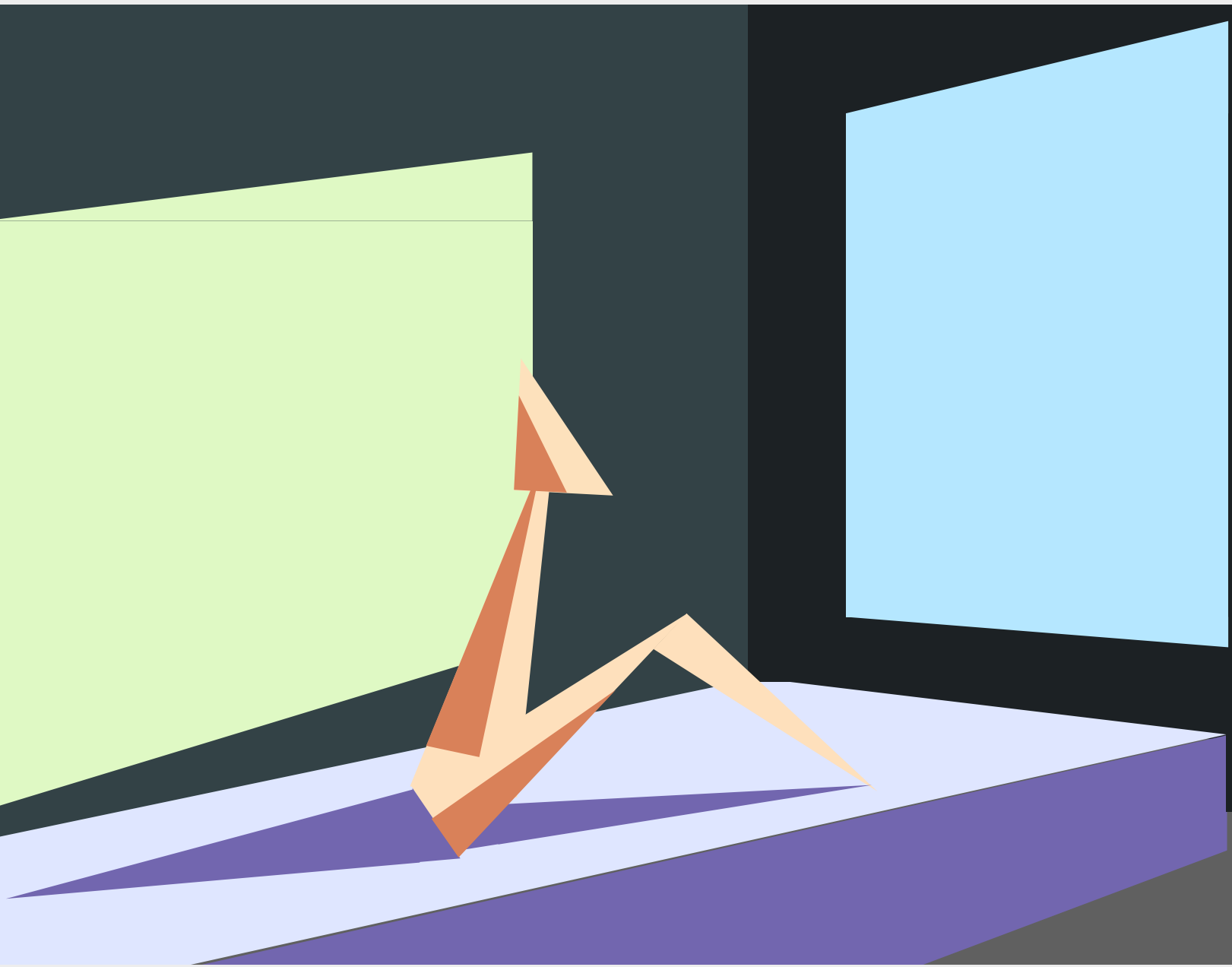


The Sun Rises From The West



I did not feature work today. Instead, I am writing to you while copying (using rectangles and triangles provided by the word processor) Edward Hopper's *Morning Sun* he painted in 1952; *oil on canvas, 101.98 x 71.5 cm*

The composition is absolute, iconic, genius, bold. A woman is looking from the window. Is she alone? Is there an observer? Is someone looking back at her? Is it a monument to isolation? Is it an ode to meditation? Did she have her morning coffee, or she just woke up? Why is the bed not undone? And her hair? Is it Sunday? She probably didn't sleep. Is she sad? Is she tired? Did she just come from work? Is it a ritual? Is she praying? Is she waiting for someone? Is she in a hotel? Why does her face look like a mask? Why her right eye is black?...

It appears that the property of great art, from the perspective of the viewer, is the number of unanswered questions it instigates; questionings elevate the work, answers demote it. The mystery is embedded in great art.

How to mystify? How to tell and not say? Or the inverse.

010

SAYS

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All the newsletters are designed on a word processor.

If you have any questions, comments or suggestions about this newsletter or its content please let me know.
If you do not wish to receive this newsletter let me know.