

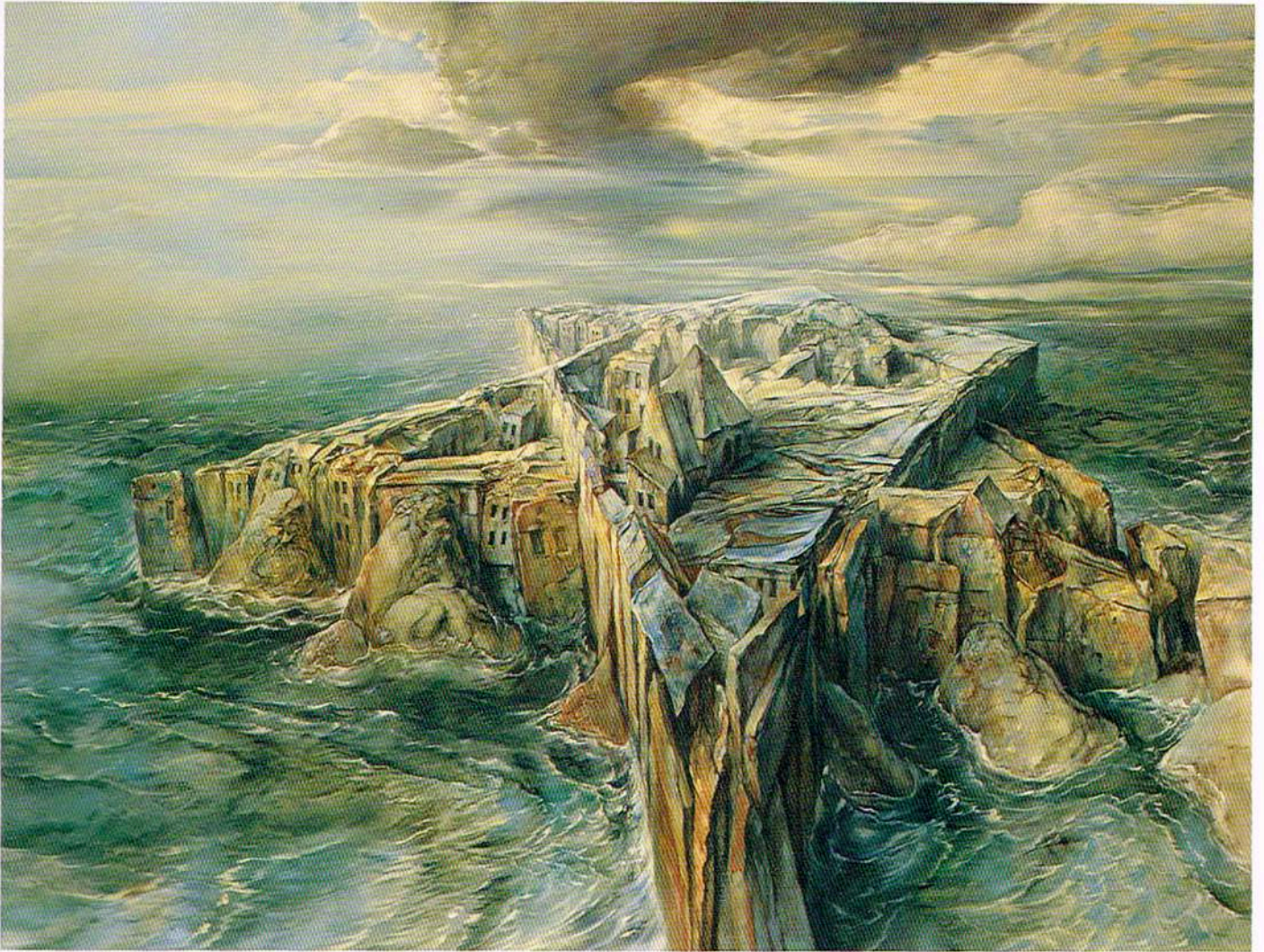
BAK

Myth, Midrash and Mysticism
Paintings

SAMUEL BAK

Myth, Midrash and Mysticism
Paintings 1973 – 1994

Exhibition curated by Professor Michael Fishbane
in cooperation with the PUCKER GALLERY, Boston, MA.



Alone IV
Oil on Canvas, 35 x 46", 1994, BK314

Front Cover (detail):
Pardes
Oil on Linen, 38 $\frac{1}{16}$ x 51 $\frac{1}{16}$ ", 1992, BK225

VISIONS

The Painting of Samuel Bak

We look upon the world with our natural eye, but we see it through inner-vision. For some, raw experience projects outward upon the world in untamed tempos; for others, the private world of memory collides with the everyday, and wrestles with it in titanic embrace. Forms rise and fall - color and sound and light appear and disappear. Worlds are born with the heartbeat of art. And then they are bound in pages or set in frames for others to come and see and learn. Thus our masters teach us. They teach us to hear with their hearing, or see with their seeing. And if we respond, it is not solely because of the immediate beauty of the seen or the heard, but because something more universal has been revealed out of the depths: a secret sharing, a community of the spirit. How much more mysterious is the bond created when the forms of artistic representation also echo a tradition. The new then vibrates in a larger tension of continuity and change. And one's personal vision is informed by ancient lights.

The Jewish imagination is primarily a textual imagination, and to the degree that images dominate cultural memory they do so through texts. Indeed ongoing creativity often heightens and dramatizes, even inverts and spiritualizes, older textual forms. In the library of Judaism, this is the relationship between Midrash and Bible. And one can hardly think of the Jewish soul apart from it. Sometimes the Bible is sparse and the Midrash spectacular; sometimes Scripture is elliptical and Interpretation explicit; and sometimes the (biblical) Text is circumspect and Tradition charges the center. Think for example of Moses smashing the Tablets at Sinai; and the rabbis' accounts of ascending letters; of human laments at divine punishment transformed into God's mourning and tears; or of the fires of doom becoming the furnace into which the priests leap in self-sacrifice - a grim atonement enacted by confession and returning the Temple keys to God in heaven.

To be sure, some of these topics appear in the miniatures and marginalia of Jewish illuminated manuscripts, or in Haggadas from medieval or renaissance times. But in the main the images remain in verbal forms - recited in liturgies, proclaimed in homilies, and brooded in meditations, but textual nonetheless. In the modern period, some of these great themes of suffering and sorrow have been treated by the most national poets - who speak for all out of the depth of their pain. Who can forget reading Bialik's *Scroll of Fire* in which the tears of the angels fall into our hollow hearts; or Sutzkever's collection of *Burnt Pearls*, in which the letters of the Talmud are melted from their printing plates to provide the bullets for life and survival? Who can envision such things, and where is the artist of their visible forms?

Even the great Chagall often conjured with an alien wand. Faced with the pogroms of his people, he repeatedly, over the span of a lifetime, depicted Jewish suffering through a crucified Jew - wearing phylacteries on hand and arm, and covering his shame with a fringed loincloth. Roundabout this icon in cubic vectors are burning villages and endless lines of exiles, like commentaries of evil. What Jew could see himself reflected in this central symbol? Perhaps Chagall; but hardly, I think, any of the villagers whose blood ran at the point of a cross. Nevertheless, innumerable paintings by the Jewish inmates of German Hell depict their suffering through this icon. And what must we think of the boy in **Night** whose faith in God dies on a gallows like the child swinging

from its noose in a christlike form? Who can comprehend such matters? Must the Jewish imagination sell its soul even in suffering?

It is not inevitable. Time and suffering and talent and vision have given us Samuel Bak. And he may teach us to see (with him) again - or perhaps for the first time.

Bak was born in Vilna in 1933. Before the War, over 80,000 Jews lived in this city; after the roundups and murders, about 150 survived. Bak has sworn to be faithful to the dead and the world he shared with them; but his art evolved over time and place, and it took many years before the memory of those years returned and found their present shape. In fact: half a lifetime. He was but eight years old when his talent was discovered in the Ghetto, and no less than Sutzkever himself arranged for the first showing. Many of these paintings have survived and retain a remarkable atmospheric tone and texture. After studies in the DP camp of Landsberg, and later in the academies of Jerusalem and Paris, Bak's talents focused on masterly themes and various stage designs. It is only in the late 1960s, when already a resident of Israel, that the particular historical events of the time combined with deep memories of survival and suffering - and a new and remarkable artistic production erupted. Figures from the masters now combine with psychic forms to generate a fantastic world of the everyday; vast landscapes are refocused under his gaze into scenes of barren terror; and homey genre scenes have become tableaux of loss and fracture. Nothing is whole, and yet all is recognizable; everything is real (perhaps all too real) but in the sizes and proportions of an inner-truth. It is therefore often not clear whether the viewer looks outward to a world transformed by unspeakable evil; or inward towards their memory, in its broken reconstructions.

It is not necessary to decide. For the inner and outer realities are linked by a series of concrete images - visual metaphors of a symbolic world. Indeed, out of the concrete particularity of these images a metaphysical dimension is disclosed; and the viewer crosses over into living myth. Landscape and home, like trees and candles, all have archetypal qualities, and evoke the ultimate mysteries of space and nature and light; while the same images, when fractured and isolated, may conjure more chaotic terrors of human existence. Here is life as such, or so we imagine - until, on second thought, we remember that life is always embodied in specific forms. And then we are struck by the particular historical and cultural valence of the images, and the specific shapes of universal forms. Surely it requires a high art to keep these poles in proper balance (or tension). But this has been achieved by Samuel Bak. Like no other contemporary artist, to my mind, he has recovered the archetypal quality of Jewish images - and thereby opened a mythic passage to the heart of darkness and destiny. And in other cases, we are initiated into mysteries of creation and the letters of life.

Candles, for example, and their multi-colored flames have often served as universal symbols of light and the desire for transcendence; of hope and the divine eye - even of the human soul and the spark of primordial secrets. But in a Jewish context each possibility is thickened by specific scriptures and commentaries over the ages. And so they enter religious life. The Sabbath candles

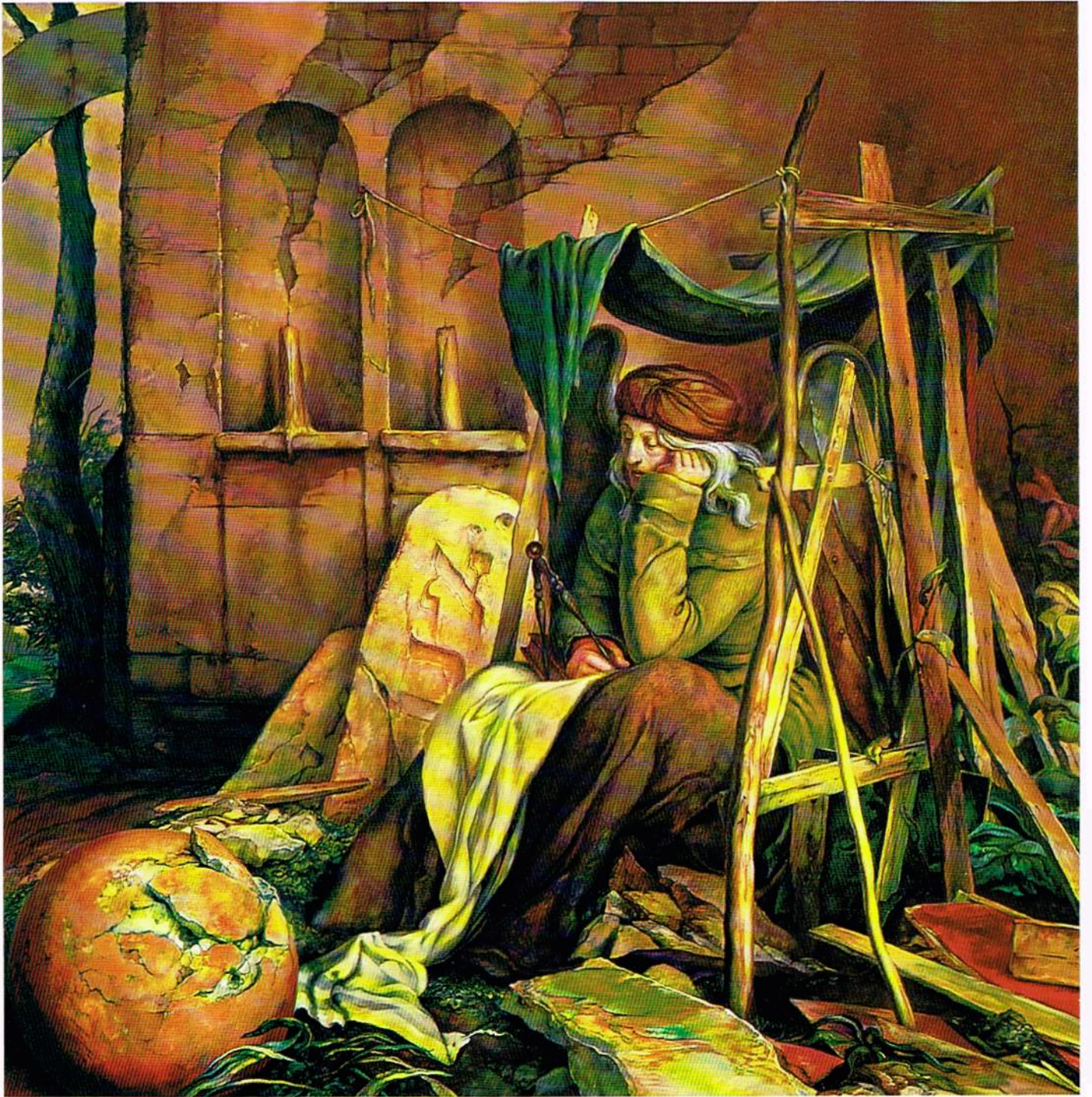
will thus lose none of their universal power when their lighting connotes the duty to “remember” and “observe” the sanctity of the day; even as the memorial candle for a specific deceased symbolizes more transcendent mysteries of mortality. Bak knows this well. But it is the power of his art to fuse these ritually distinct registers, and even evoke historical dimensions. And so the candles in his paintings concretize a duty to remember the sanctity of the dead in the Holocaust, and immortalize lost life through memory. Arising out of the fissures of a Jewish Star, cut into the earth; or standing within a ghetto shaped like a Yellow Badge, the candles dramatize the mythic magnitude of Jewish suffering. Elsewhere, the dripping tallow clings like tears of an enormous sorrow on a bent frame. And who cannot also see in these smoking, tapered wicks the chimneys of the ovens in which millions were consumed? Candles like so many other images thus become multivalent icons in Bak’s work - complex symbols of a complex and hard truth.

Symbols do not always stand alone. In addition to their own often interfused and paradoxical logic, they regularly appear in configurations that must be read and reread. Bak’s *Nuremberg Elegie* is such a painting - and given its rich thematics, deserves some separate consideration. Indeed it contains many of the images Bak would develop separately in succeeding years.

- Anyone looking at this remarkable piece must recall Dürer’s engraving called *Melancholia* - which celebrates the artist in deep moodiness over his creativity and work. Thus Dürer seats his figure in a brooding, contemplative pose, surrounded by the instruments of renaissance science at his feet. Incised in the wall at the back are the magical symbols of a decipherer’s art; and as the eye moves left, the shape of a rainbow curves off from the edge of the wall - like an ancient token of promise in a new and reborn world. All is monumental; for here sits some new Adam on the ridge of his world, caught for a time in the space of inaction. Some heavenly humour has become incarnate here, to arrest the work to be done. But no larger metaphysical matter need be inferred.

Bak masters the master. For again we see the foregrounded figure, in meditative isolation; and at his back is a wall, with the trace of a rainbow at its left edge. But look more closely. The figure betrays a broken sadness, a lament of infinite loneliness. For he sits like some Jonah in a hut of strewn bric-a-brac, propped up by a makeshift Star and a lean-to Cross - a counterpoint to the fractured bow on the side, a ruptured promise held up by stays built by human hands. And now the mysterious script is wiped from the wall, which holds in its recessed niches two candles, the grim reliquies of a ruined home. At the base of the wall lie the Tablets of the Law, abandoned, fallen it seems from the niches just above. The candles are thus memorials of this fallen truth, even as their points of light contrast with the closed eyes of the figure. What sadness fills the man, whose pose half recalls Rembrandt’s *Jeremiah*, sitting likewise in mourning for Jerusalem! Rembrandt had it from the Midrash that the prophet enacted a divine sorrow beyond understanding. Bak’s figure is some other suffering servant: The elegie of Israel incarnate.

The *Nuremberg Elegie* thus gives mythic magnitude to the wreck of wisdom in our day, and to the loss of values and hope and home. The human figure sunk in mourning is some Adam-Everyone, sitting east of an Eden that is beyond memory. And yet it is remembered still: as the Tablets of teachings; the candles of home; and the Star of redemption. Bak’s paintings remain faithful to both truths.



Nürnberg Elegie
Oil on Linen, 55 x 55", 1986, BK248

Like the condensations of dreamwork, Bak's vast oeuvre concretizes around a series of themes that recur as traces of a primordial and inescapable trauma. Indeed, the several images of the *Nuremberg Elegie* themselves become the focal points of pain in seemingly endless variations. A condensation of this condensation may sharpen our sense of Bak's mythic and Jewish sensibilities.

Everything begins *All of A Sudden*, with the violent rupture of home - recurrently envisaged as Vilna and its walls, now draped in its prayershaws like corpses in their shroud. This is the *Shullhoif*, the courtyard of memory. Roundabout, cartons emptied of the warmth of childhood fling their sides upward like flames and cluster in patterns that hint of boxcars and death. Without warning, the contents of Eden have been emptied over a barren world - and the tree of life and knowledge often stands on artificial stays, like the prostheses of the wounded Adams, victims of the *Experiments in Wisdom* east of Eden. Reduced, the tree image appears as a potted plant, the shoot of undaunted hope; while elsewhere it reminds one of the lost home, and the camouflage it provided a child in hiding. On still other occasions, the tree is utterly uprooted, carried by a colossal wandering Jew, the eternal *Trans-plant*. Blackbirds endlessly fly from Bak's branches like souls of memory and rebirth. An archetype of Jewish mysticism thus erupts unexpectedly here, from forgotten worlds - a symbol of personal and more-than-personal truth.

The imagery of a lost paradise takes other forms, again with mythic and midrashic dimensions. To do this, Bak often sets his subject within a vast landscape - not the idyllic harmonies of the Dutch masters, but now scenes of vast vacuity. Two figures may sit at a table (is this mother and son?), near broken trees and assorted debris, and ponder an *Explanation* that is already so ironically portrayed; or some lonely Adam peers as an outside *Observer* into a walled-off paradise (a mock "victory garden" for exiles), whose very configuration reminds one of the Tablets of Torah. But there is no spiritual sustenance here - only a patch of nettles. In another case, the lost fruit of wisdom is an apple rind on a grand table in *Nowhere, Outside Paradise*. But most often, the symbol of sustenance and its subversion is a pear. Like some fleshy form, this fruit is part-human - with wounds of blood; and shielded by the armor of psychic defenses. Imprinted in the earth, the pear becomes a primordial sign of origins; but when surrounded by a pear-shaped wall, the same image becomes a symbol of an irretrievable Eden - and the taste of home.

But nothing matches the power of the Star as an image of home and horror and exile. Substituting for the candle, it commands the duty of *Yizkor* (Remember); and as a yellow shadow upon the walls of Vilna it is a badge of destiny. But the ill-starred home inverts into a death *Camp* of that very shape, or an eery island *Alone* in a green ether. The ancient biblical prophecy of Balaam, that the Jews would be "a people that dwells alone," is thus fulfilled. The Jew lives here in mythic isolation. Any sense that this Star is the messianic sign of rabbinic tradition is gone: for history is all hardness, and unfulfilled hope. The *Gele-Lates*, or Yellow Star, is thus the evil eye of the Devil, fixed on the breast of the Jew. What amulet of power is this? And who may decipher this hexagram from hell?

Indeed, who can still read the words of Scripture? Who will still read them? The ancient letters of *Shema Israel* (Hear, O Israel) of *Amkho* (The People) go up in flames, and with them the teachings on the Tablets. Bak's images are overwhelming. In some cases, the *Othyoth* (or Letters) of the Tablets fly into space - betrayed by bestiality. One recalls here the powerful midrashic lore of the ascending script,



Camp
Oil on Linen, 16 $\frac{1}{8}$ x 13", 1991, BK189

which is similarly shamed by earthly idolatry in the time of Moses. As these supernatural embodiments of spirit escape, the stone of the Tablets becomes mere nature and too heavy to bear. For Bak, these Smoke shapes also congeal as gravestones that blow out of Hell's Ovens as some sulphuric Sinai. In other instances, the Tablets stand in monumental isolation on a grim mountain - with the mere word *Lo* (of *lo tirzah*; Do not Murder) incised upon them (*tirzah*, Murder, lies below in broken form, as some forgotten conclusion - taken by some as a command in its own right). Ladders and props all hold up these Tablets and their casings, and one wonders if this is a sign of rebuilding. Let us hope. In a similar vein, Bak paints the letters of *Genesis I, 1, Bereshit Bara* (In the Beginning was created). The old letters are reused; the world is recreated from its rubble.

In the Jewish tradition, the letters of Scripture are the primordial forms of the creation itself. The idea is ancient, and appears in mystical and midrashic sources from late antiquity on. The point is powerful: for it expresses an ancient rabbinic belief that Being itself is inscribed with spiritual and moral forms - and that to destroy the letters of the Tablets, with the commandment not to murder, is to destroy more than social order and human value: it is to betray the very principles of existence itself. Bak intuits all this with remarkable keenness. Indeed, he knows that to destroy value is to shatter the very Name of God. Accordingly, in several paintings the letter yod is repeated (a symbol of the Name) at the base of broken tablets or in the fires of death. In a most exceptional image, *The Hidden Question* of meaning is posed directly. Our eye is set upon a ruinous heap that entombs a home; and upon the mound is a key whose upturned ridge spells out the double yod of the Divine Name. Is this the key of home and hearth, abandoned on the rubble of civilization - reminiscent of the keys which the priests misused, according to midrashic tradition, and returned to heaven? Or is this a symbol of the loss of tradition and divinity as a whole? For the rabbis, keys also symbolize the mysteries of wisdom, in every mysterious realm. Moses, for example, the consummate seeker of Truth, merited a key called "Eitan", or Strength, according to mystical lore - this being the pass to the fiftieth palace of supernal knowledge. But where might God's Name now be fitted, we wonder, to unlock meaning in our barren time? Might the shape of the ancient Tablets be just the fitting into which our questions might be put?

The series of paintings entitled *Pardes* ponder this possibility. *Pardes* literally means paradise, and thus raises the question of Eden and origins; but it also signifies in rabbinic tradition a heavenly garden of perfection, and thus points to the end of earthly labor and hope. For Judaism, the path from the expulsion from *pardes* to its re-entry leads through Scripture and Interpretation. For this is the rabbinic way of wisdom. It is therefore significant that the letters of PaRDeS also spell out the acronym for the levels of scriptural interpretation: Peshat, being the literal and contextual sense; Remez, being the allegorical (philosophical and moral) sense; Derash, being the legal and theological (midrashic) sense; and Sod, being the mystical sense. While each sense has its own rules of reading, and exists on its own, the levels move from Peshat to Derash to Remez to Sod in an ascending series. One may enter the *Pardes* of Scripture, then, and through it to every heavenly possibility, through this exegetical rite of passage. The letters of Torah are thus the shapes into which human questions may be fitted, and through which meaning may be found.



Lo Tirzach I
Oil on Linen, 25 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 21 $\frac{1}{4}$ ", 1992, BK196

Bak's Pardes images take the shape of the Ancient Tablets of Moses, set on a vast mountainous landscape with a path leading up to it from the distance. The figure of the path suggests the trope of a journey or quest. And this seems confirmed by the fact that the base of the Tablets holds four doors - leading into four distinct areas. Each entry is appropriately marked by the initial Hebrew letters PaRDeS. Within the quadrants are appropriate symbols. The door of Peshat is most accessible, and leads to a tree (of knowledge or life). The next two doors (Remez and Derash) are increasingly closed; and within are labyrinthine patterns through which the seeker must move to more recessed tablets and labyrinths.

By contrast, all access to Sod is barred. This is of course consonant with the various prohibitions surrounding it in rabbinic sources, but it may also symbolize the sealing up of the mysteries in our time. Within this ultimate quadrant lies a flaming altar - perhaps the symbol of consuming mystical passions or even the fires of martyrdom (Isaac is a "martyr" on the altar in Jewish tradition; and the smoking flames rising off the altar recall the chimney smoke of other, more devilish immolations). On other occasions, the altar is aflame with a book; or it is deformed into a flaming oven. A ladder at the far end of the realm of Sod may connote ascension - or is it escape? But to where? The monumental Tablets are all there is on this horizon, being both the visual and spatial center of the painting. The outer landscape is thus no escape. But we wonder. Are the accessible doors for entry, or for flight (like the ladder)? Are the Tablets a new or abandoned Sinai?

The question is insistent, and one must choose. Perhaps just this is the thought of the brooding figure in the *Nuremberg Elegie*. After all, the Tablets lie at his back. Does he too, like ourselves, absorb this image (of Pardes) with his total being? Is it for him a mythic presence? Or even a passage to more mysterious meditations? Conjured by the colors we are entranced. But a decision awaits us.

Michael Fishbane
December 1994

Michael Fishbane is the Nathan Cummings Professor of Jewish Studies at the University of Chicago.



Pardes III
Oil on Canvas, 47 x 47", 1994, BK312



Smoke
Oil on Linen, 23½ x 23½", 1977



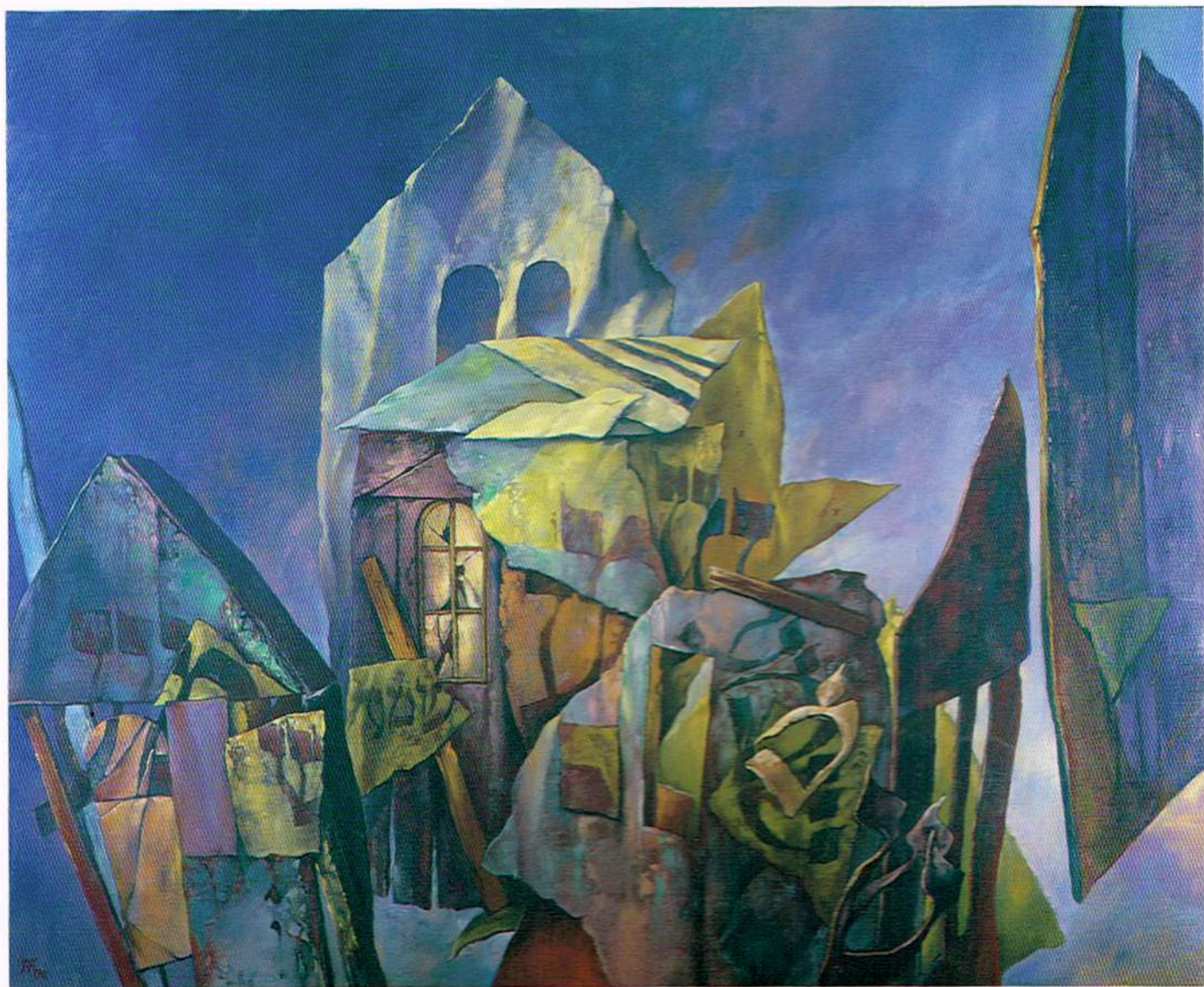
Othyoth
Oil on Linen, 51 $\frac{1}{16}$ x 38 $\frac{1}{16}$ ", 1992, BK223



All of a Sudden
Oil on Linen, 39 $\frac{1}{8}$ x 31 $\frac{1}{16}$ " , 1992, BK217



The Hidden Question
Oil on Linen, 21¼ x 25½", 1992, BK205



Shema Israel
Oil on Linen, 31 $\frac{1}{16}$ x 39 $\frac{1}{16}$ ", 1992, BK216



Blind Man's Shabess
Mixed Media on Paper, 25½ x 19¼", 1992, BK241



Tefilah
Mixed Media on Paper, 25 5/8 x 19 1/4", 1992, BK243



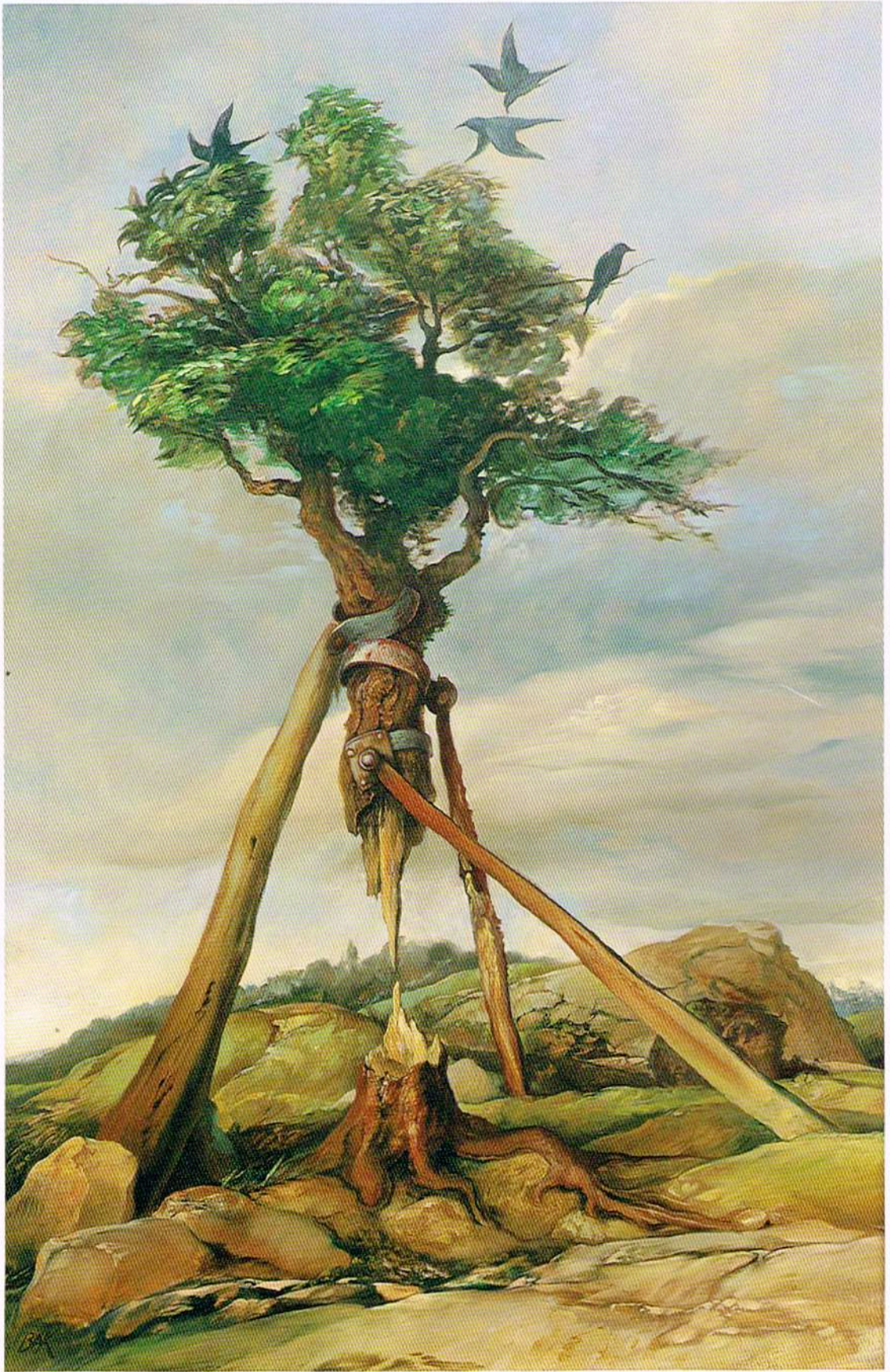
Gele-Lates
Oil on Linen, 31 $\frac{1}{8}$ x 39 $\frac{1}{8}$ " , 1992, BK218



A Train
Mixed Media on Paper, 19 1/4 x 12 1/4", 1992, BK237



Genesis 1,1
Oil on Linen, 21¼ x 25½", 1992, BK201



One's Own Roots
Oil on Linen, 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 15 $\frac{5}{8}$ ", 1985, z525

SAMUEL BAK

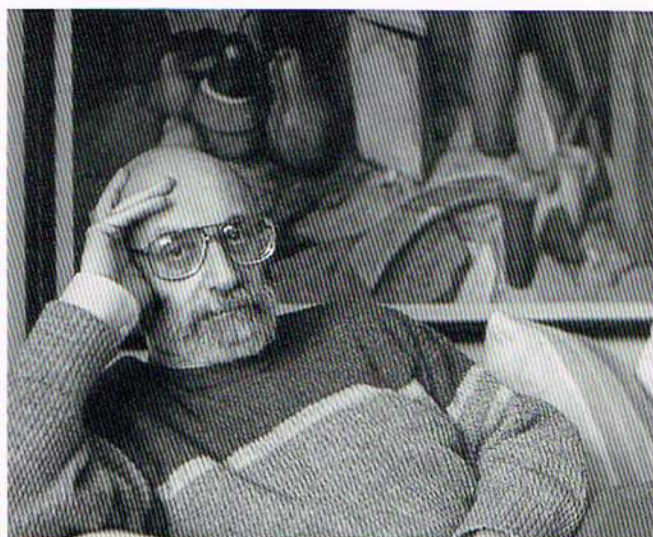


Photo: Kristin Roy

- 1933 Born 12 August in Vilna, Poland.
- 1940–44 Under German occupation: ghetto, work-camp, refuge in a monastery.
- 1942 First exhibition of drawings in the ghetto Vilna.
- 1945–48 Displaced Persons camps in Germany; studied painting in Munich.
- 1948 Emigrated to Israel.
- 1952 Studied at the Bezalel Art School, Jerusalem.
- 1953–56 Army service.
- 1956 Received the First Prize of the American-Israeli Cultural Foundation.
- 1956–59 Lived in Paris. Studied at the “Ecole des Beaux-Arts.”
- 1959–93 1959–66 lived in Rome; 1966–74 in Israel; 1974–77 in New York City; 1977–80 in Israel; 1980–84 in Paris; 1984–93 in Switzerland.
- 1993 Moved to Weston, Massachusetts.

Solo Gallery Exhibitions

- Galleria Schneider – 1959, 1961, 1965, 1966.
- Galleria Liguria – 1963.
- L’Angle Aigu, Brussels – 1965.
- Alwin Gallery, London – 1965.
- Gordon Gallery, Tel Aviv – 1966.
- Roma Gallery, Chicago – 1967.
- Modern Art Gallery, Jaffa – 1968.
- Pucker Safrai Gallery, Boston – 1969, 1972, 1975, 1979, 1985, 1987, 1989, 1991.
- Hadassah “K” Gallery, Tel Aviv – 1971, 1973, 1978.
- Aberbach Fine Art, New York – 1974, 1975, 1978.
- Ketterer Gallery, Munich – 1977.
- Amstutz Gallery, Zurich – 1978.
- Vonderbank Gallery, Frankfurt – 1978.
- Goldman Gallery, Haifa – 1978.
- DeBel Gallery, Jerusalem – 1978, 1980.
- Galerie Levy, Hamburg – 1980.
- Thorens Fine Art, Basel – 1981.
- Kallenbach Fine Art, Munich – 1981, 1983, 1984, 1987.
- Soufer Gallery, New York – 1986, 1988, 1990, 1992.
- Galerie Ludwig Lange, Berlin – 1987.
- Galerie Carpenter, Paris – 1988.
- Galerie M.A.G., Paris – 1989.
- Galerie Marc Richard, Zurich – 1990.
- Galerie de la Cathedrale, Fribourg – 1991, 1992.
- Galerie Picpus, Montreux – 1991, 1992.
- Pucker Gallery, Boston – 1993
“Landscapes of Jewish Experience”.
- Pucker Gallery, Boston – 1995. “The Fruit of Knowledge”.

Museum Exhibitions

- Bezalel Museum, Jerusalem – 1963.
Tel Aviv Museum – 1963.
Brockton Art Center, Fuller Memorial – 1969.
Bronfman Center, Montreal – 1970.
Rose Museum, Brandeis, Waltham, MA – 1976.
Heidelberg Museum – 1977.
Kunstverein Esslingen – 1977.
Germanisches National Museum, Nuremberg – 1977.
Kunstmuseum, Dusseldorf – 1978.
Rheinisches Landesmuseum, Bonn – 1978.
University of Haifa, Israel – 1978.
Museum Der Stadt, Landau – 1979.
Kunstmuseum, Weisbaden – 1979.
Kunstverein Braunschweig – 1980.
Traveling Exhibition organized by Ministry of Culture and Education - visited 30 cultural center in Israel – 1980-85.
Stadtgalerie Bamberg, Villa Dessauer – 1988.
"The Past Continues - Two Decades"
Koffler Gallery, Toronto Ontario - 1990.
"The Past Continues" Temple Judea Museum, Philadelphia – 1991.
"Bak and Dürer" Dürer Museum, Nuremberg – 1991.
"Samuel Bak - Landschaften Jüdischer Erfahrung"
Jüdisches Museum, Stadt Frankfurt am Main – 1993.
"FLIGHT: Escape, Hope, Redemption"
Hebrew Union College - Jewish Institute of Religion, New York – 1994.
"Samuel Bak - A Retrospective Journey: Paintings 1946-1994" Janice Charach Epstein
"Myth, Midrash and Mysticism"
Spertus Museum, Chicago, IL – 1995.
Museum/Gallery, W. Bloomfield, MI – 1994.

Group Exhibitions

- The Carnegie International, Pittsburgh – 1961.
"Image and Imagination,"
Tel Aviv Museum – 1967.
"Jewish Experience in the Art of the 20th Century,"
Jewish Museum, New York – 1975.
International Art Fair, Basel –
1979, 1981, 1982, 1984, 1986.
"Nachbilder," Kunstahalle, Hanover – 1979.
"Bilder Sind Nicht Verboten,"
Stadtische Kunstahalle, Dusseldorf – 1982.
"Still Life," Tel Aviv Museum – 1984
International Art Fair, Ghent – 1986.
"Chagall to Kitaj," Barbican Art Center,
London – 1990.

Public Collections

- Dürer House, Nuremberg.
German Parliament, Bonn.
Jewish Museum, New York.
Municipality of Nuremberg.
University of Haifa, Israel.
Yad Vashem Museum, Jerusalem.
Germanisches National Museum, Nuremberg.
Israel Museum, Jerusalem.
Kunstmuseum, Bamberg.
Rose Museum, Brandeis, Waltham, Massachusetts.
Tel Aviv Museum of Art, Israel.
Vaud State, Switzerland.
Jüdisches Museum, Stadt Frankfurt am Main, Germany.

Monographs

- Chess as Metaphor In the Art of Samuel Bak*, Jean Louis Cornuz, Pucker Art Publication, 1991.
Samuel Bak, The Past Continues, Samuel Bak and Paul T. Nagano, Pucker Art Publication, 1988.
Bak, Monuments to Our Dreams, Rolf Kallenbach. Limes Verlag, Weisbaden & Munich, 1977.
Bak, Paintings of the Last Decade, A. Kaufman and Paul T. Nagano. Aberbach, New York, 1974.

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