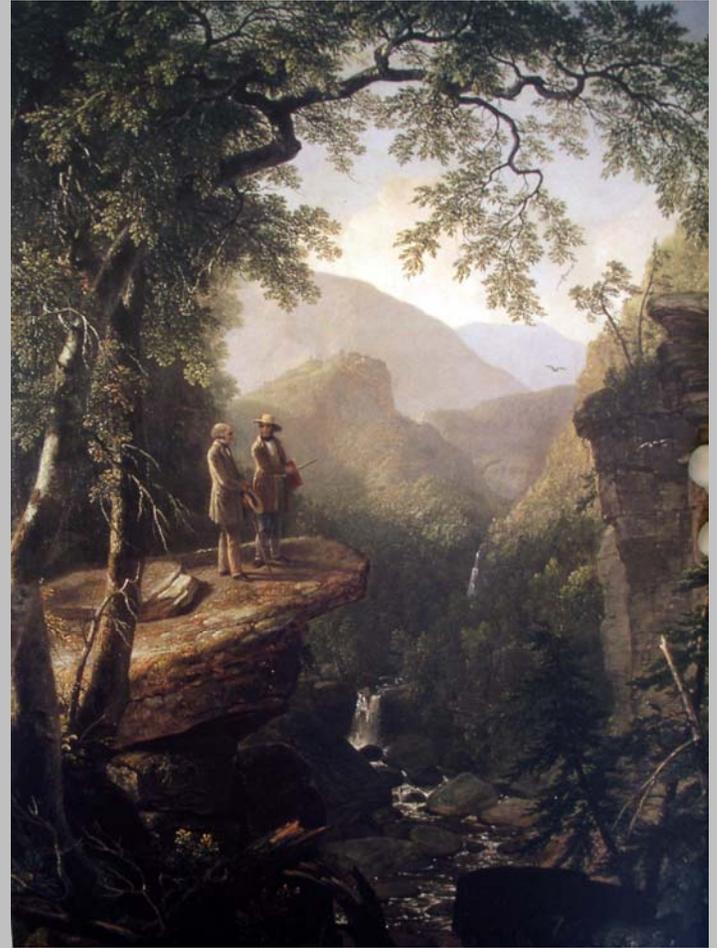
CoLabART ∞ Lynn Small + Dennis Paul

Artist Statement

Voice of the Landscape is a immersive installation that utilizes the new brushes of the digital age to take America's sense of place landscape tradition from its birthplace – Kaaterskill Falls and the Hudson River School – into the 21th century.

This project draws inspiration from Kaaterskill Falls, the Hudson River Valley and the first public lands set aside for future generations – the Catskill Preserve in New York State. Since the early 19th century, this area has served as a wellspring for American painting, literature, philosophy, and environmentalism. We have been stimulated by early America's creative voice in our desire to seek a new hybridity of expression that morphs traditional art forms into the new digital realm.

**A preview of some possibilities
and what's to come...**



At seventeen, Bryant wrote the epic poem *Thanatopsis* at the base of the Falls.



Thanatopsis



" . . . She has a voice of gladness . . . "

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks

A various language; 🌿 for his gayer hours

She has a voice of gladness, and a smile

And eloquence of beauty, 🍊 and she glides

Into his darker musings, with a mild

And healing sympathy, that steals away

Their sharpness, ere he is aware. 🌸 🌸 🌸



Twilight of a storm in the mountains. The sky was extremely beautiful, & the horizon
a pale yellow, & the higher clouds in the distance through the sky was green
light. The clouds were scattered, and the mountains on the horizon were
completely covered with clouds of soft white & purple. The beauty of
the scene & the light & softness of the sky were the most beautiful.



The Storm

VC 10635
Box 7 Folder 7
Thomas Cole
Sketchbook
1827

**This is the first musings
on the American Landscape...**

Essay on American Scenery



1842
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64

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Washington Irving

Etched by Jas. D. Smillie

After a Sketch from life by F. O. C. Darley

at Sunnyside July 1848



***Rip falls asleep at
the foot of the Falls...***

By degrees, Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another, and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On awaking, he found himself on the green knoll from whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft and breasting the pure mountain breeze. 'Surely,' thought Rip, 'I have not slept here all night.' He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woe-begone party at ninepins—the flagon—'Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!' thought Rip...



*But the place I mean is next to the river,
where one of the ridges juts out
a little from the rest,
and where the rocks fall
for the best part of a thousand feet,
so much up and down,
that a man standing on their edges
is fool enough to think
he can jump from top to bottom.
'What see you when you get there?'
asked Edwards.
'Creation!' said Natty,
dropping the end of his rod into the water,
and sweeping one hand around him in a circle
- 'all creation, lad'...*

James Fenimore Cooper, from *The Pioneers*







The thickness of the deposit at the mouth of the same
might be a quiet deposition of granular
material - a little water may be
to show the quantity of the elements
from the sea.

Lecture on Art.

Apology for the title - my intention only to speak of the
plastic Arts Painting & Sculpture, the others incidental,
& what is said of one art will ^{often} apply to the other.
Influence of Art. Euripides; ~~leaving~~ ~~destruction~~, the
use of Monuments of Art to make a man a lover
of his Country. ~~effect~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~great~~ ~~necessity~~
for the Cultivation of Art in our Country in order to
humanize a nation to the sordidness of Society,
Scenery its influence in connection with Art on men
Travels Scotchman. Necessity of giving character to
flat countries. ~~Ancient~~ ~~Painting~~ ~~&~~ ~~Sculpture~~
~~as~~ ~~preserved~~ ~~in~~ ~~Grand~~ ~~painting~~ - Frescoes - originality
greatness of Style - probably the great painters had
never produced dis-pictures of such grand Character
had they not painted Frescoes. Mosaic Art
No Frescoes or only of late. Small pictures entirely
Art to excel must have promise of permanence
Durability or it cannot be great American
Art. Strong desire for the beautiful in the American



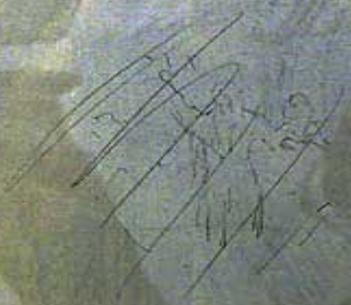
in our water

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islands from the land before sunset in little boat marked



The light effect in Nature is the most important consideration in the drawing
 of a landscape. The paper being in the hand the pencil may give
 the shades which would be out of the range of the human eye
 to see. There are clouds of softness in the sky - the tendency of
 Nature towards the least light on the horizon from the distance



dup blue

greenish with pale
inlets

main body same

Pale blue

span

The Spirits of the Wilderness a poem —

Seem laid among the ~~dark~~ ^{crystal} shades of the
Crystal Mountains — ^{in the} unfrequented tracks of the

Part 1st

Muse —

He hopes in vain, who hopes in solitude
To disenthral his soul from worldly thought
Or ~~find~~ ^{find} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ the haunts of men to find
A healing in the desert for a wounded heart —

Nature to such may speak but never smiles

Her adamantine brow relaxes not

But cold and ^{unsympathetic} uncongenial meet his gaze —

The solemn mountains & the trackless woods

The silent lakes — the dazzling cataract

Cheer not the bosom of the lonely man

~~But cold and ^{unsympathetic} uncongenial meet his gaze~~

But ~~in~~ ^{it} makes him feel his ^{utter} futility,

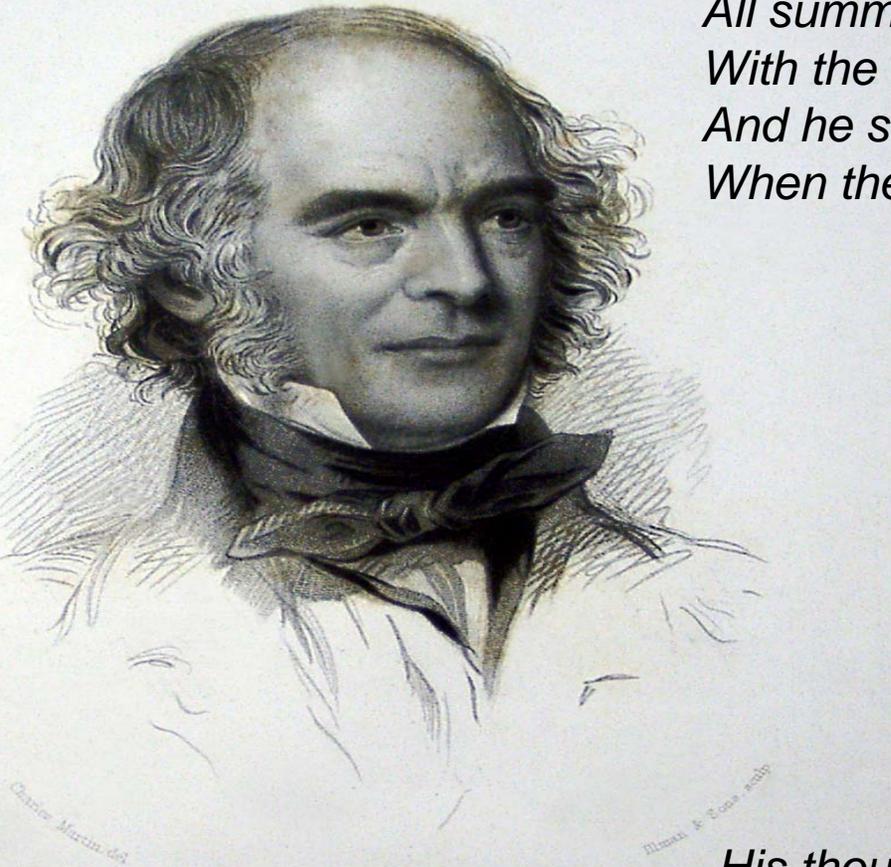
And that without the companionship of men

He ^{is} ~~is~~ ^{is} beneath a slender reed the scythe

That left alone — its own weight burdensome

Crush'd to the earth by snow passing breeze

Catterskill Falls



*Midst greens and shades the Catterskill leaps,
From cliffs where the wood-flower clings;
All summer he moistens his verdant steeps
With the sweet light spray of the mountain springs;
And he shakes the woods on the mountain side,
When they drip with the rains of autumn-tide.*

*But when, in the forest bare and old,
The blast of December calls,
He builds, in the starlight clear and cold,
A palace of ice where his torrent falls,
With turret, and arch, and fretwork fair,
And pillars blue as the summer air.*

*His thoughts are alone of those who dwell
In the halls of frost and snow,
Who pass where the crystal domes upswell
From the alabaster floors below,
Where the frost-trees shoot with leaf and spray,
And frost-gems scatter a silvery day.*

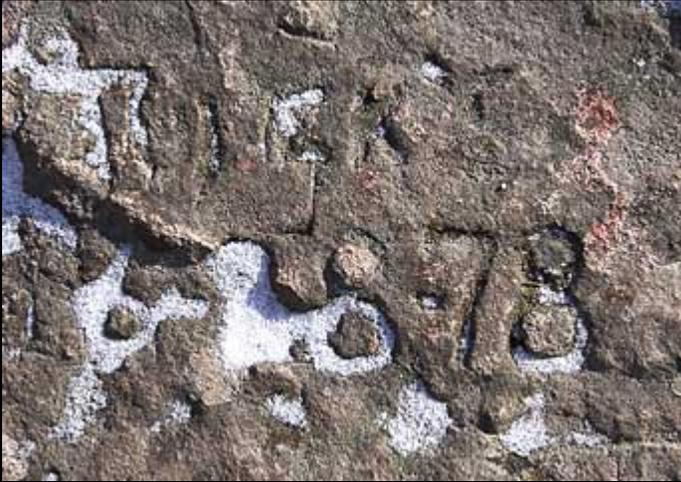
*William Cullen Bryant
November 15, 1857.*

The *Ice Cone* of Kaaterskill Falls – from Thomas Cole’s notebook of March 1843

*We have often heard that the fall of Caterskill present an interesting spectacle in mid-winter
...winter after winter has passed away
without the accomplishment of our wish, until a few days ago.*

*We left the spot with lingering steps and real regret,
for in all probability we were never to see these wintry glories again.*







There are overhanging rocks, and the dark browed cavern; but where the spangled cataract fell, stands a gigantic tower of ice, reaching from the basin of the waterfall to the very summit of the crags. From the jutting rocks, that form the canopy of which I have spoken, hang festoons of glittering icicles. Not a drop of water, not a gush of spray is to be seen; no sound of many waters strikes the ear, not even as of a gurgling rivulet or trickling rill; all is silent and motionless as death; and did not the curious eye perceive, through two window-like spaces of clear ice, the falling water, one would be lead to believe that all is bound in icy fetters.

Voice of the Landscape is a multi-channel, immersive media installation that has been stimulated by the wellspring of early America's creative voice and our desire to transform the *sense of place* landscape tradition into 21st century modalities.

We seek a new fluidity of expression that morphs traditional art forms into the new century. During our second joint-residency fellowships to Yaddo, Saratoga Springs, NY in Fall 2003, the project was greatly enhanced by utilizing the facilities at Skidmore College's Media Technology Center and the Manuscripts and Special Collections Division of the New York State Library, Albany. We would like to thank those who so kindly assisted us.

Much as photography, film and video have changed the fixed images of painting, the digital domain has radically and forever altered the making of marks. This new palette of tools extends the parameters of the imagination and enables us to create a dialogue among the visual arts, literature, the inspiring sounds of nature, and the experiential world to be.

This installation references the beginnings of a cohesive body of American art that melds digital SoundScapes, video and stills with the more traditional 19th & 20th century painting, drawing, and photography. In fusing these worlds with the new brushes of our time, we endeavor to create a viable model for future cross-disciplinary studies in education, demonstrate a digital solution to manuscripts and archival material as well as create a pointer to the future potential of art in the digital realm.

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