Dick Clay 00:01
I’m Dick clay, and I’m the I’m the president of the Filson Historical Society. We’re so glad that you’re here for tonight’s program honoring a genius. I want to thank all of the Filson staff who work so hard on our exhibit, evolving evolving inspiration, the art and design of Julius Friedman. And to create tonight’s program honoring Julius Friedman and remembering him. I’m going to turn things over now to two of those people. Jim Holmberg. Where is Jim? Jim Holmberg, the Philippines curator of collections, who will tell us about how this wonderful collection of artwork by Julius Freedman came to the Filson and then to Abbey glow. Gower. The Filson is curator of Jewish collections, who will be emceeing our program of remembrance readers. And tell you a bit more about the Felson ongoing efforts to preserve the legacy and the work of levels. much beloved, famous, much missed, artist, and friend, Julius Friedman. Thank you again, for participation and support of this work. We are thrilled that all of you are here this evening. Happy are Jim.

Jim Holmberg 01:41
Thank you. Thank you, Derek. And it is really a pleasure to have you all here tonight to honor Julius Friedman. I personally did not have the pleasure of knowing Julius I met him once years ago. And then our paths never really crossed. After that, of course, I knew him by reputation. Going back to my days in college and his iconic posters, those wonderful things. In fact, my my wife, who didn't have two nickels to rub together as a graduate student, one of her prized possessions was the famous toe on a peg poster that is framed and hanging on our wall to this day. The Filson had a few Friedman posters in our collection that we'd acquired over the years, and had been my intention to establish relationship with Julius to talk about his work and acquiring some for the Filson. But that just never happened. And then it was too late, with his passing in 2017. So to try to fill that void. In our collection, I talked to my friend Charlie Bartman, who was a good friend Charlie and Barney Bartman, good friends of Julius, and about the possibility of acquiring a few works. Well, Charlie talked to Carol, Julius, his sister, and Carol very generously, said, Oh, you can have more than a few. Take as many as you think are right for the Filson. And with that green light, marine lane or museum registrar and I spent hours at
Julius's house in the highlands with Charles and Bonnie Bartman going through and looking. They kind of guided us through really the whole breadth of his work. And so starting with the early photography, in which he captured Louisville street scene, streetscape, streetscapes and, and designs to the close of his career with his fired ceramics. We ended up in all counting photographs, books, posters, and of course, artwork, approximately 150 pieces. So we really have a wonderful representation of that. And that is all in it's all thanks to Carol Abrams, and the Hartman's, who really made this possible with the generous, wonderful generosity of the time they spent to try to make sure that that Julius his work was preserved as well. Well, with such a good collection, of course, what do we want to do next? We want to have an exhibit because we want to show it off. And so we started planning for the exhibit. And you've seen those of you all have seen you walk through and spend time and seeing the evolving inspiration the art and design of Julius Freedman which again represents that that span that wonderful arc of his brilliant career. And we were just beginning installation when I went on an unexpected medical leave, and everything fell into Abbey glow Gower's lap Abby as curator of our Jewish collection, and an interest in art. I'd ask her to curate the the exhibit with me. And so unexpectedly, Abby, not only are you smart and talented, but boy it all landed in your lap and Abby and Maureen lane and the whole team here at the Phil's and I think you'll agree did a wonderful job in mounting that exhibit. Well, of course, you know, one thing leads to another and and with the exhibit, people started saying, Oh, well, I have a Julius Freedman work and things like that. And so now you can look around and see the wonderful Jim Cantrell painting of Julius the eccentric collector there in the Great Hall, painted in 1992. And Ted Steinbach just recently gave us a portrait of Julius by an Farnley that you can see in the dining room. Laurie, Laurie Byrne Steele and Alan Weiss has given us portraits or not portrait posters of Julius's. And so it goes on and on with, you know, these things coming now together. Nana Lampton, who is here and Charlie Bartman, both gave us editions of the snowy owl book. That is so beautiful. And so we have a wonderful collection. Now Julius is that that keeps growing. And it's wonderful, you know, what we do here at the Filson is collect and preserve historical material and tell the significant stories of Kentucky and the Ohio Valley. And of course, what a wonderful way that we can fulfill that mission and preserving the the brilliant work of Julius Friedman. And so it's now my pleasure to turn things over to that talented and hardworking Abby Glo Gower to emcee the program for us tonight. Thank you.

Abby Glogower 07:41

Thank you all so much for being here tonight. So I'm Abby glow. Gower. I'm the curator of Jewish collections here at the Filson. And this is a new curatorial and outreach position here that was established through grant support from the Jewish Heritage fund from EC for excellence, the James Graham Brown and the wood foundations, and from viewers like you. So And lest you think that a Jewish curators unaware of such things, I want to recognize at the outset that this is a somber Ash Wednesday for people who observe and but we did want to go ahead with this event because as many of you know, February 26, is also Julius Friedman's birthday. And so we felt that it was fitting and auspicious to gather here today. So I moved to Louisville on the Fourth of July 2017. And soon after my arrival, I realized that my new city was mourning the loss of a giant. And I was curious to know more about this person. I trained as an art historian. I've had the good fortune of working in vibrant creative communities in other midsize cities. And I also have my own complicated relationship with my Jewish upbringing and identity. I also appreciate an irreverent and goofy joke. I think I would have liked getting to know Julius Freedman. So when the chance arose to work with this new collection of artwork, I jumped. I quickly learned something that I had abstractly known for a long time, which is that great artists are not necessarily great archivists. And that's okay. Because making and
documenting are wildly different activities and skill sets. So to mount even a small exhibit, like evolving inspiration, I needed names and dates and titles and influences. And I turned to a lot of people for a lot of help, many of whom are here tonight. So I want to thank you for that. Um, Julius Friedman had such a vast and rich network of friends and associates who knew him so well. But as some of you might have heard me say, breath evaporates. And all of us here are mortal. And throughout the exhibition process, I began to wonder, and then to worry, who and what resources would be around to help us understand the life and work of one of our most important artists in 2450, or 100 years from now. Luckily, this is the kind of work that we at the Filson do every day. You might say, that's the business we're in. Except we're not a business. We're an independent, not for profit collection, preservation and research institution. Our mission is deceptively simple to preserve and tell the stories of the Ohio Valley region. We do more than save things here. We organize and catalog them, we contextualize them, we preserve them. And most importantly, we make them searchable, accessible and discoverable to people who are curious. It's a lot of work. And we rely on our members and foundations and individual supporters to keep the story secure. And to keep the lights on, which is not even a joke, because last night, this light bulb was out. And let me tell you, it's not so easy to change these. It required a major coordination of, of staff and contract labor to change the light bulb and one of these Yes, Tiffany lamps. But we love our work, because we know how much it matters. Preserving History is a hopeful act of communication with a future we have not met. And all the knowledge and memories we carry with us do not necessarily extend into that future. We have to make that happen. So tonight, we're on our way. The stories and memories and eulogies that you have sent in, are going to be archived here as an enduring resource for people who like me might wonder. Who was Julius Friedman? Who were his friends and collaborators? What made him tick? What impact did he have? We're going to hear seven of these remembrances now. And if you leave here inspired to contribute to this project, it's not too late. I hope you'll reach out to me. So our first reader tonight Jeanette, where are you? Jeanette is Jeanette Cantrell. And Jeanette described herself she has a wife, mother of son of son Shawn and daughter Vin Vinita. She is the gallery dealer and owner of Bardstown Art Gallery, and a I love this roadie and archivist for her husband Jim Cantrell's artworks and so again if you turn around and see the wonderful painting back there eccentric collector, Genet contributed something that really helps us document a little bit more about this painting. So here you go. Janette.

Janette Cantrell 13:31

Thank you, Abby. When we moved to Bardstown in 1971, I was 29 years old. So I was still pretty much a naive. When we first met, Julius Jim had been exhibiting in Kentucky guild art fairs and Piedmont craftsmen, and I was probably a bigger complainer than he was about. I wonder why they can’t do this. Why don’t they do that? And we came up with a brilliant idea of, Alright, why don't we try an art fair, and see if we can do it any better. And if we can't, then I'll stop complaining. So we went to the arts commission Arts Commission, and we had been set up in Spalding Hall, which was the X Preparatory School for Boys in Bardstown, it had been empty for three years, vandalized. We moved into this building, and we called it Cantrell's ghetto. And so we felt we needed to help somehow or another, build funds to help maintain the building. We didn't own it, the Archdiocese of Louisville owns it. So we went to the Arts Commission and told them our idea that, you know, the crafts know very well but Jim was also We're doing some painting, and paintings and two dimensional, we're a little harder to compete with a lot of the crafts. So our idea was to let's do a primarily two dimensional sculptural Invitational art exhibition, which was outdoors. And how do we put across the idea that this is not your going to be your typical Art Fair? So, Jim, he was the director, I believe, at the time of the Arts Council.
He liked the idea, gave us $4,000 $1,500 of which would go to a graphic designer to design and print our brochure. Well, that's how we met Julius, I had seen probably some of some of his posters. Now it's 1973. We went to meet him for the first time and his office was in the second street off of Washington by the Second Street Bridge, kind of a little hole in the wall. And the first thing we go in, and the first thing Jim sees is Julius sitting in a beanbag chair. Now, how in the world do you run an office sitting in a beanbag chair, but he did. And he liked the fact that what I had learned was, if you approach somebody that you feel is appropriate, talented, you like his work, you tell him what your idea is, what you would like the concept to be, and then you let them do what they want to do. And you'll get a good piece. And sure enough, the idea was, we want you to design something that tells people when they come that this is not going to be your typical Art Fair. You better put more money in your pocket. Because this is different. We only had 30 exhibitors, we had three nationally known demonstrators, demonstrating medium that people don't normally see. He took that idea for three years in a row produced marvelous productions. I wouldn't have guessed in 100 years, how it would have looked. But he, he expressed what we had wanted, and it worked was wonderful. So after a while, things changed in Bardstown and they wanted to grow bigger and a little different. And so we said, that's fine. We did our thing. And, and we did it well. And so you, you do your thing. So we would lose contact with him over the years, we would run into each other at different art venues and different things. And generally, it was a situation where we'd say, oh, you know, if only whatever, and Julius would say, you know, I'm just not getting any support from whatever. And you know, we've moan and groan to one another and say, Great, somehow or another, we were all surviving. So, somehow or another, I don't know if Julie's moved his office to his home, but somehow or another, we were in his home off of Bardstown road. And Jim saw the big Cadillac couch. And he said, Oh, my gosh, I sure would like to paint Julius in that couch on that couch. So, one day, yes, Judy said Oh, sure. Why not? So lo and behold, now this is 20 years later. This man was so laid back and generous. We hauled in to temporary walls in our station wagon. We Jim was doing a lot of work with mylar in the backroom, we hauled in a big roll of mylar cloth that we strong everywhere and we get there and Jim discovers that joy is collected antique toys. He said, Oh my God, that's cool. He was not the least bit afraid of us moving things around for Jim to design whatever composition he was, I think creative people understand. And he sat there. Jim photograph did the painting. It's been exhibited at the Albright Kemper Museum in St. Joseph, Missouri, at the Owensboro Art Museum in Owensboro. This past summer and fall. And it was just an amazement to me that You know, he just how many people would let you come into your home and say, oh, you know, excuse me, can I move that over here? And can I lay this cloth on top of that, and I don't want that in there. So we'll move that. I mean, not very many people would feel comfortable with having you do that sort of thing. But Julius was just that kind of bird. It just, you know, he remains a very special image and person in our minds, because he was open to creative ideas and he was open to people. So I cherished the idea that Jim got to paint him and in, see him in perpetuity, I guess. So thank you. Oops, that's not mine.

Abby Glogower 21:01
Okay, next up, we have we're gonna hear a fun story from Lisa gimble. Teacher, wife of artists Dan gimble, longtime family friend of Julius, who is going to tell us a little bit about some of Julius Friedman's Pyro maniacal tendencies that I believe are well known to many so Lisa

Lisa Gimble 21:32
during this was quite the power of maniac I think we all know that is love playing with fire. So I'm gonna be really brave joyous was always been a great lifetime friend of my family and me personally, and I love him seem like crazy. But this story this was one of I submitted a couple stories and I wasn't quite sure Abby, what she was looking for when, when she suggested submitting some anecdotal stories us a submitted a couple, but this one was kind of particularly funny and in a dark kind of way. So I'm just gonna read this. So over 20 years ago, during construction on Julius's Farm Home, my family and I spent many weekends which was out there on his land. We cooked over a fire, we use the cooler for our foods, and we slept in his teepee. We enjoyed the days hiking in the creek, and the evening stoking the fire and telling stories. So it was New Year's Eve. And Joy us was having his appliances delivered for his new kitchen for his new home. And my children who at the time were eight, nine and 10 years old, loved playing in the empty appliance boxes, especially the one that refrigerator was delivered in because it was the biggest and there was snow on the ground. And so they assembled the stove, the dishwasher, the microwave in the fridge boxes all together and established a makeshift fort. And this entertain my daughter's the whole afternoon. The next morning was New Year's Day. There was about six inches of snow on the ground. And having spent the night and sleeping bags in the teepee we walk with an urgent need to build a toasty fire. So my husband Daniel was able to kick up some embers and start a small warm fire. But since most of the firewood was wet from the snow, it was very small flame and so joyous as the girls if he could disassemble their fort and use the appliance boxes to get the fire blazing pyromaniac they were delighted to help joins took the refrigerator box being the biggest and laid it directly on top of the fire pit. This virtually smothered the flame now it's important to note at this time that Julius was of course wearing his brightly colored puffer jacket, the nylon puffer jacket while he was attempting to renew the fire. So it appeared that the fire was extinguished. And we were all disappointed in his decision to use the giant cardboard box. So in hopes of reuniting reigniting it once more. Julius gently lifted the corner of the box and out spiral this massive Inferno like this pick it up. Oh, it's massive Inferno. It rolled up his sleeve and caught the arm of his puffer jacket on fire. The heat was intense. The mountain Have the nylon was so stinky and the flame was ablaze. And we were all Rolling in the snow laughing so the snow put out his arm fire pretty immediately and without any real harm and join us at that time made a joke. He says the lengths I go to to entertain my friends and my daughter's will forever remember this stunt as the Julio And Bernal.

Abby Glogower  25:45

Judy Warren, are you I have your story here. So Judy is gonna come up. Do you want to view an MRI, Okay, wonderful. And so never underestimate the ability that these submissions, these contributions have to help us document our collection. Some of you might have noticed at the very end of the exhibit, there's a painting up, excuse me a photograph of Julius's rock Apalis out on his property. And there's a little dog lying under one of the sculptures and I asked Carol at the opening. Do you know whose dog that is? And she said, Oh, that looks like Mr. Brown Julius's dog. I said, Oh, that's nice. And mind you we didn't have a date for this photograph. I mean, we didn't know what the date was. And then lo and behold, Judy, ends up sending me the origin story of Mr. Brown that you're going to hear right now. And it's there's helpful information here that has enabled me to correctly revise the label on that on that photograph. So
thank you, Abby. I am Judy Warren. And this is the story of Mr. Brown. I met Julius in 1998 when a student at my studio, which is shroud art studio, introduced us in hopes that Julius would adopt a dog that my sister and I had found out in our cabinet Nolan lake. And so I brought the doll I had brought Mr. Brown is we had come to be known Mr. Brown back to livable for medical treatment and rehabilitation after we discovered he had a bad infected Legoland. Now Mr. Brown was a very special dog for those of you who met Mr. Brown. You know that already? And this student who was a friend of Julius's thought Mr. Brown and Julius would make a perfect match. It turned out she was right. Julius love Mr. Brown and gave him a good and happy home during the week Mr. Brown lived in the comfort of the big house on Hampton Court, and accompany Julius to his studio on Main Street. The weekends were spent in nature on Julius a 70 acre farm. When Mr. Brown died in 2007. Julia split his ashes. Half are buried at Nolan like and the other half were put in the rectangular urn, and placed inside at ark in the city of rocks that he built on his farm in Westport, Kentucky. Now I've stayed in touch with Julius, all you know, all through this time, when he would go out of town when he which he often did for work, I would keep Mr. Brown. And then, after Mr. Brown was long gone, we continue to stay in touch in late 2016, is Julius for a favor. A friend's daughter was teaching a class in Oldham County High School. The class was full of aspiring authors, artists and photographers and she wondered if Julius would be willing to speak to the class about his profession and his journey through the arts. We went to Oldham County High School on Valentine's Day 2017. I'm sure Julius was already sick at the time he died that Jul. Nevertheless, he gave his time providing his insights and ideas to this young creative audience. I think it was important for him to be of service to the artistic community that has been his home for so long. One of the things that I remember Julius telling the students that day in 2017 is to learn to look at things differently. I think that's a lesson all of us could use. And I wonder what this world would be like if we all could learn to look at things a little bit differently. Thank you.

Drive sales, you go New tribes tribes safe All right, so I'm sorry, Judy, I got so stated about Mr. Brown, I forgot to give you a proper introduction. So I'm glad that you that you told us that you're with that, um, that you run the show art studio. Um, so next up, we're gonna welcome Charles Bartman, who is a dealer and appraiser of fine books and manuscripts, and who along with his wife, Bonnie is a longtime friend of Julius, who's going to be telling us a little bit about their tradition of in Julius's words breaking bread together.

Thank you, Abby. You mentioned that's one of Julius's favorite things to say he had a lot of favorite things that he said, and I'm sure we've heard a lot of those some of them, we probably can't mention. But I'm going to just a quick little piece on one of the ones that he said quite often, which was live with art. Now, this is a piece that I did write for the Filson. But I didn't know that I'd be reading it. So that's brings me to first disclaimer, that's another thing that Julia said. And particularly when he came to dinner, he would Barney would call him and say, Are you coming on Friday? And that was our sort of traditional time to, to eat together? And he would say, Yes, I'll be there. What are we having? And Bonnie would tell him something. And always she changed the menu. So when he came, he knew he wasn't going to have that. And then Bonnie would start to say why she didn't make that. And then he'd say first disclaimer,
and then he would continue through the evening with disclaimers until he finally reached a point where you’d had enough disclaimers and then he would say, check, please. So of course he paid very few checks. And I think Sandy Abrams can attest to that and anybody else that went to lunch or dinner with Julius but he played the starving artists to the to the hilt. This is a piece dinner with Julius. Julius had a favorite thing live with art. Anyone who visited his house over the years could clearly see that he lived those three words. He collected in multiple areas from Stephen Palace glass to 19th century children's toys to fossils, feathers and bones. Some collections had a half a dozen pieces and others had hundreds of pieces. He lived with art from his early boyhood years when he painted his bedroom with bright flowers and greenery. From the earliest he liked nature's forms and colors, whether flora, fauna or rocks. Throughout his life and work, he looked at flowers and leaves from all angles both up close and far away. He stacked rocks and cradled animal parts such as snake skins, bird feathers, and raccoon bones, in hollow logs, and on tree bark, he made his art from everything around him. His life was art, from his own hands and from the hands of others around him. Usually when Julius and I met for a meal, or as he commonly said, broke bread together, our conversation would come around to a consideration of the use of certain words. Typically, the discussion was about the difference between looking and listening, looking and seeing or listening and hearing, the conversation would go something like this with points being made within the context of living with art. Seeing and hearing is what we do whenever we are not sleeping. But looking. And listening is what we do, perhaps less often, when awake and need to push ourselves to do more often. Julius felt that all of us, including himself, needed to look and listen more rather than only to see and hear. Julius espoused this and live this in the creation of his art. Most Fridays for several years, Julius came to dinner at our house, Barney and I enjoy cooking and we always found it a pleasure to have him as a guest. He brought a good appetite, never complained about the food and laughed a lot. Bonnie takes on the major role of planning and executing well I take her direction well, most of the time, chopping vegetables according to the order needed for cooking and in style and shape required. And that's usually just an aside. She posts a little note on the window in front of me. And she says read this in If I asked her, should I chop this she says read the note. Should I do this next read the note. Julius liked that a lot. He thought that was very instructive. One Friday evening, Julius came through the front door with his usual command of the room sauntered into the kitchen, kissed us both in an appropriate manner and walked over to the counter where I was chopping carrots for the salad. Usually he picked up a piece of whatever was on the board and popped it into his mouth as a pre meal sampling. This time, he just looked at the julienned carrot pieces the way he did when he was looking at something and not merely seeing it. Without moving his head or body, he took in the whole, the cutting board and the carrots, both sliced and unsliced. Then He zoomed in for a closer examination, then zoomed out for a distance view. Again, he never moved a muscle until he reached into his back pocket, took out his phone with his left hand adjusted, just so a single carrot with his right hand, and quickly snapped a photo using both hands. This entire time, he didn't utter a word. But then he turned his phone screen for me to see and said, Look, this is what I mean. I saw carrots on a cutting board. But because I knew Julius and had the great opportunity to spend time with him, I looked at carrots on a cutting board in a much, much different way. He showed me how to live with art all day and every day. I'm glad that I listened to him and did not just hear him. He showed me how to look at the art of things rather than just to see things and for this gift of His to me I live in a far better world and a far better life. I cannot give you any greater praise than this.
executive director of the university and college designers Association, based outside of Nashville. And so he's schlepped quite a piece to be here tonight along with his colleague, Chris Klonowski, who the two of them along with Carol Abrams, serves on the board of directors of the Julius Friedman foundation, so Tansen.

Mr. Busey  37:41

Good evening. I'm honored to be here, this special evening honoring Julius with all his friends and family as well. So as a design student, I remember seeing Julius is fresh paint poster, and an issue of communication arts magazine. It was an interesting concept and has always stuck with me. Little did I know that a few years later, I'd be sitting in Santa Fe, New Mexico at one of the University College designers associations, hot now workshops. After attending my first workshop with Julius I was hooked. It became an annual trek for me whether my institution would cover the cost or if I had to, I crave those UCA workshops, and what came out of them. 25 years later, Julius continues to inspire me, the way I shoot, the way I view the world, and the way I experience life. My wife and I wanted one of Julius's posters for our home. We called him up and without hesitation, he dropped one in the mail to us. When his images and ideas book was published, I would share with my family and friends. And when my mom came over after looking at the book and realize that he was the same photographer that with as the poster that was now framed in our living room, she asked and surprised, you know him passing through Louisville. A few years ago with my parents, we stopped and had lunch with Julius as one of Kentucky's most influential artists and an invaluable part of Louisville art community. He was equally comfortable talking with folks he had never met, being interviewed by some reporter, or with kids who was inspiring to go out and create art. Although not a large man, Julius was a larger than life figure from the workshops and numerous lunches and Norville to the book signing and several visits to their retrospective show in 2016. Julius never changed, he was always happy and positive. Hey, big daddy, he would say each time he saw each other and always would ask about my wife, family and our mutual friends. One of the things that stands out most about Julius is that he would continually tell me and others that he was five years old that he wanted to explore the world with childlike wonder after his passing, I talked with many of his friends and read many of the attributes. The young at heart theme was a recurring one. I believe that Julius was a modern day Peter Pan. Peter Pan is a fictional character created by playwright Jamberry, a free spirited and mischievous young boy who can fly and never grows up. Peter Pan spends his never ending childhood having adventures on the mythical island of Neverland. As a leader of the Lost Boys, interacting with fairies, pirates, mermaids, and the occasionally ordinary children from the world outside another land. In buries play and book Peter symbolizes the selflessness of childhood, he may as well have been describing Julius Julius would occasionally mentioned wanting to collaborate on a project together, I wish that collaboration would have come to fruition. With Julius as inspiration However, I've self published a few books on my own photography, sending copies to him, and dedicating the second one to him. In his own way of sprinkling pixie dust, my last text from him while he was still in the hospital, read, keep on seeing how you do and making images of beauty. I will my friend I will.

Abby Glogower  41:24

So a number of people sent us things that they had written kind of fresh and new. And people also sent in things that they had written in the past, and wanted to contribute those documents to our collection here. And we're so grateful for that. So we have eulogies for Julius that had been delivered at the Fraser Museum, and also at his funeral. So next up, I want to bring up
Cantor David Lip, who's going to be reading some of the eulogy that he delivered at Julius this funeral. Cantor lip is the cantor at out of Hsuan congregation in the highlands here in Louisville. And I was just shooting was the Friedman family's congregation growing up. If you haven't heard Cantor lips sing, you're really missing out. So I hope you get to experience that at some point. I don't know maybe even tonight. No. Put put it on your bucket list. Thank you camford.

Cantor David Lip  42:33

First disclaimer, I'm not singing tonight. second disclaimer, I didn't know Julius as well, as I would have liked. I began to get to know him in the last month of his life, thanks to his sister letting me know that he was ill and he wanted to be visited. And I for those of you who follow me on social media, you know, I overshare I have like an internal GPS for galleries and museums. And I wish I could have spent more time talking art with him because I so appreciated his art. I got to see his Frasier retrospective. I love this little room that you have of stuff I hadn't seen before. And when I was at K Mac recently, I snapped up his coffee, his coffee table book because it was signed by him. We can learn so much from Julius life and work, how to see how to work, how to explore how to be open to the unknown, how to shape the vision and experiences of others without knowing or trying to control how it will turn out in the end. Thomas Edison may not have been an artist, but he may as well have been speaking of them when he as well as engineers and scientists when he said genius is 1% inspiration 99% perspiration. All we see is a poster with a fish and a gumball machine, we don't see the 20 ideas discarded. Before coming up with this one. We don't see the effort finding just the right gumball machine and fish and lighting and waiting until the fish is positioned according to the composition Julius intends to achieve. We don't see the hours and years he spent cultivating personal relationships with the printers, human printers remember those days? So they wouldn't mind his working with them sometimes literally hovering over their shoulders. So the colors would come out exactly the way he imagined them in his head. But how could he afford to be a reasonably well fed artist, let alone one taking on so much nonprofit work? Will I just learn tonight one of them was never picking up the check. But that wasn't the main reason. I have to tell you would not have happened without his little sister Carol. First of all, there was a time in his life when he had dinner at her house five days a week that took care of the feeding part most of the time. But for an artist who wanted to live in Louisville and make a living, working for nonprofits as he preferred was not going to pay for the Porsche, let alone the paint, the Pentax nor the pickup truck. I'm the one who likes alliteration, I don't know about Julius would allow Julius to offer his services for free to nonprofits like the ballet and the orchestra and Louisville visual arts was the fact that his sister would market the posters after the fact, all over the world, which not only brought in much needed cash, but also helped to solidify and expand his artistic reach to MOMA, the Museum of Modern Art the National Gallery in the mall in Washington, DC, to the National Museum of poster art in Poland, to Denmark to Japan. I'm getting jetlag just thinking about it. Then she'd invest the profits wisely. The rest is history, otherwise known as two homes, a pickup truck in a Porsche for a guy who didn't even like to drive if he didn't have to. Although he was technically the firstborn, his sister Carol was the functional firstborn, responsible for the financial success that her brother would inspire, not to mention, making sure he got to the doctor in hospitals he needed in his last month of life. Julius had two rules for nonprofits who asked for his help. One, he had to have complete artistic control. You don't get to ask for free creativity from an artist and then micromanage him to number two, he may not charge a fee, but they'd have to be willing to invest money in producing the work itself. Which means that tin can Buddha can have a really cool promotional poster, but they don't get to weigh in on whether a burning grand piano was a good idea or not talk about pyromania nor on what kind of fuel he would use to set it on fire. I think that his park
is okay on this one. Not whether he would cut the strings first, so he wouldn't become the unintentional victim of a musical hand grenade. So much of Julius work was never intended to be sold. The Karen like structures and arches that he created with prehistoric stones from the Creek near his country home may be rock opolos to him, but they certainly didn't pay the rent. So much of Julius capital was of the human variety. He and Sandy would eat everywhere and talk about everything as if they were the siblings. It didn't matter where you went with Julius he knew someone the restaurant the Derby, just walking down the street, chances were better than even he passed by someone he had taken time to get to know. When they heard he was dying. People started coming to town from as far away as New Jersey, Providence, the Bahamas, even Switzerland. He never stopped learning or challenging himself to move with the times and expand his artistic reach. When photography went digital, so did he. After decades of molding and organizing static inanimate objects and non human subjects, he decided to emerge in a pathbreaking exhibit for 21 C A few years back. As he said at the time, he wasn't used to his artistic subjects talking back to him. He had just begun to delve seriously into making video, creating one with two ballet dancers choreographed in silhouette against powerful backgrounds, and a convergence of classical ballet with breakdancing, each trying the other style on for size. Finally, collaborating in an imposing bourbon making facility. One can only imagine what he might have done, had he not been stopped dead in his tracks, by leukemia, literally and figuratively, what he might have created with holograms, or moving sculpture, the imagination strains and mourns at the opportunity cost of what Julius might have added for his 70 year retrospective. But in some ways, Julius gave us something else. He chose not to fight the cancer because he couldn't imagine a life in which he was taking care of his basic needs, at the expense of his creativity. He also had an innate sense of gratitude, realizing that his father had died in his 40s and that he had already been living joyously and creatively on three borrowed decades. But the one person who knew Julius better than anyone, his sister, Carol, will after being announced by Abby, I'm sure get the last word.

Abby Glogower 49:42
Carol Abrams, for the last one.

Carol Abrams 49:47
The last word. Normally, on February 26. I would be out to dinner paying for it with Julius first So I couldn't give a birthday present to Julius, but I could give a birthday present to the film. When you open it, you'll see a drawing of Julius that was done in 1973 by Henry Tchaikovsky, who was head of the fine arts department. Julius actually could draw very well. He just fell in love with photography and left the drawing aside. But I always you had Mr. Cantrell's painting of Julius present day. You had an Yeah, you had an Farnes lease painting had to be after 73 One of Julius's many girl friends, who was also very creative, and they lived together in VB, Indiana. But this painting by fat, His most beloved professor, is that is what I used to call his Trotsky years.

Abby Glogower 51:18
David on the back, we
just like Cantor gave part of the eulogy. I would like to read the eulogy that I gave for Julius, some of the people have not heard it. But it sums up my life with my brother. I got a call from my brother the morning of June 20 2017. He told me and I am using his medical terms, my kidneys and my blood are out of whack. He told me his doctor had made an appointment in 10 days, and he didn't think he would last 10 days. My husband Sandy and I rushed him to the emergency room. And when I heard the blood numbers, I knew this was bad. After eight days in the hospital, it takes a very long time for them to determine the type of cancer it is. And they kept telling me they did not think it was acute, but it was and if you get acute myeloid leukemia, you will not survive it. After eight days in the hospital, he wanted to go home. I brought him back to the hospital a week later, but it was too late. Every day in the hospital, he would open his eyes and look at me and say, Fuck a duck. I'm still here. Excuse the language.

Julius and Abra always close. We cemented the relationship after he asked me to work for him. He said it would be a few weeks. This was he just said it would be a few weeks till I found somebody. So 22 years later, I was still working for him. My earliest memory of my brother is that I could not pronounce Julius tarde name when you're little. So I called him Badu. I guess it was. I was thinking of brother and I couldn't say it. I've always said that. Julius's visual skills came from a game we played as kids. The game was called Winky Dink. And some of you may remember it. It consisted of a plastic sheet you put over the TV and mind you the TV was like this. There were eight crayons. Julius was older so he said I could have the Purple Crayon and he could have the rest. Well, the Purple Crayon was rarely used, and Julius got to draw all the time. People always see Julius as a photographer, but he started out drawing cartoons for the girls he wanted to date. Actually, Julius was going to be an architect. He was finishing his first semester at the University of Kentucky. When our father suddenly died. He transferred to the University of Louisville, and since they had no architecture program, he enrolled in graphic design. Everyone wanted to be my brother's friend. The depth of some of the friendships were remarkable. One day our mother said I don't know what he gives off. But if we could bottle it, we could make a lot of money. To demonstrate the level of friendship some people have had with him. I wish to single out one person in particular Ben Andrews, who is here. Ben flew in from Providence to see him. If you don't know the progression of my brother's illness, I will explain he developed acute leukemia. By the time he decided he wanted chemotherapy, his kidneys were too damaged, just received treatment. I got a call from Ben on Friday, saying he would like to donate one of his kidneys to Julius. Now that is love, and that is kindness. If you were a follower of Julius's Facebook page, you know that he decided two years ago that he would act like a five year old because five year olds don't have to say no, and love to play. Actually, my brother was a five year old his whole life. But he specifically said that was what it was going to do. He decided to do Clay with Martha pocket, because he loves ceramics. His next venture into new territory was with I still call him Dick Van Klee, who produce who the two of them produce short videos. Not it. It boggles my imagination. They only did two the second being better than the first of what they would have been. Julius, his first job was with a large large ad agency actually remembered the name vessel Siegfried and molar and they were at third and liberty. The first time an ad exec changed his ad. At lunchtime, he left, he never came back. He loved doing design for nonprofit organizations because they have little money, and he could do what he wanted. And voila, his posters were born. His 50 year respective at retrospective at the Fraser museum delighted him. The topics of my brother's photographs had one thing in common. He found the beauty in a leaf, a drop of water, a flower, a rock, a ballet dancer, and the human form. I think my brother always wanted to catch the moment in time, that reflected beauty. We had a tough childhood, because he was 18. And I was 15. When our father literally dropped out of a heart attack. With his camera and his supreme ability to
compose he created his own world of beauty. In morning prayers, as Cantor can attest to a prayer is said that I will read to end this eulogy. We are thankful for the gift of our soul. To soul you My God has given me as pure. You create it, you formed it, you breathe life into me. You keep body and soul together. One day, you will take my soul from me to restore it in life eternal. I watched as your soul left your body. And one day I will join you on the other side. Goodbye, my buddy. I will always love you. And thank you all the Filson club has been remarkable. When I gave them this stuff, I had no idea that it would be three events but they have been wonderful. And they will be a good steward of my brother's things.

Abby Glogower  59:13

Thanks, thank you all so much. I'll put this vote or maybe I'll move this over into the dining room where people can see it some more. Thank you so much. And I meant very sincerely what I said. This is an ongoing project. If you want to share stories and information. You can get my I'll give you my card. We'll figure out a way in touch. I hope you'll come back to the Filson and keep up with what we're doing here. Thank you so much for coming tonight.