


8-31-2016

## Searching Cézanne's Provence

Robert M. Girvan

 Part of the [Critical and Cultural Studies Commons](#), [Literature in English, North America Commons](#), [Nature and Society Relations Commons](#), and the [Place and Environment Commons](#)  
Follow this and additional works at / Suivez-nous ainsi que d'autres travaux et œuvres:  
<https://scholars.wlu.ca/thegoose>

---

### Recommended Citation / Citation recommandée

Girvan, Robert M.. "Searching Cézanne's Provence." *The Goose*, vol. 15 , no. 1 , article 10, 2016,  
<https://scholars.wlu.ca/thegoose/vol15/iss1/10>.

This article is brought to you for free and open access by Scholars Commons @ Laurier. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Goose by an authorized editor of Scholars Commons @ Laurier. For more information, please contact [scholarscommons@wlu.ca](mailto:scholarscommons@wlu.ca).

Cet article vous est accessible gratuitement et en libre accès grâce à Scholars Commons @ Laurier. Le texte a été approuvé pour faire partie intégrante de la revue The Goose par un rédacteur autorisé de Scholars Commons @ Laurier. Pour de plus amples informations, contactez [scholarscommons@wlu.ca](mailto:scholarscommons@wlu.ca).

---

## Searching Cézanne's Provence

### **Cover Page Footnote**

Notes 1. I owe a great debt to the fine authors cited in this paper beyond specific matters that can be footnoted. As a keen amateur regarding Cézanne's paintings, I read the best art criticism I could find to help me understand them. Over many years, I have built up my own understanding of Cézanne's paintings by carefully re-reading key books, and my own reflections on what I saw in the paintings. In some cases, where their thoughts stop and mine start is hard to say. In particular, I learned a great deal from art historians Meyer Schapiro and Richard Verdi. I found their books on Cézanne's paintings to be outstanding. I also found Pavel Machotka's comparison of Nature and Art to be a unique addition to the books on Cézanne. Finally, while these books helped me understand Cézanne's art, my reactions recorded here are my own, for better or worse.

Robert Girvan

## *Searching Cézanne's Provence*



Figure 1: *Aix Cathedral Seen from the Studio at Les Lauves* (1904-06), Cézanne.  
Courtesy of Rita and Alex Hillman Foundation.

*I don't want you to touch this olive tree. You're going to build the house to the left of it. You'll make sure you protect it. Earth it up to shoulder-height.*

Cézanne to the contractor building his studio, 1902  
(*Atelier Cézanne* 39)

**M**arseille, July 2012.

The airport is so cold I put on a sweater. I walk out, over polished stone, past airy glass walls, into the hot morning. Stagnant heat presses down from the hazy blue sky. It radiates up from

the black asphalt, mixing with gas fumes to make breathing unpleasant. Sweating tourists stand in long lines in front of the portable car rental trailers.

In Aix-en-Provence the traffic is very slow. The city is pleasantly liveable most of the year, but not in summer. Provence is a victim of its fine climate and global marketing. Cézanne's face is on posters everywhere: on every signpost, plastered on every electrical pole, up the sides of buildings, and on bus shelters. The brightly coloured, dapper, nearly handsome face is from an early, unthreatening self-portrait. It billows in the breeze on a large banner strung across the front of the Tourism Office. Thick crowds stand by the entrance. Inside, long lines lead to several tourism servers selling tickets to the Cézanne Site activities. His self-portrait from 1895, showing him looking like human prey, is nowhere to be seen.

In the early 1900s, a few avant-garde young painters from Paris came to meet Cézanne and to learn from him. They sensed that he was "one of those who determine evolution" (Danchev, *Cézanne A Life* 308). After Cézanne died, people still came. Picasso bought a house nearby and painted Mont Sainte-Victoire, although never from the same angle as Cézanne. Philosophers Martin Heidegger and Maurice Merleau-Ponty came in the late 1950s and early 1960s (Danchev, *Cézanne A Life* 371). They seemed to be searching the landscape for signs of some truth they'd glimpsed in the paintings; a primordial unveiling, perhaps, built up with rigorous form. Today, the world comes to see the sites. We know a little or a lot. We leave our glass towers, and computers (at least in the hotels), with images in our minds of the boughs of pine trees shaking in the mistral, of serene coffee pots presented with unusual grandeur, as if time had stood still in their making, and of the cathedral-like mountain floating above the plain.

Parking spots are scarce, worth a fistfight between tense tourists. Big underground parking lots, finely engineered to list the amount of parking spots left, are nearly full. Amusement park crowds press in everywhere—over the sidewalks, across the roads, packing the park benches, laying on sparse browned grass, or on the edges of water fountains. I, too, am here. Everyone consumes something: croissants (at 2:00 pm, a horror to the French!) or chocolate or ice cream cones or bars, beneath the Cézannes, fluttering everywhere through the city, like patriotic flags.

One place I didn't see any of Cézanne's paintings, except a few little ones on loan from Paris, was in the local gallery. While Cézanne lived, the gallery director, on point of honour, refused to have such ugly paintings in his gallery (Rewald 265). By the time modernity rolled over this quiet town, and the edict against Cézanne was reversed, his paintings must have been far too expensive for the gallery to afford.

I make it out of Aix, and drive east, with a line of cars close behind me. Soon, the house I would be staying in for a week appears behind high black iron bars. My small apartment is around back, facing a pine-treed hill so steep it is like a wall. White patio stones between the house and a rock-edged garden reflect the burning light so sharply I have to look away. Cicadas howl in the pines. I take my heavy Cézanne books out of my travel bag. Between visits to the various sites, I will read (again) about his life and study the paintings.

A few days later I visit the Jas de Bouffan, the large country house that Cézanne's father, a wealthy banker, bought in the countryside near Aix when Cézanne was 19 years old. The property included 35 acres of vineyards, orchards, and groves of trees. Cézanne painted, in various styles over the forty years he lived here, the lush foliage and trees in the summer and works of skeletal clarity depicting trees that had dropped their leaves in winter. He also painted the rolling pastoral landscape beyond his property, with farmers' fields rendered in greens and browns gently undulating up to darker purple ridges in the distance.

In his youth Cézanne rambled over the countryside, camping, hunting, fishing, and swimming, with his great friend, Émile Zola. When Zola moved to Paris with his mother, he and Cézanne wrote letters back and forth. Cézanne read many of them in the fields, under a tree. In one letter, Zola called Cézanne a poet of the brush (Danchev, *Letters* 102).

As a student, Cézanne studied Virgil and translated one of Virgil's *Eclogue's* into French. With an exquisite style, and an urban education, Virgil sings the pastoral songs of shepherds unhappy in love, or forced to leave their homes. The solace of nature, "the moaning doves in immemorial elms" is real (xv). But it cannot stop returning soldiers from forcing tenants off their land and leaving them with nothing. In the ninth *Eclogue* one shepherd asks another if a poet's verses can "preserve ancient beeches" from destruction. The other answers, "In Mars' weaponed-world, our songs prevail the way / Chaonian doves do with the eagle in a fray" (xiii). For many centuries Provence was part of the Roman Empire. These stories of the brooks, trees, and fields, and the pain of life, spoke deeply to Cézanne. They gave him a horizon of meaning for his own landscape (Conisbee 18; Smith 64). He could quote them, in Latin, his entire life.

Jas de Bouffan is on a busy city street now, though it is quieter than downtown. Houses and low-rise apartment buildings surround it. I take a tour run by the tourist office. The house has been renovated downstairs, but is closed upstairs. No one lives here. It feels quiet and lonely, like a tomb: a sleepy monument to the dead past. The backyard seems for an instant like an oasis, with long green grass, a garden, a pool of water, and cypress and chestnut trees. Then the howl of car engines comes through the trees from the expressway that has been built just west of the house. Our tour guide explains that many chestnut trees had died as the road cut off the flow of water to the property.

In Cézanne's time you could see Mont Sainte-Victoire from the backyard in winter. These days, walls and buildings block the view. I leave after 45 minutes, happy to get out of there. I look back as I go and imagine a big fire burning, say at dusk. When Cézanne sold the property in 1899, he made a fire of furnishings from the house, and some of his old paintings, on these grounds (Danchev, *Cezanne A Life* 322).

For most of Cézanne's life, most critics, painters, and even his friend Émile Zola, considered him to be a failure. As a young artist, Cézanne struggled to draw the human body accurately. He also chose, at times, to distort images to express his passionate inner vision and to shock both the bourgeoisie and the juries of the French Salon. Every year he sent paintings to the Official Salon. Every year, except when he was admitted through an immediately closed exception to

the general rules, he was rejected (Rewald 147). The critics mocked him mercilessly. The conventional style, rigidly policed by the so-called experts, was a dead classicism, perfect drawing as an excuse to show nudity, pleasing frivolity, or conventional history paintings.



Figure 2: *The Birth of Venus* (1863), Alexandre Cabanel: Musée d'Orsay, Paris.

Wave after wave of French artists, including the Impressionists, attacked these conventions. In *Modern Olympia*, submitted to the First Impressionist Exhibition in 1874, Cézanne charged into banality like an enraged bull. It is hard now to imagine how shocking *Modern Olympia* was back then, with its bold conception, overwhelming colours, and inelegant but powerful shapes. Not only are the conventions of beauty overturned, but even the evidence of one's own eyes. Critics were horrified. One wrote: "On Sunday the public saw fit to sneer at a fantastic figure that is revealed under an opium sky to a drug addict . . . and Cézanne is a madman" (Rewald 105). Even after his death, Cézanne's paintings were considered shocking (Danchev, *Cézanne A Life* 2).



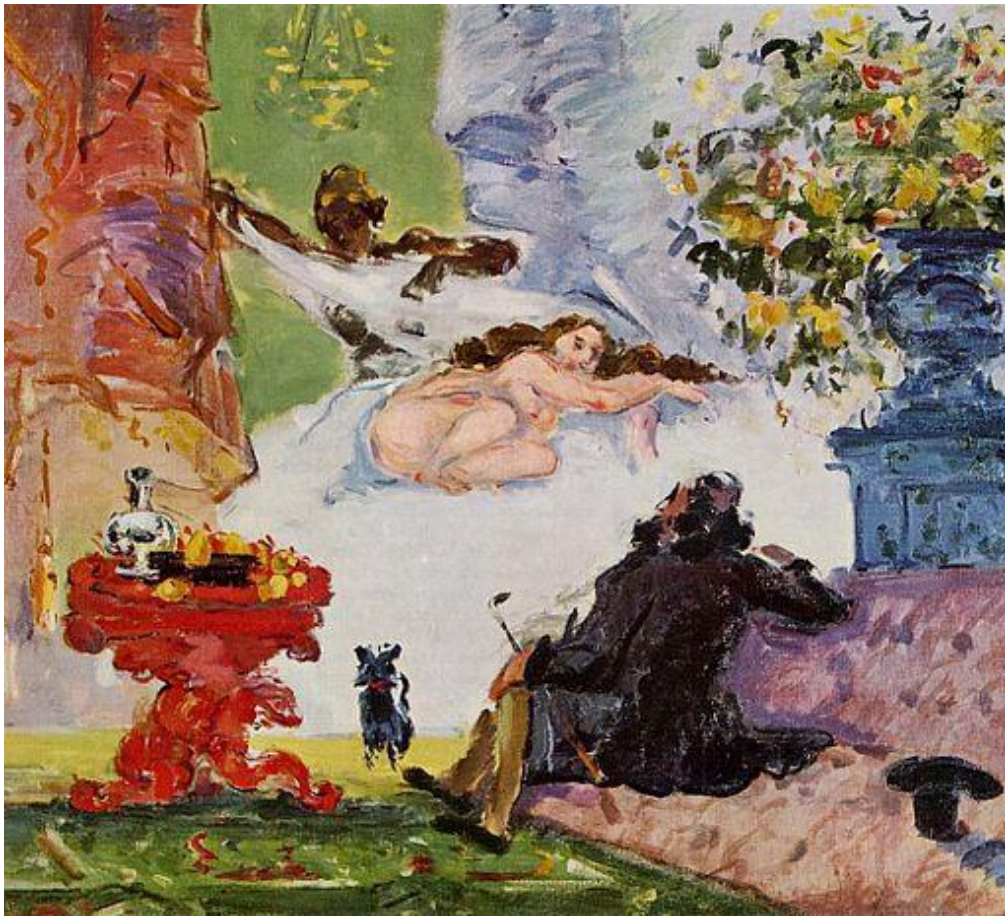


Figure 3: *Modern Olympia* (1874), Cézanne: Musée d'Orsay, Paris.

In the 1870s, under the tutelage of Impressionist Camille Pissarro, Cézanne began to study, scrupulously, the world around him. He learned to express his deep inner vision through a careful engagement with both the materials of his art and the inexhaustible richness of the visible world. In Paris many critics and artists saw him as a “primitive.” One day he met the Impressionist, Édouard Manet, a sophisticated Parisian, at the Café Guerbois in Paris. Cézanne said, with his nasal *Provençale* accent, playing the role of the country boy: “I won't offer you my hand, Monsieur Manet, I haven't washed for a week” (Danchev, *Cézanne A Life* 91).

Cézanne wore old smocks and paint-splattered pants, but he was not a simple man. He won prizes in high school for Ancient Greek, Latin, science, calculus, and history (Rewald 16). As an adult, he loved Stendhal, Maupassant, and Baudelaire. Though deeply discouraged by the criticism he faced, Cézanne was not defeated. A few months after the 1874 exhibition, he wrote to his mother,

I have to work all the time, but not to achieve the finish that earns the admiration of imbeciles. And that thing that is so widely valued is only the workman's craft, and makes all the resulting work inartistic and common. I must strive for completion purely for the satisfaction of becoming truer and wiser. (Danchev, *Letters* 154)

Not everyone attacked Cézanne. In 1877, at the 2<sup>nd</sup> Impressionist Show, critic Georges Rivière wrote,

M. Cézanne is, in his works, a Greek of the great period: his canvasses have the calm and heroic serenity of the paintings and terra cottas of antiquity. . . . In all his paintings the artist produces emotion because he himself experiences in the face of nature a violent emotion that his craftsmanship transmits to the canvas. (Rewald 113)

\*\*\*\*\*

One day I drive to Gardanne, a small town south of Aix. Cézanne painted here in the 1880s, either in town or nearby. The red roofs, the structural clarity, the tower, are similar to those depicted in Cézanne's paintings. The smokestacks are new: one tall, and two large, squat, grey. I ask a woman beside me if the smokestacks were from a nuclear power station. "No, it is a coal thermal power plant," she says. Then she adds, sharply, "Many people work there. We need the power."



Figure 4: Gardanne, France (2012), R. Girvan.

The Gardanne paintings interest me less than a painting of a nearby hamlet of houses, *Mont Sainte-Victoire Near Gardanne*. This is not the fleeting moment of the Impressionists. Here (below, Figure 5), one feels the calm of the abiding. Working alone, for years, out on the land, open to the elements, Cézanne developed a style of monumental structural power. He combined it with a rich subtlety of colour, producing an epic poetry of the brush. When I discovered this painting years before, in the middle of my hectic trial lawyer's schedule, I would gaze at the houses, set in the epic landscape, and feel a desire to be there, walking on some path or another, beneath a flawless sky, before the distant mountain. I wanted to be lost, to see what might be found.





Figure 5: *Mont Sainte-Victoire Near Gardanne* (1886-1890), Cézanne:  
The White House, Washington, D.C.

Gardanne is so built up I don't try to find where Cézanne had painted this painting. I don't stay in the town long. The land as depicted in the paintings had gone under long before. I want to continue south to the Mediterranean. Cézanne had painted many paintings at L'Estaque showing the wide sweep of the blue sea, with distant hills lying across the gulf like a living thing. But the expressways are so busy in high season it would take three to four hours to drive the 30 kilometres to get there. Even if I made it, there wouldn't be much to see other than concrete buildings and roads. The sea would still be bright blue, but it would be painful to see the overdeveloped coast. In 1902, Cézanne wrote, "I remember . . . the once so picturesque shores of L'Estaque. Unfortunately, what people call progress is nothing other than the invasion of the bipeds, who cannot rest until they have transformed everything" (Danchev, *Letters* 323).

The rise and fall of engines carries to the backyard. Mornings are the worst, busier than on my downtown Toronto street. The howl of the cicadas is the only sound louder than the motors. At first I think their harsh song is two notes. As the days pass, I realize it is a burst of sound, then silence. The silence is part of the song. Later in the afternoons, when there are fewer cars, the howl of the cicadas is mesmerizing. Time beats like an ancient drum, or flows, or moves in the shadows. Each day, I see what I am looking at more clearly and listen better. Thoughts rise more simply, sharply, from a deeper source. One day, I realize that I understand Cézanne's paintings a bit better.

One afternoon, I open my book and find *Mount St. Victoire With Large Pine* (1886-7). Cézanne has abandoned traditional perspective here. Instead of the view narrowing to a distant point, we feel the compelling horizontal reach of the Arc Valley (Schapiro 84). The mountain is rooted

in the center, like a distant cathedral on a hill. The boughs of the pine, swaying in the mistral wind, extend out over the mountain.

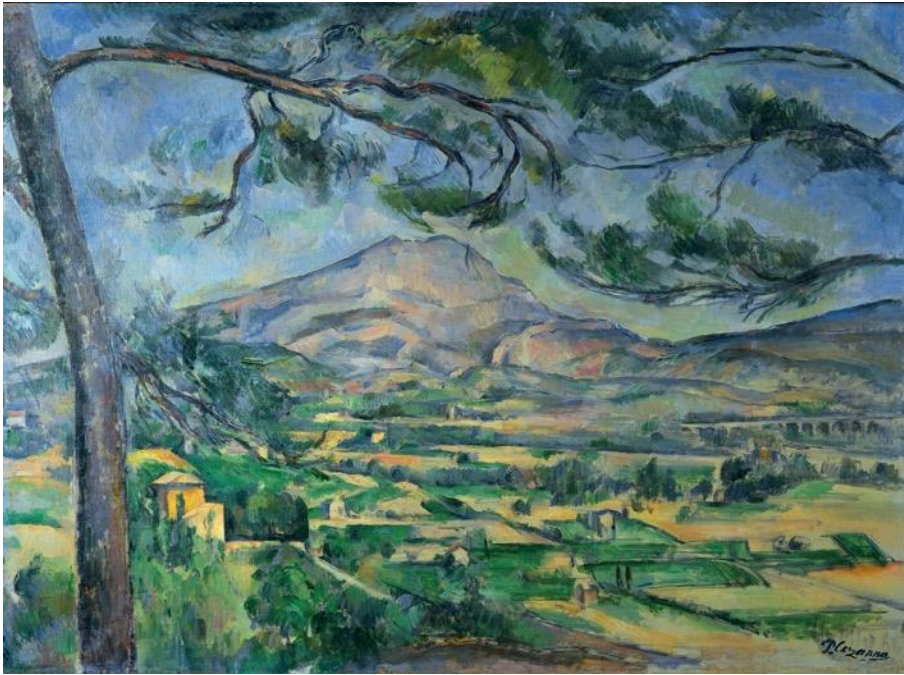


Figure 2: Mount St. Victoire With Large Pines (1886-1887), Cézanne:  
Courtauld Institute of Art, London.

This valley was as much home to Cézanne as his own house. Cézanne was extraordinarily sensitive to the natural world. He painted, as Meyer Schapiro said so wisely, “without banality or formula, even a new formula” (78). His goal was not a realistic treatment of the landscape. He yearned for a never-to-be-achieved absolute—call it harmony, or truth, or beauty. He destroyed many paintings and was unhappy with some we call masterpieces. His paintings were created out of a great struggle to set original seeing into a rigorous form. Here, Cézanne sees the landscape with an eye that knows Virgil and the classical landscapes of Nicholas Poussin. Cézanne said, “I want to re-do Poussin over again by way of nature” (Verdi 120). He wanted to take his own “impressions” of nature, based on the most careful scrutiny, and re-construct a great harmony, like the past masters he admired and knew so well in the Louvre.

One very hot afternoon, I try to find where Cézanne painted this landscape. Everything has changed. The city sprawls everywhere. I am on an expressway, then a highway. I get lost twice, stop at a gas station, but can find nothing. Concrete warehouses and housing developments line the road on both sides. Tall narrow trucks press in on me from the front and back. I have a map on the passenger seat but I risk my life to look at it. I can’t find the river, fields, or the valley. Nor can I see the mountain. After forty minutes I give up.

\*\*\*\*\*

One morning, later in the week, I head east to Bibémus quarry. In the mid and late 1890s, when it was no longer used as a quarry, Cézanne painted here often. When he painted here the quarry was a place of deep quiet and solitude. It is hard now to imagine the roar of tools cutting and blasting rock, how hot, dusty, and miserable it must have been for the men working in the summer heat and harsh light. Today, strictly controlled tours limit the number of people who can visit each day. I board a bus that drives away from the busy road into Aix, back into the pine forest. We enter through a door unlocked by our tour guide. We go in, past a fence and an old stone structure. A dozen of us walk through silently. Once inside, we speak in hushed voices.

Cézanne might well have said of this place what he once wrote to Émile Zola about the countryside near Zola's house, in the autumn: "There seems to be a greater silence. These are feelings I cannot express; it is better to experience them" (Rewald 129). And yet, there was more here for Cézanne than silence. Red sandstone had been excavated from the quarry since Roman times. For two centuries public buildings and grand houses in Aix were built with stone from this quarry (Conisbee 193). Cézanne was seeing, and painting, the rock of the earth and the shapes of his own history.

Quarry walls rise at curving or bending angles twenty feet or more. No line is straight or vertical. Walls lean forward, cut from below. Claw marks run up and down the stone, as if a bulldozer had dug out the rock, perhaps when the quarry was briefly re-opened in the 1940s. Seams of red, orange, and grey rock weave in horizontal planes. Elsewhere, the seams are layered nearly vertically. Some walls have one astonishingly dominant colour, such as orange or red. There is a rough arch, a near-triangle, other strange shapes, and openings with fissures and broken gaps.

Between and beyond the trees, the quarry is alive with broken and harmonic structure. Most pines are above the quarry, so the wails of the cicadas feel like distant song. Through the dry-green boughs of the pines, or in other wide-open spaces, rises a blue sky so deep, one might think that the real and the ideal had merged, as they do so often in Cézanne's paintings. Bibémus is near the edge of a high ridge overlooking the plateau. Thus, it is at once in the ground and up high. In the years he painted here, Cézanne lived for periods in an old stone cabin under a cypress tree beside the quarry. Its orange-streaked grey stones look more broken than cleanly cut. These stones emerge from the bigger piled-up rocks at the cabin's base. This is perched in a very curious location. The cabin overlooks the quarry, but has a panoramic view on the other side. To the south, one's eyes and mind range freely for miles and miles, over ridge after ridge of green hills, to the purple-blue hills on the far horizon. To the east, Mont Sainte-Victoire rises sharply over the surrounding plain. The mountain is shaped like a rough triangle, leaning southward. Its front, nearly vertical, limestone walls have blue and purple tones in the late-afternoon light.

Cézanne had few visitors at the quarry and must have spent days, weeks, alone. Time must have flowed with the rhythms of the sun, the movement of the shadows, and the quality of the light. Painting for hours in the silence and clear light must have allowed him to really see what



he was looking at. Many of his quarry paintings show closed-in views of broken rocks, such as a despairing hermit might see. My favourite, *Mont Sainte-Victoire as seen from Bibémus Quarry* (1897), however, has a view.



Figure 7: *Mont Sainte-Victoire as seen from Bibémus Quarry* (1897), Cézanne: Baltimore Museum of Art, Baltimore.

In 1897, the year Cézanne painted *Mont Sainte-Victoire as seen from Bibémus Quarry*, his mother died. She provided much-needed emotional support for her son and he loved her dearly. After the church service at his mother's funeral, Cézanne broke off from those continuing on to the interment. He trudged off alone, making the long, slow, climb up to Bibémus. He did then what he did in all calamity. He painted (Conisbee 193).

*Mont Sainte-Victoire as seen from Bibémus Quarry* is a concentrated meditation on the quarry, the mountain, Nature, the history of painting, and human life. It is rooted in great feeling and fresh seeing. The painting tantalizes the mind with its formal complexity and its immensely complex structure and variety of colour tones. Its powerful structure and saturated colours—the oranges and the blues—give the viewer the feeling that Cézanne has ordered immense forces, giving the painting great dramatic power (Philadelphia Museum of Art 418). Unusual things, for the time, are at work here. Parts of the blue mountain have been left unpainted. Individual brushstrokes of colour, meant to be noticed, seem to announce their own meaning, as if the image before us is revealing its inner structure. Cézanne's painting evolved in this direction, toward the abandonment of conventional measure, opening the door towards

modern art. In this painting, Cézanne has preserved the immense, limitless complexity of nature, but in an interesting, unusual parallel form.

\*\*\*\*\*

My last day in Provence, I drive further east to hike beyond the Bimont Dam. Without this dam, built in the 1950s, there wouldn't be enough water for tourists like me. Otherwise, the landscape has not changed much since Cézanne's time. To the west, the plateau is wild, harsh, and primordial, with undulating broken land, rough orange-tinged rock, gnarled old olive trees, and the occasional pine. In the hot dry summer, wildfires are a real risk. Further east, the pine-forested hills roll up and up, leading to Sainte-Victoire. Often, in summer, the local government closes the entire region like a fenced-in city park.

I want to see the dam Zola's father had built, where Zola and Cézanne used to swim. It isn't much to look at; the water is murky. By late afternoon, as I walk back over the plateau, the stifling heat is gone. The blue sky has deepened and is without a cloud. The light is particularly lucid, with a hint of gold, like the October light in Ontario, but with heat, rather than cold. Before me, the mountain seemed unusually large. The horizon sweeps out on three sides. I am alone, as Cézanne was so often, surrounded by vast space, blue sky, rising mountain, with the pungent smell of burning pines needles in the air. Suddenly, I am giddy, like a kid. My knowledge of Cézanne, his paintings, of history, of myself, is blown away, as if in the wind. The blue sky, red earth, green pines remain, as before, yet they are now sharper and clearer. After a few moments, I smile. Cézanne developed his epic style on his own, but the land helped.

After 1903 Cézanne painted daily at his studio on a quiet country hillside above Aix. Today, the studio is a busy shrine, surrounded by houses. Higher up the hill he found a commanding view of Mont Sainte-Victoire. Today one can still see the mountain from a concrete platform between housing developments. In his last years, Cézanne's art underwent an astonishing period of lyrical resurgence. The careful measure of his classical period was replaced by an ecstatic identification with the natural world and an almost mystical relation to Sainte-Victoire and to his native landscape.

As he aged, Cézanne's diabetes worsened and he withdrew from the world more and more. During the hot summer of 1906, he caught bronchitis and became very weak. His wife and son were in Paris, so he was alone most of the time. Many of his friends had died. He was lonely and in steady pain. Despite this, he rose every morning at 4:30 am to paint, before the heat arrived.

On August 14<sup>th</sup>, he wrote to his son, "My dear Paul, the only thing I have left is painting, I embrace you with all my heart, you and mama, your old father" (Danchev, *Letters* 366). In his final days, storms blew out the clear skies of October. Now that success was finally coming his way, he cared little for it. He was irritated by the interest in his personal life. It was the art that mattered, not the life. For him, each day he painted was a step toward the Promised Land, as he understood it. He died in mid-October, a few days after being caught in a storm while painting.



Despite his struggles, Cézanne was lucky in several ways. He was surrounded by great cultural achievement. He carefully studied the great works of literature and art. Cézanne was so obsessive about studying the old masters at the *Louvre* that he continued to do it even when he was a very experienced artist, sometimes visiting daily (Verdi 155). Cézanne's strong talent was deeply nourished by his tradition. It inspired him with a standard of excellence beyond the banality that was often praised in the Salons. He wrote, "one does not replace the past, one only adds a new link" (Danchev, *Letters* 350).

For Cézanne, consulting the old masters was only the beginning. He wrote to one young painter, in 1904, "The *Louvre* is a good book to consult but it should only be a means. The real prodigious study to be undertaken is the diversity of the scene offered by nature" (Danchev, *Letters* 336). In another letter, to different painter, he suggested that one can "through contact with nature revive in oneself the artistic instincts and sensations that reside within us" (Danchev, *Letters* 330).

Picasso, Matisse, and others developed Cézanne's insights and experiments in different directions. Since that time, we have had an astonishing diversity and complexity in art. Many have followed the path Cézanne opened in the direction of the "design" of a work of art based on human subjectivity and aesthetic principles. Far fewer, it would seem, have combined this with his moral scrupulousness before nature, and more generally, before the visible world.

Cézanne's landscapes present a recognizable portrait of our world. They are an embodied synthesis of the landscape as he saw it, his powerful response to it, and his interpretation of nature through his art. He moves us by his great artistry and strong feeling, but also through our own reactions to the landscape he reveals to us. Ultimately, one realizes that the feeling of integrity, and the humble grandeur one finds in the paintings, were not simply "there" to be observed and copied. He loved the earth and its humble objects. He bestowed dignity on the scenes before him with the qualities of his own heart, mind, and spirit.

\*\*\*\*\*

After I returned from Provence I bought a print of *Mont Sainte-Victoire as seen from Bibémus Quarry*. It helps me survive the long winter, when my two birch trees rise into the cold sky like skeletons. Now and then, I do more than glance at my print: I pay attention. Then it happens to me all over again. I feel a rise in hope, such as I feel when reading Dante's *The Divine Comedy* or watching a performance of *King Lear*. The artist has transcended greyness, cynicism, and disillusion. The vision is grand, direct, and clear. I feel an elevated sense of what is possible, of the moral grandeur of being alive, despite the real sorrows and tragedy in human life. The painting hints, beyond its painterly resolutions, of some deeper human resolution, perhaps even unknown to the painter, as the cool, now mythic mountain rises over the luminous depths of the quarry.

**ROBERT GIRVAN's** book, *Who Speaks for the River?*, was published a few years ago. He is now working on a historical novel set in Provence portraying the struggles and achievements of Cézanne's last years. His website is: [www.robertgirvan.com](http://www.robertgirvan.com)

#### Works Cited

*Atelier Cézanne*. Aix-en Provence: Société Paul Cézanne. 2002. Print.

Conisbee, Philip. *Cézanne in Provence*. New Haven: Yale UP, 2006. Print.

Danchev, Alex. *The Letters of Paul Cézanne*. Los Angeles: Getty Publications, 2013. Print.

Danchev, Alex. *Cézanne A Life*. New York: Pantheon Books, 2012. Print.

Doran, Michael, ed. *Cézanne*. Los Angeles: U of California P, 2001. Print.

Emerson, Ralph Waldo. *Essays and Lectures*. New York: Penguin Random House, 1983. Print

Rewald, John. *Cézanne A Biography*. New York: Abrams, 1986. Print.

Schapiro, Meyer. *Cézanne*. New York: Abrams, 1988. Print.

Smith, Paul "Cézanne's Late Landscapes, or the Prospect of Death" *Cézanne in Provence*. New Haven: Yale UP, 2006. Print.

Virgil, *Eclogues*. Translated by Krisak, Len. Philadelphia: U of Pennsylvania P, 2010. Print.

Verdi, Richard. *Cézanne*. London: Thames and Hudson Ltd. 1992. Print.

Philadelphia Museum of Art. *Cézanne*. Philadelphia. Published by the Museum, 1996. Print.