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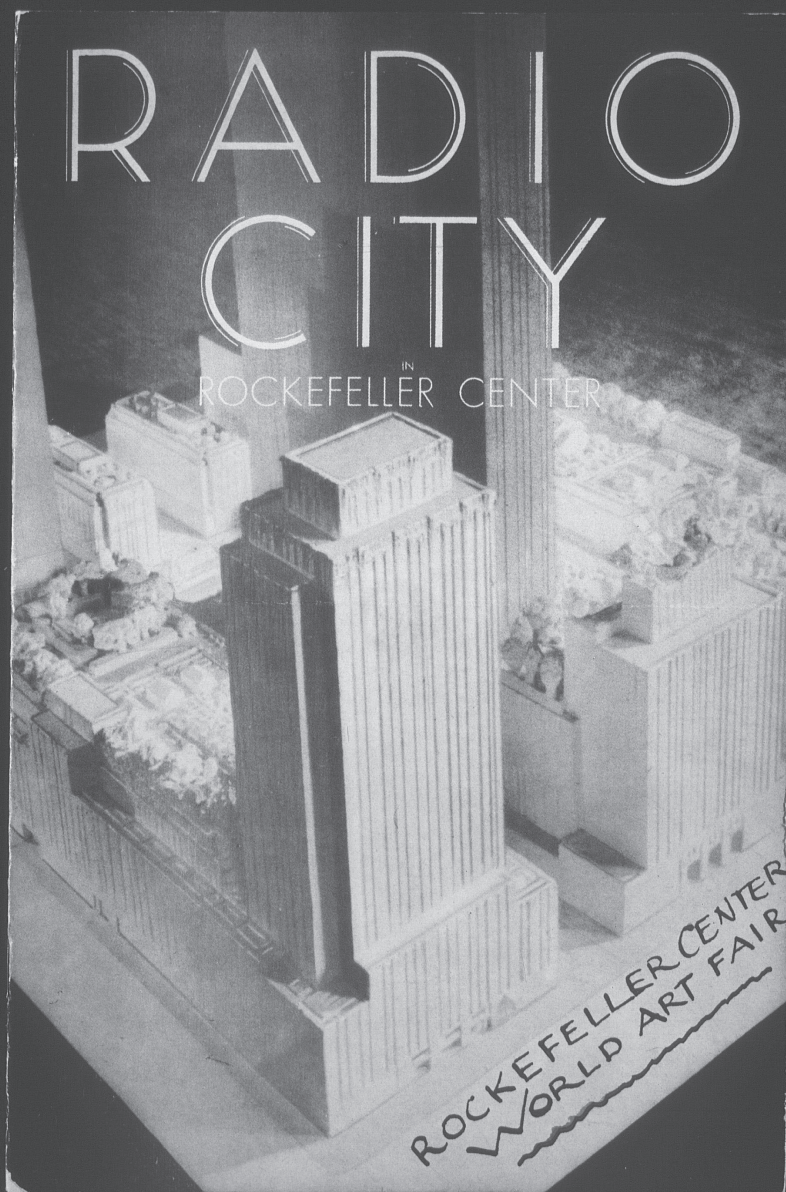
The Museum of Modern Art Archives, New York

J.B. Neumann
Papers

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one floor in one of the Buildings (non profitably) international art exhibition. 25 cent admission to cover rent & expenses. No insurance - artists will insure themselves - or not insured - reduced price (because not for profit) be catalogue with new words in many languages

the RKO BUILDING, the first structure to be completed in Radio City will be dedicated October 1st, 1932. This date will mark the formal opening of Rockefeller Center, a modern Acropolis, where business, science, art and entertainment will meet.

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will be an excellent world medium for world unity - for distribution all over the world.

M. H. LORSON
President
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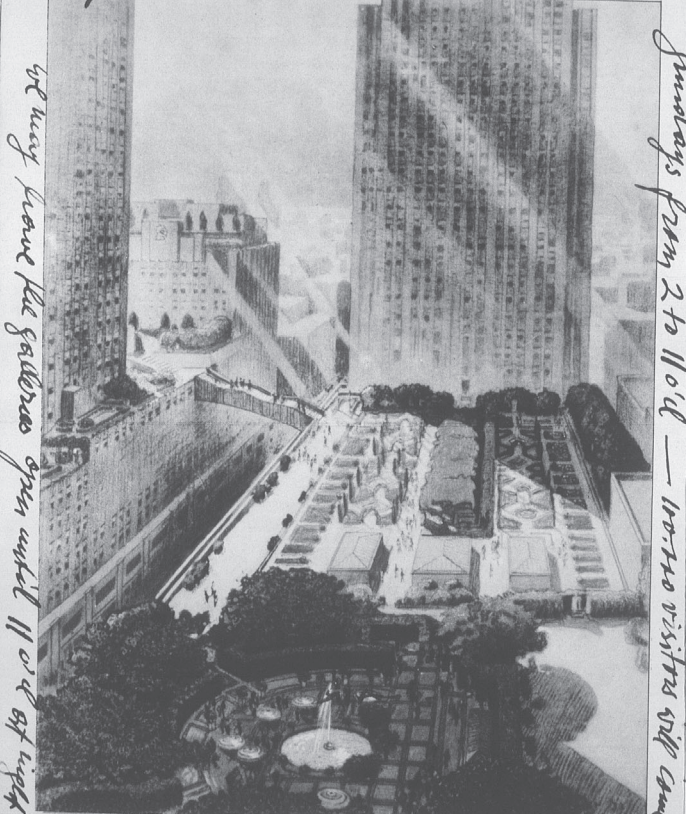
The kind of shows I know in mind have never been arranged in New York. artistic - religious - fascinating. Art for world improvement - Art with a meaning. (and still not narration) For opening special admission \$1. - with concert reception of artists

four
in
a year
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Summer
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Sundays from 2 to 11 o'clock - for no visitors will come

RCWAF is no museum only an exhibition place
 View of Landscaped Gardens from RKO BUILDING
 to glow on a big scale what is going on in the world.

our catalogues shall be very valuable like books on art as life expression
 (incl in the opening admission vs the price)
THE PLAN OF ROCKEFELLER CENTER

by RAYMOND M. HOOD
 of Reinhard & Hofmeister; Corbett, Harrison & MacMurray; Hood and Foulhoux
 Architects for Rockefeller Center
 for the catalogue.) R.C. Club membership

New York has its financial district, its garment center, its insurance center. Centralization in these districts means a great saving of time and convenience to the people who work or have business in them. Radio-Keith-Orpheum Corporation, the Radio Corporation of America, and the National Broadcasting Company have adopted Radio City as their center. It has the advantage over other commercial centers, that instead of being in scattered buildings, it is one unified group covering 12 acres, the entire group however being connected by passageways and a huge basement shopping level.

The scheme of Rockefeller Center consists of low buildings in which are theatres, stores and all those rental spaces that require direct contact with the street and can be artificially lighted and ventilated. Above these low buildings rise towers staggered in plan, in which is the office space, and as there are no interior courts, all this space has outside exposure with natural light, and is of shallow depth from the windows, making it ideal for flexibility of arrangement.

The plaza in the middle block furnishes a monumental center to the office buildings facing it, creates a shopping center that gives additional value to all the shops roundabout, and gives an important entrance to the basement shopping level that extends underneath the whole project, tying the buildings into a single unified group.

The hub of the development will be the Grand Forum in the RCA broadcasting and office building and directly connected with the RKO BUILDING and the RKO theatres. This concourse will be 200 feet wide, 120 feet deep and 60 feet high. The terraced floors above, with restaurants of various types will be reached by a gigantic staircase, and on the main floor of the Forum will be located ticket booths for the theatres and shops of all kinds.

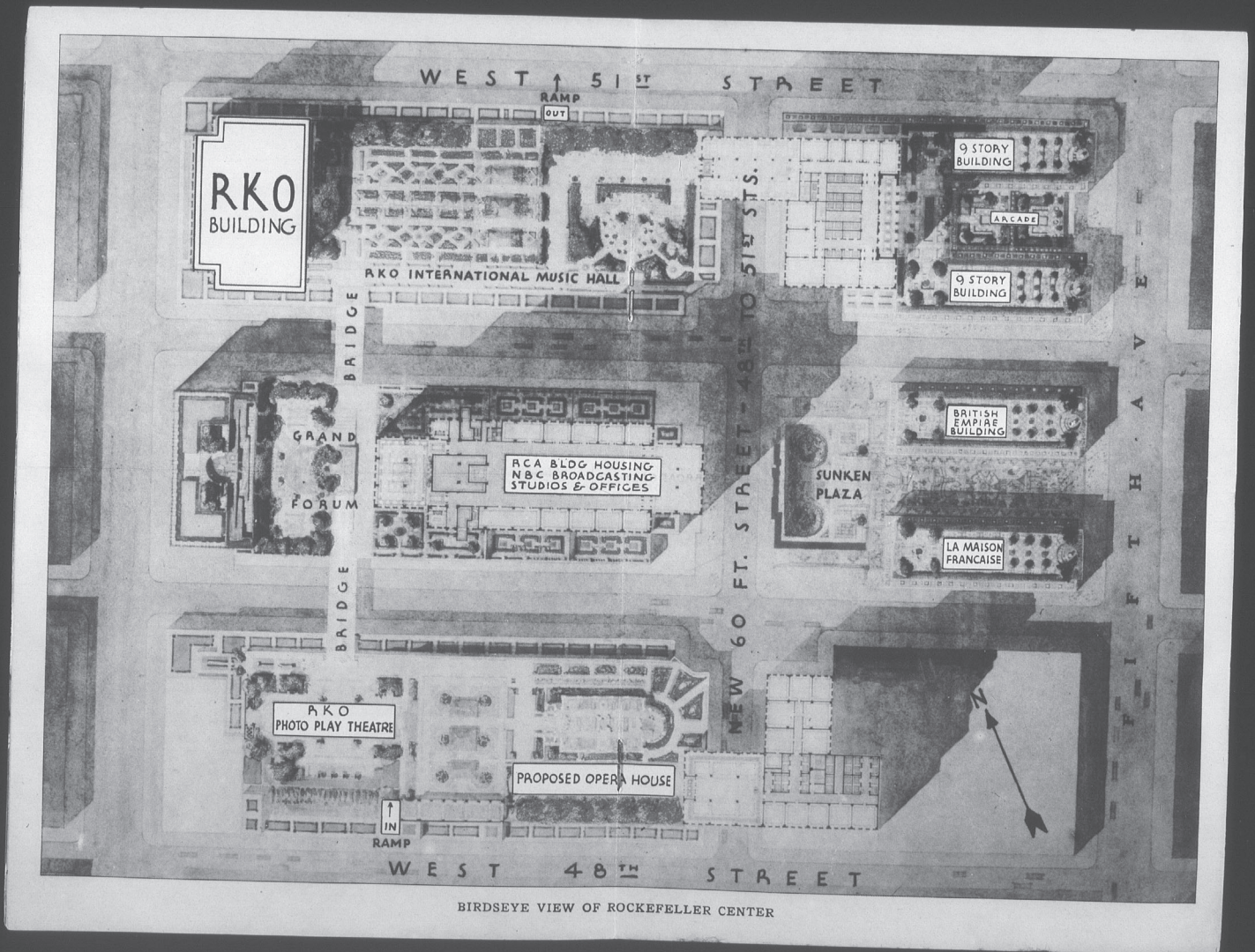
WORLD ART FAIR
 Controlling, as it does, its own environment, Rockefeller Center is able to do one thing that has never been possible before; transform the roofs of the lower buildings with flowers, shrubs, trees and fountains into wonderful gardens. Instead of looking down on bleak, ugly roofs the tenants in Radio City will have spread out below them a scene of beauty unequalled in our New York business districts.

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 low admission shall promote living art

not business in educating as in Rosebush. Several should be interested in Rosebush.

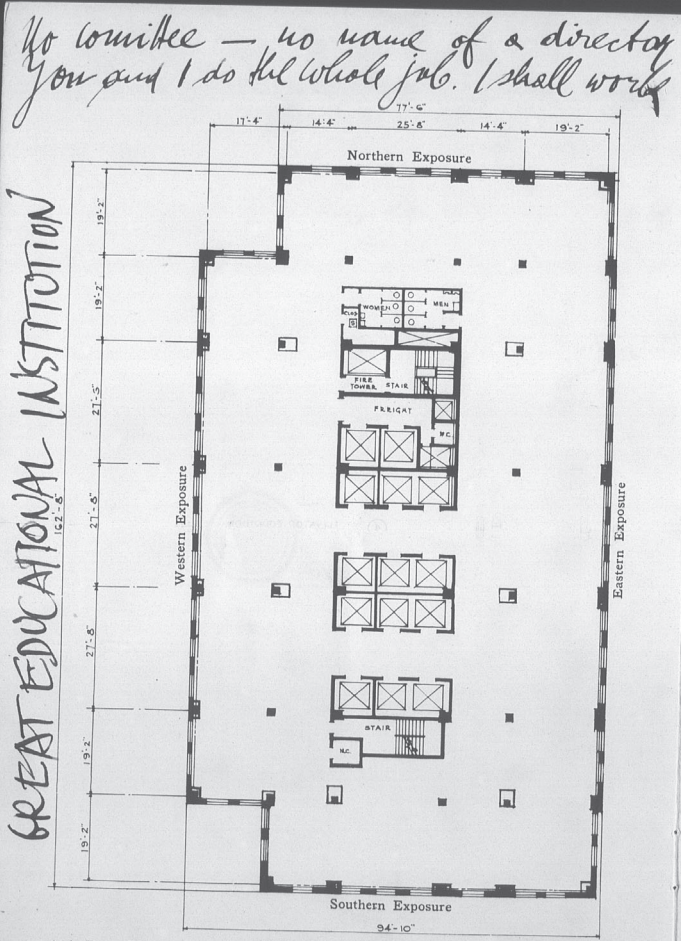
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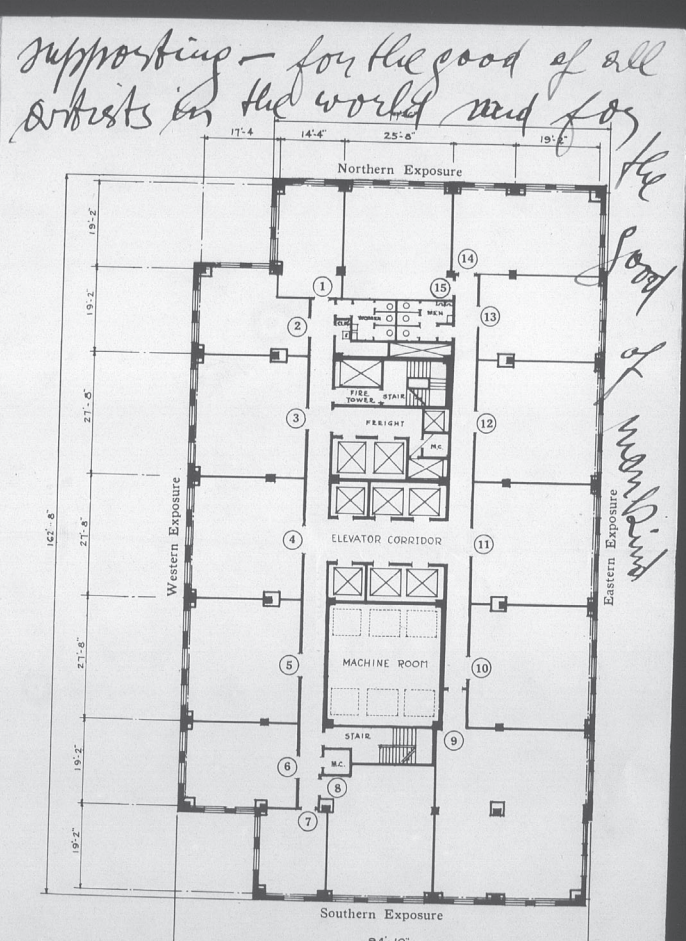


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*as I never did before — to offer something
great and wonderful and well-*



*R.C. shall be an art center as well as
award center of America*

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to include India, China, Russia, Japan, Africa and Australia in our living art exhibitions is of great importance.

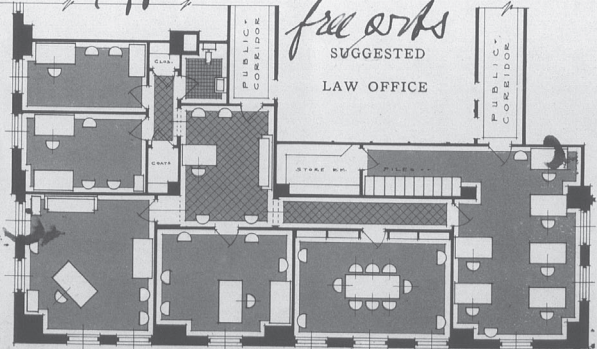
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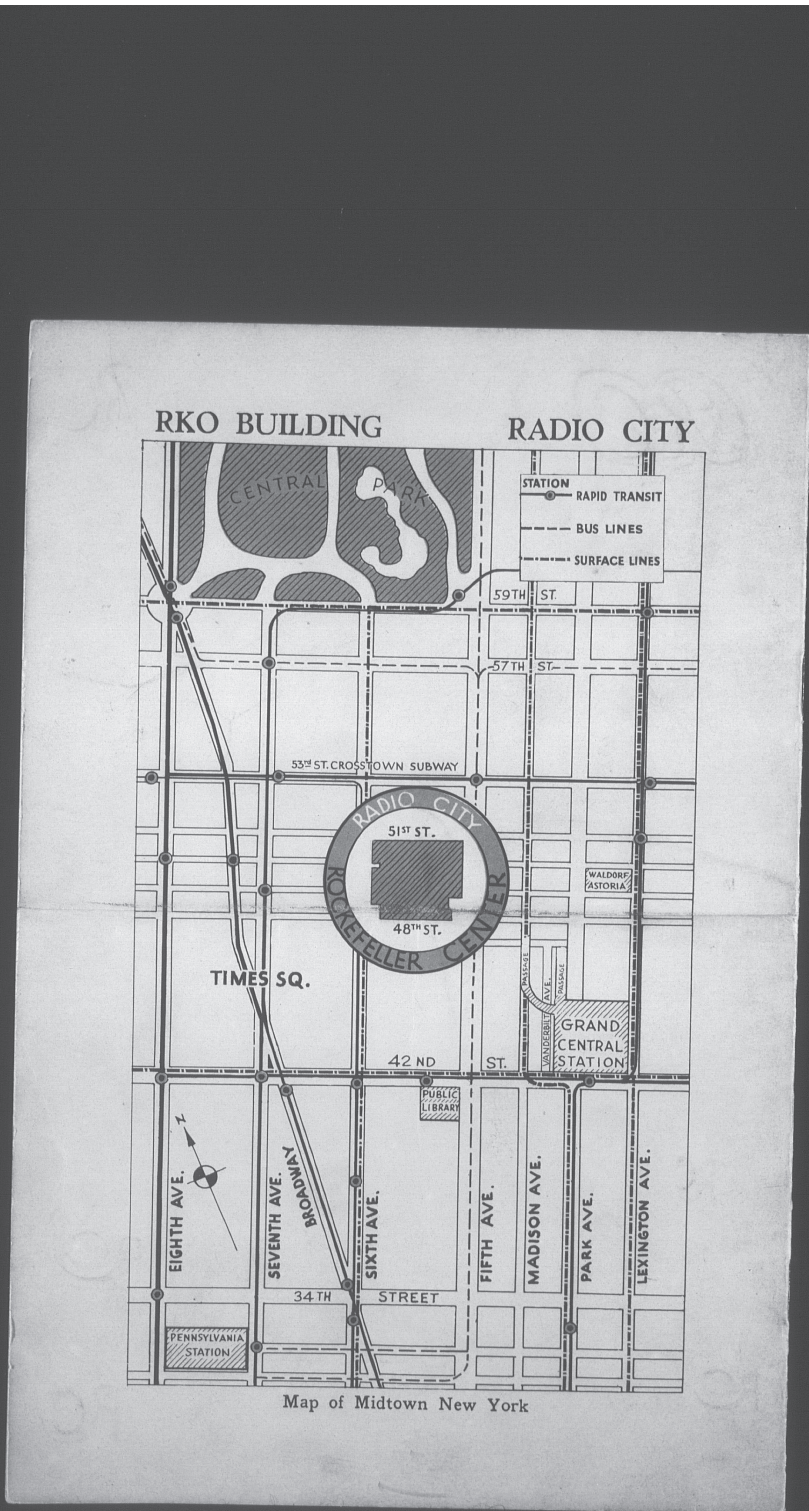
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WHAT AND WHEN IS PAINTING? TO-DAY

"Such stuff as dreams are made of . . ."

BY OSCAR BLUEMNER

Price \$1.00

Once long ago before the cave age some husky women were running in pursuit of the strongest lover. It happened that a poor girl lagging behind tripped. She fell prone upon her face and so that her cheeks came in contact and were smeared with red ochre, washed by the stream down from a rock. The lover chose the girl with the painted cheeks. His emotions were stimulated by the red just as Adam's imagination was lured by the secrets of the red (but wormy) half of the apple handed to him by Eve. Thus wisdom and art were born. The red ochre on that girl's cheeks had the effect of a natural symbol. The woman reflected and by making a practice of what was an accident — similar to the first fire — she thus became the first artist-painter.

For all the elements of the Art of painting were at once present: the mystery of an experience coupled with the inspiration and intention of genius, surprise and wonder, paint mixed with emotion and imagination, applied to forms of vital interest! Whereas all those elements were absent that are not pure painting but constitute other arts, namely line and drawing, modelling with light and shade (the imitation of something) in short that which later led to writing and literary, unemotional education, intellectual outlook.

We have found the bony rouge-pot of one of those first lady painters. We are glad that our own cave-woman prefers and understands red; women are the red sex, while the sons of Adam in case they are gentlemen, prefer bl — blue, pale blue, and after they are knighted, the indigo shade. Therefore, they all and the tired business men are the "blue" sex, the "blue boys" in painting. The healthy ego is red, egotism has a mauve tint. It is interesting that the French dislike cramoisie. You may learn the temperaments by their different reactions upon imaginative color; even the shades of intermixture of the feminine and masculine in every individual may be discerned from the degrees to which the exceptions sway from the rule.

IMAGINATION, that shapes our loves and fears, contains the true reality of things and feelings. Nothing but emotional imagination produces real painting, "pure painting", which is — potentially — color. He who cannot imagine a poem when he has smeared colors from tubes upon

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a palette, is not a painter. That red ochre (preceding vermillion), was to the languishing soul of woman the red which meant red blood, the fire, the brow of the rising sun, the rose, the tunic of Caesars and Cardinals. After she beheld her painted-up cheeks glowing with life in the mirroring stream, she went forth assertive, conquering, loving, to expand her imagination. She lent colors of her fancy to such objects as seemed worthy to her. She knew nothing of red as color waves of spectrum, or of color as a means of copying things. She imagined a world in a color. (Goethe versus Newton). She soon learned the emotional use of other earthy paints, white, green, blue, black. The feminine nature was quick to "see nature properly, that is emotionally", to discern the moods and meaning of the landscape. Moreover, woman transferred her own modes of feeling as colors upon scenes, her moods of thought as a coloring upon the events of life. The art of color has a history crowded and complicated with the expressions of every phase of spiritual evolution. In consequence, and aided by modern science and experiments, we now speak of psychology of color. Science leads. Psychology has stepped into the place left vacant by the defunct systems of Classicism and Romanticism. Classic is now mere intellectual "class", a bromo seltzer reaction after alcoholic spree in romantic self expression. Man to-day is primarily more than ever interested in life and himself, in the complexes and possibilities of his ego. Our life-span is the vital fibre of our imagination, not religious and philosophical speculations. Hospitals, schools, the theatre and other fields make new psychological use of color against which the superficial outlook upon color as practised in modern painting appears arbitrary and insignificant. In that sense a color is to painting what a melody is in music. Expanse of color is repetition of melody. We are right in valuing above all the old masters, the primitives, the great landscape painters of ancient China for their sublime and "pure" painting, because their colors were strong and pure, that is untarnished, unweakened, uncomplicated by irrelevant and unemotional considerations—to "mix color with brains" is like mixing business with sentiment)—because the entire orient sees and our own antiquity from the byzantine mosaics up to the rationalistic renaissance saw and used color in painting only emotionally, only through imagination. What does not come from a painter's imagination does not go to the spectator's soul.

IMAGINATION: the female lobe of the human mind. That pre-cave woman-painter became the mother of the poet.

COLOR: the female attribute of all things.

PAINTING: the deceptive, the female art of arts.

PAINTING: the subjective reality, the reality that exists in imagination and drives us more inexorably than the hard boiled aspect of the external appearance of things and events, — facts.

IMAGINATION: the fundamental force of thought, as inductible as primal energy, the female principle of the All, the womb in which all things,

all combinations of atoms and their qualities, all forms of nature and human life, all ideas, religious, and philosophic, all our moods and desires, originate, and again dissolve themselves for re-combining, for continuation. Imagination divides the slave from the master, the poet from the manufacturer, the creator from the imitator, it steels the murderous black hand of Macbeth, it kindles the yellow jealousies of Othello, it reddens the love of Julia, it dyes indigo the despair of Ophelia, it colors the song of the lark ascending above the rosy dawn, it is nature's motor for diversifying landscape, for turning the green of spring into the russet of autumn, it is life, it defies death. Imagination is the soul of painting. Imagination is the touch-stone of genius: it opens the visions of new worlds of the explorer, scientist, philosopher,—the "red empire of Africa" of Rhodes, the "red" superman of Nietzsche, the "red" symphonies of Brahms, the "red" dreams of a Chinese poet, and the red mountain of a Tang painter. Only a profound and imaginative outlook can enable the artist to create new painting, that is to create new beauty, vital possibilities of significant color. Without imagination painting fails of its greatest power and beauty: INTENSITY — the maximum inner tension of divergent experiences, emotions, conflicting moods as expressed by dramatic contrast of color and tone and lines (painting by the old masters). Without intensity there is no true painting, because painting does not, as poetry and music do, conduct us slowly towards a climax. It rather is the reality of a single, isolated, emotional, ecstatic, moment, into which it catapults us with an instantaneous and immediate bounce. There is no similarity between the idea and the effects of painting and those of music, or between either and literature.

The world is wide enough. If you are not gifted with "painting-intelligence," do not waste your time pressing the lounges of art galleries. However, to return once more to the cave-age, for I am aware that what I have said arouses the opposition, self interests and generally the dissenting mental out-look of the painting-guilds and of their guilders, the patrons.

At a time much later than the one which has left to us that rouge-pot of a loving woman, there came a man who first *drew* with a flint or metal graver, or with black stub, on the smooth rock-wall of a cave the profiles of mastodon and bison. We have them and for any fossil painting we have also the anaemic fossils among living painters who feed on it.

Plagiarism is the cannibalism in art and letters. Prostitution in art we call the protean versatility in style of the best sellers. That 'artist' cave-man was the assistant of the priest-sorcerer and chief, bidden to put on the wall an image of the "devil", the body of the bad spirit. (Not the spirit of a body! like the red ochre spirited up the male lover). At first he, the cave-man-painter, a mere utilitarian "artist", hired artificer-drudge, portraitist, chronicler, technician, with his natural eye-and-hand-camera, required no color, no "painting-up", as little as he required feeling and imagination, but he needed all the wif and calculation of his intelligence so as to deceive the eyes of the tribesmen with a clever repro-

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duction and illustration, a record or counterfeit of external physical appearance — of beasts; — He “*drew*” and thereby created the art of Line. He “*painted from model*” — an object, — objectivity, — naturalism. Not creation but “*demonstration*”. It was painting during millenniums — such illustration is not any longer our idea of painting. When he drew the colorless outline of an elephant or tiger it was to *demonstrate* their ferocity and man’s danger. But it was not his superstition transformed into aesthetic sensation. As Henry McBride, the New York critic, put it concisely: In painting, give me the ‘*moods*’, not the ‘*facts*’. Or, as Stefan Bourgeois, in his excellent exposé of the intellectual-emotional duality of painting, (as printed in his catalogue to the magnificent Lewisohn collection) styles it: The illustrating artist cave-draftman ‘*absorbs*’, the external appearance — while the creative artist cave-woman — ‘*projects*’ — her inner imagination. The problems at large are treated, in the musical press, much more critically and continuously, so as to enlighten lovers of painting. Later on the “*models*” were other things — a rose, a sunset, a portrait, a ‘*mountain in America*’, or some other obvious external beauty, works of art by Nature — as it were. The painters copy them in order to demonstrate “*The beautiful*” — which is not “*art*” — or love, or other sentiments, analogies, or a romantic event, that is mere human feelings, which are or is not ‘*art*’ — or the “*essence of a thing*” unknowable — by a sleight-of-hand trick. All such “*painting from model*” continued to be illustrations of natural objects — the visible forms. But it was not the emotional image which resides in our imagination as a form of mood. If it once *was* art, it is not Art any longer, not “*painting*”; it was, it is the skilful artistry of a salesman who delivers somebody’s “*goods*”. Such then was the first draftsman-artist. His son being, like the father, without imagination and emotion, equally unable to create, was not the poet but a teacher and professor, and the professor’s son, in turn, unable to teach, improved the professional lineage and became the aesthete — the dissector post mortem. Professions are for money and a name. The first woman painter was out for an unseen kiss; the poet for being understood.

The cave-draftsman soon became jealous of the art of the woman and borrowed her red ochres and other earth colors. For he had noticed that color puts life on all things of nature, as well as on events, and that without color his somewhat lifeless drawings of animals did not satisfy the critics. Thus it came that realistic color — which is not emotional force of the imagination, a visible tone from the soul of music, an essence in itself, but which is a mere superficial attribute of things, a mere optical regulator of sculptural form — became the means by which the academical draftsman ‘*modelled*’ and made his mechanical drawing of outlines of the appearance of things still more “*real*”, more deceptive, more “*true-like*”. Thereby he adulterated both the pure art of simple line, and the other art of pure color — (painting). Only the Chinese painters were able to develop painting as a great art of pure and spiritual

line. We can hardly hope to ever lift landscape painting to the sublime height of beautiful color and spiritual form it once had in China. We have no business with that mental attitude. However, some of Ruisdael’s spiritual landscape compositions, or some of Teniers’ scenes, for their approach to “*pure painting*”, have never been excelled in France or elsewhere, from classicists and romanticists to the modernists. France claims no monopoly in painting. We prostrate ourselves before fetiches our delusion sets up.

From that cave-man artist of crude objectivity working in the service of the mighty, descends, like sands on the sea, the interminable line of the semi-painters who, throughout the entire history of painting, draw from model. So, today, they — academicians and modernists alike — do not start with the imagination, do not address themselves to the soul of the spectator, do not create, like a composer, moods clad in elemental effects of painting, instead they start and finish with “*facts*”, and, by way of imitation and copy, *demonstrate Nature*. In the best and rarer cases they succeed with glittering and novel but irrelevant terms of the beautiful: “*painting for Painting’s sake*” (a mistake based on what is music, and what is the nature of decorative arts.) That is to say, after the renaissance, in Europe, painting, the art of color, forgot its real mission and birth-right and became the mistress of Intellectual and male predominance. Today, what is cash in business, is in painting, either style a la mode, or a la academy. The entire output of stylistic juggleries, of borrowed insincere mannerisms, of vapid anachronisms, is calculated to divert attention from the fundamental error in problem, to camouflage the great gap left vacant by imagination — with novel and sensational color tricks and line-stunts, — so as to dish up with new sauces, the stale and pragmatismal “*painting from model*”, hard-boiled commonplace and accidental “*realism*” (or “*sur-realism*” for all that). The modernist painters, owing to the fundamental and traditional error of a few French leaders, force the intensity of volume-form, by line and sculptural means — that is, they force painting out of its frame and its logical limitations. Today painting, the great art of “*female*” outlook attempts to look and act “*manish*”, to “*entertain*”. It “*reveals*” nothing, but its own spiritual emptiness, it glitters only with superficial trappings, it amuses only with virtuosities of very shoddy technical manufacture. All its brilliant but vapid follies and frivolities have “*nothing to say*” to us, contain no serious thoughts, and profounder spirit of the age, like the ones which our music and literature deal with as vital substance and which each transforms into its idiom.

The mutual jealousies between the two fundamentally different outlooks — intellect and emotion — male and female attitude, the art of line-form and the art of color-form, have caused the evolution of painting to run parallel to that of music. However, the critical strife, while it keeps music in the lead, echoes in the painting of today as mere gossip. The inherent duality of painting is impotent to face the higher spiritual

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problems of the present, one way or the other, with an attitude of decision and direction. It is all confusion with the money-chasing painters and bewilderment with the spectators and buyers. It is high time to say it, to make clear distinction between nice sport and critical understanding and to let the public encourage our serious critics, especially those of the daily press. An ever-increasing avalanche of books by a new brand of critic-litérateur adds to the chaos and noise. How much of the bountiful flood will remain by the end of the century—considering also the fragility of modern technique—beyond a mouldy catalogue mislaid in an auctioneer's forgotten coffin? A low outlook, low standards, have brought about a low tide in the spiritual movements of painting from which the jazz, the speed and machine, cannot elevate it to the ranks of significant music and literature, or of its own long-lost leadership. When the mental fabric and the very premises are wrong the purest imagination cannot paint—so to say, a cart horse to look like Pegasus, or a topographical map to look like a Persian rug.

It would be better to let all of us landscape painters aspire to railroad presidencies, or dig canals for the improvement of the plains, than that we divert linsed oil from manuring the soil, and good paint from preserving tin roofs. A thousand dollar trip to the Riviera, or through our West will inspire the imagination of an art-lover a thousand times more than "ten thousand dollars" worth of one or a hundred modern landscape paintings—or rather their signature. As for the living day, I would rather collect bad girls than good artists.

From the highest to the lowest standards of painting, there have been, and are, as many shades and degrees of imagination, subject and ways of painting as there were and are artists and revolutions in the spin of the history of art. But the essential spirit of any given time and society, its psyche,—being the sum of its conditions, labors, and major issues—is not an arbitrary or individual matter of debate. It is one definite substance, whatever be its definition. With art as form, it makes an equation, good for a certain length of time, yet subtly changing all the while. The creative thinker stands in the centre of the equation; on the other hand mere petty, unbridled and undisciplined self expression of every humdrum individual is like the pastime in a kindergarten. Shall the painter express the alcohol or the spirit of our time? Is he to waste paint on ephemeral, insincere, sensational pantomimes—for a "headline" at-any-cost on the level with Barnum, burlesque, jazz, and the "latest" fashions—is he fancy-free? Yes,—if he is built that way. He will find plenty company and customers. Or, again—is the absolute aesthetic, abstract beauty, the last word in painting, as some think and do today? In music we have Bach, Schoenberg, etc., but in painting "bach" is merely water, with the reflection of moonshine. To the thinker, there is not such sweet liberty, in which each sparrow may be a super-sparrow, and yet all sparrows are alike—but for him there is the inevitable imperative higher will of the deeper and inner idea of the present. "Talent

can, genius must." The gift of "painting-intelligence", or understanding is always rare with artists and art lovers. Nature and life are stingy with their finest favors: the inborn responsiveness to the germs of ideas which they and not men evolve. When painting deals with what is spiritually new, profoundly different, at, and of, a time, it must create new values. The new is always strange. It arouses hostility. The music of Brahms was difficult to understand. Wagner and Monet were laughed at, El Greco turned tables and sued a king. The game of real Art is worth the candle. I have sketched out with the fewest lines and in plain words what painting at bottom is, what it was, what it would be, today and for us; and what is not "painting" and why.

Naturally I am partial to my "own stuff". I frequently am told that my paintings are "difficult to understand" ("Not European, so it must be American" (Berlin critic 1912); "different from any other living painter" (critic, Willard Huntington Wright 1916); "Strange and new" (Lewis Hind, London critic 1921) "a very distinguished style" Henry McBride, New York critic 1924) "student of life" (the same, 1928) etc.) Therefore I give a recipe for approach, and let you find out whether it does, or does not work, since preaching is one thing, and practice is another. For painting like woman, is delusive, and elusive.

Take a steel bar; it is hard, rigid, cold fact, Reality. If you heat it, it glows red, and now you can bend it and twist it any way. Let intense emotion fire your imagination, or memory of scenes (we live with) and the colors of things, or of night will glow with the hues of corresponding moods, the lines and shapes of things will sway and twist as if they were human. The space is set with actors. So far all is literary-human. Now let colors as psychological plasma create their own forms (cells) instead of letting the stupid photographic forms of reality dictate to still more stupid and pretty colors. As a painter, say not: the tree is green, a rock or twilight, or meadow are green. But say: green is like a tone in an octave or like a force. Green can become a tree, a meadow, and so forth. Say: there is a feeling-world "red", and find out in life and nature what significances it takes on by way of directions and objective shapes. For I told you that painting is imaginative color, and that realities are communicative by-play.

If modern paint is too heavy and weak of wing for soaring to great spiritual heights, then let it sink, and penetrate deep by its own weight. That is better than scattering color with superficial vision along the surfaces.

Whenever, in chemically pure imagination, one color-sensation fuses with a correlated form, you have an aesthetic compound of a higher (psychological) order, an element of painting. When sulphur and mercury are heated together they form a new substance, vermilion, of new and different properties. Thus a painting, when it is a compound of emotion and reality, of color fused with form, has properties absolutely different

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from those of either alone. It is not any more the original feeling, or the experience; there are no longer the objects, the things, the "what".

Ladies and gentlemen, I am sorry, but can't help it that my views and way are a radical reversal of all that is sacred to the present gods in the temples of painting. Any kind of compounding in painting produces an aesthetic sensation, unrelated to anything else. That is painting. Take it and enjoy it, or leave it and ask your money back. My recipe has two serious defects. If you read it literally, it is wrong. Next if you have not the right heat of temperament you can't get the right temperature. Overheating makes vermilion black. Neither can you make, with my recipe, nice pate-de-foie-gras painting for menu a la mode. Or let me state the formula in still simpler terms for out-of-doors work when the customer is in a hurry: don't squirt paint a la so and so. It leaks through. Concentrate and think in colors "related to all the humanities, to all factors of the mind". Try it and watch your step. In case of need of a pro-founder inner life, correspondence-schools loan complete outfits.

At any rate America being the last refuge of the red cave-woman, the native haunts of millionaire and billionaire, I have introduced, at the ultra end of the spectrum, the — VERMILLIONAIRE.

To Mrs. J. B.-V.

Written in Braintree, Mass.

October, 1929.

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EXHIBITION OF JOHN MARIN'S RECENT WATERCOLORS
OILS AND DRAWINGS EXTENDED TO JANUARY 1, 1936
AN AMERICAN PLACE, 509 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

HENRY McBRIDE

NEW YORK EVENING SUN, November 2, 1935

In "An American Place" the new paintings and water colors by John Marin have been placed on view by Mr. Stieglitz. Marin's unique and personal power shows no abatement. His work has all its old authority, charm and aloofness. Why shouldn't it have? We do not change. Schopenhauer says character never changes. But every year people ask the question, "Is Marin as good as ever?" And the answer always is "yes". There was one period in his life when there was unquestionably a high tension that expressed itself sensationally in dynamics, but the essential ability of the artist to lose himself in the duel with his "motif" is equally noticeable in his serener passages. Marin is faithful to the sea and squeezes precious distillations from his experiences with it. Those who think they know the sea, but do not know Marin, should go to his exhibition and compare notes.

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