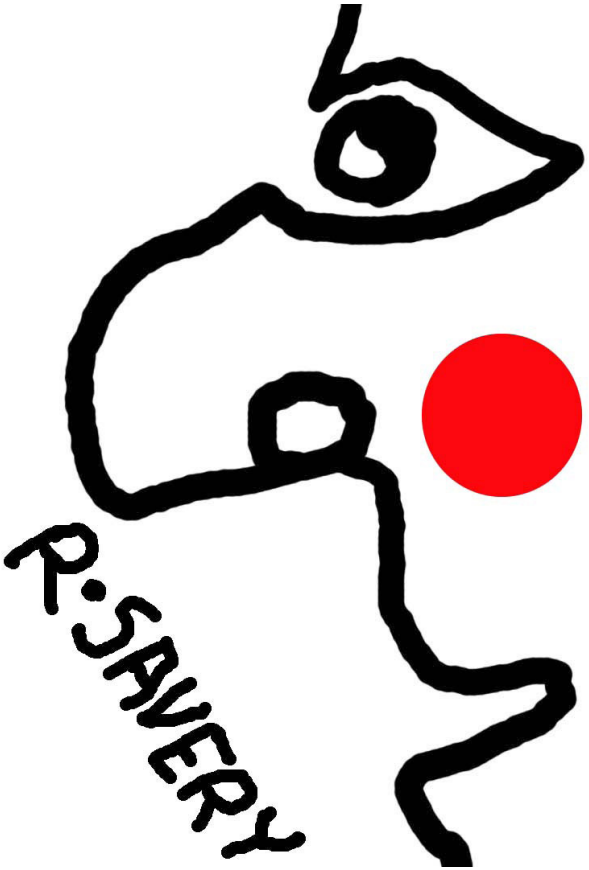
A masterpiece in a home



An unexpected look on art

Martin Fahlén

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A MASTERPIECE IN A HOME

AN UNEXPECTED LOOK ON ART

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”You understand” said Pippi.
”There is nothing as good as beeing a searcher of objects.”
Astrid Lindgren

A LOST PARADISE

My youngest brother Arnold who is an eager visitor of museums, recently sent me an e-mail.

"*Here in Berlin, the children get to experience good art from an early age! All the paintings on the wall have been signed by your favorite master!*"

A school class in front of paintings by Roelant Savery in Gemäldegalerie, Berlin.

Arnold had attached a photo from the famous Gemäldegalerie showing school children in front of paintings by Roelant Savery. Arnold had referred to my special relationship to the painting "*Rocky landscape with animals*" which our grandparents from Norway, Marta and Arnold Raestad,

bought in 1918, while they were attending an International Law meeting in London.

They hang their new acquisition on the most suitible place in their living room in Oslo where it stayed until the secret police Gestapo occupied the house during the invasion of Norway in 1940. In that sad moment, Marta and Arnold had to take flight northward. During their movement by car and boat to Tromso they were repeatedly attacked by the German Luftwaffe, but succeeded in leaving the country together with king Haakon VII, the exile government and the Norwegian gold reserve.

When they came back home after the war all rooms were in a mess with empty bookshelves and the painting by Savery was found to be stolen. They managed to retrieve it, although my grandfather was soon dying of cancer.

Marta showed tears of sorrow. The painting illustrated a lost paradise for her. I was enthralled when I saw it for the first time. If she had asked me if I liked it, I would probably respond that it was beautiful even if children seldom express something special in front of a painting that they regard as an ongoing tale. I was acting as if I was seen by the painting itself. I remember that I at that time, five years old, found the holes from the shootings by Gestapo in grandmother´s staircase more gripping than Savery.

A few years after the war had ended Marta gave the painting to my father in Sweden as a gift. She wanted to express her thanks for his medical assistance while my grand-

father Arnold needed terminal care. From that moment on the masterpiece was hung on a wall in our dining room in Djursholm, a wealthy suburb of Stockholm.

When the painting arrived in our home I was eight years old. I sat close to it during dinners. Fried herring with mashed potatoes was often served and we always had lingonberry juice with our meals. Being well brought up, I kept my left hand flat on the table close to the plate and watched the painting while I ate.

These two simultaneous acts of digestion made life stand still. While I sat there, slightly squeezed between two table legs, the painting peaked my early interest in art and creativity. In this locked position, the artist became another guest in the room. I was never bored.

During a moment of fancied economic crisis, my father sold the painting in 1966 without asking me whether a sale was necessary. He was depressed, and needed after careful consideration a sacrifice. My attention was not diverted from the painting as he might have thought. I just lived in another town, was married, had two children and was close to a final exam in medicine in Gothenburg.

When I heard that it was sold I felt despair at being deceived together with my idol Savery. During my coming travels, I compulsively searched for the lost painting in museums abroad. It was not to be found in Verona, Oslo, London, Munich, Brussels, Paris or Vienna. I often found works with a style like the one I wished to see again, but

common sense told me that the painting was not expected to be found.

By sheer coincidence, I finally found it in 1988, still in the frame my father and I had made in 1953. It hung close to a painting by Rembrandt in the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. I was then a middle-aged man and realized that my finding by happenstance had provided an impetus including feeling of responsibility to stress the importance of watching good art from an early age.

Rocky landscape with animals. Oil on canvas. Roelant Savery. 62x104 cm. Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

THE FLEMISH PAINTER

History was embedded in our painting "*Rocky landscape with animals*". Besides being a source for inspiration it had been a reminder of the fact that it had been stolen at least twice during different wars.

It was painted around 1608, when Rolant Savery was 32 years of age. This was during his most creative years. At that time, he had been demonstrating a decisive effort in cultivating discoveries from the primeval forest in Tyrol.

He had developed a skill with special emphasis on the representation of trees at all stages of life and death. Savery was a well-trained miniaturist and therefore know how to put emphasis on details.

With manual dexterity, he had created various memorable illusions. In a still life his flowers were more expressive than seen before. In a single bouquet, he depicted the life cycle often with some decorative insects, birds and lizards.

In the background of the landscape there are remnants of a bridge from the Roman Empire, painted with a minuscule brush. Even though the bridge is very small and hardly to be seen, its existence within the painting reminds of humanity's presence in nature.

I understood that the painting was a scene in a theater for all times, a mixture of sharp observation and imagination. As a consequence, I started to copy drawings of very old

stone arch bridges with sacred geometry. It happened when I was twelve years old. My father Torbjörn had another obsession in his mind related to the painting. He did not like the frame.

He was fifty years old when he showed me how together we could improve the painting by building a frame in the Baroque style. It would replace an old and gaudy frame in the Empire style.

Our endeavor to create something true to the period of Savery seemed to be, in its way, akin to the act of saving a life. With these strong words, I mean that I developed a bond with the masterpiece, the fate of which I wanted to follow.

I wondered about the impact of the painting on its very first viewers. It was a question about how our need for art was intermingled with the presence of other cultural forces. In such a powerful environment, we search a defined identity before we dare to make comments on art. Therefore, we often follow current trends with authoritarian viewpoints from books, religion, or political leaders.

Due to our self-centered behavior imprinted by time and education we often forget that the thoughts, ideologies, and influences affecting different periods vary greatly. With intention, we can bridge the days which separate us from bygone generations by visiting libraries and regarding paintings as products from thoughts from more than one person.

I wanted to further explore the works of Roelant Savery

(1576-1636) by reading about the possible influences of others. The study about his origin was a mending of my soul and a continuation of my childhood work with the frame I made together with my father.

I find Savery and his works to be important for our time as he painted peaceful coexistence with humor. There is a mixture of reality and enigmatic fancifulness in his works with caricatures of us humans as animals.

This juxtaposition of humorous thoughts facilitates my understanding of our present limitations compensated by different rulers' defiance of laws in nature combined with promises about future expansion and unlimited consumerism.

His works gradually shed more light on our time when I think about his sad experiences when he was a child and had to flee during the Spanish invasion.

For several critics Savery has come from oblivion and is now considered comparable to better-known artists such as Caravaggio (1571-1610), known for his pictorial inventions of drama and movements well illustrated in a painting of a boy expressively yanking his hand away from an attack by a lizard. One can almost hear the boy screaming.

Both artists acted like modern photographers of sports carrying camera with short shutter speeds. They depicted the movements of life with every detail in seemingly captured moments. That makes us halt, forcing us to take time to observe nature and to consider our dependence on it. When

Study on clothes. Roelant Savery. 15x10 cm. Rijksmuseum. Amsterdam.

we look at movements we follow the source and fate of energy and see how parts fit together and are related to the extra energy formed as a final.

After several years watching the painting by Savery in the dining room, I noticed a moral statement. Savery shared opinions about human need with Pieter Bruegel (1525-1569). Both were pacifists and had previously packed their paintings with people heedless of class to revolt against cruelties. I saw animals and birds as if they were people with a plea for peace and coexistence.

When Savery found human traits in animals, he depicted body language. An elephant is not an elephant in profile or with another ridged pose, but rather an individualized and humanized elephant rubbing his back against a tree.

As a child, with such closely connected expressions in the masterpiece hanging in the dining room, it was easy for me to become involved. I let my eyes roam around the scene visiting the animals and following movements from a standstill.

At the dinner table these movements were revitalizing. It quenched my thirst as well as the lingonberry juice. In the painting, my brother Tom and I realized our need for physical exercise.

After meals, we often ran out to a field to play soccer or practice decathlon events such as pole-vaulting without the interference of adults. While Savery had fun when he painted his herons in the air, we followed his spirit by making

model airplanes of balsa wood and tissue paper.

A similar drive and gradually enriching consequences from details and movements are seen in scientific work. Ignorance drives the work and in laboratories, light is turned on even during night. An invention might be the result.

Some researchers, however, move close to the border of madness due to the great difficulties seen on the road ahead. An addictive and time-consuming task can easily generate mood swings between happiness and humiliation in anyone. Ideas and concepts, which have carefully been constructed, collapse when presented with new and unexpected evidence. Anxiety with gloomy thoughts on wasted time soon follow.

I knowingly took this risk with a project to find the painting after it had been sold in 1966. My intention was to follow the fate of a painting; it seemed as if the search itself was the painting in a more extended and complex form.

Even if I tried I did not expect to find the painting, but accepted a failure while searching for something more fruitful in the periphery, something full of facts and memories which could shed light on nature. I also considered that circumstances beyond the control of Savery could influence how I, as his onlooker, perceived his work. With such dynamics of influences from different forces, I faced the risk of losing pathway.

During a visit to Brussels in 1999 I entered an antiquarian bookshop and asked for books about Roelant Savery.

Plundering of a village. Roelant Savery. 48x69 cm. Broel Museum. Kortrijk.

The proprietor scanned the shelves and smiled with pleasure having found an offprint from 1931. He gave it to me without asking for payment as though he had just cleaned the shelf from what could never be sold. He must have felt that he was supporting my research within a very narrow field.

The author of the booklet was Arthur Laes, a restorer from Flanders who had dedicated the booklet to another restorer, Paul Rolland, also from Flanders. Both have been forgotten, the almost inevitable fate which awaits restorers of art. I feel close to their craft and fate after having made a frame in the Baroque style together with my father.

In the introduction to the booklet, Laes recognizes the fact that Savery is not well-known. He wants to see him more

Bouquet of flowers with two lizards. Roelant Savery. 29x19 cm. Centraal Museum, Utrecht.

appreciated and reminds about the thesis “Roelant Savery” by Kurt Erasmus from 1907 where all paintings are listed. Laes emphasizes the fact that Savery was born in Flanders and that he remained Flemish painter throughout his life, irrespective of where he happened to live during his lifetime.

The Flemish style of painting during the 16th century and early 17th century was relatively bolder and more romantic compared with the style employed by Dutch artists. With these strengths Savery was far from unknown during his lifetime. On the contrary, he was a star.

In 1604, when he was 28 years old, the emperor Rudolf II (1576-1612) selected him to become a court painter in Prague. He was then one of several artists, represented with motifs often related to the Bible and to natural philosophy. His time-consuming miniature work often resulted in small formats.

The total production with 187 paintings was modest. This is about half compared to Rembrandt and one tenth of what Picasso did. Not only Rudolph II admired him. In the market throughout the 17th century, the paintings were highly valued, almost at the same level as Rembrandt, who was at the top. On one occasion he was paid more than Rembrandt. The market was dependent on what was seen in the collections of rich people and royalties.

The emperor began looking at fine art from an early age. During his education in Madrid, at the court of his uncle Philip II, he was delighted to have seen paintings by the

Flemish artist Pieter Bruegel. This early preference for the artist's works later determined the appointment of Savery. Bruegel had at the time of the employment been dead for 35 years, but his style had survived in works by Savery, whose drawings were later sometimes mistakenly attributed to Bruegel. Thanks to a close look at the fashion in these drawings, it was found that the styles depicted had not yet arrived during the lifetime of Bruegel.

Both artists were pacifists and demonstrated stand against war in their paintings. They demonstrated empathy for children, women, and hard-working peasants during the frequent wars of the period.

Bruegel painted "*The Massacre of the Innocents*", a transference of a biblical tale to his own time. Matthew 2:16-18 describes Herod's fear that the Messiah had been born and his consequent order to kill all boys who were two years old or younger.

The decapitated children lying naked in the snow clearly shows Bruegel's abhorrence of wars. Savery, who had witnessed the horrors of war as a child, made a paraphrase of Bruegel´s painting in 1604. It was "*Plundering of a Village*", which shows a similar motif with snow, trees and houses.

Instead of corpses on the ground there is a knife directed against a woman behind a window. In general, Savery's paintings seem to hold a hope for human thoughtfulness. The motifs are allegorical and mythological, including Noah's

Ark, the paradise, the good Orpheus and the Tower of Babel.

Roelant Savery was born in the Flemish town Kortrijk in 1576. He was the youngest of four siblings. When he was four years old, he saw his hometown plundered and burnt during the Spanish invasion led by Philip II. The family and other pacifist Protestants, among whom were several artists, had to take refuge in Holland. Later, when he was 10 years old, his mother Catelina died.

His father, Maerten, was an artist of limited success, but he taught his sons well, and they were soon in demand on the market. Roelant's elder brother Jacob, completed his period of apprenticeship with the Flemish painter Hans Bol (1534-1593).

Roelant was learning the style of Bol when he worked with Jacob. There were also influences from the Flemish artist Gillis van Coninxloo (1544-1607), who was the dominating specialist on soulful trees. A growing group of artists was beginning to create the expressive style of landscapes which replaced earlier rigid ideals.

From this step, Jacob and Roelant developed a specialty. They filled landscapes with branches and animals on the move. Through this cross-fertilization, the pictures gained more energy. The style caused some confusion over its correct classification. Some critics would describe the decorative animals as not primary subject matter of the work, assuming the landscape to be the primary focus within these paintings, while others argue that these are animal paintings

where the landscape plays a secondary role. Such hairsplitting must mean that not all could understand the importance of the new style and how extra energy was made.

The style of Jacob could be discerned in the early paintings by Roelant. The brothers' collaboration terminated when Jacob died from the plague in 1603. Later, in continuation of the familial tradition, Roelant painted together with his nephew, Hans Savery II, but most of his artistic life Roelant worked alone.

This "*pair painting*" often practiced was an excellent way of enhancing production and trading mastery. The pupil followed a master as a tribute without risking accusation of plagiarism and it was possible for the pupil to experience success without waiting for his own debut.

When I was twelve, I went to the edge of a nearby lake, set up my easel and started my attempts at catching the light in paint as if I had to do homework ordered by my master in the dining room. My biology teacher walked by and laughed, wondering if I was an artist.

This guiding mockery from him turned me toward the studies of natural sciences and medicine instead of art, though I never deviated from the lust for discovery and creativity. The painting by Savery added zest that could be used elsewhere. He had at least trained my mind´s eye and the fun of concentration during manual work.

My parents did not show great enthusiasm for my artwork. My grades in drawing and physical education were

high while the other, more important, grades too low. They often pointed out that it is too difficult to draw and paint, but they could not curb my imagination. When I was full of passion and self-esteem, they were arbiters of all sorts of taste and were seldom bewildered in front of art.

Unfortunately, they were a little too dependent on the signature of the painting to be able to express their opinion about Savery. If the signature was not seen, my grandmother Marta and my parents said the painting was not by Savery, but was in his style.

My mother had to repeat the name Savery several times for me. It was difficult to pronounce it correctly. It was easier to say "*The Marta painting*".

My parents found it be possible that several artists worked on the painting together and I soon imagined being one of several pupils in the studio of the master. We painted together on his canvas following directions with the silence needed for concentration.

For short moments, I thought I knew the painting by heart as if it was a poem to present, but I soon realized that a good painting tends to change from time to time.

Today, I wonder at how little we at the dinner table talked about the importance of Flemish art and the significance of Rudolf II's court, with his fruitful mix of artists and scientists under the same roof. The emperor's tastes and political power were prerequisites for cultural development. Rudolf II gave instructions to his artists and scientists as a

good teacher might. Despite signs of generosity and creativity from the emperor, many a people in court were more concerned about his mental health. He was a warrior and talked about peace. With a forked tongue, he was a man of moods, mute and unpredictable.

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WITH THE EMPEROR

The artists at the court of Rudolf II worked in the Mannerist style, seen from 1520 to 1600 in Italy and Flanders. They painted moving figures rather than rigid poses. Some forms from nature were exaggerated while others were erased. Such efforts relate to all works of art, but the style was a movement of liberation against the moderate ideals found earlier during the Renaissance.

Deliberate distortions in images, which conveyed double meaning, perplexed onlookers. The possibility for multiple interpretations puts demands on the viewer´s imagination and flexibility. The viewer cannot discern two possible images at the same time from the same outlines and forms, but can only choose one or the other. These contradictions evoke humorous thoughts about how difficult it is to trust our mind in real life.

From my place at the dinner table, in front of the painting by Savery, I found the opportunity to change perception most entertaining. The discovery of images which popped up in front of me—perhaps looking like a large human profile in the forest—gave rise to inner laughter. My playful visual examination of the picture was different from what my parents saw.

They had another view from my own experience of Savery's painting and the peekaboo I found therein. They thought that all images have limitations and did not want

Rudolf II as Vertumnus. Giuseppe Archimboldo. 58x70 cm. Skokloster.

to see the profile and told me that the artist had intended something else. Despite their knowledge, I realized that Savery—with his hidden indications—gave me the right to interpret his painting in whichever way I chose from one moment to another.

One of the most ingenious artists of the double-meaning image was the Italian Giuseppe Arcimboldo (1527-1593). He came from Milano and was a pioneer within Mannerism. Rudolph's father, Maximilian II, hired him for a period before Savery arrived. In his painting "*Vertumnus*" Rudolf II was portrayed as the God of gardens and the seasons. The nose on the portrait is a pear, while fruits, vegetables and flowers represent other parts of the head. The image by Arcimboldo encourages us to investigate nature by searching for points of correspondence as when we are sifting pieces in a puzzle.

This style—where detailed objects from nature were building blocks of the portrait—was a study in anthropomorphism and reflected thoughts in natural philosophy. The emperor in the portrait by Arcimboldo became a hero superior to nature. The seriousness in the homage is strengthened by the fact that objects are detailed and true to life. Arcimboldo was encouraged by the emperor to continue with his glorifying work.

With the painting called "*The librarian*" he honored the reader as well as the manic collector of books with building blocks of books. The nose of the librarian is the spine of a

book. Hair consists of pages sprouting in all directions from a wide opened book.

Natural philosophy was given high priority by Rudolf II. Contact with the spirits was then mandatory to solve human problems. The emperor hoped to channel this contact through various means. Paintings, music and words were regarded as baits with encapsulated communication capacities. He wanted to find answers on how to make gold to drink and about the laws in the Universe. Various skilled people should implement this dream.

Besides artists, there were alchemists, astrologers, magicians and true scientists invited to the court. His fishing for solutions might seem to have been a primitive method, but must be respected because it included active steps in search for a better world. By generous invitations the emperor indirectly bestowed on art and science.

The artists received special attention and higher commissions. They left the guild of craftsmen to be better paid. The artists at court were sociable and often talented in a wide variety of professions.

Arcimboldo set an early example for the other artists. He could act as an engineer, as a part of his profession as an artist or act as an artist as a part of his profession as an engineer. This versatile man invented a hydraulic machine and a tonal system based on a color scale. Nature and art was combined. He was an architect and designed costumes for festivals. At one special event, he ordered an elephant to

kneel before the emperor, who had authorized him to purchase antiques and exotic animals from the "*New World*".

Rudolf II was interested in the world around him, but travels made him anxious. He found it difficult to leave his museum and felt more secure staying inside the castle. Instead, others were asked to make trips to places he wanted to see again.

His intention was to garner support for his sovereignty by showing paintings in the castle from the different regions of the great Habsburg Empire. The emperor asked Savery to go out in the countryside and act as an artist and a political observer. He desired images from Bohemia and Tyrol which were the most treasured possessions. Savery was sent to Tyrol for the first time in 1606 and made repeated visits over the next two years.

Savery was also granted access to a unique zoo built by Rudolph II. It was far greater than any other throughout Europe. In the zoo, he matured as an artist by making drawings of an unusually large number of imported animals and birds. For diplomats visiting the castle every detail from such treasures was exhibited as a proof of supremacy. Art and propaganda were combined.

Among a variety of exotic species imported during colonialism, Savery expressed much interest in the now extinct dodo bird from Mauritius. He made several depictions of it. Most likely, the artwork was based on stories from sailors and clumsily stuffed examples from reconstructions.

Savery was inspired by what he saw and chose artistic rather than scientific expressions. His dodo was included in some paintings as a symbol of a lost paradise and of gluttony, due to its apparent fatness.

It serves as a reminder of the capacity of humans for cruel extinction of birds and animals. His paintings often symbolized the transitory in nature, but he could not have anticipated the dodo's disappearance from Mother Earth by 1681.

Having finally found what he and his brother Jacob had been dreaming about in their flat, level homeland, Savery developed an enthusiasm for the dramatic rock formations. In his work he began to mix his findings from the zoo with the dramatic forms he observed in the Tyrol.

The drawings from these trips were not just sketches intended for larger works, but were also used to stand alone as works of art which have deepened our understanding of his efforts, the challenges he faced and his gradual development as an artist.

Savery strove to make his work more remarkable than mere reproductions. He and other Mannerists regarded nature as a teacher of art, who should not be copied, but surpassed. If Savery drew a tree in a forest, it became a unique tree, something true to nature yet even more beautiful and full of expression. A prerequisite for such success was a willingness to leave the studio, a novel step in the early 17th century.

Rocky landscape with a waterfall. Roelant Savery. 38x41 cm. Rijksmuseum. Amsterdam.

Scientists soon embarked on similarly profitable journeys abroad. The expeditions were not always safe, but favored the development of knowledge. Reports from these journeys reflected individualism. Savery explored by foot and depicted himself sitting alone with his pen in the wilderness.

His personal efforts climbing in the forest were also steps for mankind, enabling us to reach discoveries. He learned from the problems he encountered in this new world. The drawings show waterfalls from different angles, which makes one want to be his travel companion and participate in his investigations.

Rembrandt (1606-1669) owned some drawings by Savery and followed in his footsteps by making landscape drawings around Amsterdam. This new method—of working in the open air with changing skies—was the true beginning of Impressionism.

Before that, Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519) had propagated the idea of going out in nature for discovery. He claimed that the more an artist imitated the works of the old masters, the poorer the results would be.

With drawings of swirls and splashes in the water, Leonardo demonstrated his method of acquiring knowledge. Savery broadened the outdoor approach. His depictions of waterfalls were as wild as they appear in nature and carried what he wanted to express. While Leonardo approached nature with an analytical and dissecting eye, focusing on one

part at a time, Savery saw the overall picture. For Savery, a stream was just one dynamic ingredient in a picture, along with wild towering cliffs, trees and wildlife. To arrange the accumulation of weighty objects in creation of the coherent whole, he used to divide the scene into well-defined "rooms". Hilly landscapes and the paths of water contributed to this spatiality which Savery filled with life. In his works, we can't help, but see the relation between rocks and vegetation.

The crags and cliffs in the Tyrol are dramatic, sometimes columnar as the hardness of the sedimentary rocks varies in resistance against the forces of erosion. From the paintings, we can see the rocks are primarily limestone due to the formations and structure of the rock. Thanks to a mixture of calcium carbonate and manganese the colors of the cliffs shift in warm shades from yellow to red.

This scenery is particularly beautiful in the late afternoon, which Savery also depicted in several paintings. The calcareous limestone provides for lush vegetation. An eye-catching form of growth is the strong fixation of trees standing directly on the rocks.

This phenomenon is something that Savery have described with exactness, but he could not know that the fixation he observed was made feasible when acidic roots and basic rock met at a molecular level and strongly contributed to weathering and further spreading of roots in gradually widened cracks.

The rocks in the Tyrol are part of the Dolomites, which are remnants of the bottom of a tropical sea with coral reefs. Displacement of plates from the surface of the earth raised the seabed and compressed it to high mountains. Fossils—like memories—ended up in the mountains and have since ancient times steered the imagination towards evolution.

Savery described the dramatic interplay between rock and plants, but it was the physician, anatomist, geologist, bishop and talented scientific draughtsman, Niels Steensen also known as Steno (1638-1686), who would—fifty years later—pick up fossils and understand geology by comparing similar findings from different places on the earth. He then developed principles of a geologic time scale to understand the rocks he saw.

Steno associated his memories of fossils in the Alps with teeth from a shark he saw while visiting fishermen in Livorno. Consequently, he described sedimentary rocks and reported that there must be an order and timing in the making of the layers.

With such a discovery, Steno became the father of geology. Thanks to his travels, he could combine different findings by asking questions and drawing conclusions. He wrote: "*Wonderful is what we see. More wonderful is what we understand. Most wonderful is what we are ignorant about*." Steno sought knowledge from his own carefully drawn observations. Savery also made exploratory drawings, and both Savery and Steno can be grouped with

several seekers of truth using drawings. One of these was Galileo Galilei (1564-1642).

Galileo claimed that his talent in making drawings was necessary to describe astronomical discoveries. Drawing is a vehicle for discovery. He compared a good scientist with a great artist and said that both the artist and the scientist must be able to draw from their own observations to become great masters.

The artist sees and draws an initial line. With several lines an image is created, which is a new observation giving answers to questions or adding new questions. The artist recognizes that something can be born of lines and continues to draw to tell something that is beyond mystery. Galilei drew the mountains on the moon with the same intensity as Savery reported his passions.

Geologists have paid attention to a drawing by Savery depicting a valley that had been the result of sedimentary folding. It is a detailed image of a syncline, which is located in Barrandov close to Prague. This downward fold was caused by forces of moving earth plates acting against each other and horizontally, nothing that Savery could have understood or heard of, yet he acted like a pointer indicating a place for future geologists to explore.

Accurate details in drawings raise questions about origin and function. Painters of birds become ornithologists and painters of flowers are researchers of botany. Savery drew to collect and remember what he had observed. This

Drawing of a syncline. Roelant Savery. 48x52 cm. Louvre.

ark with all the animals became a motif symbolizing creativity, a talent that Savery shared with the emperor who was an amateur artist and creative as an organizer.

In his castle, Rudolf II had approximately three thousand paintings, a great deal by older masters such as Hieronymus Bosch, Albrecht Dürer, Raphael, Titian, Correggio, Paul Veronese, Leonardo and Tintoretto.

The emperor often contemplated in front of each masterpiece hoping for a cure. He never seemed to be free from gloom and manic-depressive swings, despite the humor he was looking for and was served in abundance. When apathy was less severe, he could make purchases and show appreciation as a major patron of arts. He then stood for something great in European cultural history by giving extra energy to the tradition that a ruler was a patron of art.

The works of art, which filled the castle, were the result of trade, plundering and gifts during diplomatic negotiations. Diplomats and artists were sent out to collect items. The excellent objects in the castle became part of the emperor's private sphere and could be used as his propaganda. Despite these intentions, diplomacy did not work. During the Thirty Years' War, the collection in Prague was plundered and scattered. Works of art became like pawns in a game, triumphantly transferred from one emperor to another.

In 1648, the Swedish troops carried a large load of stolen goods to Christina (1626-1689), queen of Sweden. She allowed someone of her artists to paint over corpses of babies

from Bruegel's "*The Massacre of the innocents*" to fit her personal taste. The painting "*Vertumnus*" by Arcimboldo belonged to the loot, and now hangs in the castle Skokloster in Sweden. Our painting "*Rocky landscape with animals*" by Savery was probably stolen at the same time, but we do not know its fate until 1918 when it was bought in London by my grandparents.

We know little about how Rudolph II expressed himself verbally in the company of the artists because he was mostly silent. He had a definite taste, which was displayed through his purchases and orders. The artists were influenced and inspired by him. The emperor suffered from bipolar disorder with concomitant creativity. A manic phase sometimes gives the extra power needed to fulfill a plan.

Patients with this disease can often be disturbing for other members of the family, but have often contributed to the development of society if not hindered by the fear of change of others. Rudolf II showed his creative talent as an amateur artist, alchemist and in arranging contacts between carefully chosen workers, facilitated by the fact that he as a Catholic was tolerant to other religions.

The Emperor's tolerance and generous attitude to diversity made the court an essential breeding ground for development. It was here various researchers gathered and conditions existed for a multi-disciplinary network of people devoted to art, science, medicine, magic, mythology, alchemy, astronomy and astrology.

method made him more reliable and skilled in discerning differences while searching in a new world.

A similar service for all kinds of research during the 17th century was to give things names, classify per criteria, and make one list after another. Images were important to broaden experiences, raise questions about the processes in nature and contribute to classification. The flowering of art in Prague was linked to the emperor's thirst for knowledge. At the dinner table, we never talked about this mix of science and art found in our masterpiece, but we might have seen it without reflection.

When I was a teenager, I wanted to know something about the style of painting. Savery was earnest, which I thought was a style. I liked it but, I could not imagine myself giving such a detailed account when I made my own drawings. Instead, he broadened my vision when I investigated the wing of a fly in the microscope.

When my physics teacher invited a schoolmate and me to the school's observatory to look at the Andromeda Galaxy, we felt the same thrill as from the microscope and my grade in physics rose to the level I had in drawing. I then saw a dual role as artist and scientist for my future career.

Rudolf II stimulated art and science by building huge collections. The core was his cabinets of curiosities in a museum called "Kunstkammer" located in the castle. Various findings seemed to be tied up into a single trophy or a microcosm in control. Such an assiduous collecting of all sorts

of things can sometimes be a disease. The Pope wondered if that was the case. Johannes Pistorius, a physician in the court, answered in a letter that the emperor indeed was melancholic, but not at all affected by obsessive thoughts in his actions.

His collecting habit was extreme, but well organized and part of a social activity that we enjoy even today. The emperor might have observed how the collections tended to grow requiring structure and a system of lists. There was as always, a risk of overload and disputes about how close things could be distinguished from each other. The ignorance thus revealed stimulated questioning and drew science forward.

The emperor had taken over interests from his father Maximilian II and his grandfather Ferdinand I. Alongside his focus on art, old books, precious stones, silver, gold, fossils, watches and machines, the emperor took an interest in horses and gardens.

In the gardens, the first and very expensive and coveted tulips in Europe were cultivated. A tulip mania followed with an economic bubble bursting in Europe for the first time in 1637.

Other trendy issues about nature were the creation story and Noah's ark. The interest was reflected in the collections. Rudolf II claimed to own two nails that came from the ark. For an artist like Savery, these nails must have been breathtaking as Genesis was a major theme in his work. The

We usually distinguish art from science by stating that art touches sensual values such as heat, cold, laughter, fear, longing, uncertainties, mysteries, and of course color, shape, time and rhythm, where the whole hopefully is greater than the parts. Science on the other hand is based on the laws of nature which we with our human limitations can see or need to consider as theories.

We are amused by how these separable activities have the same dependence of human curiosity and imagination that raises questions and generates discoveries within the domains. Science develops gradually and leads often to prosperity, but cannot easily be reviewed by non-professionals, for whom art is somewhat more accessible.

Artistic expression comments on the taste prevailing at the time and can in this way make us free from temporary visual conventions. Different styles pop up and are easily forgotten after some years, while science forms a more lasting foundation of importance for future research.

One scientific law after another gives us an image of nature as if it is just a collection of elements and functions in a huge coherent machinery. While we face the apparent stability of the clockwork, we are gripped by the laws of chance and other aspects of probability.

Something that is very unlikely to happen is also difficult to grasp and gives birth to our greatest wonder. Art and science are involved in such mathematics that can change the way we look at our world. Science can be verified or tested,

but it is sometimes difficult. Art is something more personal and needs no verification, but can be criticized as any way of thinking.

The emperor looked at art, as it was some sort of alchemy giving hopes for a better life. He had the same expectations from astrology when he welcomed Tycho Brahe (1546-1601) and Johannes Kepler (1571-1630), but he did not imagine what significance this meeting by chance would have.

Afterwards, it became an example of the profound changes in thinking and research that would come during the 17th century. Antonie van Leeuwenhoek would develop the microscope, Harvey would map blood circulation and Isaac Newton would describe the laws of gravity.

Brahe was an astronomer as well as an astrologer. In 1572, he saw a new nebula bursting in the sky whereby he doubted his earlier static view on the universe. After a dispute with the Danish king, he was forced to flee from the island of Ven and in 1599, he was given sanctuary at the emperor's court where he became the court mathematician. One year later, Kepler joined Brahe as a co-worker.

After Brahe's death in 1601, Kepler took over the post as court mathematician. Kepler was interested in magic and did not disdain astrology, but he called for moderation in its use and argued that position of stars and movements of planets were not influencing the work of the emperor. Kepler was both a theologian and mathematician and had searched

for evidence for a universal theory of harmony. Always trying to press home his arguments supporting this theory, he was often involved in quarrels. He had one with the tolerant physician of the court Johannes Pistorius, who kindly ended a dispute with the words: "*I will anyway remain your friend and servant because your talent in mathematics and your rare genius deserves it*".

Knowledge meant something. Research and art were social activities in a court, which we can imagine included few boring people. We can assume that Savery listened to talks about the importance of geometry, which per Kepler permeated everything. The mentioned genius of the invited mathematician showed its power when he from the planet observations made by Tycho Brahe converted data to meaningful information. Brahe had made his observations during his life on the island Ven. Being alone there, he was not able to interpret his own findings. For Kepler, this serendipitous interaction resulted in more realistic work than what he otherwise was used to.

Kepler could re-examine and falsify his earlier model, in which he assumed that the planets moved in circles. He was not inflexible, but let himself be influenced by Brahe's observations. Through mathematical solutions, he found how planets do not move in circles, but instead move in ellipses around the sun. Kepler was now standing honored on Brahe's shoulders.

Later, Newton would stand on the shoulders of Kepler

and Newton would have Einstein on his shoulders. These men produced gradually increasing knowledge that later made it possible to step on the moon.

With this simplified view of the history of science, we easily forget individuals acting as facilitators in its development. Rudolf II, who had an alchemy laboratory of his own, was one of them. A central question in the laboratory was how to make gold into a liquid form, which one could drink. The emperor's mind was set on a strange concept, but with this question his important invitations and broad-minded plans he indirectly contributed to the development of science and the flourishing of art simultaneously. It was an achievement and an example of how a seemingly bizarre direction in a laboratory can be the seed of multipotency.

The philosopher Francis Bacon (1561-1626) never met Rudolf II, but had impact on emperors. In England, he worked on the idea that a good ruler should stimulate science, which was seemingly parallel with art and magic and steeped in religiosity.

Mathematics, numerology and geometry became a common language. The picture of the world was static and described in God's two books, the Bible and the Book of Nature. The object was to read these books without involvement of doubts. Bacon did not include alchemy in his recommendations. Otherwise, alchemy was perceived as an important sister of theology. Both faiths were treated with respect and strengthened by the artists.

Theology promised eternal life after death and the fruits of alchemy promised a long life, health and wealth. In scholarly discussions, the dogmatic Austrian alchemist and physician Paracelsus (1493-1541), was another frequently quoted man. Paracelsus mixed important observations with mysticism. Today, we often cite him for his contribution to pharmacy with the words "*the dose makes the drug*". Too little of an essential mineral is harmful and too much is harmful. A truth in medical geology that still applies today.

The emperor needed a mathematician, cartographer, astronomer, bibliophile and alchemist for help in his alchemy laboratory. John Dee (1527-1608) was invited for this wanted interdisciplinary work. He had previously served in the court of Queen Elisabeth I. Dee promised Rudolf II that he could get into contact with spirits and thereby reach new knowledge. He offered Rudolf II a real horoscope. The holy structure of reality was described and the best way to produce liquid gold safe to drink. Eventually, when promises were not fulfilled, Dee was sent home in disgrace.

Another invited popular mystic was Giordano Bruno (1548-1600). His mission was to tell the emperor and others that the magic of the universe was divided into ten different classes. He became more famous for being burned at the stake in Rome for his heretical thoughts and refusal to make a public recantation.

The emperor said that he wanted peace and Savery let the paintings demonstrate the noble intentions. The animals

from the Noah´s ark symbolized politicians in coexistence. In practice, Rudolf II did not make peace, but contributed to a long and meaningless war against the Turks.

Kepler was hoping for victory and believed that the emperor would become the ruler of the earth if only he managed to crush the Turks. To this day, the issue of how we refrain from fundamentalism to create peace between humans and between humans and other animals remains a moral concern. Savery saw untrustworthiness and failures. The paintings were often blended with a mix of hope and transience of human life, most pronounced in the painting "*Memento Mori*".

Rudolf II was well read in literature, intelligent, sometimes friendly and mature in decisions, but he did not function well in a family setting. He had several children, but he did not share his life with any woman. Often, he skipped scheduled meetings, sometimes due to a nervous crisis. The risk for mental illness was great with all the previous cousin marriages and cases of hereditary manic depression in the family.

Towards the end, he became a taciturn man who did not laugh and did not listen to advice. His administration ended in chaos. He lost power after a decisive conflict with his brother Matthias (1557-1619) whose army held Rudolf prisoner in the castle. Rudolf II died in 1612, 59 years old. Towards the end, he had liver failure, swollen legs, and trouble with respiration. The clinical findings were proba-

bly secondary to alcoholism, more common in those with bipolar disorder.

Savery continued to work for one year in the castle to serve the new emperor Matthias. After leaving Prague, he painted in the same spirit as before. He stayed in Amsterdam for some time and ended his days in Utrecht. Savery was described as mostly happy and sociable, but he remained unmarried on purpose. For him his work with the canvas was too demanding. He said that a woman would disturb him. Poor and alcoholic, he died in 1639 at the age of 63. His painting is still alive though and I could believe that he was standing behind the canvas when I looked at it from the dinner table.

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An elephant scratching towards a tree. Roelant Savery 43x56 cm. Albertina, Wien.

Memento Mori. Roelant Savery. 20x23 cm.

Photo© Erik Cornellius. Nationalmuseum. Stockholm.

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THE MARTA PAINTING

The painting "*Rocky landscape with animals*" brings back memories and make me search after cultural relations. Besides being one among other paintings made by Savery this is one among other paintings in a private collection. I wanted to know how Marta and Arnold collected art and how the painting by Savery fitted with other objects. Their collection was in size just one percentage of what Rudolf II had but reflected the same admiration for a network of artists representing Flemish art.

When the painting by Savery was given a new home in Oslo 1918, it was hanged among other Flemish works. Several of the artists represented there had followed Bruegel. Other sources of inspiration were Coninxloo and also Savery. A landscape by Coninxloo hanged close to two paintings by Joos de Momper, a pupil of Coninxloo. Like Savery de Momper created a sensation of death in the sky by painting different sizes of the same birds. A popular motif was a walking man along a river, one by the Flemish painter Tobias Verhaecht and another by the Flemish artist, Adriaen van Stalbemt. Both had followed the style of Coninxloo.

Rubens was represented by engravings together with Dürer, Rembrandt, and Callot. He had made landscapes with remembrance of Coninxloo and of Savery after instructions from Verhaecht. Besides all Flemish works there was a painting on a wall by the Dutch artist Hans Bollongier. He was influenced by Savery and represented here with a still life

showing a glass of flower containing tulips and roses.

I saw all these paintings as a small boy after the war. Some were frightening to me. One showed a house set on fire. Most of them were dark and in need of restoration. Marta seldom talked about art. She used to say that if you like a painting you always feel a trembling from the belly.

Marta refused to take the traditional women´s role and taught us to avoid acting as if life was a stage. With such a sensible avoidance of roles, she was more than a traditional feminist. We were asked to call her Marta and we should never use the word "*grandma*". Thereby we became equal and close to her but with different experiences. She pointed out some of our bad manners and were willing to hand out coins if we stopped hawking or could sharpen our postures.

Marta's girls name was Stjernstedt, indicating that she belonged to the Swedish nobility. She was born in 1882. Her father was a privileged officer in the army, but had to take loans to pay the rent for their apartment. Her mother Pauline Ciechanowiecka came from a richer Polish nobility with a castle Botchejkoff, now a ruin located in Belarus.

Pauline belonged to a cosmopolitan family with branches to Lithuanians, Serbs, Ukrainians, Italians and Greeks. During comfortable periods in the castle, between flights due to riots in Poland during 1860-ties and before the First World War, they could enjoy frescos in the dining room and several servants. The castle was then destroyed by advancing and withdrawing troops.

When Marta was a teenager she visited the castle during summer vacations and was well nourished by art, French books, and exquisite garden with two mazes. Pauline´s father Paul Ciechanowiecki had a good command of languages. Besides Polish, he spoke Russian, French, Italian and German. He was a good at singing and dancing and had practical skills within carpentry and goldsmith´s work.

The castle was a place for cultural elite and high society. Marta´s grandmother Alexandrine served as an icon for the coming generations. Alexandrine read books and played the piano guided by Franz List. He wanted to be on tour and have performances together with her. This invitation was not accepted by her parents, who knew what might happen in such a relation.

My mother Tove had never seen Alexandrine but thought that she could get her strength and beauty from a lock of hair and a photo kept in a locket. When she showed it for me she reminded me about energetic women among her ancestors. Alexandrine´s aunt Eveline Hanska, married Honoré Balzac. The marriage was announced after countless of letters and several years of being a mistress.

The coming generations were gossiping and analyzing in the stages, before Balzac, during Balzac and after Balzac. I heard less about Balzac as a writer and about the fact that Flemish artists inspired him when he with realism described people in his novels.

Paul and Alexandrine had impact on the etiquettes at the

The living room in Raestad´s home in Oslo. The painting by Savery is on the upper row to the right of the door with a drapery. Photo from 1930.

dinner table. I learnt how important it was to keep the upper part of my left hand flat on the table. We were not allowed to cut salad with a knife. If Paul wished somebody to pass a dish he just said "*the thing*" and everyone at the table must be alert to find out what he needed. The meals were important times for togetherness and when delight was at its peak Marta showed her gratitude to older generations by saying that you never get older at the table.

Magic was included among traditions. Marta's aunt Marie practiced automatic writing to make the ghosts speak. Pauline was, fanatic in her praying compared to other more balanced Catholics. Marta had attended a French convent school and was the deeply religious like her mother. Later

after marriage, she was agnostic, but she had a tendency to relapse into short periods to have a relation with God. She was proud to master second sight. During the wars she could feel in her knees if an aircraft would crash or torpedoes would hit a boat.

My brother Tom and I crept into Marta´s bed to listen to her experiences. She did not tell us about her own flight in Norway and how the Nazis shot at her in a forest. Instead, we listened stories about persons who luckily had survived during the war. She taught us how to make a finger puppy theater inherited from earlier generations. She always improvised sagas instead of reading from books.

Marta´s eldest sister Marika made an early decision to become an author. She used to read her first drafts for Marta. Their father Wilhelm were conservative and forbid certain books, which they then read in secrecy. Wilhelm showed respect for King and Country, which was of importance for his career. He ended up as a lieutenant general and as aide at the court of king Oscar II. Wilhelm complained over the fact that Marika was an intellectual leftist.

Pauline inflicted prudery and religiosity. To cover nakedness, Marta and Marika had to be dressed with bathing suits when they stepped into a bathtub. At an early age, they were cloistered in a catholic school in France. They later rejected what they saw as the hypocrisy of the conventional society. In Marta´s poetry album Marika wrote several aphorisms with demand for independent thinking. The phrases "*Do*

what you love to do! Love what you do! You should never turn into a dog for a bone!" were written in 1895.

Wilhelm stressed other rules in his book "Education and practice for the Swedish army" from 1915. Obedience was for him the most important element in education, especially for the warrior. He states that peace is impossible due to different races on the earth. Exercise of soldiers is for him the best method of peacekeeping.

At a royal dance held by the Norwegian king Haakon VII in 1908 Marta met Arnold Raestad. Arnold was then a secretary in the Norwegian Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Oslo. Marta was depressed due to conflicts with her authoritarian husband. She was 26 years old and married to Ivan Bratt, with whom he had two sons. After frequent love letters and a few additional dates, Marta divorced from Ivan and married Arnold in 1910. A scandal at that time. Marta was punished as Ivan received parental responsibility of the two boys.

Wilhelm was faced with a new Norwegian problem within the family to tackle besides the dissolution of the union between Sweden and Norway a few years earlier. In a letter, Wilhelm asked Arnold if he had any plans for the future as if he did not trust his new son-in-law. In 1911 my mother Tove was born and in 1918 my aunt Merete, when the painting by Savery also arrived.

Works of art became as additional children hanging on the walls. Besides a group of Flemish brothers, there was

a group of Norwegian brothers who were Matisse´s students. To this group belonged Thorvald Erichsen, Jean Heiberg, Hugo Lous Mohr, Axel Revold, Henrik Sörensen and Rudolph Thygesen.

Arnold was born in 1878. He was at an early age in command of several languages. In a love letter to Marta, he told her that had studied ten languages and that he now wanted to study her as another language. At the same time, he felt presumptuous and said that it is refreshing not to know everything. Arnold's ancestors were farmers, fishermen, shoemakers and emigrants to USA. His parents Maren and Christopher came from the Norwegian west coast. Christopher started as a shop assistant in Molde and made a career in Oslo where he received a leading position within trade. Arnold had three sisters. Only Arnold received necessary support for an academic career.

With high grades in school, Arnold continued to study law at the university in Oslo. He defended a thesis about international and maritime law in 1912. During a short period after the First World War he was prime minister. After eleven months, he had to resign from the office when he failed to solve a question about trade with Portugal and Spain during the prohibition period. After such an opposition, he became increasingly experienced to tackle political conflicts and received several national and international commissions.

Arnold wrote forty books and at least one hundred scientific reports on international law. In the archipelago of

Svalbard there is an island with his name as gratitude to his scientific writing about the background to Norway´s claims to Spitsbergen.

Conflicts and claims on possession of land needs a scientific mind. In one article in Nature titled "*Presentation of Science to a General Public*" he summarized a project from 1938 about dissemination of science initiated by the General Assembly. Together with Julian Huxley and some other well-known scientists he wrote about the importance of science, a backbone of peace. "*To prepare for a lasting peace is to believe that we can have a new spiritual world. But there is no new spiritual world making for peace and progress unless it is centered in a greater proportion of willingness, arid even habit, in high and low, to submit one's own judgment to the control of facts and to respect, in others, the supreme freedom to ascertain and assess facts*".

I believe Marta and Arnold detected presence of a hint of a peace motif when they bought the painting by Savery. The different animal species on the painting represent a spiritual world with respect for race and diversity. Against this hope of democracy based on decent politics, prevail wars, terrorists and traitors.

During the second world war Arnold wrote an analysis of a traitor with the scientific title "*The Case Quisling*". The book was never published. Tired Norwegian leaders said that a traitor was worth execution and silence rather than a wordy examination. Arnold wrote that Quisling was a mys-

tery man. Quisling was to Quisling the center of the universe. A reader will find that the book is about some dangerous political leaders of today.

Arnold was a Norwegian delegate to the United Nations Conference on International Organization in San Francisco in April 1945. The convention resulted in the creation of the United Nations Charter. Arnold's coworker Trygve Lie became the first General Secretary in the United Nations. In the book "*Europe and the Atlantic world*" from 1942 Arnold describes the Atlantic as a lake in common for peace.

Arnold advocated an active and lively exchange of cultural ideas between states. He stressed that culture is not only science, art, music and literature but also "how" politics is conducted. His emphasis on the word "how" reflects interest in ethics and philosophy and a rich experience from own negotiations when "*we*" try to convince "*all others*". A federation of different states is a beginning of federation of all states. This intention is not new. It was advocated already during the French Revolution in 1792.

Arnold wrote poems when he was young and his love letters to Marta are poetic. He did not demonstrate any talent in drawing but had a camera and took well-arranged and artistic shots. His interest in modern art was stimulated by his close friend Hans Dedekam who was an art historian and one of the initiators of the great Viegeland monument in Oslo.

In 1909, Dedekam arranged a visit with Arnold to the great artist Edvard Munch. Marta asked if she could join them without asking Munch beforehand. She did not know that Munch for the moment was afflicted with persecution mania and contempt for women.

Munch opened the door, saw Marta and said that Munch is not at home as if he was another doorkeeper. The reason for this bizarre reaction was the unannounced presence of a beautiful woman amid two men who he trusted. After some hesitance, she was allowed to enter. Marta almost stepped on the paintings spread on the floor. She picked up a lithography. It was a self-portrait. Munch became more open and said that she could bring it home without paying.

Arnold was during several years head of a large art gallery in Oslo (Kunstnerforbundet) and found there several friends among artists. Besides Savery and Flemish art Marta and Arnold created an own collection of modern Norwegian art. They became patrons and ordered portraits of the family. Rudolfph Thygesen portrayed the daughters Tove and Merete. Erichsen and Sörensen made portraits of Marta and Lous Mohr made a portrait of Arnold.

Sörensen inspired my grandparents to collect antiquities from Mediterranean countries. Soon their home looked like a museum with paintings, etchings, pottery, glasses and two impressive marble sculptures from the time of the Roman Empire. Arnold felt anxiously that a war would change life and that the precious collection was at risk to be plundered.

Arnold was head of the Norwegian radio before the Second World War and broadcast several speeches of his own. Being an expert on international law, economy and politics he then warned against Nazism. He said boldly: "*The German government has wanted to get rid of the Norwegian state. It will probably be more difficult than the conqueror believes*".

The Nazis invaded Norway 9th of April 1940. Marta and Arnold were forced to make a hasty departure from their home and to follow the exile government with king Haakon VII. They fled to the northern part of the country and were after several German attacks finally evacuated from Tromsø 7th of June. Arnold was then 62 years and Marta 58.

While fleeing with the exile government, Arnold acted in the group that organized contacts with the Norwegian merchant navy in order to secure a common flag called "*Nortraship*" with loyalty to the allies. With more than 1000 ships, the new built shipping company contributed much to a successful end of the war. During the flight Arnold was appointed president of the Norwegian Bank with responsibility to get the gold reserve out from the country. It was a dramatic and successful transport of 50 tons of gold. The pilots from the German air force made several attacks trying to find it. They never imagined the secret use of several small fishing-boats for the secret transport of gold.

Marta wrote a diary during the flight. On the evening eighth of April 1940, she and Arnold had some friends visi-

ting their home and she wrote:

"*We talked about what was going on and what we should do. We knew that the British had torpedoed a German warship outside the Norwegian border and that the boat had troops and horses on board.*

We had also heard that several German boats had been sent northwards. No one thought, at least none of us, that they were intended for Norway. However, we wondered and were anxious. Our guests left at twelve after we had heard from the radio that the lighthouses around the coast had turned off the lights.

We had hardly gone to bed when the air-raid warning went off. Arnold called the Norwegian Radio and was told that German warships had already reached the mouth of the Oslo fiord. Merete became so afraid that she came to my bed. After a while Oslo, was put into blackout. We did not dare to light a candle, but fumbled to the windows to see what was going on. Aircrafts were circling above Oslo."

Ninth of April

"*At half past six we heard fires from machine-guns. Arnold went to his work to ask what he should do. Merete went out to hear what she should do as a member of the women's voluntary defense service. In a radio announcement, they were asked to get ready. I muddled about in the house without doing anything. I heard bombs and shooting. It sounded like airplanes were above the house shooting. Arnold called and said that we had to get out of Oslo as fast*

as possible.

The King, the Crown prince, the government and some members of the parliament had left already at six o'clock. I packed some clothes for Arnold and myself. Merete had to help herself with packing. Of course, I could not find any of my three pair of glasses. It did not matter. We would probably not be gone for so long.

What now happened was not real. Merete came back and said that she did not want to go with us. A fight about Oslo was expected, and she had enrolled for the first week. I fell in despair but could not do anything. She had reached her majority and was no longer a child. Arnold came home and showed respect for her decision.

We finally went away. The fire from the machine-guns ceased, and we did not hear any bombs. We came to a farm where there already were a family that had fled from Oslo."

One month later Marta and Arnold were on a fishing boat on its way to Bodø, located in the northern part of Norway. They rested for some days. Marta managed to capture the beauty of the scenery. The text in her diary sounds as if she was inspired by the anthropomorphism found in the painting by Savery.

"*Sometimes we had airplanes above, but we did not care. We had meals on deck. Weather was so great and the food the most delicious you can think of. In the evening, we arrived in Bodø and after bath; we could sleep naked in real beds. Air raid alarm of course, but no bombs. What a*

journey! In reality a dream of beauty. Never could I imagine that the northern part was so gorgeous. The wildest rocky formations, like Egyptian temples of giant sizes. Trolls and mourning women. Among all this an immense amount of birds. The color scheme was strange. Very special and tender. I felt that nature caressed me with hands from a giant. There were no reasons to go to bed."

Marta and Arnold had to flee headlong. Together with others, they succeeded to save the gold reserve and contribute to other important decisions by the exile-government. After a month, they came to Tromsø, north of Bodø. Together with the King, they waited there for the next step. My aunt Merete, then 21 years old, wanted to join her parents.

With a false passport, Merete came to Sweden where she visited our family in Stockholm before she took a train to Riksgränsen, located in the upper north of Sweden and close to the Norwegian border. Dressed in a white camouflage clothing she went on skis across the border and finally joined with her parents in Tromsø. Together with the King and the exile-government Marta, Arnold and Merete embarked the destroyer Devonshire for London where they arrived 9th of June. Before that the ship was close to be sunk as German planes attacked but missed the target.

There was no time to hide the paintings and other precious works when they were forced to leave their home. Some valuable things were hidden by a neighbor in secret

holes in the garden and the paintings were left on the walls. German Gestapo soon occupied the house and installed the officer Siegfried Wolfgang Fehmer in it. He was a specialist in torture and leader against the Norwegian patriots. As such, he became one of the most despised Nazis in Norway during the war.

Fehmer was handsome and womanizer. One mistress was allowed to take what she wanted of paintings from the house to bring with her and decorate her own apartment. During torture, he made experiments with glowing cigarettes, thumbscrews and ice water. All accompanied by sounds of music. Fehmer had his headquarter at Viktoria Terasse were some prisoners jumped out of the windows while waiting to be tortured. Fehmer seized relatives to the patriots as hostages, resulting in use of threats and additional deaths.

When Fehmer wanted to celebrate his achievements, he invited girls and arranged dances in the occupied house. Maybe the painting by Savery hung there and worked as propaganda as during the time when Rudolph II owned it. There was much alcohol consumed during the parties. A neighbor noticed how Fehmer and his gang run amok "*for fun*". It could end up with destruction of furniture, thrown out from a window, and shooting indoors.

Fehmer believed in the Millennial Reich Hitler had promised. He was not only dedicated to his work with torture. With the same faithfulness and thorough documentation, he regularly walked to the bank and paid rents for the house he

had occupied. When the Germans surrendered 8th of May 1945 Fehmer tried to flee, dressed in a Norwegian cardigan. He was caught, sentenced to death and executed by a firing squad.

Plunder of art has been part of wars and became extra-large during the second world war. Hitler had a special relation to art. He had once wanted to be a painter but was repeatedly rejected to enter the Academy of Fine Arts in Vienna.

Other Nazi leaders were also interested in art. They planned a Fürermuseum in Linz, Austria where Hitler grew up. A painting by Savery found in Oslo would sound fine for them but at that time the signature was not visible and it was not known if it really was made by Savery. We do not know what Fehmer thought or did exactly with the painting, but it disappeared once from the house and my grandparents retrieved it after the war together with most of the other stolen paintings.

There were art treasures of the house that disappeared forever. The losses are what we remember. One of the best paintings by Axel Revold was never retrieved. The Nazis regarded his art as degenerate as he had been a student of Henri Matisse. Revold was forced to leave the academy in Oslo where he was a professor. Instead, he secretly run an undercover academy in the town.

When Marta and Arnold came home they found that their house was in a mess. Their library with about 5000

books was empty. Some rare books might have been transported to Germany but the larger part was burnt to heat the house. Some other symbols of cruelty were found. All carpet fringes were cut. Holes from bullets were found on the walls of the staircase and in the garage. Arnold wanted to keep them as reminders of insanity.

After a long exile in USA and England Arnold died in cancer a few months after he had arrived to his home. I never met him but came to Oslo as five years old boy a few months after his death. With my small fingers in the bullet holes, I wondered how it could happen and much later, I realized that I had been saved.

Marta had to remove something from the house to lessen her depression from the war and loss of her husband. Generosity is often a relief in such a situation. It took time for me to realize that the painting by Savery in her fantasy had turned into a private peace monument pierced by invisible bullets and stained with blood. She could easily associate some eagles in the painting with the swastika. In her mind the flying herons became shooting airplanes from the Luftwaffe. She was not resistant to occultism and found cruel meanings in the overtones from her metaphors.

With her horrifying layers of own images added on top of the painting she had to move it to somebody else who lacked her traumatic experiences with following fixations. She handed it over to my father with thanks for his medical support when Arnold was dying. Merete did not like the

maneuver. She protested against the move of the painting from Norway to Sweden and referred to laws about prohibition against export of art. Marta said that the value of the painting was not especially high because it was not for sure a work by Roelant Savery but a painting in his style.

Torbjörn in his bed while being greeted on his birthday 1953 when he was 50 years old below the painting by Savery without a frame.

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THE FRAME

The animals in our painting were actors in a theater. I became one of them in the dining room wading across the stream. With my talent for escapism from boredom it was possible to jump on stones to get over to the other side. I climbed in trees and reached the nest with eagles or were flying among the herons.

If my parents talked French to keep us children out of their conversation I was regularly behind the edge of the waterfall, a concealed area in the painting, indefinite and full of secrets like their strange talk. If my father gave me a stern look and criticized me, I left the scenery and moved into a dark cave to hide behind a goat. Was he happy I was flying among the herons.

Not until I reached the late teens, I started to read the painting as a balanced composition. My brother Tom told me about the blue background as if I had no notion about how important the hue was for the whole painting. He was full of logic thoughts about atmospheric perspective and said it was correct to show details and contrast in the foreground but not in the background, which should be hazy.

My attacks of migraine changed how I looked at the painting. Sometimes it was irritating with all branches and twigs. Only the calm green part to the left was then acceptable to watch. During one of the worst spells of ocular migraine, I saw a red spot in the image. If the painting hung

aslant, I had to adjust immediately to feel better in my head. During a short period after an attack I usually had euphoria with sensual pleasures. From these swings in feelings in front of a painting I understood that I could not rely on what people called “good taste”, because it was an unpredictable phenomenon to me.

My memory of this captivated boy is of course a reconstruction of the past to justify my restlessness with bad grades at school. I was focused on my own concerns, with thoughts on sports. All signs of vitality in the painting impressed me and I understood that there were demanding work from Savery’s side. I wanted to know more about the life in his studio.

My mother Tove referred to my grandfather Arnold, who always said that the painting was made by an unknown master. This question about attribution was not important for me when I was a boy. I also lacked interest in religion and could not see that Savery wanted to visualize that God created a new world and that the animals came from the ark and lived peacefully together on Utopia.

One day my father decided to remove the golden frame in Empire style. He did not like it because it did not match the taste from the time when Savery lived. We needed something from the Baroque era. For some months before he went further with his project the painting hung without frame in my parents’ bedroom, which irritated me. My father acted like Napoleon who slept with Mona Lisa hanging in

his room. Sometimes my father asked me to enter and sit on a chair in a corner and discuss serious topics.

He rested on his bed with clasped hands, a posture he had inherited from his father. He was not religious, but he often acted like a priest. His bedside table was crammed with different pills. Mostly when I sat there, we talked about his diseases, my school and future. Repeatedly he said that humor was the most important thing in a stupid world. Humor was something I should practice after having studied carefully how other clever people used it. School did not teach humor. He suggested reading Marc Twain.

On my question, what humor actually was he gave me long explanations how it like a drug could handle sorrow and help me laugh, forget, change perspective, reach new proportions on thoughts, crash paranoia and thereby have a mental basis for a dialogue and development. He never pointed at the painting, above his head, as an illustrative example. I had always looked upon the painting as a stabilizer of feelings. The painting had humor because the double picture illusions permitted alternative ways of being an onlooker.

I looked forward to strengthening this wisdom by making a frame for the painting together with my father. The frame is where the image begins, not where it ends. It is the beginning of geometry which brings order to the presentation. Without a frame, trees appeared to have been abruptly cut and the upper edge of the canvas became too disturbing.

A frame was needed to emphasize that we look at a specific place in nature as from a window. Savery had used darkened corners with the intention to draw attention from the edges to the center. A frame would contribute to this desired effect, which photographers often add to pictures and call vingetering.

In order to find a frame that we could copy my father took me to the National museum in Stockholm. I felt it strange to go to a museum for the only purpose to examine frames. He asked me to be his secretary during the visit and make notes about the year, size, color and form. We walked slowly through rooms with mostly brownish frames from the early 17th century and finally he stopped in front of the right one he wanted to copy.

Then followed a slow and tedious work. My father considered a joint effort with woodwork would be the best education for me. Now I was given special instructions about how to handle glue besides being assistant with clamps. The frame was made in our messy garage with little space. There were a carpenter's bench and a Rover model 1946 with leather upholstery soaked with smell from my father's cigar. Our work added another smell from heated animal glue.

My father was a surgeon. With his daily manual training in the operating room, he regarded himself as a fully competent carpenter of frames already after having read a short manual with instructions. Earlier he had showed his skill

for us children when he built a puppy theater in which we played "*The Treasure Island*". He had also made a model sailing boat of fir, carefully chiseled, with a deck of oak, a lead keel made from plaster mould casting, and a windvane for self-steering.

I stood close to him observing every detail, as if it was a lesson for my own responsibility. His work was in good inherited taste. His parents had started a handicraft association in northern Sweden.

With aid of a homemade miter box, the boards of the coming frame were cut into angles of 45 degrees. The edges were glued and pressed together with clamps. In order to spread out melted animal glue we used wooden sticks that in their ends were made to scrapers. A brush is useless for this type of work as the melted glue dries quickly and will destroy the brush. In order to make the corners extra strong and resist twisting forces from drying wood we hammered in one nail in each corner.

When I asked if an additional nail was needed, he told me that glue was more important than nails and that an additional nail only would increase the risk of cracks. He often said "*All work is about taking the consequences to errors*". We cut strips of cherry brown cork veneer to use for an intarsia in the middle along the wood.

Each strip was one-millimeter-thick, two centimeters broad and about two decimeters long. I ironed the strips to make them flat. With wooden sticks we evenly spread

melted glue on the back of the strips before the fixation was made. We then immediately fastened one strip at a time in a grove with two clamps.

My father and I had been working together like two surgeons with one open wound to repair, helping each other and chatting for hours. I also made much of this work alone after instructions. Maybe he looked upon me as a coming carpenter or a surgeon. My thoughts shed light on my father who otherwise was too severe and anxious about our economy. At that time, I did not realize that I contributed to a future sale. When we had fixed the intarsia, colored everything with brown stain we finally varnished the frame three times.

I laughed in silence when I saw how my father finally successfully threaded the frame around the canvas and hung the painting on the wall in the dining room. Our nice frame contributed to the beauty of the painting. If Savery was alive close to us, he nodded with satisfaction. We had found the shoe that fitted his tender foot. Such an achievement is not an isolated action. We participated in the same project of artistry as Savery. In the dining room, all paintings and furniture now worked together in harmony.

To the left of the painting by Savery hung a brown painting from the 17th century. It was in the style of Aelbert Cuyp with a noble man sitting on a horse with its back towards the viewer. Cuyp was influenced by Savery. He depicted cows and flying birds taking great attention to

depth and details. To the right of the Savery painting was an alpine landscape by an unknown artist. Instead of animals, the painting was crowded with people. We children repeatedly counted the number of individuals and found different results each time. This problem of finding a true number gave us a close relation to the painting.

We were six in the family sitting around the table in the dining room. Two large glass doors opened to a terrace and a well-nursed garden. The view from the table had some similarities with a painting by Savery.

There were trees and rocks but no waterfall. We had visits from owls, hawks, ducks, pheasants but no herons or eagles. We could also see deer, elk, hares, foxes but no goats. The painting, the room and the garden had agreement in style and were linked together like a series of Russian Matrosjka dolls.

The large garden bordered to the woods where a pheasant had a nest often threatened by a fox. A human thief had once visited one of our neighbors. He could easily come again with a diamond glass cutter, enter the glass door to the dining room and steal the painting by Savery. My father was more anxious about threatening elks who might come to our house and destroy the luxury garden. He was a lawn expert. Anxiously he dug up the lawn every third year to lay a new surface.

When my father and I had made the frame, it was time to continue our teamwork building a cottage located in the

end of the garden. After that project, we carpeted a bed for the cottage. My father sculptured a headboard. With wood chisels, he made two lions. I was like an apprentice working with an artist in his studio. The work with the frame was just a start in our collaboration for larger and more sophisticated projects. A few years later we made a summer house from an old filthy poultry-house.

On a wall in the dining room opposite to where the painting hung, there was a special contact for a cable to a hand bell. My mother pressed it when we wanted the next dish. During 1948 when the painting arrived, we had Rut Gabrielsen from Sandefjord in Norway as a maid.

She wrote a diary with portraits of a traditional bourgeois family. "*Here is a charming house. In a large living room stands a Bechstein piano in the middle. A beautiful hall with floor and stairs in marble. A dining room with worn chairs with gilt leather. High glass door with light voile curtains opens out to a terrace and a garden. Parquet flooring everywhere except the kitchen and the pantry. Lunch is an important meal at 11, always with a warm dish. Today French toast. Dinner at 5-6.*"

Rut wrote about me when I was asked to start a conversation with some guests who had arrived early: "*The boy enters the living room, bows with dignity and greets with friendly salutations, but he receives only a nod. 'Nice weather today' says the boy. A nod again. 'There are many blueberries this year', but he receives only a nod. 'They*

can be picked easily, but you become blue on your hands'. A nod again. 'It can be removed with lemon' he shouts and rushes out."

After this absence of polite responses from adults, I should have gone to Savery who usually helped me during meals. His human birds and animals had always demonstrated consolation with their friendly eyes. It was important for a child searching for freedom from harps.

There were sharp appeals from my father to close certain doors, especially the one between the pantry and the dining room to save heating. With these rules it was difficult to understand how my father could allow a good friend's spoiled son be standing on his hands in the dining room with feet kicking close to a vibrating painting by Savery. That boy would later become a renowned rock star with the main message to ignore rules from the bourgeois.

My parents did not dispense the titles with our maid Rut, but they often surprised her with gifts. She was invited to the theater once. It looked to me as if she moved from one theater to another. She wrote: "*Tonight we have been to The Royal Dramatic Theatre in Stockholm, Mrs. Fahlén and I. The doctor drove us to the door, and we sat comfortably in the stalls. The name of the piece was 'His Grace's Will' and the play was really funny. The different roles were found exactly. We must laugh when a sextet of horns enters the scene with a conductor who makes an effort but is out of rhythm.*"

Rut did not write anything about Savery in her diary,

but she wrote that she helped my father to hang a picture in the hall without mentioning the name of the painter. She showed interest in music rather than paintings. Her husband was a conductor.

My parents read books, had friends among artists and authors. They loved the French language. My mother Tove had been a student at Sorbonne and had translated "Mon coeur mis à nu" by Baudelaire. My father cited aloud from the manuscript a text that describes the Mannerism we found in the painting by Savery: "*What is not slightly deformed lacks soul. From this we find that the irregular, the most unexpected, the surprising, a coincidence is of importance and a characteristic element in beauty*".

This cultural environment made me believe that I could become an artist without being a narcissist. When I mentioned it for my father, he became angry. He had seen artists succumb to vanity or exploitation due to lack of talent. It should suffice to make a frame.

Several years after having made the frame the painting was sent to a restorer to get it cleaned. After that work, my father saw the signature that I hardly saw although he pointed at it. There was a P, a dot and SAVERY in capitals that bothered me.

In 1961, it became clear that the attribution of the painting to Roelant Savery would never be questioned. I thought that Savery had just signed and handed over the rest to his pupils. Presence or lack of a signature was not important

for me, but the abrupt change of what could be made visible also changed my father's behavior. He started to discuss selling and finally, 13 years after our meticulous work with the frame he sold it.

In a letter to my grandmother Marta, who was hospitalized and needed money to pay the bills my father wrote: "*The painting you gave me, I liked very much. A few years ago, after restoration it was found to be a true Savery and that it was worth about 10000 Swedish crowns. I told it for you. I was not as happy about the discovery as you believed, but rather irritated, as it could not be likely that you had given it to me if you knew the real value. It would also have been unlikely that I had accepted the gift if I knew its true value*".

In another letter, he wrote: "*I have been thinking about the Savery, which has been found to be much more valuable than any of us understood when I received it. I regard it as your painting, it is a strong card and I will sell it, as soon it is necessary for you. Perhaps it is not time do it just now*".

My father was initially awaiting, but the economic situation, due to Marta's hospitalization, became gradually precarious. She started selling one painting after another from her own collection of Flemish art, for example Joos de Momper. My parents wanted to put an end to her acts of desperation.

They finally decided to sell in 1966 through Kunsthandel P. De Boer in Amsterdam. They received 45,000 Swedish

crowns. A short time after the painting was sold Marta received a widow's pension from the state, and she refused to accept the money from my father.

With money from the auction, my parents took a step into French modernism after suggestions from friends among art critics. My parents finally bought a painting by Jean Fautrier.

My father soon regretted his decision to sell. The painting by Fautrier worked as a poor consolation. We sometimes called the painting "*the plaster*" as it looked like a plaster and might heal a bad decision. I felt sorry and when I looked at the painting by Fautrier I saw a great loss. I decided to search after my friend Savery, well aware about my fixation with one painting.

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THE COMPOSITION

Some artists hope they will continue to live in their works after death. They may have sympathizers on guard, but they are soon attacked by the next generation of viewers. In such a struggle about lasting taste some forgotten artists will pop up from death like Johannes Vermeer (1632-1675) and be honored for a long time. With all living artists in mind including those who have been found earlier, it is likely that the dreamers meet a second death soon after the first one.

It may happen earlier. Rembrandt (1606-1669) experienced a humiliating defeat, seven years before his death, when one of his best paintings "*The Oath-swearing of Claudius Civilis*" was refused by the local government in Amsterdam.

The Japanese painter Katsushika Hokusai (1760-1849) knew how to tackle this problem after having experienced some expulsions at an early age. He adapted to shifts of popular tastes by changing his style and name thirty times.

My favorite Savery is almost unknown in countries outside Belgium where he was born. In Sweden, there is not a single word about Savery in the National Encyclopedia, but Thomas Savery from England is mentioned. He was the engineer who built the first steam engine.

At the dinner table in front of my adored painting, I often heard that I ought to be an engineer. With my high grade in drawing I realized soon that it might be better to become an engineer rather than a struggling artist.

As a final test of my fitness for art, I framed my best watercolor and gave it to my parents. It was put into their wardrobe and never hanged on a wall. It soon disappeared from our home like the painting "*Rocky landscape with animals*" by Savery, the source for my inspiration. The Museum of Fine Arts in Boston now owns my dear Savery and the frame I made together with my father.

It is a fine oil painting on canvas with the size 62x104 cm. At present, it is not in view, but there is a link on the Internet to it with a text about its provenance. Next generation of viewers might pick it up from the store and hang it beside a Rembrandt, which happened for a short period in 1988 during an exhibition of Dutch landscapes from the 17th century.

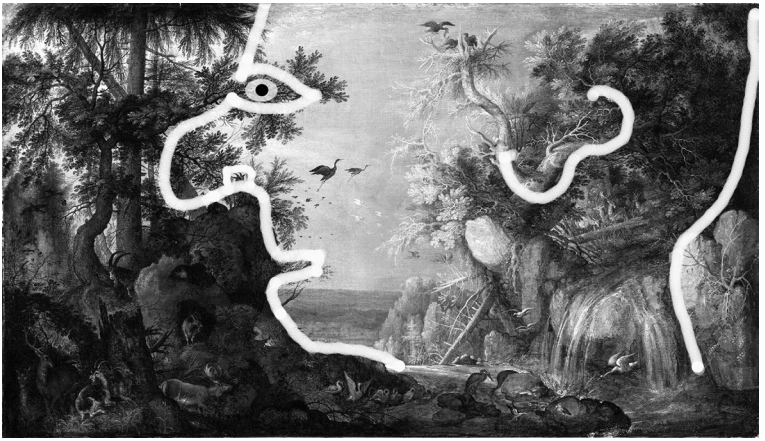
Forty-eight years after the day when I lost any possible chance to inherit a painting by Savery my Italian teacher asked me and my classmates to choose our favorite masterpiece from art history and describe it with a written summary in Italian. To be well-prepared I bought a digital copy of the painting from the museum in Boston. I needed a close look. My work with the speech in a foreign language bought back memories from the past.

I asked myself if the painting still meant something to me. I never apologize before I speak, but this time I did so. Now I hoped to get closer to the language of art with my Italian text. I found that a change of language kept me alert in front of the painting.

A kind letter came from the museum. They wanted to know more about the provenance and asked for a copy of my short speech. It was hard for me to understand what they could find from my short notes. The painting caries history, both private and public. A too personal report is not always interesting, unless it adds something to what is of mutual interest. In my case, the speech was a repetition of impressions, which gave birth to new questions. A wandering in old tracks gave me a feeling that the painting had returned to me. I made notes about findings I earlier never saw.

When I was a boy, I studied the animals and all birds above all. Every movement caught my eyes and was felt like a continuous movie partly made by myself. A single line drawn in my mind joined stems and branches in a wave created by the wind. The elk came softly leaping from left to right as if it had found something. The two deer in the left corner stood still as if they were listening. Flying herons had started for fishing from the air. They were graceful, but did not look exactly as the herons in my bird books. It did not matter, as I was one of them in a fable. Sometimes I felt, as I was one of the fallen trees in the painting.

The central part of the picture is not only a sky and a blue horizon, but has for me since childhood shown the contours of an additional large profile. It is an illusion possible to turn on and switch off. The nose is pointing to the left. A head from a goat becomes a nostril. A branch draws an eye and another branch below forms the mouth.

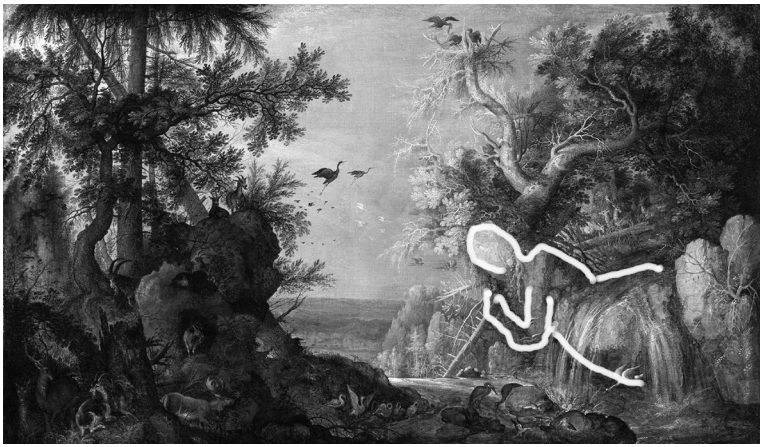


Head. Anthropomorfism.

Another hidden figure situated to the right is a recumbent woman. Her oval head rests on a log standing on the edge of the main waterfall. Two smaller waterfalls on each side of a protruding rock enhance the volume of the rock which looks like her belly. A bird, close to this rock, flies in direction to the onlooker. This movement contributes to depth.

Savery was not the only one among Mannerists who made landscapes with human traits hardly detectable in the landscape. Albrecht Dürer (1471-1528) had earlier practiced such attributions to a landscape, called anthropomorphism. He included several portraits in the cliffs in the watercolor from Arco 1496. It was not just a joke to keep us slightly confused in front of the painting.

The intention was to use personification to stress respect and affinity with a divine nature. Man was at that time

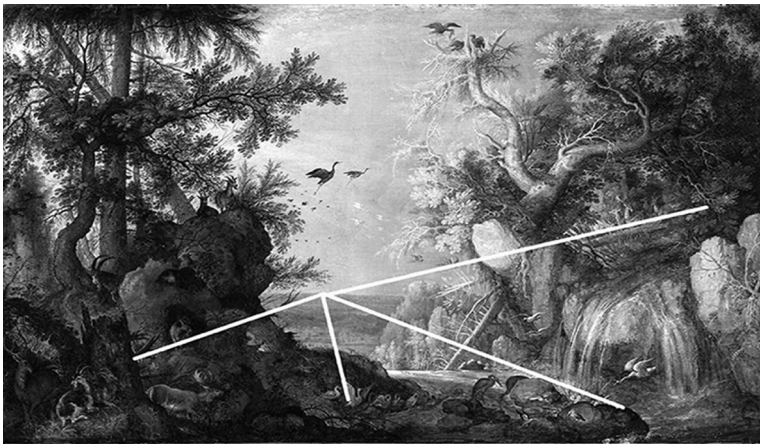


Reclining woman.

regarded as a central figure in the universe. Andreas Vesalius (1514-1564) pointed out the link between our body and the landscape in his anatomical drawings. When the human body was depicted as a skeleton in the foreground, naked rocks represented nature in the background. When Vesalius in another drawing demonstrated our muscles, the rocks received more clothing with trees and bushes.

In the painting by Savery, the animals are slightly caricatured with eyes staring at us onlookers. These facial expressions are another example of anthropomorphism with personification of animals. With eye contact we want to start a silent dialogue and step into the scene which also attracts us by a dramatized space.

With different intensities of light Savery achieves volumes to trees and animals. Dark branches and leaves



One-point perspective.

block light from the sun in the upper left corner and give rise to a mixture of shadows and sunny patches on the ground. From the left an elk enters as an actor into spotlight. This sharp contrast between dark and light has a relation with form by bringing movements to life. It is an application of "*chiaroscuro*" which was a commonly used style in Mannerism, especially in paintings by Caravaggio.

The light reflex from the edge of the main waterfall and the directions of shadows in the landscape tell us indirectly where we have the sun. This information and angles from fallen stems balance turgid elements from branches. Mannerism was a reaction against stiffness, but not against the role of geometry in creative work in front of the canvas. The architect Palladio represented a classical style based on mathematical qualities.

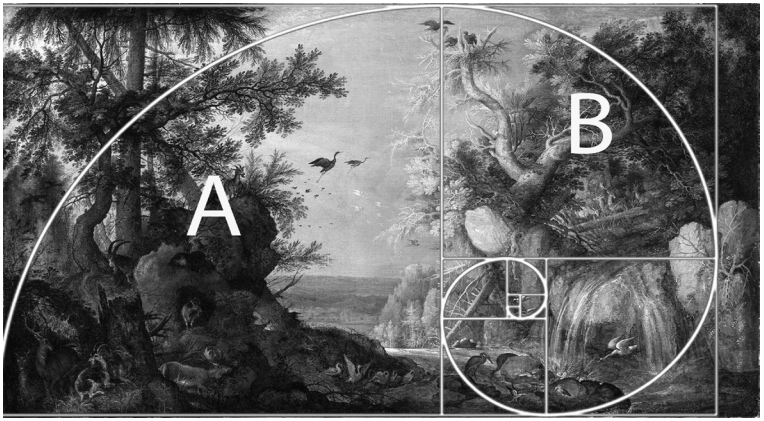
He did not like Mannerism. In spite of this difference

in taste, Mannerists have made paintings on walls in his houses. The bombastic elements from the paintings and the harmonic style of the architecture are there in good company.

Savery put emphasis on this relation in his paintings, but has not written a word about the role of geometry in art like Piero Della Francesca, Leonardo or Dürer. His interest can only be read from his work. To make the landscape in one-point perspective he had no roofs or walls from houses to use. Instead, he intentionally made several invisible straight lines in the landscape. One is found in a direction pointed from a bird's flapped wing and another one is in the direction of the stem from a fallen tree.

There is also one invisible straight line drawn from the top of two stones and another one from two short branches. These lines hit the same point in the horizon. Besides this use of one-point perspective he created steps of depth by using a scale of colors. Like several other contemporary artists, he put brown, green and blue in a certain order. Nuances of brown is used for foliage in the foreground. Green represents what is found to be green confined to a space, somewhere between foreground and background. The background is in blue.

A starting point for making a composition is the form of the canvas, in this case is close to a golden rectangle. Savery divided the scene in two separate rooms within squares of different sizes. To the left there is a square where



Fibonacci sequence.

the length of a side is equal to the height of the canvas. To the right there is another smaller square where the length of a side is equal to the length of the canvas minus the height of the canvas.

Below the smaller square is a rectangle with the same proportions as the whole canvas. This smaller rectangle can be divided in new squares with the same system of dividing as before. If quarter-circles from the different squares are joined, we get a snail form based on Fibonacci´s sequences (1,1,2,3,5,8,13) where the sum of two following numbers will be the next number (i.e. 5+8=13).

Kepler was interested in the Fibonacci´s sequences. They appear in biological settings, for example in the appendages on an artichoke. In 1611, he wrote that these sequences within a golden rectangle is something of the most beautiful we can find in nature. We do not know if Savery talked

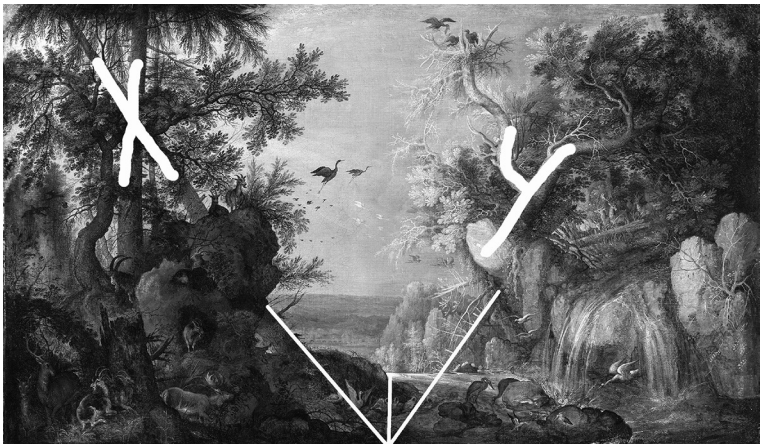
about geometry with Kepler, but it is very likely as they belonged to the same court, where geometry was a common topic of conversation. When we test for the possible use of the snail form, we are investigators of patterns. Work with pattern recognition is an important activity in our brains useful in art and science.

Savery wanted to create order with his different rooms, not only with the help of squares. The light edge of the waterfall runs in parallel with the horizon. It marks the border between a room in the foreground and one in the background. Our eyes fall on the light edge and returns to it with help from two goats and an elk staring at the edge and a bird flying towards it.

A horizontal line along the edge of the waterfall and the angles from the fallen trees tightens the composition. The stems have a dominating role in the composition. They are formed as large letters from the language of mathematics. “X” to the left and “Y” to the right. Another stabilizing effect is achieved by repetion of angles from stems.

Behind the edge of the waterfall we cannot see the greatness of the fall. With knowledge about the angle of the log touching the edge of the waterfall and the heights of the descending trees behind the edge we get a vague notion about the character of the fall. We can only guess if the fall is a single cascade or a fall in a series of steps behind the edge.

Art deals with showing as well as hiding information.



Fallen stems points to a light edge.
X and Y as heavy elements in the composition.

An intentionally made hole in the landscape is another technique to information about greatness of rooms.

There is a blue hole to the left of the light edge marked off by a fallen stem and the ground. It has the same function as a window through which we watch a landscape. The tiny hole gives special emphasis about something far away and something very close in the foreground. When we look through the hole we receive a clue and our eyes change focus. The image in our minds became three-dimensional.

For the same purpose, Savery uses flying birds to create depth. With knowledge about different sizes of the same birds in the air we can estimate different distances to the birds.

We also add information from the trees with different dimensions and the horizontal lines at different locations

Repetion of angles and a ”window” under a stem.

from the foreground. Branches embracing stems define spaces in front of stems and behind.

There are two markers of time in the painting. One is the splash of water representing our present time and the other in the background is a ruined human bridge. The present time is full of hope for peace. It is a story from the Book of Genesis. After the flood, different species live close and in peace. The emperor Rudolph II wanted peace, but it was only a dream close to the Thirty Years’ War. Savery had used symbols of our temporary life with fallen trees and broken stems. They carry a plea for duties in the society during our short lives.

Hourglasses, skulls and flowers with fallen petals were other common symbols for transitoriness. Flowers were symbols for noble thoughts. Other moral values were

thoughtfulness and promptness here represented by frozen movements from water, animals and birds. Savery wanted to create time for reflection about all wars going on. Art was a mental question where visualization of thoughts from state of mind was more important than being impressed by technical skill.

As a boy in front of the painting by Savery in our dining room, I made my own visualizations without reference to any scholarly source. I found the interplay of basic elements in art like structures, shades, geometry and color to be joyful. With my close respect for Savery´s obscure intention and thoughts I had established private connections where he and my parents must have found differences. In the painting I saw what was found to be useful, and had in mind for the moment. All the frozen movements of animals reminded me about my interest in physical fitness and sports. With my camera I became inspired to use high shutter speeds to catch my brother´s acrobatic style during a pole vault. A painting does not necessarily explain something, and different people might interpret differently.

In the journal "*Emerging Infections Diseases*" from 2006 the editor Polexmi Potter uses a paradise landscape with animals by Savery to illustrate problems with contagious diseases. Savery or the emperor could not anticipate that transport of animals to the zoo in Prague, full of with other animals, was a great risk for spreading diseases. Ebola, nipah virus, monkey pox, AIDS, SARS and bird influenza

are current examples. The painting illustrates this problem, as well as it reflects a tragic provenance and brings back dark memories from the Second World War.

In front of a painting we gradually associate with from our own experiences and from what other people have told. I understand how my grandmother may have felt after the war when she looked at the eagles, which together with the swastika was a symbol of Nazism. She handed the painting over to my father who had been of good help after the war when my grandfather was dying. Marta died 1969. She never heard that I was searching after the painting and that I finally found it unexpectedly.

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THE CRACK

Most of us visitors of museums admire those who work there, but it is hard to understand why paintings hang so close to each other in a chronological order. When pictures are densely packed on the walls I feel like walking in a cemetery, from one statement to another, with no hope to mature. Better might be to enter a room with a few chairs and a group of selected paintings from different ages, helping me understand thoughts from the past and then gradually learn about our own situation when one painting makes another painting more understandable.

A drawback behind such an egocentric proposal is that those who hope to find a certain work will be dissatisfied when most works are located far away in a storeroom. To collect art and create a museum means something for our memory and demonstrates respect to earlier generations. To exhibit art is something else, a focus on beautiful objects demanding time for questions.

When we try to confirm our own taste, we often get disturbed in front of what is new to us. We then leave the exhibition slightly upset with something to ponder over, which is an important prerequisite for growing. Not always are we prepared for such a lasting work. Only a creative mind has patience to wait and regards questions as funny and as a chance for development.

It takes time to investigate an image. Sometimes we must

be very close to the object. I realized that after a while when I was sitting on a sofa in Der Neue Pinakotek in Munich in front of "*Le dejeuner dans l'atelier*" by Éduard Manet. A man with a paper bag from the shop of the museum was at the side of me. Several lighthearted youngsters were rushing by, as if they were trying to be done with registration of names of artists in the shortest possible time. In contrast, with their stress we slow and elderly gentlemen, were meditating in silence. I felt that we sat in front of a waterhole waiting for natural wonders.

After a while, I wondered which one of us endured the most in this act of concentration. He stood up and took his paper bag with him, which I thought was a sign of an end of his session, but he just walked closer to the painting and stood there in front of it watching the legs of the dandy for a while. Then, he came back to me and sat down on our sofa with his bag between his legs.

We did not talk to each other. I wanted to comment his delay and I did not ask him to tell me what he observed there, close to the painting that he did not see from the sofa and what he thought about Manet and what he had bought in the shop, but that was nothing that I found natural to say as silence is mandatory, a holy rule requested from the guards in the museum. Silence strengthened our concentration and isolation in front of the masterpiece.

When I repeated his move by stepping closer to the painting I saw that the right leg of the dandy, slightly ahead of

the left leg, added a depth to the painting. The dandy moved out from the image as if he wanted to join all the youngsters running by and tell about his life. The man with the paper bag and I had experienced a need for time and that there were no shortcuts to make discoveries.

We may in one painting, from a certain time in history, find an expression that is very similar to what we have found in another painting from our own time. With such boundless acts of comparisons, we increase our sensitivity to look at art as a huge collection of messages from one period to another.

I could have told my friend about my interest in human gestures and that Savery catches movements from animals and has something of human interest in common with Manet, using a leg from a dandy, but it seemed too far to open his mind for my private thoughts. I did not want to be regarded as crazy or too spontaneous. It was wise to wait for the right moment. We want to catch such moments of coherence and tell others about our findings as if a museum is a place for searching companions.

One day I found one at the entrance of room number 18 in the Archeological museum in Athens. I met unexpectedly a woman who was a colleague of mine from a hospital in Sweden. We laughed at the fact that we suddenly and unexpectedly met in a museum instead of working together in the intensive care unit as usual. One week later after a trip to Aegina island, I decided to make a new visit to the mu-

seum before I went home to Sweden. Then, I met her again suddenly and unexpectedly, but now she was in the room number 19 in front of a statue caught by a fisherman 1925 outside Marathon.

I was struck by a funny error of my inner clock. What is incredibly unlikely became fantasy. The steps from one room to another became a closely connected event. I realized that time easily can be regarded as shortened, and make antique sculptures from Greece turn into fresh bread from yesterday.

In the museum, I expected pleasure from art, but I was disturbed by sensations linked to the objects. In front of the statue found by the fisherman, I was fascinated about an incredible catch rather than art. Mona Lisa has come in for something like that and become an object of sensation rather than an object of art.

When a crowd watches Mona Lisa while she hangs isolated behind a pane of glass, the incredible provenance is the real sensation. The story replaces curiosity and feelings of admiration from what we can see. It is a smog making the work of art invisible. I experienced a similar disturbing effect when I saw the painting by Savery unexpectedly 1988, 22 years after my father sold it. Due to this most incredible event, I found that the painting became an interesting story to listen to with my ears rather than a scenery to step into and observe with my eyes.

The prerequisite for this pure happenstance was an invi-

tation from my county council. I felt honored for my work with computing besides clinical work and joined a group that should study the future of medical informatics in the United States. One important part of computerization was how to put bills on "*products*" for patients. I did not like it because to me "*service*" was rather invisible and difficult to translate into money. I was afraid that commercialization of care could one day become as trendy as the profit making in art galleries and that some "*products*" would sell, but lack content and be of no value for the patient who demands "*safety*" above all.

The administrators and I had a common interest in medical informatics, but we saw different solutions. I felt that programming of structured details in care was the most joyful thing of all I had experienced besides being a clinician within internal medicine.

With the computers, I wanted to follow details of care, create knowledge from large databases, avoid double work and remove such care that is of no value for the patient. During our study tour in the USA, we visited six large cities from coast-to-coast.

One day when the group was in Boston I skipped a meeting in protest because I gradually understood that my own ideas on medical computing where data should be shared and followed for better science had no future. I was tired and felt like a sulky physician with difficulties to explain my experiences of consequences of good clinical art on

economy. I needed a visit to the Museum of fine Arts to meditate on the difference between bills on art and bills on "products" in care.

When I now saw the painting with my frame so unexpectedly again, I was not prepared for an encounter with a paradise. The meeting between the painting and me was partly a failure. It destroyed my chance to revive a joyful acquaintance with all the animals. I had exchanged "*to find something in a work of art*" for "*to find a work of art*". Savery disturbed me, as I never thought that I would find him. When I now finally had found him, it was not possible to change my focus from making a cool verification to become a bon vivant.

No one in my family knew where the painting was after the auction in Amsterdam 1966. The obsession I had to work for a final look was nothing but madness of no harm to others but myself.

Sometimes such stubborn behavior is an advantage. We search after a key and find something else. Earlier I had searched for the painting in other cities and had seen how Savery had made similar paintings to the one I was searching for.

Already when I walked on the steps to the museum, I felt a scent of hope as the museum had a poster at the entrance announcing an exhibition with Dutch landscapes from the 17th century. The crackle from the gravel gave me this hope but I had been deceived earlier. I let my hope grow as the

short time of self-delusion before a discernible event is full of richness.

When I entered the second room in the exhibition, seventy years after my grandparents had bought it, forty years after my parents had received it, thirty-five years after I had made a frame for it together with my father and twenty-two years after it was sold I suddenly saw the painting. It was not seeing. Rather, a contact with the core of unreality. I felt extremely lonely, close to fainting. My reaction was unpredictable.

The room was crowded, and I was sweating with a pulse quickened. Confused I thought that the painting had found me and accused me for hanging there. It was not a ravishing meeting but a flash in my face. My look bounced away from the canvas as if I had been blinded. I had received what I wanted, but I was not thankful for this gift. It was a shame to stand there. I had carried a dream that I had treated as unrealistic with the simple aim to feel pity for myself. Now I wanted to tell a friend about my sensational finding, but first I had to calm down.

I had received an answer about the location of the painting, but I was not in mood to ask what it had to tell me after all these years. According to researchers of vision and brain we have different routes of nerves for the questions "*where*" and "*what*". The first question we quickly respond to with the help of rods used for dark vision and the other question using stimuli from the cones, I did not bother about, takes a

longer time. I was blocked by emotion from the first answer on "*where*" and I had no need to take time to look at it closer with reflection and answer the question "*what*".

From now on, I realized that there were hope for anything. My perspective on how the world works changed with this experience. Not until now I understood how narrow-minded I had been and how I had made life boring. My blind faith said that a finding of this type should be a step forward and made me happy.

Instead, I must look back and try to understand how war, thefts, my grandfather´s death, frame making with my father, a restoration of signature, my grandmother´s disease, my father´s search for moral values to become a better person had changed the fate of the painting. I felt strong as if I had woken up from a bad dream. Now I showed courage and started doubting. It was not art that gave me hope but the fact that I had come to my senses away from art.

The core of scientific work is to be open for serendipitous discoveries. In front of the painting, I realized that I had discovered something and now I must do more work. A discovery was not enough. I had a piece in a puzzle, but there must be some other pieces. I thought about inventions and that my memory must be used wisely.

We lose memories rapidly and new memories take over. It is easy to get confused. Memory artists teach us that it is easier to remember things if we link what we try to remember into a story we already know and is close to our heart.

The painting by Savery now became that dear memory that I had used unconsciously linking feelings and stories from childhood. It reminded me about trivial things like lingonberry juice.

The painting was a memory collector that I wanted to use instead of looking at it. Lost in the museum I thought about my father's impulse to sell and I remembered how I sat very close to the painting in our dining room and not in a museum. In the painting, I had made interesting discoveries important for how I made discoveries outside, but I cannot pretend that the painting had taught me how I should travel to find it.

Like a sleepwalker, I had arrived from one museum in my home to another one not so good for the moment. Museums in big cities cannot set up that relation a painting in a home establishes or should establish with paintings hanging close and to the stories told by the owners. I regarded the painting as misplaced even if it hung next to a Rembrandt. Bruegel must have been better, but better would be his own "*Plundering of a village*".

I saw the same image as before with the difference that I now was older. The painting had stayed with me at the same time separated from me and changed. I had greeted with a silent "*Hello Savery!*", but in vain. The painting did not recognize me as before. We were not a couple anymore. It was a strange day and I thought about the days that separated us. I wondered if we ever could create a new relation.

It seemed impossible, as the painting had not followed my maturation. The animals did not move and did not look at me. The years that had passed had broken the spell, but the frame was the same.

I understood that the painting was a dead friend who I now visited to say good-bye and show my gratitude for the years that had passed. It was not pleasure, but something I could not handle and put in order.

I had been humiliated by my behavior searching after something, when I should not worry. It was not real until I had shared my finding with the world. I needed immediate support from a woman who stood close to me. I was in demand to get response from her as a muse.

This time it was not Greta Garbo who I regard as a muse. I met her once unexpectedly in front of a painting by Leger without talking to her. That time I felt like I participated in one of her silent films and Leger shined with beauty when she looked into my eyes.

That was a nice experience and important for a young boy. This time was more critical. I wanted to talk, as if Greta or some other of our important muses had come back.

The lady watched the same Savery as I did, but now it was not my Savery anymore. She described things for her daughter as if she possessed some knowledge. I did not hear what she said.

It was time to interrupt because I had to calm down by talking. When we share information, we are not alone

anymore. If she knew something about the painting, I knew something more.

I felt shy and hesitated. As they did not move, it became more necessary to communicate. I thought that they would think I was mentally ill. I had to be careful. With a calm voice I asked: "*Do you want to know something about this picture?*" When I pointed at the painting, I understood that the question was put to my helplessness.

The woman and her daughter smiled and looked me into my eyes. They said that they would like to listen to what I had to say. Now I felt relaxed and could treat them as close friends. It must have been odd to let another visitor act like a guide. She noted that I was eager and probably thought that I had a sensation to announce.

I told her that I today unexpectedly had found a painting that once belonged to my family. My voluntary task to speak about Savery made me relax. With a sweeping gesture from my hand, I told her that most of the paintings came once from homes. I became silent for a moment and saw all homes ruined after wars. The paintings grimed at me as if they were prisoners or animals in a zoo.

When I tried to say something about Savery, I overestimated my competence. Something of what I said about Rudolf II, Tycho Brahe and Johannes Kepler was probably wrong. I talked with ease and was convinced that dates and names would probably come out correctly. My talk might give sense to my life and to a story I did not understand.

The daughter looked surprised and said: "*Really — a masterpiece in a home*?", with a very empathetic tone. I continued my story about my Savery, but forget to discuss what I liked the most when I saw the painting in front of me. I also forgot to mention Gestapo, how the painting disappeared, was retrieved and about the holes from bullets in the staircase and why my father sold it. I finished my superficial story with the most private thing to tell in a lowered voice: "*And my father and I made the frame*".

At the same time, I was looking more on the frame than on the painting. I saw a small crack in the upper right corner and wondered how it could have happened. I pointed at it and in the same moment, a guard in the museum made a gesture to hush me.

My friends walked away without a word. I felt old and the sign of a crack was a farewell and an opening to something new. I found two alternatives. Instead of falling down dead on the floor in front of my painting, I decided to walk out to get some fresh air.

I succeeded in seeing something new, as I did not receive the emotions I had anticipated before I found the painting. Now I could tell another story about a lost painting and my love of true serendipity.

When I walked out from the museum, the painting by Savery had been transformed from a dead monument to a stimulating story, which a dictator with destructive power on language could not steal from me.

There was no idea to stay in the museum and watch other paintings. I was preoccupied with my thoughts of the finding and needed air and a new start. I caught myself being too reverent in front of art. My interest was nothing but a bad habit, and my search after a lost friend was an effort without meaning. I was amused by the fact that my frame was there. Even with a crack, the frame was more important to me than the painting.

The painting was disturbing because I needed concentration on my thinking. The problem made me happy because I felt as if I had understood something about history with a painting.

Suddenly when I had thought about all possibilities time stood still and insight made me relax. My thoughts were occupied by extremes in statistics and the word risk. It took some time for me to realize that things that happen by chance is a common event that every one of us has experienced at fertilization. That is the reason behind why we are born equal.

I had made a follow-up and sometimes dreams are fulfilled. This is the rule for good things and bad things. From that insight, it is so difficult with forecasts. It might have been an accident.

It is wiser not to be so bewildered, and work harder on issues that are more substantial. I knew more about the frame than about the painting, which now was located in a strange place.

I wanted to tackle a problem. The frame with the crack was not good for the painting and for my relation to it. A broken shoe creates a tender foot. Today the painting is not in view and the frame is removed I guess, if they have seen the crack.

I wonder where the frame is. It is also time to try to find my friends and thank them for what they meant to me in a critical moment of my life. I want to give the woman and her daughter the complete story about the boy and how important it was for him to play with all the animals and birds in the painting. That gave him curiosity and thankfulness in front of gestures mirroring a big world.

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