

Jón Engilberts – Centennial Memorial

I stood by my cranes in the drawing school absorbed in drawing a picture with black chalk, as the chalk broke apart and rolled the floor over to the other end of the classroom. I had to go to four feet to approach the chalk mole that had fallen under the banner. As I got up, I looked into the bluest eyes I had ever seen. This was a young man with blond hair and I remember my first thought was that he had an incredibly long and dark eyelashes. He replied to my excusable smile with a real lack of interest, but in his eyes I saw my own reaction reflected - one moment it was as if time had stopped and the mind stopped operating.

I rushed back to my place and was somewhat alarmed. "God, this is a beautiful man," I said to my friend Karen. "I want that man." She looked toward Jón and shook her head. "It doesn't matter if you've been thinking about him, I've been watching him," she said. "He obviously takes the job very seriously, doesn't talk to anyone and doesn't look at the girls here."

"I'll bet you a Napoleon cake that he'll start talking to me before the week is over," I said. Karen took the bet. Nothing happened at first, but I felt that these blue eyes were watching me. A few days after the wager, we were friends and others with frolic and fuss at school. Jón, who had planned to work during the later season, became more energetic. He threw himself away from the chalk and instead moved us with many spoken speeches on any combination of Danish and Icelandic because of this disturbance in the workwear in the living room. After the riding, he went out and slammed. It wasn't until I knew the dream prince was a foreigner.

"You can obviously buy the Napoleon cake right away," Karen said. "The week has not passed," I said, but was not pure. Shortly afterwards, it was decided that the group in the drawing school would be able to view collections. When we start chewing, the Icelander suddenly stands with me.

"Shall we be traveling," he asked.

With that, I won the bet - and Jon.

Jón Engilberts was born in Reykjavík on May 23, 1908, son of Sigurjón Grímsson, a mural master and Birgitta Jónsdóttir, the second-generation of four brothers. He grew up in Reykjavík and stood his youth home at Njallgata. His interest in visual art arose early, although it was not for direct encouragement or art to have been in special high places in his childhood home. He was a student in the private school of Guðmundur Thorsteinsson (Muggs) in Reykjavík 1921-22 who held an art school in Galtafelli at Laufásvegur, and was there among others. school brother Gunnlaugs Scheving. Later, he said: "Muggle was a preacher and some heartfelt soul I've met. Thus, his interface and education, that I do not recall having ever in my life looked so much at anything as the times at Muggi - unless it was the Easter exhibition of Ásgrímur Jónsson. We were both a teacher and a companion. He never demanded a tuition fee ".1)

Asgrim was his equal. He always showed Easter and so strongly fascinated him: "If you are in doubt about the value of art, you would be liberated from any doubt in the little hall in Gutto".

Jón's path to art education was neither straight nor straightforward, because his parents were concerned that he would be in the upper secondary school and even later in law. To prepare for this, Jón was put on time by Finnboga Rúti Valdimarsson, who was two years older than him, read outside the school at the upper secondary school and received teaching. However, Jón Rúti's presentation did not bear the fruit that his parents had expected, but further strengthened him in the intention of proposing art. As soon as Buster heard his future dreams of becoming a painter and saw the pictures, he slammed the books, swept them to him and said briefly: "Tell them, painting is an international language, lawyers can be produced as needed as bread rolls.")

Jón studied at the Cooperative School in the winter of 1925-26, but the one who enabled him to start art education in Copenhagen in the fall of 1927 was his cousin, Jón Helgason, a trader from Hjalli in Ölfus, who gave him eleven thousand crowns.

Jón started studying at Teknisk Selskabs Skole, which was a kind of preparatory school for those who intended to take an entrance exam at the School of Arts. Alongside his studies, he worked on painting the games by Bang Sørensen, who worked at Dagmar Theater. At the end of 1927, Jón began drawing studies with Victor Isbrand, who ran a private school in the Danish state art gallery, was mainly drawn by Greek and Roman sculptures, and then he studied at the Academy of Fine Arts in Copenhagen 1928-31 and his main teachers were Einar Nielsen and Aksel Jörgensen. At school, he was active in a group of radical students who strongly supported the struggle of the labor force, among other things, by painting claim cards that later appear in his pictures. In the years 1931-33, he studied at the Academy of Fine Arts in Oslo, and his main teacher was Axel Revold.

Jón married in 1932 Tove, daughter of Fredrik Fugmann and Henriette Caroline Amalie Jörgensen, but they had met when they studied simultaneously at Teknisk Selskabs Skole in Copenhagen, a few years earlier. They had two daughters, Amy and Birgitta. They lived in Copenhagen 1933-40 but that year Jón moved with his family to Iceland because of the war crisis. That stay was actually planned for a shorter time. Due to the occupation of Denmark, Jón was endangered by political beliefs and interference, but he had, among other things, participated in an exhibition of sponsored Republicans in Spain in 1937.

In the years 1934-40 he actively participated in Danish artistic life and was among others. elected member of the exhibition group Kammeraterne 1936 and in Grafisk Kunstnersamfund the same year.

In 1934, Jón was invited by the Academy to exhibit at Carlottenborg in Copenhagen, along with Sigurjón Ólafsson, Þorvaldur Skúlason, Vestra Lippert Magnum and Reider Manus. During these years he also held several exhibitions in Reykjavík, among others. 1929, 1930, 1934 and 1939.

In 1939, he was awarded the Van Gogh Travel Grant by the Copenhagen Academy of Arts to study art in the Netherlands.

In the 1930s, Jón succeeded in gaining a foothold in Danish artistic life, and especially his participation in Kammeraterne's exhibitions in 1936-1940, but his contribution to these exhibitions was generally very positive reviews of critics. When he first appeared with the Comrades in 1936, e.g. critics Sigurd Schultz wrote, "the pinnacle of the exhibition is Jón Engilberts' work" The following year, the reviewer of *Nationaltidende* wrote, "The best work of the exhibition is undoubtedly Jón Engilberts, he is a colorist who, with full daring, knocks out everything he has rate."

In this decade, 1930-40, Jón was productive in making graphic work and in Icelandic art history he can be counted as pioneers in that field. He had taught graphic arts at Axel Jørgensen at the Copenhagen Academy of Arts in 1928-31 and doubtless his acquaintance with Munch's graphics, when he was staying in Oslo, further pushed his interest in this medium: "It was mainly wood and fabric fabrics that Jon studied, but the subject, which is generally the same as that shown in his oil paintings, is captured with sharply grated material that brings rich material effects and contrasting emphases. The structure has, in many respects, a reference to his paintings at the same time: powerful tangible outlines that sometimes transform into a whole delimited surface. Moreover, these graphical works often produce more dramatic content than can be found in his paintings with similar subjects, such as in the woodcuts *Öreigar* in Berlin 1933 and *Evening in the fishing village* of 1936. Jón showed these graphical works at Kammeraterne's exhibitions in the 1930s, in addition to which he took e.g. participated in Nordic graphic exhibitions as representative of Iceland, i.a. graphic exhibition in Copenhagen 1937 - at the exhibition there were about 1000 works - where he, as a representative of his country, appointed a special honorary clerk along with Munch, Anders Zorn, Gallen-Kallela and Willumsen.

In 1959, Jón was chosen to represent Iceland with the graphic work *Sumarnótt*, (The Family) created in 1957, in the version of a graphics folder along with works by forty-seven artists of various nationalities at Verlag der Kunst in Dresden and the World Peace Movement in 1960. In 1954 the company was Icelandic graphics were created and the company bought a stone printing press for the country. Jón was the main promoter of the company and he drew it, among other things. its logo.

After arriving in Iceland he became a teacher at the Icelandic School of Crafts and Art 1941-42 and 1949-50. He actively participated in the artistic work of the community. 1945 chairman of the committee for the allocation of artist fees to artists. In 1945, he also illustrated an artist's version of Jonah Hallgrímsson's poems published by Helgafell. He was secretary of the Association of Icelandic Visual Artists 1945-47, at the board of the Association of Icelandic Artists at the same time as the chairman of the Icelandic Art Gallery. Secretary of the Icelandic Department of the Nordic Art Association 1946-47. In 1948 he depicts the book *The Modern Island*, which was published in Copenhagen.

Soon after returning home, Jón attacked the building. The "angel city" of the painter's house, on the corner of Flókagata and Rauðarárstígur, rose from scratch. The idea for the

house they owned Jón and Gunnlaugur Halldórsson architect and completed that work in 1942 and Jón won the work for the most part himself - at the end of 1943 he organized thirty oil paintings and over two hundred drawings and watercolors he had painted east in Fljótshlíð. . In Englaborg, Jon lived with Tove, Birgitta and daughter of Birgitta, Gretu, until his death.

In 1951, he was honored by the Swedish Vasa word for his work on Nordic art. In 1953, Jon resumed with Kammeraterne at Den Frie in Copenhagen after a five-year break and showed him almost uninterruptedly until 1967.

In 1961, Jón was honored by the Icelandic horse Falconry for artistic work. That same year, the book House of the painter, the memoirs of Jón Engilberts, was published by Jóhannes Helga author. In 1988, the art book Jón Engilberts was published by the ASÍ Art Museum and Lögberg in the series Icelandic Art. Dr. Ólafur Kvaran, an art historian, wrote about Jón and Baldur Óskarsson, a poet, wrote a few memoirs about him. In the book A man's wife, Tove widow Jón said: "Not everything that appears in art life is. Those who create a name enjoy admiration, but often it is coincidental with whom to strike through and when. Many outstanding artists have not been accredited until after their death and it is known that some artists have been fortunate enough to receive support for them. I do not know any more than others how the future will judge Jón's work. His art was highly acclaimed but also opposed. Time will determine what will be permanent in his art, like others. But our great wife, Ragnar in Smári, had great faith in him. He came to me after Jón died and was frequent about his work. "Jon was always new and alive in his art," he said. "He may not be the best-known painter now, but the time comes Tove, although you may not feel that he is bigger than the ones that are most haunted now." I smiled at this loyal and kind friend. "Are you trying to please me, Ragnar?" I asked. "No, Tove," he said. "I always want to make you happy, but I say that because I feel it within me".

“Of course I have no doubt that Jon was a great painter, but I am not neutral. I loved every brushstroke like everything else he did.”

Jón adorned with a number of museums, such as: Royal copper tongue Museum in Copenhagen, Cincinnati Art Museum in Ohio, University of Iceland Art, National Gallery, National Gallery of ASI Art Museum, Reykjavík, Kópavogur Art Museum, Akureyri Art Museum, Art Museum Siglufjarðar, Art Museum Malmö, and World House Gallery in New York.

Jón Engilberts died in Reykjavik on February 12, 1972. It was his last job to take his wife in his arms and thank her for everything. She loved him all the time - and it is a testimony to Jón Engilberts own character. The works he leaves behind will forever testify to the unique gift of the smallest nation.

Sources

Ólafur Kvaran: Jón Engilberts, Icelandic art.
Jónína Michaelsdóttir: A woman's wife.

Citations

1. John Helgi: House of the painter, p.58
 2. John Helgi: House of the painter, p. 61
 3. Sigurd Schultz: The comrades, National newspaper 9.11. 1936.
 4. National newspaper 7.11. 1937.
 5. Ólafur Kvaran: Jón Engilberts, Icelandic Art, p.21
 6. Jónína Michaelsdóttir, One man's wife, p. 243.
- Greta Engilberts.

The following is a memorial by Jóhannes Helga, a writer, about Jón Engilberts, which is published in the book "Hús málaran", 1981.

"Jon Engilberts came home with my father around Petsamo in 1940. They had been very busy in Copenhagen for fifteen years, and now my parents hosted this alien and lively people, the Angel's family while she was preparing. Jon was then in his thirties, but I was fourteen years old. I had met the people before, then a child at age accompanied by my father at home and abroad, but these were the first real acquaintances. One day I came across a secondary problem and was very sorry. The visitor became aware of this and took me away and resolved my problem of understanding and consideration that I did not forget in the near future. A fourteen-year-old man's understanding is not many fish, as I was amazed that this extraordinarily unusual boyhood was hidden behind the noisy and decorative facade of the guest.

These were the qualities of Jón Engilberts that his friends met and studied so much. His adversaries only saw the perverting of the front, from which the messages came, those who were so cunning that they stared at them and were long on the air and went where they were supposed to go. There was never any drought in the wounds. The painter did not save it any more than the color burner when he was expressing his feelings of various kinds. I never knew him so poorly that he refused a bad man in the old way of a cheerful interface, even after he taught his banana that he was trying to hide. No one was so miserable, drunk or sobering, that Jon should not always give him some refreshing words and bitches, if any. He also didn't save the fun for his friends and friends - and he certainly didn't save his friends if he felt they had to use them for a long way or a short ride. And so we had nothing to do with it. Consumption in this regard was John the farmer. He knew well what value he had and what he had on offer and wanted something for his crap and no foxes, as a good merchant suspects. Those who were so empty in not understanding this simple law, got a clear burst of light in the cold with a message - and did not return except for the goodies and expensive gifts. The painter was the one who is consistent with himself. These natural properties include trace the merits of thousands of images scattered around all lands of people for pleasure and pleasure. Thus, everything comes home and together, if the seam is examined.

Jon liked to associate with princes, who are so called. Some consider it to be more than a monetary, cultural panorama, although for some reason they have been largely offshore. Others of this class valued him in vain, but he decorated himself with them because he knew the people and the world, they also bought pictures of him. There was no other thing to him; His attitude toward the resignation took over all the doubts. He liked all the

states, theatrical performances, consistent - and legal women who were able to groom and dress, especially reasonably intelligible actresses, if he could energize them and put them on, but there was no serious behind it, though appeared on the surface, he enjoyed the stage setting. He applied energy to the presence of these women - repented - the woman was the symbol of the Godhead and the dust. When the guests left, he quietly took the energy up to the studio, where he neither laughed nor laughed. There he was alone with his gods and made desperate attempts to create in the lights of the lamps, a mischievous man last year - a coward - and knew it.

It is not all that it seems.

Jón was definitely well-meaning, the voice sounding and strength, and the language powerful, carved, bloody, imaginative with varieties, as we were expecting in a man with abundant temperament and sophisticated sophistication, as he applied metaphors of rare gymnastics, so that he sometimes came up with incredible material in one. Of course, he led all men to the best of his ability while keeping his strengths intact. The most miserable smokes that hit his beaches became when he had thrown it. News from the town life I told him sometimes had become unrecognizable in his retransmission a few days later, all the headlines sharpened and widened, all the rest went, except a few fine drafts that tied the picture together. He didn't mind, though I heard, he had put his brand on the driftwood and laughed all the way clean. I also made sure I never corrected it. He looked out at the excitement of others to take his hands on the subject. He did not intervene in my remarks on his memoirs, how I fell down, rejoined, re-worded, just as he was the only one in the paintings he was painting while he was commemorating his memories. He never got to know the despair that I sometimes caught when I looked up from my art form - the pictures he was painting and turning back from me. He also did not know how I sometimes hated him when he was studying the Icelandic society, charged with the energy of a man who is creating and has offered all his energy a moment of day. He did not believe that this hunting society would have a future as a culturally important destination, that it would ever again be fascinated by objectives other than financial and material, that it would ever leave its conditions for artists to create art for themselves and world. He did not even believe in socialism for that, though he was loyal to him all the time, no matter what the volume of power has been. He believed that the nation and the Althingi had become so dark as a long way in the century, at the same time as culture-friendly, which was more of a play. He picked up examples of examples from the top of his time - until the mountain became clear. I didn't believe him - not them. Since eleven years, it's not a long time, but the mountain is still in place - and has risen. I understand him better now. He had financial difficulties all his life; however, he spared money sparingly and well. The house was always in danger, covered with his studio. Insecure financial performance played a major role in destroying his health, shortening his life. When he had some cash and saw some months of worry, he worked like a berserk; he was at noon at 5 o'clock in the morning, and this session sometimes lasted for months with a virginitly that had a holy man. When the money puzzle disappeared, all the workloads and serious depression went to him. He then ended his life to have not lived a normal civilian security for more than nine months of an almost half-century artist's career, the nine months he received a salary. He prayed for another nine months to complete the last major project, perhaps the most extensive, category of one hundred and twenty thumbnails based on his life from childhood to old age. He was refused. He also

wanted to hear the painter's house moved to the radio before he died. So I came across one of the radio program directors. I didn't get this done, not them.

Now he is all, full of days in our lives. Already around him will come the day, which artist here was traveling. He was there in fingertips - until it ended. His banana hat came an old friend who had taken photographs of him on the occasion of his lifetime; he had the camera with him. The lips of the artist did not wear, but from the quiet eyes that rested on the camera, approval could be read. Then he lifted up his weak hand in greeting. It was his last work to take his wife in her arms and thank her for everything - and then gave up her breath in her gracious bosom. She loved him and him all along - like a in love girl. It is a testimony to Jón Engilberts own character.

When the musical style pauses and the tent falls in Fossvogskapellu today, we have been greeted by the greetings of a great person and a great artist. The works he leaves behind will forever testify to the unique gift of the smallest nation.

No one who met John Engilberts to the point will ever forget him.

John Helgi,
author (1972). "