Balthus
by James Thrall Soby

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the museum of modern art, new york
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overleaf: The Game of Patience. 1943. Oil on canvas, 63½ x 65”. Collection Pierre Matisse, New York
"When we went to see him at Beatenberg in September, he was just painting Chinese lanterns, with a flair for the oriental world of form that is amazing . . . one can’t imagine where he gets all his assured knowledge of Chinese Imperial and artistic dynasties . . . " Thus in October, 1922, Rainer Maria Rilke described Balthus Klossowski de Rola, then fourteen years old, to a friend, Frau Gudi Nölke. A year later he added: "It was an enrichment for me to have little Baltusz here" (in Switzerland).

The tributes of the German poet to the boy who has since become Balthus, the painter, are by no means unique. Indeed, Balthus as a child appears to have startled many of his family’s friends with his precociousness and talent. The family was Polish in origin and its elder members, like so many of their compatriots, had emigrated to France around the middle of the nineteenth century after their country’s rebellions against Russian domination. Balthus spent his extreme youth in Paris, but soon his parents moved, first to Berne, then to Geneva. Both parents were distinguished. In 1908 the father, Erich Klossowski, published a monograph on Daumier which has been reprinted several times and remains a standard reference work on that master. Thereafter the elder Klossowski abandoned art criticism for painting, working with considerable skill in the impressionist direction. Balthus’ mother, Baladine, was also a painter, admired for her sensitivity by the professional artists who were intimates of the Klossowski household—Marquet, Bonnard, Derain and Roussel, among others.

In later years Balthus was especially close to Derain, of whom in 1936 he painted a ferocious and memorable portrait (page 14). But recently he told the present writer that it had been Bonnard who first taught him what it meant to be an artist. "Bonnard," he said, "showed me there was no need for an esthetic in the usual sense of the word. He could make art out of central heating—or anything else, for that matter." Balthus’ first ambitious paintings, notably The Quays and the first version of The Street (pages 11, 8), both completed in 1929, were unquestionably influenced by Bonnard’s pictures of the Paris boulevards, with their powdery surfaces and broken color. Moreover, as a child of thirteen Balthus published an album of drawings, for which Rilke wrote the foreword (said to be the first he composed in French). The drawings reflect the intimist aims and broad elisions of Bonnard, Vuillard and their fellow Nabis; they are astonishingly competent for so young a boy.

The album commemorates Balthus’ affection for an Angora cat which he had found and then lost. The cat, named Mitsou, has since made its spectral appearance in many of Balthus’ most important canvases. And as a very young man the artist painted a self portrait which he inscribed "A Portrait of H.M. The King of the Cats Painted by Himself." At the Chateau de Chassy, near Autun, where Balthus now lives and works, there must be almost as many cats as Delacroix kept at his country house, Champrosay. Like the great Romantic before him, Balthus seems to have been endlessly fascinated by the stealth and wisdom of these domestic animals. There is this difference to be noted, however. Whereas Delacroix painted cats as amenable stand-ins for their wild cousins in the jungle, Balthus has made them the calm witnesses of his favorite subject—the lassitude, torments, ecstasies and introspection of adolescent children.
In youth Balthus spent much of his time visiting in England. His grandmother, he says, was a Gordon from Scotland, somehow, but in any case appropriately, related to Lord Byron. There is a strong Byronic cast to Balthus' own temperament; he shares to the full the English poet's aristocracy of spirit, contempt for convention and essential solitude of creative mind. It is difficult to see that Balthus has been much affected by British painting, though there may be echoes of Fuseli in The Room's recumbent figure (page 31). English literature, on the contrary, he devoured avidly and one book—Emily Bronte's Wuthering Heights—made so vital an impression that in 1933 he made a series of drawings to illustrate episodes from its plot. He also converted one of these drawings (above) into a large painting showing himself as Heathcliff watching Cathy dress in her room. Balthus' own personality at times seems Heathcliffian in its precarious equation of violence and tenderness, above all in pride of individuality.

Balthus has read widely not only in English literature, but in American as well—Hawthorne, Thoreau, Melville, Poe and, quite understandably among the moderns, William Faulkner. But however absorbing his literary predilections, he has never allowed them to distract him from the central problems of oil painting, by and for itself. His singlemindedness in this regard is devout and unrelenting. He has never made prints nor been much interested in watercolor or gouache. Since completing the Wuthering Heights illustrations almost twenty-five years ago, he has seldom let his drawings out of his studio. These more recent drawings are extremely skilled in contrast to the deliberate and powerful awkwardness of the Wuthering Heights group. Balthus dislikes them and very few have survived. "When I have finished my paintings," he says, "I put the drawings for them on the floor and walk on them until they are erased." It is true that he has designed sets and costumes for the theatre and the ballet. One senses that his heart is not in the task. In any case, there is no danger that, unlike some of his contemporaries, he will confuse the emotional and intellectual requirements of the theatre with those of the easel picture.

In his exclusive devotion to painting, Balthus recalls the man to whom his art perhaps owes most—Gustave Courbet, whose handling of the children in the Portrait of P. J. Proud'hon and His Children (opposite) is an inescapable clue to Balthus' own interest in the
choreographic grace of young awkwardness. Naturally Balthus has other idols as well, though he talks of them reluctantly: Piero della Francesca, on whose art he lent Rilke a monograph when he was only sixteen and some of whose frescoes he copied around 1926; Uccello; Carpaccio; Géricault; Seurat; Bonnard; Picasso, among others. As a close friend of his has remarked, "Balthus is fanatically strict in his taste. He likes only the greatest of the great paintings. He demands the utmost quality and is contemptuous of anything less."

Balthus's first one-man show was held in Paris at the Gallery Pierre in 1934. In that exhibition he included his first large-scale composition, The Street (page 12), an imaginative transcription of a scene on the rue Bourbon-le-Château in Paris' sixth arrondissement. Balthus's first impression of this short street had been recorded in a smaller oil of the same subject, completed in 1929 (page 8). But whereas the first version retains vestiges of the painter's interest in Bonnard's technique, the large picture abandons impressionism for a stylized, monumental and much more solid handling of color and form. The figures have an hypnotic intensity, as though seen in a dream or viewed on a moving-picture film which abruptly and inexplicably has stopped on its sprockets. It seems likely that at this time Balthus was especially impressed by Seurat's ability to freeze contemporary life at a moment of poetic and ageless dignity; the figure of the chef in The Street is closely related to Seurat. The other figures are puppet-like in their sleepwalking irrationality, yet at the same time alive and majestically composed.

Since that early date in his career, Balthus has often worked on a very large scale, notably in The Mountain, the Passage du Commerce Saint-André and The Room (pages 20, 29, 31), and in a recent letter wrote: "if I have achieved something up to the present it is almost uniquely, I think, in my large paintings." These big pictures, however, have been executed at surprising speed, after long delays and still longer periods of meditation. "I am always eager," Balthus says, "not to tire the canvas." He adds: "So many painters today have

Oil on canvas, 57 3/4 x 78". Musée de la Ville, Paris
found a trick. I have never been able to find one.” His solitude in his creative task invites
comparison with that of his closest friend among artists, the sculptor and painter Alberto
Giacometti. The art of both men reflects the same detachment from the outer world of
event. The adolescents in Balthus’ paintings live an introspective life entirely their own,
and so do the thin figures on their imponderable treadmill in Giacometti’s sculpture, City
Square (above). Both artists stand aloof from life and art in their time; both are apostles
of an ultimate privacy in what they are and create.

Considering this privacy, it might seem surprising that Balthus has interested himself
in portraiture. It must be said at once, however, that as a portraitist he has been most
successful with admired friends or with members of his family. His image of the vigorous,
bullying Derain (page 14) is acute in psychological impact. The impression of brutal power
is heightened by contrast between the central subject and the diminutive fragility of the
seated model in the background. Derain’s coarse, intelligent face is defined with merciless
honesty. On the other hand, when a few years later Balthus painted Miro and his daughter
(page 15), the mood is tender and we are made aware of Miro’s gentle, quizzical personality
and of the adoration between father and child. The subtle characterization of the Spanish
painter extends from his puzzled, wide eyes to his suede shoes. And when Balthus painted
an early patroness, the Vicomtesse de Noailles (page 13), he placed her not in her elegant
house in Paris, but in a bleak room (probably the artist’s former studio in the ancient Cours
de Rhan), with the simple, wooden furniture of which the painter is fond. The character-
ization again is bold and direct; it gives no quarter to beguilment of any kind.

One of the earliest of Balthus’ many paintings of adolescents absorbed in work, reverie
or games is The Children (page 17), acquired years ago by Picasso, who to this day speaks
admiringly of his younger colleague’s idiosyncratic talents. Like most of Balthus’ pictures
of children, the painting almost certainly refers to the artist’s precocious youth when,
in his family’s house, the afternoon hours were spent in drawing, reading, playing music
and games of cards. The angularity of the figure of a girl writing or drawing is echoed by
the rigid contours of the furniture, but softened by the boy’s relaxed pose. And it may be
noted in passing that Balthus, though in person he might have been far more at ease in the
eighteenth century than in his own, is thoroughly anti-Rococo as an artist. The gestures
and stance of his figures are usually harsh, far closer to David’s geometric calculation than
to Fragonard’s headlong grace. Nevertheless, on details Balthus sometimes lavishes a Chardin-like care, as in the painting of highlights in The Children or of the white bowl near the window in The Golden Days (page 23). His regard for nuances of light also relates him to certain artists of the seventeenth century. One might safely assume that his select group of idols in the art of the past includes those separate masters, Vermeer and Georges de la Tour.

In 1937 Balthus completed the Still Life (page 18), an evocative summary of his underlying vehemence. The broken glass and hammer, the knife stabbed into a loaf of bread—these are indications of a disciplined inner tumult and rage. But in 1937 the artist also painted the enormous, serene landscape called The Mountain (page 20). Its figures’ wry stylization of pose hints at allegorical meaning, and perhaps Balthus had in mind Courbet’s occasional excursions into the world of fantasy which he affected to despise. At any rate, the picture is not unrelated to Courbet’s hunting scenes and his rocky landscapes of the country near Ornans. Balthus’ rising interest in painting, as Courbet understood it, is reflected in the pensive Bernese Hat of 1938-39.

Just before the war Balthus completed two of his most estimable works: The Dream (page 19); and the view of Larchant (page 18), a small town near Fontainebleau. The facial expression of the child in The Dream is miraculously rapt, and the picture as a whole beautiful in color and form. As to the Larchant, one could imagine Corot stopping in admiration to examine the deft control of luminosity and architectural form. The two paintings, together with the exquisite little Cherry Trees of 1940, point up Balthus’ brave and successful determination to restate realistic painting in contemporary terms. His road for a long time was lonely in the Paris of his generation. In very recent years, however, his example has meant much to certain French painters of Communist persuasion in their attempt to create recognizable propaganda for their political cause. The debt remains unacknowledged. Balthus himself would disclaim it hastily.

In 1929 Balthus had done his military service in the French Army at Morocco, where he developed the intestinal infection which has plagued him throughout the subsequent years. In 1939 he was called up and sent to the Front in World War II. His health broke quickly, he was demobilized and spent the remainder of the war with his wife and children in Switzerland. At Fribourg he painted The Living Room (page 22) and The Game of Patience (page 1), in both of which there is evident a new mastery of execution. The loneliness and quick inventiveness of children was still his preferred theme, and both pictures are imbued with a strange, atmospheric stillness, as if the youthful figures were concealed forever in their silent dreams or pursuits, amid bourgeois settings oddly at variance with Balthus’ love of aristocratic grandeur. The painter becomes indignant when anyone suggests that the children in his paintings are bored, that theirs is the quiet of indolence and waiting. “How can people feel these children are bored? he asks incredulously. “They are the opposite of bored.”

Balthus’ preoccupation with light is particularly evident in The Golden Days (page 23), a picture which, as Cyril Connolly has pointed out, “resolves a purely pictorial problem—how to change the yellow sunlight from the window behind the girl’s back into the orange firelight which glows around her foot.” And Connolly adds: “The simplicity of Balthus’s large austere canvases disguises the astonishing audacities and severities of his color.” The words are just: Balthus’ color is both daring and muted. Ordinarily it avoids sensuous appeal, but it is powerful and rich. His contours at times retain the purposeful distortions of the early Wuthering Heights illustrations. The wide head of the girl in The Golden Days also suggests that Balthus had become interested in Picasso’s persistent device of portray-
The war over at last, Balthus painted with renewed dedication, though he completed as always few pictures in the course of a year, putting canvases aside for long intervals, destroying many, and working feverishly again on those he felt held promise. To the post-war years belong The Room of 1947-48 (page 24), its nude resplendent alongside her adoring companion; and The Toilette of Georgette (page 26), wherein a softer voluptuousness is apparent by comparison with the almost declamatory posture of the girl in The Room. In the background of the Georgette Balthus had the courage to include a caricatural figure of an aged maid. He has never been afraid of exaggerations of this kind. The Goldfish (page 25), painted the same year, shows childlike delight in homely anecdote with accents of caricature. It must have taken courage, too, for Balthus to have painted The Card Game (page 28), considering the subject's long precedent in the Caravaggesque tradition. He has given the subject new validity, and it is to his credit that he has never attempted to disguise or disavow his links with the art of the past. The question of whether he is or is not a "modern" painter probably has little interest for him. His obsessions are clear and strong, his gifts his own. One assumes that is all that matters in his intelligent, defiant mind.
From 1952 to 1954 Balthus worked intermittently on the second of his large street scenes—*Le Passage du Commerce Saint-André* (page 29). The picture shows enormous technical progress by comparison with *The Street* of twenty years before, but it shares that painting's uncanny stillness, its illusion of motion precipitately suspended. It differs from the earlier picture among other respects in that its foreground figures—the sturdy girl with chin in hand, the man in the doorway adjusting his trousers—are aware of being observed and stare back at the observer. The Passage abounds in those plastic and psychological counterplays of which Balthus repeatedly has made imaginative use. The man seated on the curb faces the child with chair and the girl reaching up to a window directly across the street; the erect, walking figure, as cylindrical as one of Oskar Schlemmer's Bauhaus robots, will presently cross the path of the bent old woman with cane. These counterplays of form and human meaning constitute an extremely important part of Balthus' creative vision. He makes of them in this picture and elsewhere a piercing scenario, expressed with lyric compulsion and the utmost regard for pictorial rather than literary problems.

The Passage was soon followed by another huge painting—*The Room* (page 31), to which both the marvelously tawny *Nude with Cat* and the fine *The Four Thursdays* (pages 30 and 27) are related in general conception. *The Room* again testifies to Balthus' love of emotional counterpoint, the incensed and violent girl at the curtains contrasting with the nude, helpless and dreaming on her sofa. As in the case of *The Golden Days*, light is the picture's fundamental subject; it is handled here with the mastery which so often elevates Balthus' realism to a fresh and high plane of achievement.

Perhaps by way of respite from his labors on the Passage and *The Room*, Balthus during the past two years has painted several quite literal landscapes at or near his chateau. Among the finest is *The Farmyard* (page 32). Concurrently he has completed some relatively straightforward figure pieces. The small *Sleeping Girl* (page 32) is like the Dutch Little Masters in fluency of tone and immediacy of response; *Girl in White* (page 34) confirms Balthus' place in the exalted portrait tradition which a hundred years ago included Corot, Courbet and Millet at his infrequent best. In *The Window* (page 33), the artist has combined figure and landscape with an affectionate relish which his first mentor, Pierre Bonnard, would have approved.

In aim, style and accomplishment, Balthus is a maverick among modern artists. In a time of schools and disciples, he stands nearly alone, a private and heartening creative personality.

J. T. S.
The Quays. 1929. Oil on canvas, 28\(\frac{3}{4}\) x 23\(\frac{1}{2}\)". Collection Pierre Matisse, New York
Portrait of the Vicomtesse de Noailles. 1936. Oil on canvas, 62 3/4 x 53 1/8". Collection the Vicomtesse de Noailles, Paris
Portrait of André Derain. 1936. Oil on wood, 44 3/4 x 28 1/2". The Museum of Modern Art, New York, acquired through the Lillie P. Bliss Bequest

opposite: Joan Miro and His Daughter Dolores. 1937-38. Oil on canvas, 51 1/4 x 35". The Museum of Modern Art, New York, Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. Fund
The Children. 1937. Oil on canvas, 49 1/4 x 50 3/8". Collection Pablo Picasso, Cannes, France
Larchant. 1939. Oil on canvas, 51 1/4 x 63 1/2". Collection A. M. Cassandre, Paris

Still Life. 1937. Oil on board, 32 x 39". Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford, Ella Gallup Sumner and Mary Catlin Sumner Collection
The Dream. 1938. Oil on canvas, 59 3/4 x 51 1/4". Collection The Reverend James L. McLane, Los Angeles
The Mountain. 1937. Oil on canvas, 8' 2 1/4" x 11' 11 3/4". Collection Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Matisse, New York
The Living Room. 1942. Oil on canvas, 45 x 57½". Collection Mr. and Mrs. John Hay Whitney, New York
The Goldfish. 1948. Oil on canvas, 24 1/2 x 22". Collection The Reverend James L. McLane, Los Angeles
The Toilette of Georgette. 1948-49. Oil on canvas, 38 x 36 1/4". Collection The Reverend James L. McLane, Los Angeles
The Four Thursdays. 1949. Oil on canvas, 38 1/2 x 33". Collection Mr. and Mrs. Richard Deutsch, Greenwich, Connecticut.
The Card Game. 1948-50. Oil on canvas, 55 x 76 1/4". Pierre Matisse Gallery, New York
Le Passage du Commerce Saint-André. 1952-54. Oil on canvas, 9' 7¾" x 10' 10". Collection Claude Hersent, Meudon, France
Nude with Cat, 6.1054. Oil on canvas, 25⅛ x 31⅛. National Gallery of Victoria, Melbourne, Australia. Felton Bequest.
The Farmyard. 1954. Oil on canvas, 20 3/4 x 36 1/4". Collection Mme Henriette Gomes, Paris

The Sleeping Girl. 1954. Oil on canvas, 18 1/4 x 21 3/4". Collection Claude Hersent, Meudon, France
The Window. 1955. Oil on canvas, 76 3/4 x 49 1/8". Collection Claude Hersent, Meudon, France
Girl in White. 1955. Oil on canvas, \( \frac{45}{4} \times 35'' \). Private collection, Paris
CATALOGUE OF THE EXHIBITION

Works marked with an asterisk are illustrated. In dimensions height precedes width.

1. *The Street (La Rue).* 1929. Oil on canvas, 51 x 63%" (129.5 x 162.1 cm). Collection Mrs. Marcel Duchamp, New York. Ill. p. 8
2. *The Street (La Rue).* 1933. Oil on canvas, 6' 4" x 7' 10" (193 x 235 cm). Private collection, New Canaan, Conn. Ill. p. 12
3. *The Street (La Rue).* 1929. Oil on canvas, 28% x 23$" (73 x 59.8 cm). Collection Pierre Matisse, New York. Ill. p. 20
4. *The Quays (Les Quais).* 1929. Oil on canvas, 28% x 23$" (73 x 59.8 cm). Collection Pierre Matisse, New York. Ill. p. 11
7. *The Mountain (La Montagne).* 1937. Oil on canvas, 8' 2$ x 11' 3$" (249.5 x 353 cm). Collection Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Matisse, New York. Ill. p. 20
8. *Still Life (Nature morte).* 1937. Oil on board, 32 x 39" (81.3 x 99 cm). Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford, Ella Gallup Sumner and Mary Catlin Sumner Collection. Ill. p. 18
10. *The Dream (Le Reve).* 1938. Oil on canvas, 59$ x 41$" (150.5 x 114.3 cm). Collection The Reverend James L. McLane, Los Angeles. Ill. p. 19
13. *The Game of Patience (La Patience).* 1943. Oil on canvas, 55% x 55$" (139.7 x 193-7 cm). Pierre Matisse Gallery, New York. Ill. p. 20
14. *The Living Room (Le Salon).* 1942. Oil on canvas, 45% x 57$" (125.1 x 149.9 cm). Collection Mr. and Mrs. Richard Deutsch, Greenwich, Conn. Ill. p. 27
15. *The Room (La Chambre).* 1954. Oil on canvas, 8' 1$

Numbers 32-45: Illustrations for Emily Bronte’s Wuthering Heights. These fourteen ink drawings, c.1933, measuring approximately 10 x 9$" each, are in the collection of Mrs. Marcel Duchamp, New York.

... pulled his hair when you go by . . .
... because Cathy taught him what she learnt . . .
... it was one of their chief amusements to run away to the moors . . .
... we ran from the top of the Heights . . .
... Cathy and I escaped from the wash-house to have a ramble at liberty . . .
... the devil had seized her ankle.
... "Why have you that silk frock on, then?"
... "Pull his hair when you go by . . ."
... "No, no Isabella, you shan’t run off . . ."
... "Catherine’s arms had fallen relaxed and her head hung down."
... "It was one of their chief amusements to run away to the moors . . ."
... "We ran from the top of the Heights . . ."
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