

even if it lasts millions of years... it will end without having been completed in painting.

Panofsky shows that the 'problems' of painting which magnetize them are often solved obliquely, not in the course of inquiries instigated by them but, on the contrary, at some point when the painters, having reached an impasse, apparently forget those problems and permit themselves to be carried away by other things. Then suddenly, altogether off guard, they turn up the problems and surmount the obstacle. This unheard-of [soudain] historical advance through the labyrinth by detours, transgression, slow enervation and sudden drives, does not imply that the painter does not know what he wants and commands from afar all our *useful* activity.

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- 1 'The spectacle is first of all a spectacle of itself before it is a spectacle of something else.' - *Translator's note from Merleau-Ponty's 1961 lectures.*
- 2 C. P. Bru, *Esthétique de l'abstraction* (Paris, 1959), pp. 99, 86.
- 3 Henri Michaux, *Aventures de lignes.*
- 4 *Ibid.*

4 Clement Greenberg (b. 1909) 'Modernist Painting'

More than any other single text in English, this essay has come to typify the Modernist critical position on the visual arts. Its aim is to represent a logic of development supposedly connecting the most successful painting of the previous hundred years thus to justify the findings of taste as involuntary responses to the inexorable tendency of painting itself. Though clearly built on Greenberg's earlier analysis of avant-garde art and culture (see Vb10 and Va11), the argument of this essay relies on social-historical forms of evidence and more upon the observation of individual changes in art itself. At the time of its publication Greenberg was closely engaged with the painters Morris Louis and Kenneth Noland, whose form of abstract painting he soon to label 'Post-Painterly Abstraction'. The essay can be read as a form of response and as preparing a position for it as the most advanced outcome of an unqualified historical development. First published in *Forum Lectures* (Voice of America), Washington DC, 1960. Reprinted with slight revisions in *Art & Literature*, no. 4, Spring 1965, pp. 193-201, from which the present text is taken.

Modernism includes more than just art and literature. By now it includes almost the whole of what is truly alive in our culture. It happens, also, to be the subject of a historical novelty. Western civilization is not the first to turn around and question its own foundations, but it is the civilization that has gone furthest in doing so. I identify Modernism with the intensification that has gone furthest in this. Because he was the first to criticize the means with the philosopher Kant. Because he was the first to criticize the means itself of criticism, I consider him as the first real Modernist.

The essence of Modernism lies, as I see it, in the use of the characteristic of a discipline to criticize the discipline itself - not in order to subvert it but to entrench it more firmly in its area of competence. Kant used logic to establish the limits of logic, and while he withdrew much from its old domain, logic was left in all the more secure possession of what remained. The self-criticism of Modernism grows out of but is not the same thing as the criticism of the Enlightenment. The Enlightenment criticized from the outside, the way criticism in its more accepted sense does; Modernism criticizes from the inside, through the procedures themselves of that which is being criticized. It seems natural that this new kind of criticism should have appeared in philosophy, which is critical by definition, but as the nineteenth century advanced it made itself felt in many other fields. A more rational justification began to be demanded of every formal social activity, and Kantian self-criticism was called on eventually to meet and interpret this demand in areas as far from philosophy.

It is now what has happened to an activity like religion that has not been allowed to avail itself of 'Kantian' immanent criticism in order to justify itself. At least since the arts might seem to have been in a situation like religion's. Having been denied by the Enlightenment all tasks they could take seriously, they looked though they were going to be assimilated to entertainment pure and simple, and entertainment itself looked as though it was going to be assimilated, like painting, to therapy. The arts could save themselves from this leveling down by demonstrating that the kind of experience they provided was valuable in its own right and not to be obtained from any other kind of activity. Each art, it turned out, had to effect this demonstration on its own account. It had to be exhibited and made explicit that which was unique and valuable not only in art in general, but also in each particular art. Each art had to determine, through the operations peculiar to itself, the effects peculiar to itself. By doing this each art would, to be sure, narrow its area of competence, but at the same time it would make its possession of this area the more secure.

It quickly emerged that the unique and proper area of competence of each art coincided with all that was unique to the nature of its medium. The task of self-criticism became to eliminate from the effects of each art any and every effect that might conceivably be borrowed from or by the medium of any other art. Thereby each art would be rendered 'pure', and in its 'purity' find the source of its standards of quality as well as of its independence. 'Purity' meant self-definition, and the enterprise of self-criticism in the arts became one of self-definition with a vengeance.

Illusionist art had dissembled the medium, using art to conceal art. Modernism used art to call attention to art. The limitations that constitute the medium of painting - the flat surface, the shape of the support, the properties of pigment - were treated by the Old Masters as negative factors that could be acknowledged only implicitly or indirectly. Modernist painting has come to acknowledge these same limitations as positive factors that are to be acknowledged

openly. Manet's paintings became the first Modernist ones by virtue of their frankness with which they declared the surfaces on which they were painted. The Impressionists, in Manet's wake, abjured underpainting and glazing, to leave the eye under no doubt as to the fact that the colors used were made of real paint that came from pots or tubes. Cézanne sacrificed verisimilitude and correctness, in order to fit drawing and design more explicitly to the rectangular shape of the canvas.

It was the stressing, however, of the ineluctable flatness of the support that remained most fundamental in the processes by which pictorial art critics defined and defined itself under Modernism. Flatness alone was unique and exact to that art. The enclosing shape of the support was a limiting condition, norm, that was shared with the art of the theater; color was a norm or norm shared with sculpture as well as the theater. Flatness, two-dimensionality, or the only condition painting shared with no other art, and so Modernist painting oriented itself to flatness as it did to nothing else.

The Old Masters had sensed that it was necessary to preserve what is called the integrity of the picture plane: that is, to signify the enduring presence of flatness under the most vivid illusion of three-dimensional space. The apparent contradiction involved — the dialectical tension, to use a fashionable but inexact phrase — was essential to the success of their art, as it is indeed to the success of all pictorial art. The Modernists have neither avoided nor resolved the contradiction; rather, they have reversed its terms. One is made aware of the flatness of their pictures before, instead of after, being made aware of what the picture contains. Whereas one tends to see what is *in* an Old Master before seeing it as a picture, one sees a Modernist painting as a picture first. This is of course, the best way of seeing any kind of picture, Old Master or Modernist, but Modernism imposes it as the only and necessary way, and Modernist success in doing so is a success of self-criticism.

It is not in principle that Modernist painting in its latest phase has abandoned the representation of recognizable objects. What it has abandoned in principle is the representation of the kind of space that recognizable, three-dimensional objects can inhabit. Abstractness, or the non-figurative, has in itself still proved to be an altogether necessary moment in the self-criticism of pictorial art, even though artists as eminent as Kandinsky and Mondrian have thought so. Representation, or illustration, as such does not abate the uniqueness of pictorial art; what does do so are the associations of the things represented. Recognizable entities (including pictures themselves) exist in three-dimensional space, and the barest suggestion of a recognizable entity suffices to call up associations of that kind of space. The fragmentary silhouette of a human figure or of a teacup, will do so, and by doing so alienate pictorial space from the two-dimensionality which is the guarantee of painting's independence as an art. Three-dimensionality is the province of sculpture, and for the sake of its own autonomy painting has had above all to divest itself of everything it might share with sculpture. And it is in the course of its effort to do this, and not so much — I repeat — to exclude the representational or the 'literary', that painting has made itself abstract.

At the same time Modernist painting demonstrates, precisely in its resistance to the sculptural, that it continues tradition and the themes of tradition, despite all appearances to the contrary. For the resistance to the sculptural begins long before the advent of Modernism. Western painting, insofar as it strives for pictorial illusion, owes an enormous debt to sculpture, which taught it in the beginning how to shade and model towards an illusion of relief, and even how to dispose that illusion in a complementary illusion of deep space. Yet some of the greatest feats of Western painting came as part of the effort it has made in the last four centuries to suppress and dispel the sculptural. Starting in Venice in the sixteenth century and continuing in Spain, Belgium, and Holland in the seventeenth, that effort was carried on at first in the name of color. When David, in the eighteenth century, sought to revive sculptural painting, it was in part to save pictorial art from the decorative flattening-out that the emphasis on color seemed to induce. Nevertheless, the strength of David's own best pictures (which are predominantly portraits) often lies as much in their color as in anything else. And Ingres, his pupil, though subordinating color far more consistently, executed pictures that were among the flattest, least sculptural done in the West by a sophisticated artist since the fourteenth century. Thus by the middle of the nineteenth century all ambitious tendencies in painting were converging (beneath their differences) in an anti-sculptural direction.

Modernism, in continuing this direction, made it more conscious of itself. With Manet and the Impressionists, the question ceased to be defined as one of color versus drawing, and became instead a question of purely optical experience as against optical experience modified or revised by tactile associations. It was in the name of the purely and literally optical, not in that of color, that the Impressionists set themselves to undermining shading and modeling and everything else that seemed to connote the sculptural. And in a way like that in which David had reacted against Fragonard in the name of the sculptural, Cézanne, and the Cubists after him, reacted against Impressionism. But once again, just as David's and Ingres' reaction had culminated in a kind of painting even less sculptural than before, so the Cubist counter-revolution entailed in a kind of painting flatter than anything Western art had seen since before Cimabue — so flat indeed that it could hardly contain recognizable images.

In the meantime the other cardinal norms of the art of painting were undergoing an equally searching inquiry, though the results may not have been equally conspicuous. It would take me more space than is at my disposal to tell how the norm of the picture's enclosing shape or frame was loosened, then tightened, then loosened once again, and then isolated and tightened once more by successive generations of Modernist painters; or how the norms of finish, of paint texture, and of value and color contrast, were tested and retested. Risks have been taken with all these, not only for the sake of new expression, but also in order to exhibit them more clearly as norms. By being exhibited and made explicit they are tested for their indispensability. This testing is by no means finished, and the fact that it becomes more searching as it proceeds accounts for the radical simplifications, as well as radical complications, in which the very latest abstract art abounds.

Neither the simplifications nor the complications are matters of logic; the contrary, the more closely and essentially the norms of a discipline become defined the less apt they are to permit liberties ('liberation' has become an abused word in connection with *avant-garde* and Modernist art). The norms or conventions of painting are also the limiting conditions with which marked-up surface must comply in order to be experienced as a picture. Modernism has found that these limiting conditions can be pushed indefinitely before a picture stops being a picture and turns into an abstract object; but it has also found that the further back these limits are pushed the more explicitly they have to be observed. The intersecting black lines colored rectangles of a Mondrian may seem hardly enough to make a picture out of, yet by echoing the picture's enclosing shape so self-evidently they function that shape as a regulating norm with a new force and a new completeness. Mondrian's art proves, with the passing of time, almost too disciplined a convention-bound in certain respects; once we have become used to its abstractness we realize that it is more traditional in its color, as well as in its subservience to the frame, than the last paintings of Monet are.

It is understood, I hope, that in plotting the rationale of Modernist art I had to simplify and exaggerate. The flatness towards which Modernist painting orients itself can never be an utter flatness. The heightened sensitivity of a picture plane may no longer permit sculptural illusion, or *trompe-l'oeil*, but does and must permit optical illusion. The first mark made on a surface denotes its virtual flatness, and the configurations of a Mondrian still suggest a kind of illusion of a kind of third dimension. Only now it is a strictly pictorial, optical illusion of a third dimension. Where the Old Masters created an illusion of space into which one could imagine oneself walking, the illusion created by a Modernist is one into which one can only look, can travel through only with the eye.

One begins to realize that the Neo-Impressionists were not altogether misguided when they flirted with science. Kantian self-criticism finds its proper expression in science rather than in philosophy, and when this kind of self-criticism was applied in art the latter was brought closer in spirit to scientific method than ever before — closer than in the early Renaissance. That visual art should confine itself exclusively to what is given in visual experience, and make reference to anything given in other orders of experience, is a notion whose only justification lies, notionally, in scientific consistency. Scientific method alone asks that a situation be resolved in exactly the same kind of terms as the one in which it is presented — a problem in physiology is solved in terms of physiology, not in those of psychology; to be solved in terms of psychology has to be presented in, or translated into, these terms first. Analogously, Modernist painting asks that a literary theme be translated into strictly optical two-dimensional terms before becoming the subject of pictorial art — which means its being translated in such a way that it entirely loses its literary character. Actually, such consistency promises nothing in the way of aesthetic quality or aesthetic results, and the fact that the best art of the past seventy

years increasingly approaches such consistency does not change this; now, however, the only consistency which counts in art is aesthetic consistency, which shows itself only in results and never in methods or means. From the point of view of art itself its convergence of spirit with science happens to be an accident, and neither art nor science gives or assures the other of anything more than it ever did. What their convergence does show, however, is a degree to which Modernist art belongs to the same historical and cultural tradition as modern science.

It should also be understood that the self-criticism of Modernist art has never been carried on in any but a spontaneous and subliminal way. It has been rather a question of practice, immanent to practice and never a topic of theory. Much has been heard about programs in connection with Modernist art, but there has really been far less of the programmatic in Modernist art than in Academic art. With a few untypical exceptions, the masters of Modernist art have betrayed no more of an appetite for fixed ideas about art than they did. Certain inclinations and emphases, certain refusals and abstinences have become necessary simply because the way to stronger, more expressive art seems to lie through them. The immediate aims of Modernist artists remain identical before anything else, and the truth and success of their work is identical before it is anything else. To the extent that it succeeds as art Modernist art partakes in no way of the character of a demonstration. It has not the accumulation over decades of a good deal of individual achievement toward the self-critical tendency of Modernist painting. No one artist was, or even consciously aware of this tendency, nor could any artist work successfully without conscious awareness of it. To this extent — which is by far the largest — art has been carried on under Modernism in the same way as before.

But I cannot insist enough that Modernism has never meant anything like a break with the past. It may mean a devolution, an unraveling of anterior art, but it also means its continuation. Modernist art develops out of the past without gap or break, and wherever it ends up it will never stop being a part of the continuity of art. The making of pictures has been continuous, since pictures first began to be made, by all the norms I have mentioned. The Paleolithic painter or engraver could disregard the norm of the picture and treat the surface in both a literally and a virtually sculptural way, and he made images rather than pictures, and worked on a support whose nature could be disregarded because (except in the case of small objects like a horn) nature gave them to the artist in an unmanageable way. But the making of pictures, as against images in the flat, means the deliberate choice of a medium of limits. This deliberateness is what Modernism harps on: that it spells out the fact that the limiting conditions of art have to be made together within human limits.

I repeat that Modernist art does not offer theoretical demonstrations. It could not, rather, that it converts all theoretical possibilities into empirical ones, and in doing so tests, inadvertently, all theories about art for their relevance to the actual practice and experience of art. Modernism is subversive in this respect alone. Ever so many factors thought to be essential to the making and

experiencing of art have been shown not to be so by the fact that Modernist art has been able to dispense with them and yet continue to provide the experience of art in all its essentials. That this 'demonstration' has left most of our old judgments intact only makes it the more conclusive. Modernism may have had something to do with the revival of the reputations of Uccello, Piero, El Greco, Georges de la Tour, and even Vermeer, and it certainly confirmed if it did not start other revivals like that of Giotto; but Modernism has not lowered thereby the standing of Leonardo, Raphael, Titian, Rubens, Rembrandt or Watteau. What Modernism has made clear is that, though the past did appreciate masterpieces like these justly, it often gave wrong or irrelevant reasons for doing so.

Still, in some ways this situation has hardly changed. Art criticism lags behind Modernist as it lagged behind pre-Modernist art. Most of the things that are written about contemporary art belong to journalism rather than criticism properly speaking. It belongs to journalism – and to the millennial complex from which so many journalists suffer in our day – that each new phase of Modernism should be hailed as the start of a whole new epoch of art marking a decisive break with all the customs and conventions of the past. Each time a kind of art is expected that will be so unlike previous kinds of art and 'liberated' from norms of practice or taste, that everybody, regardless of how informed or uninformed, will be able to have his say about it. And each time this expectation is disappointed, as the phase of Modernism in question takes its place, finally, in the intelligible continuity of taste and tradition, and as it becomes clear that the same demands as before are made on artist and spectator.

Nothing could be further from the authentic art of our time than the idea of a rupture of continuity. Art is, among many other things, continuity. Without the past of art, and without the need and compulsion to maintain past standards of excellence, such a thing as Modernist art would be impossible.

5 Theodor Adorno (1903–1969) from 'Commitment'

After the Second World War members of the Frankfurt School, who had been exiled to the USA during the Nazi years, returned to West Germany and re-established the Institute for Social Research in Frankfurt. Adorno became its Director after Horkheimer's retirement in 1959. Adorno remained hostile to overtly political art, a position which he initially set out in his dialogue with Walter Benjamin in the 1930s (see Vb7). This debate was given renewed currency after the war by Sartre's essay 'What is Literature?', who had called for a committed art. In the present text Adorno reaffirms his belief in the critical power of autonomous art, a position which in the later 1960s was to bring him into conflict with a new generation of radical student activists. Adorno's is not, however, a claim for *l'art pour l'art*. Rather, it proceeds from an acknowledgement that the very high ground of commitment was open to claim by the Right as readily as by the Left. Adorno had earlier claimed that to write poetry after Auschwitz would be barbaric. Without abandoning this claim he now reread it, not as a total prohibition on art but as a prohibition on committed art. For its very commitment required, as he put it, *enferme* with the world which was to be affected. The paradoxical result was that the autonomous work of art could be the site of resistance to the competing interest

of a debased reality. Written in 1962 the essay was published in English translation by McDougall in A. Arato and E. Gebhardt (eds.), *The Essential Frankfurt School Reader* (Oxford, 1978). The present extracts form three of the essay's four concluding sections.

The Problem of Suffering

I have no wish to soften the saying that to write lyric poetry after Auschwitz is barbaric; it expresses in negative form the impulse which inspires committed literature. The question asked by a character in Sartre's play *Morts Sans sépulture*, 'Is there any meaning in life when men exist who beat people until the bones break in their bodies?', is also the question whether any art now has a right to exist; whether intellectual regression is not inherent in the concept of committed literature because of the regression of society. But Enzensberger's report also remains true, that literature must resist this verdict, in other words be such that its mere existence after Auschwitz is not a surrender to cynicism in its own situation is one of paradox, not merely the problem of how to react to it. The abundance of real suffering tolerates no forgetting; Pascal's theological sayings, *On ne doit plus dormir*, must be secularized. Yet this suffering, which Hegel called consciousness of adversity, also demands the continued existence of art while it prohibits it; it is now virtually in art alone that suffering can still find its own voice, consolation, without immediately being betrayed by it. The most important artists of the age have realized this. The uncompromising radicalism of their works, the very features defamed as formalism, give them a justifying power, absent from helpless poems to the victims of our time. But even Schönberg's *Surrevoir of Warsaw* remains trapped in the aporia to which his autonomous figuration of heteronomy raised to the intensity of hell, totally surrenders. There is something painful in Schönberg's compositions – not what touches anger in Germany, the fact that they prevent people from repressing from memory what they at all costs want to repress. It is rather the way in which, by turning suffering into images, despite all their hard implacability, they wound our shame before the victims. For these are used to create something, works of art, that are thrown to the consumption of a world which destroyed them. The so-called artistic representation of the sheer physical pain of people beaten to the ground by rifle butts contains, however remotely, the power to elicit enjoyment out of it. The moral of this art, not to forget for a single instant, slithers into the abyss of its opposite. The esthetic principle of articulation, and even the solemn prayer of the chorus, make an unthinkable fate appear to have had some meaning; it is transfigured, something of its horror is removed. This alone does an injustice to the victims; yet no art which tried to study them could stand upright before justice. Even the sound of despair pays a tribute to a hideous affirmation. Works of less than the highest rank are not willingly absorbed, as contributions to clearing up the past. When genocide becomes part of the cultural heritage in the themes of committed literature, it becomes easier to continue to play along with the culture which gave birth to it. There is one nearly invariable characteristic of such literature. It is that it implies, purposely or not, that even in the so-called extreme situations, involved