

# DOSSIER YORKSHIRE LANDSCAPE

Ce dossier comprend 3 documents :

- Document 1 : Document Vidéo (durée 3'03) - *David Hockney : Why Art has become 'less'*
- Document 2 : 4 extraits de *Wuthering Heights* - Emily Brontë (1847)
- Document 3 : *Hockney on Art - Conversations with Paul Joyce* (1999)  
Chapitre "Cologne, London and Los Angeles 1997" page 231

## DOCUMENT 1 :

Document Vidéo (durée 3'03) - *David Hockney : Why Art has become 'less'*

16 January 2012 Last updated at 13:17 GMT



David Hockney spoke to the BBC about the new exhibition

<http://www.bbc.co.uk/news/entertainment-arts-16578438>

**Extraits de *Wuthering Heights* - Emily Brontë (1847)**

Edition : The Penguin English Library

EXTRAIT 1 : (Chapitre 1 - page 46)

Wuthering Heights is the name of Mr Heathcliff's dwelling. 'Wuthering' being a significant provincial adjective, descriptive of the atmospheric tumult to which its station is exposed in stormy weather. Pure, bracing ventilation they must have up there at all times, indeed: one may guess the power of the north wind, blowing over the edge, by the excessive slant of a few stunted firs at the end of the house; and by a range of gaunt thorns all stretching their limbs one way, as if craving alms of the sun. Happily, the architect had foresight to build it strong: the narrow windows are deeply set in the wall, and the corners defended with large jutting stones.

Before passing the threshold, I paused to admire a quantity of grotesque carving lavished over the front, and especially about the principal door, above which, among a wilderness of crumbling griffins, and shameless little boys, I detected the date '1500,' and the name 'Hareton Earnshaw.' I would have made a few comments, and requested a short history of the place, from the surly owner, but his attitude at the door appeared to demand my speedy entrance, or complete departure, and I had no desire to aggravate his impatience, previous to inspecting the penetralium.

EXTRAIT 2 : (Chapitre 3 - pages 72-73)

My landlord hallooed for me to stop ere I reached the bottom of the garden, and offered to accompany me across the moor. It was well he did, for the whole hill-back was one billowy, white ocean; the swells and falls not indicating corresponding rises and depressions in the ground – many pits, at least, were filled to a level; and entire ranges of mounds, the refuse of the quarries, blotted out from the chart which my yesterday's walk left pictured in my mind.

I had remarked on one side of the road, at intervals of six or seven yards, a line of upright stones, continued through the whole length of the barren: these were erected, and daubed with lime on purpose to serve as guides in the dark, and also, when a fall, like the present, confounded the deep swamps on either hand with the firmer path: but, excepting a dirty dot pointing up, here and there, all traces of their existence had vanished; and my companion found it necessary to warn me frequently to steer to the right, or left, when I imagined I was following, correctly, the windings of the road.

We exchanged little conversation, and he halted at the entrance of Thrushcross park, saying I could make no error there. Our adieux were limited to a hasty bow, and then I pushed forward, trusting to my own resources, for the porter's lodge is untenanted as yet.

The distance from the gate to the Grange is two miles: I believe I managed to make it four, what with losing myself among the trees, and sinking up to the neck in snow, a predicament which only those who have experienced it can appreciate. At any rate, whatever were my wanderings, the clock chimed twelve as I entered the house; and that gave exactly an hour for every mile of the usual way from Wuthering Heights.

EXTRAIT 3 : (Chapitre 20 - page 240)

'Is Wuthering Heights as pleasant a place as Thrushcross Grange?' he inquired, turning to take a last glance into the valley, whence a light mist mounted, and formed a fleecy cloud, on the skirts of the blue.

'It is not so buried in trees,' I replied, 'and it is not quite so large, but you can see the country beautifully, all round; and the air is healthier for you – fresher, and dryer. You will, perhaps, think the building old and dark, at first – though it is a respectable house, the next best in the neighbourhood. And you will have such nice rambles on the moors! Hareton Earnshaw – that is Miss Cathy's other cousin; and so yours in a manner – will show you all the sweetest spots; and you can bring a book in fine weather, and make a green hollow your study; and, now and then, your uncle may join you in a walk: he does, frequently, walk out on the hills.'

EXTRAIT 4 : (Chapitre 22 - page 262)

On an afternoon in October, or the beginning of November, a fresh watery afternoon, when the turf and paths were rustling with moist, withered leaves, and the cold, blue sky was half hidden by clouds, dark grey streamers, rapidly mounting from the west, and boding abundant rain; I requested my young lady to forego her ramble because I was certain of showers. She refused; and I unwillingly donned a cloak, and took my umbrella to accompany her on a stroll to the bottom of the park: a formal walk which she generally affected if low-spirited – and that she invariably was when Mr Edgar had been worse than ordinary;

PH East Yorkshire is a remote area. Not many people travel there just to sightsee. There is a geographic reason for this: East Yorkshire is protected by the Humber River to the south, and it is only relatively recently that a proper bridge into Hull was built across it. Consequently people would simply by-pass the region, travelling north on the A1.

West Yorkshire, on the other hand, is relatively accessible, and has easier routes to the traditionally picturesque places. So Thomas Moran, Turner, Tom Girtin, and other artists visited there with some frequency, making historic topographical studies which in turn increased the popularity of the western areas. No one has painted East Yorkshire. I must be the first one to do so! The roads there are as empty as the desert roads in California and Utah; you can go for miles without seeing another car. There's an occasional truck, that's all. Just the same in East Yorkshire! I would take small roads from Bridlington to visit Jonathan, when he was very ill, and not see another car. Even the villages don't have shops any more.

In a sense those Yorkshire paintings came out of the ideas of the great spaces of the West, but it did occur to me straightaway that Yorkshire is one place where you have enormous vistas. It's not like, say, Cornwall. A drive in Cornwall, well, you've got tall hedges. You don't see over them. You've got to get out of your car and climb up a hill. Here you can see everything as you drive, from Bridlington to Wetherby, just east of York, down Garrowby Hill and up it again, and I realized here's a subject and here's a way to paint it. Jonathan was urging me all the while to 'paint Yorkshire'. I had never stayed this long in Yorkshire. I was forced to see it afresh. With agricultural landscape, the surface changes a lot. When I arrived there were still golden fields, they'd cut the corn, I'd see these big machines doing it, then I'd see brown earth, then the winter wheat coming up, unbelievably fresh and green.

PJ: But you're putting a whole experience of three months into a single painting, mixing all those colours and changes of weather and texture . . .

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Chapitre "Cologne, London and Los Angeles 1997" page 231