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Although the author is himself of the profession and knows the things that long practice, aided by much special reflection, can teach him about it, he will not linger as much as might be thought over that part of the art which seems the whole of art to many mediocre artists, but without which art would not exist. He will thus seem to encroach on the domain of the critics of esthetic affairs, men who doubtless think that practice is not needed for them to rise to speculative consideration of the arts.

He will treat of philosophic more than of technical matters. That may seem singular in a painter who writes on the arts: many semi-erudite men have treated the philosophy of art. It would seem that their profound ignorance of technical matters was looked on by them as a title to respect, persuaded as they were that preoccupation with this matter, so vital to every art, debarred professional artists from esthetic speculation.

It would seem almost that they had imagined a profound ignorance of technical matters to be one reason more for rising to purely metaphysical considerations, in a word that preoccupation with a craft must render professional artists rather unfit to rise to the heights which are forbidden to the people outside esthetics and pure speculation.

Eugène Delacroix

"The Journal of ~~Eugène Delacroix~~"

January 13, 1857. (Covi-Friede, 1937)

Not released yet.

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" The dead should not be permitted to be so much stronger than the living."

Marcel Duchamp
(New York, 1915)

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Architecture and Technology: **Ludwig Mies van der Rohe**
Director, Department of Architecture
Illinois Institute of Technology

Technology is rooted in the past.
It dominates the present and tends into the future.
It is a real historical movement—
one of the great movements which shape and
represent their epoch.
It can be compared only with the Classic
discovery of man as a person,
the Roman will to power,
and the religious movement of the Middle Ages.
Technology is far more than a method,
it is a world in itself.
As a method it is superior in almost every respect.
But only where it is left to itself as in
the construction of machinery, or as in the
gigantic structures of engineering, there
technology reveals its true nature.

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There it is evident that it is not only a useful means,
that it is something, something in itself,
something that has a meaning and a powerful form –
so powerful in fact, that it is not easy to name it.
Is that still technology or is it architecture?
And that may be the reason why some people
are convinced that architecture will be outmoded
and replaced by technology.
Such a conviction is not based on clear thinking.
The opposite happens.
Wherever technology reaches its real fulfillment,
it transcends into architecture.
It is true that architecture depends on facts,
but its real field of activity is in the realm
of the significance.
I hope you will understand that architecture
has nothing to do with the inventions of forms.
It is not a playground for children, young or old.
Architecture is the real battleground of the spirit.
Architecture wrote the history of the epochs
and gave them their names.
Architecture depends on its time.
It is the crystallization of its inner structure,
the slow unfolding of its form.
That is the reason why technology and architecture
are so closely related.
Our real hope is that they grow together,
that someday the one be the expression of
the other.
Only then will we have an architecture worthy
of its name:
Architecture as a true symbol of our time.

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REFLECTIONS OF OUR TIMES...

World War II

1943-44

Goya painted the war that he saw and he said, "Lo he visto."

I didn't see the horrors of World War II except through the news in the newspapers and communiques and in the movies. I felt the war very deeply. Goya called his creations "DESASTRES de la GUERRA." I call mine "DESASTRES del ALMA." I worked in the solitude of my studio thinking of man converted into a machine to destroy and through camouflage this machine of destruction was more and more identified with nature. The more man looked like nature the better possibilities he had to kill.

Reconstruction

1944-45

Out of this destruction it was evident at war-end that the reconstruction period would follow. The machine became humanized with remarkable precision - palpitating, breathing, moving rhythmically to begin the reconstruction of that which man destroyed. Behind and in front of this machinery in the elegant rooms of chancelleries all over the world the planners of the blueprint of the future worked feverishly. What were they planning?

The Animals

1945-46

While man was trying to look like nature and machinery like living creatures to destroy each other, I thought of the eternal fight for survival in the animal kingdom - a fight to survive, a killing to satisfy the categoric imperative of existence. Animals, birds, insects kill each other when they are hungry. Somehow there is a certain nobility in this attitude.

Altitudes

1946-47

From the air, after making several trips by plane, I discovered a new form of landscape. There was such a remarkable variation of fantasies that I had to put it on canvas. Each altitude and each region gave me a definite feeling. From the take-off to the landing, objects, land and water, people and moving things have a definite and mysterious meaning which translated into painting had to be treated somehow topographically.

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Neo-Atomic War

1947-48

While I was painting the earth, scientists were working secretly in the development of formidable powers taken from the mysterious depths of the earth - powers to destroy and make useless this same earth.

I was painting and then THE EXPLOSION! and another, and another, and we entered the Atomic Age and from then the New-Atomic War begins.

I read the description of the power and its results. Explosions fell all over and man kept on fighting and when man discovered that he could fight without flesh, a new army of bone-structured soldiers was born, and the old legends were reenacted by these new armies of this, our remarkable neo-Atomic War.

Julio de Diego

(Courtesy of Associated American Artists)

Excerpt from Periplanthes and Paraphyses

by Miguel de Unamuno

(Courtesy of Associated American Artists)

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"After many a scrap, Rascal, the dog, and Scat, the cat, mutually agreed that it behooved them to discuss peace. Both were born philosophers and like born philosophers knew that battles with their clawing and biting should precede the discussion with its mewling and barking. Men, who are unnatural philosophers - I do not know whether they are against, above, or below nature - come to blows, after having exhausted their tongues, but they should do just the opposite. How much better it would be for us to begin with the flogging, and when our arms were tired by the beating and our bodies bruised by the blows, we should then stop and discuss our differences! This is true, because all discrepancies in opinion and meaning are but pretexts for quarreling with each other. Let's quarrel, then, in the first place, and perhaps we shall discover that we don't care a rap about the pretext."

-Extract from Perplexities and Paradoxes

by Miguel Unamuno

(Courtesy of Associated American Artists)

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ALBERT GLEIZES

(1881 -)

Mentally solid, cubism became total destruction. Cubism is the principle of an end.

The paintings of Albert Gleizes will live - like the parables of a Gospel of line and color - the source of forms hoped for. Hail to their Messiah: Albert Gleizes.

SAINT PAUL ROUX

Majesty - such is the characteristic of Albert Gleize's art.

GUILLAUME APOLLINAIRE

"Cubist Painters" 1912

Albert Gleizes is one of the best nourished minds, one of the richest temperaments of his time.

ANDRÉ SALMON

It is fair today, to pay homage to Gleizes, one of the seekers of the first hour.

MAURICE RAYNAL

Gleizes attempts, maybe without acknowledging it to himself, to relink broken ties with the highest tradition.

MARCELLO FABRI

Gleizes is one of our last cubists faithful to tradition. None, on course, would dream of questioning his talent.

FRANCIS CARCO

What strikes one most in his achievement is constructive thought. This architectural construction is truly what gives health and strength to Gleize's creation.

Y. RAMBOSSON

Gleizes starts with cubism and arrives at a conception of painting one might

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call metaphysical. All reproduction of objects is banished; there are only combinations that invite the spectator to a somewhat indefinite and musical vision.

CAMILLE MAUCLAIR

(Courtesy of Passedoit Gallery)

(Courtesy of Betty Ruckman Gallery)

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To Guitou Kneep

WINGS AND PHOENIX

When I woke at daybreak I wondered: can the stars stand on a point
of their points, as ballet stars do on the tips of their toes?

What thread of Ariadne leads me to the source of the fluid power
from which this hawk-like motion springs?

And does this gesture of a blue beak hesitate to light on the points
of its darts? From its wings radiate rhythms - half-star, half-insect
- which die in the shadow of a philosophical reflection.

Wings of roses swarm in this amphora-like dream as in a heart. They
embrace and go up in flames. 'refundity holds up its dream-mirrors.
Snow-leaves fall. And the phoenix is born and shakes its branches as
a tree shakes its feathers covered with frost.

Jean (Hans) Arp

(Courtesy of Betty Parsons Gallery)

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Incidental Note:

Most of these paintings were made in the American Virgin Islands, on a small island * off St. John.

They contain no sea shells or undersea caves, no blinding sand or wild winds or superstitions, no terror of the deep, no wes-Indian magic, no zombies, no sea-urchins.

There is in them no trace of lobster or turtle, mangoes or mongooses, no rum or coca-cola, no bamboo or barracuda or outboard motor.

No tropical fish or fowl, no human caricaturings, no native land or sea or sky-scapes, no abstractings from nature, high or low still-life, no camouflaged caribbean stories, no regional religious strains, no local racial or political myths.

Ad Reinhardt

(Courtesy of Betty Parsons Gallery)

* Henley Kay, Nancy and Robert Gibney

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JOSEPH GLASCO

The inner forces which impel Joseph Glasco to spend day after day, year after year, covering paper with magnificent drawings, or to spend hours perfecting the details of his large canvases are too mysterious to permit analysis. One fact, however, stands out: here is a striking new talent, and one which it is a privilege to exhibit publicly for the first time.

Glasco was born in Pauks Valley, Oklahoma, only twenty-five years ago, the second of six children. Both parents were native Oklahomans. At the age of six, he moved to Texas where his father, originally a salesman, is now president of a Dallas oil company. After high school, he attended the University of Texas, but in 1943, when he was eighteen, he was drafted. He had always drawn and painted, and, he says, quite seriously since he was eight years old, so the Air Corps put him to painting murals at Amarillo Air Field, for two years. Early in 1945, he was transferred to the Infantry, sent overseas, and saw the last days of active combat inside Germany. Travels to London, Vienna, Rome, and Paris followed. Back home, he went to Los Angeles, studied with Rico Lebrun for a few months, and stayed on until 1948. That year he spent in Mexico City. He arrived in New York barely a year ago and studied at the Art Students' League for a few months. He now works by himself.

The only extraordinary facet of Glasco's story, then, is that there is absolutely nothing extraordinary about it. Nothing to indicate either the root or the development of his great talent. Nothing to show influences - he likes only early Italian painting of the Giotto type - nothing to explain the emergence, in so young an artist, of a full-blown, original style.

(Courtesy of Perls Galleries)

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PIERRE ROY

Schools of thought, intellectual movements and esthetic groups, together with their theories and manifestos, determine the character of an epoch. It is amongst these that contemporary historians must search for elements which define the CLIMAT and style of each epoch. However, in addition to those widely recognized and classified circles who publicly acknowledge their official "titles," there are artists independent of any definite group who nevertheless seem to have the same orientation; and it is impossible that future historians will find in them, rather than in the established groups, the richest material for defining the character of an era.

For example, we have come to understand the meaning of that important movement of our times - Surrealism; a spiritual phenomenon which has probably made a stronger mark on contemporary life than any other of the period. We have come to understand the essence of Surrealism - as well as its poets, artists and scholars - for the movement's dominating figures have expressed their aims in a clear, and even peremptory, fashion. Nevertheless, outside the confines of Surrealism, outside its manifestos, manifestations and the field of its direct action, one meets with artists who remain strangers to this group activity but who organically, in their personal and vocational preferences, are surrealists at heart: And their works are fragrant with the breath of Surrealism.

Pierre Roy is one of these artists. Even if ignored, Surrealism permeates the whole atmosphere of our times. So let us leave its obvious, public manifestations; let us leave its theories, pomp and achievements; and let us wander through the avenues of our epoch without preconceived ideas or a forewarned mind. There we will encounter a man likewise without preconceived ideas or a forewarned mind; one who never joined the ranks of Surrealism but who, in the exact meaning of the word, INVENTED it. For Pierre Roy discovered it in himself, without looking for it elsewhere.

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Pierre Roy is an artist who is both original and independent. But since he does not wish to do it, we ourselves must classify him as an independent and original painter in that realm of poetic fancy which was later to be called Surrealism. With complete ingenuousness, Pierre Roy freed himself from all ties. He paints his pictures, may I say, like a poet! Innocent of guile, he follows his inner urge to arrange precise, familiar objects in an unfamiliar and surprising way. But the objects, in their simplicity, do not seem at all amazed by each other's company and, like the animals of the time-honored Fables, converse quite naturally amongst themselves while causing us both surprise and wonder. This happens in the land of fables, which is also the Wonderland of Alice and of Pierre Roy.

Pierre Roy would have no hesitation as to the rules guiding such adventurous encounters, and he therefore describes them with exactitude and lucid authority. His art is of a meticulous perfection and it invests the irreality of these fables with all the colors of reality. Hence his employment of a marvelous process known as "trompe-l'oeil" which, contrary to common belief, rests on a high esthetic principle of Super-reality. For the appearance of an extraordinary reality should deceive the eye in order to better convince one that it is commonplace. Then surprise and mystery become ordinary, every-day occurrences.

Pierre Roy's art is an exquisite one, the expression of an exquisite imagination which is both naive and genuine. Irresistibly driven by its own force of fateful ingenuity, it tells us a story of enchantments. Others may philosophize on the subjects of these enchantments - tracing their antecedents to theories of the Dream and the Fantastic. I, for my part, can only repeat that Pierre Roy has never belonged to any group and owes allegiance to none. He paints enchantments since he was destined by the star he was born under to be an "enchanter."

Jean Cassou, director, Musée d'Art
Moderne, Paris

(Courtesy of Carstairs Gallery)

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EL LISSITZKY

Of all the Russian painters none had such influence on Western Art as El Lissitzky. He was not one of the Russian Pioneers who founded Suprematism, Constructivism and Non-Objectivism in 1913 and 1914. It was only in 1919 that he painted his first Constructivist composition which he called "Proun No. 1" and only in 1919 did he join Tatlin's Constructivist movement. But Lissitzky developed the vision of a world that was freer from spatial tradition and more dynamic with inner movement than anything his Russian co-pioneers envisioned. This modest and quiet man was possessed by a messianic drive to liberate man's vision and thereby man's actions from the shackles of traditional absolutes. Expelled from his own country through reactionary and unimaginative narrowness of the Soviet regime and living on borrowed time under the shadow of the deadly disease of Russian slums, he doubled his lifespan by an intensity of action that was breathtaking to watch. He visualized and organized new kinds of exhibiting; he was a pioneer in printing and photomontage; he was an architect and a designer of a boldness that did not shrink away from the phantastic and he was a Constructivist painter - if the term "painter" is not obsolete for his compositions in texture and fields of visual energies, both of which have transcended the traditional vision of reality.

What is that traditional vision and how did Lissitzky - and with him the other pioneers of Abstract Art- grow beyond it?

A personal experience with Lissitzky's art might help to clarify that important achievement of abstract art: In the spring of 1923 when working in Berlin, Lissitzky visited Hanover where he lived in the house of a common friend, Paul Kueppers. There I was looking over his shoulder one day when he was sitting on the floor drawing. In this way I participated in the birth of an Abstract design, watching and judging it with mental tools which at that time - I am ashamed to say - were still shaping the so-called impacts from outside in the traditional manner. In other words I expected Lissitzky to erect one more

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variation of the basic theme that the Renaissance had established for the western mind and which Expressionism - then the latest child of Romanticism - had only distorted. I expected him to erect a visible symbol of space to subdue the restless uncertainty of ever changing appearances and encage them in a balanced three-dimensional framework. I expected him to confirm visually once more our traditional source of comfort and security, an essentially never changing truth, goodness and beauty. So when I followed the lines of his pen I instinctively expected the lines to join in a system of not changing, identical relations.

But Lissitzky did just the opposite. He arranged lines, planes and cubes in such a way that they had not only one meaning but two or even more. A line did not have one direction into depth but had two contradictory directions at the same time and that made it move constantly and so change its essential identity. The whole composition became one self-changing field of Abstract signs which were no longer symbols of an inner identity, victorious over all forces of change, but became symbols of an explosive field of energetic processes which were only held together by their change-creating interpenetration. To crown this breach into a new substratum Lissitzky inserted pieces of actual texture in his composition and thus jumped out of the spatial framework with its illusionistic surfaces and accomplished a direct contact with the observer. The picture ceased to be a "picture."

In the meantime we have been educated to see such a self-changing world through the rapid progress of modern sciences. Now Lissitzky's compositions - as those of all his co-pioneers - have become symbols of powerhouses waiting to be tapped for evolutionary processes of self-transformation. It is no accident that Abstract Art resulted in abstract movies and that the abstract character gave way to real signs - chiefly of modern photography - representing temporary problems of our life. The withdrawal to Abstract forms since Cezanne and Seurat was not a return home to the allegedly timeless truth of classical geometry, it was only a temporary means to clarify the new vision of a reality of creative time. It was in visual language the pioneering step which we

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experienced and still are experiencing in all fields of our life. Every day the news of the world bring us closer to the understanding that the only hope for an integration of mankind is to grow away from the inherited belief in a timeless static unity toward a belief in a moving unity of coherent interpenetrative transformation. Only the dynamic peace of constant essential growth through mutual experience is the peace of the future. To see in Abstract Art one of many drives toward a new and better vision of what is "real" makes its study a creative experience.

- Alexander Dörner

(Courtesy of The Pinacotheca Gallery)

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In my paintings I adhere to what in other arts is considered a matter of course. Namely, that performance is prepared by rehearsal, that exercises precede recital, or plans, execution. It is still a good habit in music and dance, and the theatre, in architecture of typography. It remains a good procedure also in poetry and sculpture. And it was a rule with the old masters of painting.

Of course, there is sketching and direct carving, but does it work without disposing (visualizing ahead)?

Automatism is a good point of departure but rarely an end of lasting interest. Let us be clear that there is an end of lasting interest. Let us be clear that there is no hand nor tool nor medium quick enough to follow adequately the speed of the "stream of the unconscious."

Without comparison and choice there is no value. And why are we afraid that thinking and planning - necessary in all human activities - will spoil the painting of a picture?

The saying that the freshness of the first sketch cannot be repeated is admitting impotence.

Progress does not depend on accidents only. Without order and control we will drown or suffocate in chaos and decay.

Today we need - in art as in other human activities - more than mere self-disclosure (usually but wrongly called self-expression) or entertainment of startling effects and exciting accidents.

There is no extraordinary without the ordinary, and the root of both is order.

Being asked for comments on the development of my "Variants off a Theme", I should like to state first some principles of their composition, or better, their construction.

During about two years I made almost 200 preparatory studies. In making them I put myself on a very strict painting diet, perhaps the strictest possible for me.

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All "Variants" are built on an underlying checkerboard-like structure. This provides a definite relationship of all parts and therefore unification of form. It gives also a time-space order comparable to the beat measure in music and perhaps to, and also related to, "Divisions on a Ground," the old musical term for "Variations."

The underlying units - squares or oblong - permit a precise relationship of the areal quantities of the colors used. In these painting the areas of the various colors are in most cases equal, sometimes of a quantity two or three times as large.

As to the colors themselves, they are unmixed. They are applied with a palette knife directly from the tube to the panel, in one primary coat without under or over painting, without any correction. No painting medium is used. As exceptions, only pink and rose, not available in tubes, are mixtures of one color with white.

Consequently I have deprived myself of great light contrasts. All colors remain on a medium level of light intensity. As there are no shaded nor tinted colors, there is no modulation, all color areas are flat and of definite shapes joining along the contours tightly.

All textures are the result of varying consistency only. The appearance of translucency or intermixture of film-like overlapping are achieved by the proper juxtaposition of pure color only.

- Josef Albers

(Courtesy of the Cincinnati Art Museum)

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Fritz Bultman

Fritz Bultman is a painter of signs. Today, as we are increasingly aware that it is not against individuals but against force which we struggle, and not for victory or defeat but for a balance between opposites, his pictures present the tension which is essential to life. Working always from the actual through the abstract to the symbol, he creates images which bear the weight of reflection on contemporary life. Actaeon, Janus, Phaeton, if we worshiped Greek gods today, would have to be portrayed in such images, stripped of their human personalities, before they could have their full effect upon us; and Christianity, if it is to make man aware of its contemporary application, will have to emphasize not only Christ but the Cross. Fritz Bultman's paintings seem to me to deal with these matters, not merely with forms and colors and lines, and for this reason I do not think they can be called abstract. Rather they are religious, or moral, bereft of realistic pictorial detail for the same reason philosophy is shorn of particular verbal description of the life whose meaning it explores. They are true to their medium and wholly satisfying for their plastic values, but they are also yantras for the contemporary occident. I do not think they would be out of place in the church.

Donald Windham

(Courtesy of Hugo Gallery)

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The Studio of Alexander Calder

Newcomer from Europe, as they say,

It is true that over there iron and copper are instruments only of evil
adding death to death and to degraded life

I fled, a fortunate fugitive,

The day and the night opened before

Wings - algae - mobile leaves.

I salute you forger of giant dragon-flies

Mercury-diviner your well disclosed

A water heavy as tears.

But a merry-go-round of little scarlet moons fills me with joy

I think of a transparent circus

It is a leaf traversed by the sun.

One green day you saw a red bird

Pursuing a yellow bird;

you know that we are bound to nature

that we belong to the earth.

Hung from the studio's rafters,

in the striped light a gong sensitive to the whims of the air

is struck with extreme caution

Its note is the footfall of a dove: what hour does it strike?

This is the hour of the child with the cherries.

Here the seconds have not the weight of the clock

nor do they lie quiet in the grass

for they cannot conceive of immobility

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they love the rustlings of reeds

and the cry of the tree-toad so expert at musical breathing

and they play between your fingers, Calder, my friend.

André Masson

English translation by Ralph Manheim

(Courtesy of Buchholz Gallery)

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WRITINGS OF PAUL KLEE

1915. (Diary):

The heart that beat for this world has been almost extinguished in me. It is as though my only bond with "these" things were memory....One relinquishes this world and builds into a region which can be all affirmation. The cool romanticism of this style without pathos is astounding.

1918. (Letter to L.):

....everything vanishes round me and good works rise from me of their own accord. My hand is entirely the implement of a distant sphere. It is not my head that functions but something else, something higher, something somewhere remote. I must have great friends there, dark as well as bright. That is all the same. They are all very kind to me.

1927. (Porquerolles, Letter to L.):

It will soon be night, but the full moon is shining and the last tension falls away from me. Then begins the new, probably not new at all, but colored a little differently. And the coloring does it, that is what I am always after: to touch off harmonies that slumber within me, a big or little adventure in color.

1916. (Comparison with the work of Franz Marc.)

My art is lacking in passionate humanity. I do not love animals and other creatures with an earthly warmth. I do not bend down to them nor do I raise them up to myself. I begin rather by dissolving myself in the whole and then I stand on a brotherly footing with my neighbor, with every earthly neighbor. I seek out a distant point at the source of creation, and there I sense a kind of formula for man, animal, plant, earth, fire, water, air, and all the circling forces. The thought of earth gives way to the idea

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of the cosmos. Love is remote and religious.

Do I give forth warmth? Or cold? Out beyond the white heat, no one inquires? And since none too many penetrate that sphere, few are touched. No sensuousness, however exalted, creates a bridge to the many. The man of my work is not species but cosmic point. My earthly eye is too far-sighted and most often sees through the most beautiful things. (And it is often said of me: "He does not see the most beautiful things.")

1919. (From "Thoughts on Graphic Art and Art in General")

Even an intensified reality cannot benefit us in the long run. Away with the everyday and away with the occult sciences. For here they go astray. Art passes beyond the object, the real as well as the imaginary. It plays an innocent game with objects. Just as a child imitates us in play, so do we in play imitate the forces which created and create the world.

1906. (Diary):

Never have I illustrated a literary motif. I have made plastic form, and only afterwards have I taken pleasure when a poetic and a plastic idea "accidentally" coincided.

From: Paul Klee, 1. Vol. Dokumente
und Bilder aus den Jahren 1896-1930.
Published by the Klee Society, Bern
Switzerland (Benteli Publisher.)
English translation by Ralph Manheim.
(Courtesy of Buchholz Gallery)

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SYMBOLIC REALISM

SYMBOL: Greek, symbalon, a sign, by which one knows or infers.

From symbalein, to throw together; to compose or compare.

A visible sign for something invisible, such as a quality or idea.

REAL: Latin, res, rei, thing. Existent, as a thing, state or quality. Genuine, not artificial, counterfeit or factitious.

Related to things and events rather than to persons or opinions.

Legal: pertaining to, or consisting of, things fixed, permanent or immovable.

Philosophical: fundamental and ultimate as opposed to apparent or phenomenal. Intrinsic and of the essence, as opposed to nominal or relative.

REALISM: Philosophical: the doctrine that universals exist, outside the mind.

This modest demonstration of American symbolic realism takes painting for an intellectual (cosa mentale), more than an emotional or manual, profession and responsibility. It assumes the durable products of this art are expressions of ideas rather than of craft or the demonstrations of self-love or self-pity. It accepts painting as the triumph of the orderly, the intelligent and the achieved rather than as a victim of the decorative, the fragmentary or the improvised. It assumes the human mind is obligated towards synther,

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and that, at its most interesting, establishes order rather than disorder, from infinities of observable phenomena.

Hence it may be seen that such a proposal is organized on philosophical, or moral grounds, rather than on historical or technical. History is an impatient process. At present it is employed overtime by monographers of those contemporary artists exerting the widest quantitative influence. All the facts, even about contemporary art, despite the proliferation of recent art-history are not yet in. Yet good pictures resist even historians, journalists and curators.

Technique, for our case, is presupposed. That is, artists hung here are assumed to be proficient, as capable of rendering their services as musicians, architects or surgeons of the same age. Each of the artists handles the medium with enough efficiency to compel our interest in what, rather than how, they see. Their work reveals the focus of a vision, neither thumb-print nor handwriting. They tend towards anonymous rendering rather than stylistic idiosyncrasy. They benefit by precise observation and close handling, rather than brutal or capricious generalization.

These pictures are essential rather anecdotal. They attempt to define qualities and conditions independent of their designer's appetites. They do not relate tales better expressed in narrative prose. However, their reference moves outwards towards a universal legibility, rather than inwards towards a limited correspondence. That is, they are centrifugal (self-fleeing) rather than centripetal (self-seeking). In theological terms they may be considered catholic (universally related) rather than protestant (individually rebellious). Technically, there is no novelty. Pressure toward

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innovation on an egotistical level is one of the more nervous by-products of the Reformation, and of the Baroque.

A number of the pictures are small, even miniature. Often the ideas clearly expressed are larger than the panels upon which they are painted. For many of the big purchase-prize paintings of the last thirty years, is not the reverse true?

It may be objected that I have included many pictures by friends. As the Sybil of the Rue de Fleurus wasx went to remark: "They are not good painters because they are my friends. They are my friends because they are good painters."

Lincoln Kirstein

(Courtesy of Edwin Hewitt
Gallery)

~~innovation on an egotistical level is one of the more nervous
by-products of the Reformation, and of the Baroque.~~

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Concerning the Drawings of Dudley Huppler

These drawings present a world of form and order. Their subject matter - birds, primarily, but also fruits and flowers, contrasted to the clean outlines of dish-ware - depicts the beauty of these objects; yet, the important thing is not the subject matter itself, but the formality with which it is presented. It is a reactionary formality: classic, rather than what we understand by the term "modern." If one compares these drawings to the work of any other contemporary artist who makes use of the same subjects, Dudley Huppler's classic formality makes its terms clearly evident.

He has limited himself to the most severe technique: black ink on white paper, applied in countless dots. In our day, the patience and control this technique requires seems an anomaly. But the impact of this technique speaks of sureness, direction and clarity of artistic intention. The exercise of these qualities indicates a tendency toward splendor and wit achieved by purity of line - that is, by a legitimately draughtsman's approach, rather than by reliance on any associative literary idea. This purity of line (or outline) is used as significantly as a choreographer does, since with these elements too a choreographer achieves order and formality.

Concretely, two important qualities are achieved within this rigorous technique. One is that white (not the white of paint, but the white of the paper controlled by the density of the black surrounding it) becomes eloquent as it hardly ever has been before. The other quality is that of remarkable nuance and variety. It is a surprising achievement in view of the limitations the artist's

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choice of technique would seem to predicate. In spite of these limitations, the final effect of these drawings is that of a cleanly exuberant atmosphere, like a world of Mozart's music or, in our time, like a ballet by George Balanchine. In the work of these artists we immediately think of definition and control.

Marianne Moore, in a sympathetic appreciation, says of Huppler: "Truly a creator in being able to depict detail yet keep it alive - to differentiate between eyes that see and eyes that doze, planted feet and feet tensed for effort; the density of lilac-bloom and the slot-in-a-sleighbell of the bud."

James Graham-Luján.

(Courtesy of Edwin Hewitt Gallery)

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MID-CENTURY.PERSPECTIVE

In 1900, most of the great artists of Cézanne's generation were still alive and active. And while, to most, their paintings then appeared revolutionary, history has shown that the revolutionary period of that generation antedated the turn of the century by about thirty years. In fact, the first decade of our century brought with it a new revolution which, even in recent years, appeared still more violent than that of the Impressionists. Only now, from our MID-CENTURY PERSPECTIVE, do we begin to perceive how much the "rebels" and "wild beasts" of Picasso's and Matisse's generation owe to the great tradition of European painting, how classical most of their paintings are, at this distance. And if it is true that many of Soutine's paintings still look to a great many the way Van Gogh's paintings looked in 1900, we now have good reason to assume that, as time goes by, even Soutine's "wildest" expressions will become, in turn, classics in the pageant of Great Paintings. For the eyes of genius, over the years, teach us to see the old, familiar world in new ways, enlarging our sphere of potential experience, creating new horizons, and enriching civilization. Today, "modern" art is an historical fact, and to judge from the performance of other centuries, it may yet prove to be the one most valuable creation of our century, the one which more and more will exemplify to generations to come the true spirit of our vital, creative age.

(Courtesy of Perls Galleries)

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"To the proposal that he open his gallery to a group exhibition of work by unknown or little known YOUNG ARTISTS of promise and others whose accomplishment has not been sufficiently recognized, Sam Kootz responded most generously by inviting us to arrange just such a show. It was an exhilarating experience for us to make the rounds of the studios and galleries and to discover the robustness, the enthusiasm, and pictorial culture of YOUNG AMERICAN ART - at least two-thirds of the painters are under thirty. We were limited to New York and even here we have undoubtedly missed some equally good or better artists eligible for this show. We hope it will be as exciting to others as it is to us."

Meyer Schapiro and Clement Greenberg

(Courtesy of Kootz Gallery)

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LYONEL FEININGER

The true language of art...is not addressed to the mere intelligence, at any rate not directly. Its appeal is far deeper. Pictorial design uses a language which speaks to something in our inner nature beyond the reach of words.

Design is founded on the simple elements of straight line and curve....Order and liberty, reason and imagination, control and energy...that contrast and combination is expressed in the fluid, flexible lines of nature contrasted and combined with the straight line and angles of man's ruling. And according as one element or the other predominates, there are produced types of design, types of decoration, which affect us in very different ways.

Straight line and curve, repetition and contrast - these are the foundation. But growing out of these is the whole marvelous structure of pictorial design, in which other elements gradually play their part: the potency of space, reserves and silences; the potency of light and dark, the eloquence of tone; the potency of imagined mass and volume; the glory and vibration of the lyric notes of color...this language, no less than verbal language when used in poetry, communicates a meaning, a significance...Art has no existence apart from the bodily senses. And yet it is a spiritual activity. It is concerned solely with appearances, yet in its own way... it seeks for and discovers something behind appearances....It is something real, something that profoundly satisfies the whole man - not his intellect only, or his emotions only, or his senses only. If one must suggest a name, I can only suggest Life itself. Not life as we know it in our thwarted, care-burdened, precarious existence, but life as we desire it to be, and as we experience it in moments when

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simply to be alive seems something more precious than any possession....Will anyone ever produce a universally accepted definition of art? I hope not....It is all, as William Blake called it, "a means of conversing with Paradise."

from: Laurence Binyon

"The Spirit of Man in Asian Art"

(Courtesy of Buchholz Gallery)

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To D. H. Kahnweiler (Excerpts from a letter) August 25, 1919

I held an exhibition last April with a certain amount of success. I showed about fifty pictures painted in 1916, 1917 and 1918. They looked rather well together and quite a lot of people came. And yet I don't really know quite how much they liked it, for there is so much admiration for the flattest mediocrity; people rave about the products of disorder, but no one likes discipline and clarity. The exaggerations of the Dada movement and others like Picabia, make us all look like classics; I can't say I mind about that. I should like to continue the painting tradition with plastic means while bringing to it a new aesthetic based on the intellect. There seems to me no reason why one should not pinch Chardin's technique without taking over the appearance of his pictures or his conception of reality. Those who believe in abstract painting are like weavers who think they can produce a material with only one set of threads and forget that there has to be another set to hold these together. Where there is no attempt at plasticity how can you control representational liberties? And where there is no concern for reality how can you limit and unite plastic liberties? For some time I have been quite pleased with my own work, because I think that at least I am entering on a period of realisation. What's more, I have been able to test my progress: formerly, when I started on a picture I was satisfied at the beginning and dissatisfied at the end. Now the beginning is always rotten and I am fed up, but I get an agreeable surprise at the end. I have also been successful in ridding my painting of a too brutal and descriptive reality. It has, so to speak, become more poetic. I hope I shall come to express with great precision a reality imagined in terms of pure intellectual elements; this really means painting which is inaccurate but precise, that is to say the reverse of bad painting which is accurate but unprecise."

Juan Gris

Translation by Douglas Cooper
(Courtesy of Buchholz Gallery)

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SOPHIE TAEUBER AND JEAN ARP

I do not know what theoretical links connect art and the moral sphere, but it seems to me that the two are clearly very close in everyday human life. You cannot long be the friend of a man whose art you don't love; and you cannot love for long the art of a man whose actions you dislike. Some "great" artists may act like criminals, and they surround themselves with their own kind - hypocrites and fakers - or with moral weaklings whose craving for success or glory casts them in the low courtiers role.

A noble man keenly senses nobility in others. He may sin but not intentionally. Slyness and calculations are foreign to his nature. If he gambles, it is for the sake of the game - he is not eager for the stakes. If nevertheless he wins, the cheaters accuse him. Their failure angers their conscience; they lost because they were cheated. Their hatred of the noble gives them away.

Among the most lovable people I have met on the path of life are Mondrian, Sophie Tseuber and Arp. So I cannot speak of their art without strong emotion; the work of their hands at once evokes for me their whole personality, making objective criticism impossible.

However, I do not believe in objective criticism, which can only be analytical and dry.

In fact I do not believe in criticism. You love or you don't love. Without love how can there be understanding? Those imponderables which make up a work of art can only arouse the same imponderables in ourselves; the secret cords of the spirit. If contact takes place then there is a spark and soon a flame - that is love. The first must then be tamed so that one may translate it into words and transpose it into thought.

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Often I have spoken of Mondrian, the person and his art. What shall I say of Sophie Taeuber and Jean Arp? I first visited them in their home at Meudon, I think it was in 1928. I saw in their union - two studios under one roof - the perfect wedding of the straight and the curved, of reason and feeling, of planned and fortuitous simplicity.

Each of Sophie Taeuber's works illustrate in a new and unexpected way Pascal's well known lines on the spirit of finesse and that of geometry. She merges these two poles in a synthesis seemingly without effort. For equilibrium was natural to her; she had preserved the moving unaffectedness of happy children.

From the new starting points which the great Russians found around 1914 (suprematism, non-objectivism, constructivism) she drew the richest harvest of diverse compositions, the finest dictionary of sober harmonies, always rich with inner life, a life all the more intense as she does not seek it by intent. She intended nothing other than an unpretentious interplay of colors and lines, just as Bach played on the well tempered clavichord quite unconcerned to create great music. Yet great music was just that.

Arp too is a happy child sometimes misunderstood by adults. His art is rounded like himself and often pointed like himself, only to return to the curve, to complete tenderness with greater elegance. There is no shadow of bitterness in the forms which fill his light-flooded workshop. No disorder. It is everywhere like a neat raked garden, the sweet pillow of beneficent nature. Not that he lapses into the effete; he chooses to be gentle. With much esprit, and much humor, to sustain his inner gladness which seeks to be perpetual and of necessity rediscovers the path of the great mystics who were also seeking perpetual gladness.

One day when Arp was talking to me about Planck and the laws of chance, I surveyed his studio in which I found no unexpected forms, no contradictions.

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The manifold works all seemed as if they could be inscribed within the same curve, calm and never offending the eye. All these sculptures appeared like ancient marbles water-caressed for thousands of years until they looked like giant pebbles. Arp has simply shortened nature's work and here he proceeds by "leaps" and joins with the Planckian theories. But these leaps hurt no one. They are only in the intelligence of hands which model and create, obeying natural intuition as nature obeys the laws of the universe.

Arp loves hazard and the supple merging of fates. He takes greatest pleasure in collaboratively created works.

Following a first exhibition in Zuerich with Otto and Adja von Rees in December 1915 Arp came to know Sophie Taeuber and straightway they made together horizontal-vertical compositions of colored paper ~~XXXXXX~~ Arp at first clearly under Sophie's influence.

In 1926 they both worked with Theo van Doesburg on the decor of the restaurant L'Aubette in Strasbourg. In 1937 Arp and Sophie composed conjugal sculpture, and in 1938 and 1939 they did a series of drawings and large paintings together.

Arp has written nouvelles exemplaires and stories in collaboration with Huidobro, Schwitters, Eluard, Marcel Duchamp, Max Ernst and others.

And finally in 1942 Arp and Sophie collaborated with Sonia Delaunay and Magnelli in Grasse and made a series of lithographs which will soon be published.

If I stress this point about works produced collectively, it is that I see here a valuable signpost for the future. It is a question clearing the way for fully disinterested man more interested in free creation than in hidden thoughts of vanity and lucre.

Thus Arp and Sophie Arp stand at the head of a new movement - one of which Mondrian and van Doesburg also dreamed - that would abolish speculation in art objects in favor of non-commercial art performed by all

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and available to all.

The works of this artist-couple speak with intense poetry and radiate profound wisdom. It is the art of a future stage of humanity: unfanatical, generous and pacified. The divine nakedness of the forms answers to an inner spiritual richness. For richness of spirit is perpetually dazzled before the simple splendor of light. Light-love beyond all contradictions, the final focus of spirit. Light-love naming all things, saying to all things I am. Mysterious perspective of the absolute, transparent only for the illuminated. Todo Y Nada.

Michel Seuphor

Paris, Dec. 12, 1949

translated by Martin James

(Courtesy of Sidney Janis Gallery)

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REFLECTIONS ON THE SCULPTURE OF MARY CALLERY

Mary Callery belongs to a small group of sculptores that for some years have come more and more to the fore, always anxious to free art, not to owe their favor to rules that are obsolete, to tricks that have taken in so many people, but yielding to their instinct, imagining their own discoveries.

Today she has no longer to make a novitiate, this is done, even to say "a huis clos." Her personality is one to accept the difficult years of apprenticeship, to take without flinching the heavy program, and after moments of great suffering, find that burden, light. She does neither seem overcharged nor broken down by the work of inventing a form of expression, rather on the contrary stimulated and transported into creative work.

In her combat she has armed herself against any form of expression that was aimed to produce an effect, against all the illusions that the majority of superficially modern works present day after day to the transient curiosity that greets and acclaims qualities which do not exist. Because of this she contented herself by following tradition, at the same time endeavoring to go further. Although her first sculptures show a classical trend, they really seek to approach the framework of contemporary art.

The figures that she formed according to her new conceptions were no longer a simple rendering of the model. Making substantial changes, suppressing anything that was not essential, she very soon began to modify the apparent reality of these forms, animated by her impetuous vitality. In Mary Callery's studies of acrobats she chooses those attitudes in which all is calculated precision: where every breach of discipline must be thwarted and adjusted, every liberty at once subjected to the laws of balance. That which is difficult must seem easy, that which is heavy seem light, the unstable and the temporary must appear set and immutable.

This is the extraordinary and strange exploit that both the acrobat and the artist undertake. They seem to go their way at random, happen what may, but they are both exposed to the danger of the slightest false step; and for the artist and acrobat

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alike everything depends on the success of a concept carefully and slowly worked out, governed by a rigorous logic.

In her new figures the solid forms grow dim, almost vanish. In these bodies the fundamental structure alone stands out; what the artist retains serves to represent the relation between the different parts of the body and their general functioning. Mary Callery has achieved the real "tour de force" of giving us, in these wrought iron "ideograms," images in which each effort is underlined, each movement interpreted as it should be.

To get away from these ingenious, difficult, and delicate calculations in equilibrium, Mary Callery simply turns her mind to another problem, the portrait. The head entitled "Puma" strengthens her decision to direct the portrait towards another path. Here the artist is not as she was before, entirely at one extreme. She no longer sees the portrait as an image copied from the model. Experience has taught her how sterile it is to attach too much importance to the irregularities of the model and to be tempted to portray them. She knows now that, on the contrary, the magnificent strength of the sculptor is to allow free play to various impulses, to probe deeply into any architectural problems that may arise; to unmask the resources and the secrets of the model, following the details closely by stating them in their entirety; proving the power of suggestion; assembling all these things, reckoning with them, and composing with them.

The artist who patiently explores everything pertaining to her art, working in silence, slowly developing her talent, proves to us that in this aspect of her work there is a wide route and an open destiny.

- Christian Zervos

excerpts from an article in Cahiers d'

February 1950

Art

Translated by Dolly Chareau

(Courtesy of Buchholz Gallery)