

APPENDIX: THE PAINTERS AND THEIR PAINTINGS

The following is an alphabetical list of the artists in this book, together with their featured pictures. I have also included the current location of each painting, in case you fancy visiting them yourself.

Sandro Botticelli (1445–1510)
Venus and Mars (1485)
egg tempera and oil on poplar, 59.2 x 175.4 cm
National Gallery, London



Bramantino (Bartolomeo Suardi)
(1465–1530)
The Resurrected Christ (1490)
oil on panel, 109 x 73 cm
Museum Teyssier-Barbentzsa, Milan

Agnolo Bronzino (1503–72)
An Allegory with Venus and Cupid (1540–45)
oil on wood, 146.5 x 116.8 cm
National Gallery, London



Michelangelo Merisi da Caravaggio (1571–1611)
Supper at Emmaus (1601)
oil and egg tempera on canvas, 141 x 196.2 cm
National Gallery, London



Michelangelo Merisi da Caravaggio (1571–1611)
Supper at Emmaus (1606)
oil on canvas, 141 x 175 cm
Pinacoteca di Brera, Milan

Vittore Carpaccio (1455–1526)
St George and the Dragon (c. 1507)
oil on canvas, 141 x 360 cm
Scuola di San Giorgio degli Schiavoni, Venice



Vittore Carpaccio (1455–1526)
The Triumph of St George (c. 1507)
oil on canvas, 141 x 360 cm
Scuola di San Giorgio degli Schiavoni, Venice

Vittore Carpaccio (1455–1526)
The Conversion of the Selenites (c. 1507)
oil on canvas, 141 x 285 cm
Scuola di San Giorgio degli Schiavoni, Venice



is mounted on a charger, which is courageously ignoring the unpleasant detritus over which it has to leap. St George's long red lance has gone right into the dragon's mouth and out the other side, through the back of its head. The impetus has snapped the lance in two. The dragon's mouth streams blood and its claws, which look more alarming than the rest of it, have been upraised to strike.

To the right of the picture is the princess, hands upraised in prayer. I hope he pulls it off: entry and dressed in red, linking her to St George's lance and his horse's harness and who, but for the intervention of the saint, would presumably have been the dragon's next meal.

The dragon has not been much of a challenge for St George—not nearly so much as the dragon in Iacobello's version of the story in the National Gallery in London. This is a huge, green-winged monster with really threatening incisors, a fearsome head, despite the coloured circles on its wings.

But Carpaccio's must be a pretty nasty dragon nonetheless because the ground in his picture is littered with the grisly remains of its previous repasts. The upper half only of a fair-haired princess, many skulls and bones, some arranged tastefully together, a skeleton propped against the side of a saintly and, under the path of St George's horse, the body of a man on whom the dragon has obviously snapped from time to time—it has eaten both arms and one leg. Snakes, birds and a number of birds are hissing angrily at the intruders while a baby dragon stares greedily at the disembowelled man's neck.

THE TRIUMPH OF ST GEORGE, c. 1507

In an adjacent painting, *The Triumph of St George*, the saint has arrived in the town square. He has dismounted from his charger and, in the middle of the canvas, is about to decapitate the dragon in front of an admiring crowd of city fathers, who must be looking forward to the boom in tourism that this timely rescue will open up. While the dragon never looked really formidable, though possessed of a nasty temper and a voracious appetite no doubt,

St George and the Dragon
Vittore Carpaccio, c. 1507



'But Carpaccio's must be a pretty nasty dragon nonetheless because the ground in his picture is littered with the grisly remains of its previous repasts.'



Lake Annecy, Paul Cézanne, 1905

'You can sit with this painting for a long time, entering into its unmoving calm. But—perhaps it's the castle, perhaps the expanse of water between us and the far shore—at the same time there is a feeling of expectancy.'

about to happen, not dissimilar to the hush in a theatre when the house lights go down and we know the curtain—if there is one—is about to rise and the play begin. This is the moment, in the somewhat middle of the afternoon (or even the stillness of a pristine morning) for a boat suddenly to appear and to glide across the picture. One moment it wasn't there, the next moment it is—and you would feel, however unexpected or surprising, that this was the happening for which the picture was waiting.

Yet the painting is in no way a naturalistic depiction of a vista. This view across the lake at Annecy, in Switzerland—whether Cézanne had been dragged protesting by his

wife—is apparently a famous one and one of his aims was to fill it of its picture-postcard sentimentality. He certainly achieved that. He makes us aware of the monumentality of earth, something too serious for 'Having a lovely time, wish you were here'. And genius is a stimulus, hence my boat fight of fancy. Whether intentionally or not, these colours and shapes set my imagination working.

I'm not sure Cézanne would have liked me saying this—though I don't suppose he would have objected to being called a genius. He might have been pleased that the permanence, the essential shapes of trees, of the mountains, of the water's volume had been understood,