

From: I Like What I Know by Vincent Price
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p.63 “The love of art may not be the surest way to become a millionaire, but one thing it teaches you is worth more than anything in life... tolerance. And more than tolerance... understanding.”

p.74 “...one thing lack of talent taught me. Appreciation. When you try to do something and can't - and admit you can't - you learn a healthy respect for it and for those who can. In the achievements of others I learned to see what I'd learned I could not do myself, and the greater the achievement, the more humble I became before it. And frankly, I have never regretted being unable to draw or paint, because if I could, I might not be quite as receptive to others. But because I tried to do it and discovered my limitations, I am perhaps more tolerant of all kinds of art than one who hasn't tried--or has and won't admit his limitations.”

p.82 “I think there's only one way to learn any of the arts... and that is to act - to do anything you can to be before the public - and not necessarily the pre-sold public that makes up the universal drama school audience.”

pp.93-94 “Periods of discovery about yourself are seldom fun. It's tough to realize how little you know just when you think you ought to know a lot, and that period immediately after graduation from college, when you suddenly realize for the first time that ‘commencement’ means beginning, and actually you are just beginning to learn - to live - it comes as a terrible blow to your ego. You become aware that all you really learned at college was how to learn and that continued learning is the true key to all existence. That is its real importance.”

p.243 “We are all perfectly content to make down payments on any luxury we're told we can't live without, but we can't quite bring ourselves to chance investing in ourselves through education, art, or any of those splendors we lyrically call ‘the best things in life’ and which we expect, because Tin Pan Alley tells us so, to be free.”

p.246 “Art is only another person's way of seeing, and seeing more or less greatly-- according to his talent. For the majority of us who do not have the talent, it is, or can be, a way of seeing through another's eyes the wonderful worlds of reality or imagination... of truth or fiction ... of actuality or abstraction. The human mind and the human spirit are

not, and never have been, one-sided, and we cannot expect that one aspect - the sense of sight - to be other than many-faceted, too.” (Note that we could easily substitute the idea of “hearing through another's ears” or “the sense of hearing” easily. J.Y.)

p.247 “Art is the conscious effort of man to reproduce himself and his surroundings for his own oral, tactile, or (and) visual pleasure and the pleasure of his fellow man. It is the spiritual expression of his most physical desires. It is, at once, the first love of the higher man and the greatest need of those less high, intellectually.”

p.247 “There is equal pleasure, both inward and outward, in the creation of a work of art and in the struggle by the audience to be at one with it... that is, to attempt to comprehend the artist's meaning, and yet to retain one's own emotional identity with it.”

p.249 “Many people are blinded by fear of seeing something different or of seeing anything differently, or by the inability to differentiate between what they know how to see and what they could see if they knew how.”

p.253 “One other damper on the everyday enjoyment of art is that often people feel the right to criticize or misunderstand someone else’s work. Artists themselves are particularly guilty of this. Filled with their own theories, their own visions, they often cannot see someone else’s as valid or genuine. The fact being that all of us are frustrated creatively in some way, it irks us to see someone else successfully making a statement of being. This is one reason why so many people identify themselves with past masters and refuse the present ones. There is no danger involved in liking something established, but look out if you express yourself as in favor of ‘today,’ for then you have to justify your stand and that takes a lot of guts.

Possibly the best way to enjoy fully the creative act is to like what you like but leave yourself open to learn.”

p.255 “I have come more and more to the belief that we owe our arts a thousand times what we are paying them. We support our cigarette factories, soap manufacturers, beauticians, all the luxury and pleasure businesses of our over-indulged civilization, but we pay our painters an average wage... and yet when the future digs us from the past they won't care how we smell, what we smoke, or if we bathed. All they’ll know of us will be our architecture, our paintings, sculpture, poems, laws, philosophy, drama, our pottery and fabrics, the things which our hands made and our minds thought up - oh, the machines they’ll dig up too, but perhaps they’ll point to them as our destruction, the wheels that drove us down to death.”