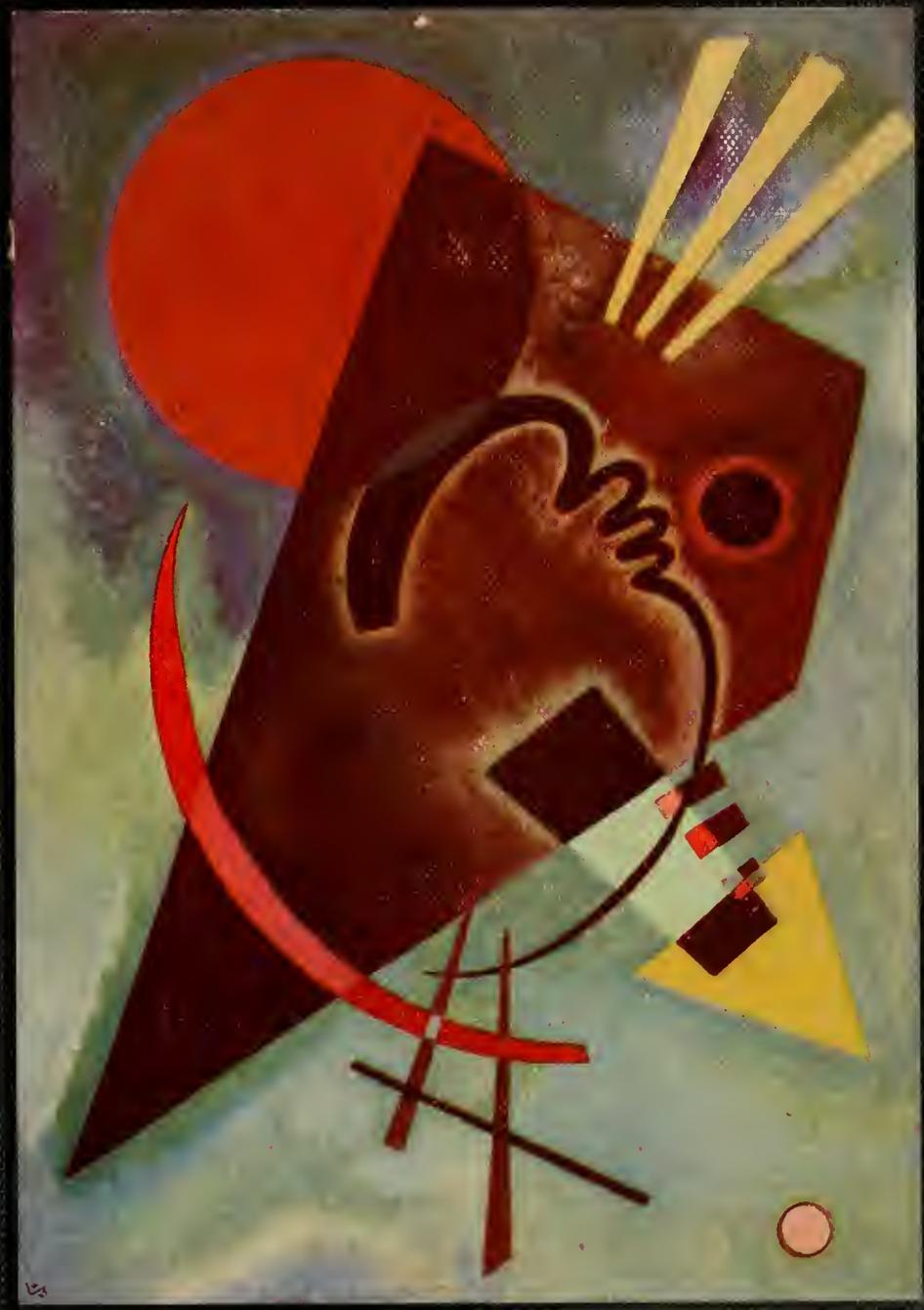


WASSILY KANDINSKY MEMORIAL









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WASSILY KANDINSKY MEMORIAL



BLACK LINES

1913

IN MEMORY OF WASSILY KANDINSKY

THE SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM FOUNDATION PRESENTS
A SURVEY OF THE ARTIST'S PAINTINGS AND WRITINGS

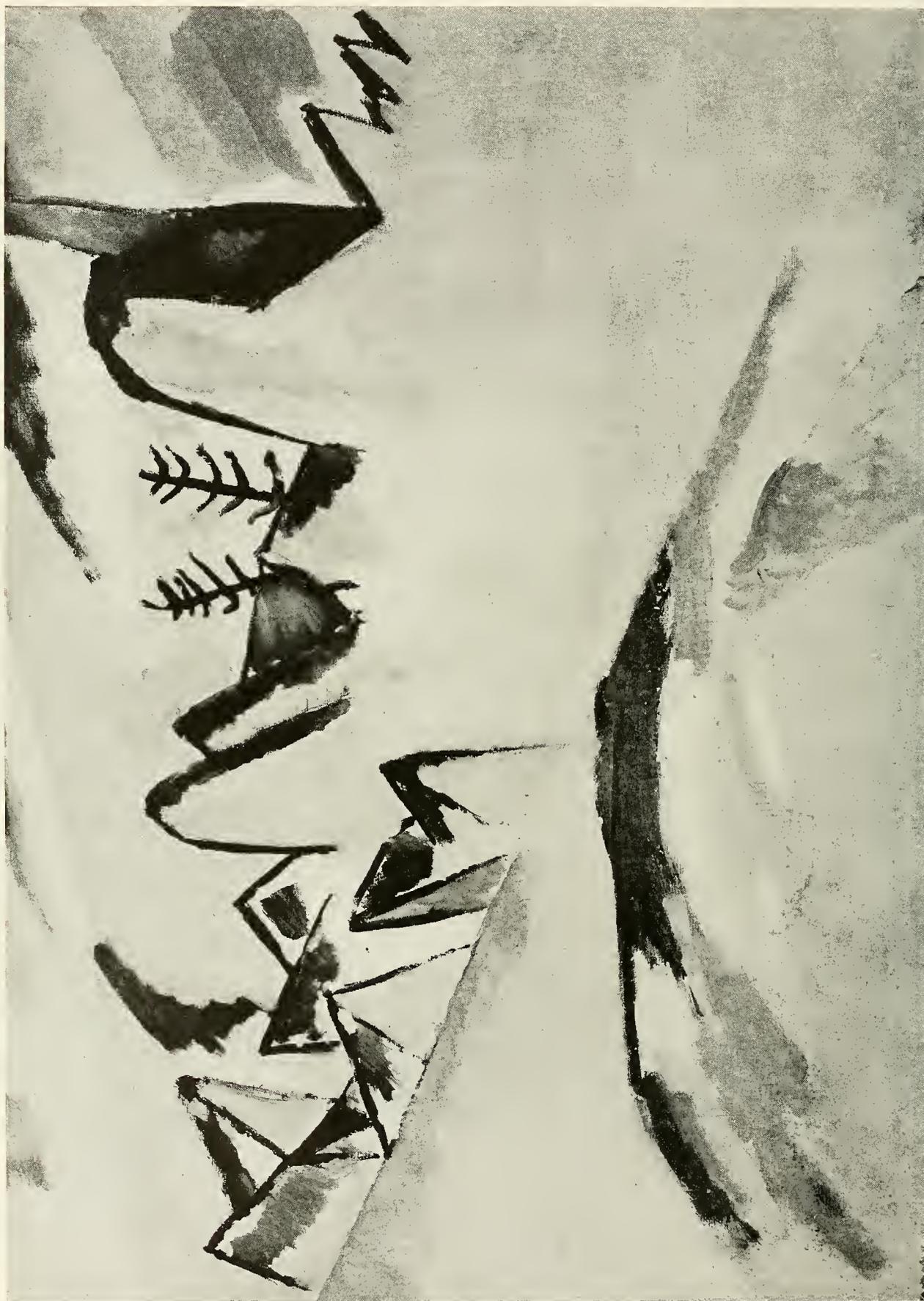
ARRANGED AND EDITED BY HILLA REBAY, DIRECTOR OF THE MUSEUM
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DAILY FROM 10 TO 6 EXCEPT MONDAYS SUNDAYS 12 TO 6 ENTRANCE FREE



WASSILY KANDINSKY

1866-1944



ABSTRACTION — WINTER



1911

ABSTRACTION — AUTUMN



1911

IMPROVISATION



IMPROVISATION



LITTLE PLEASURES



PICTURE WITH THREE SPOTS

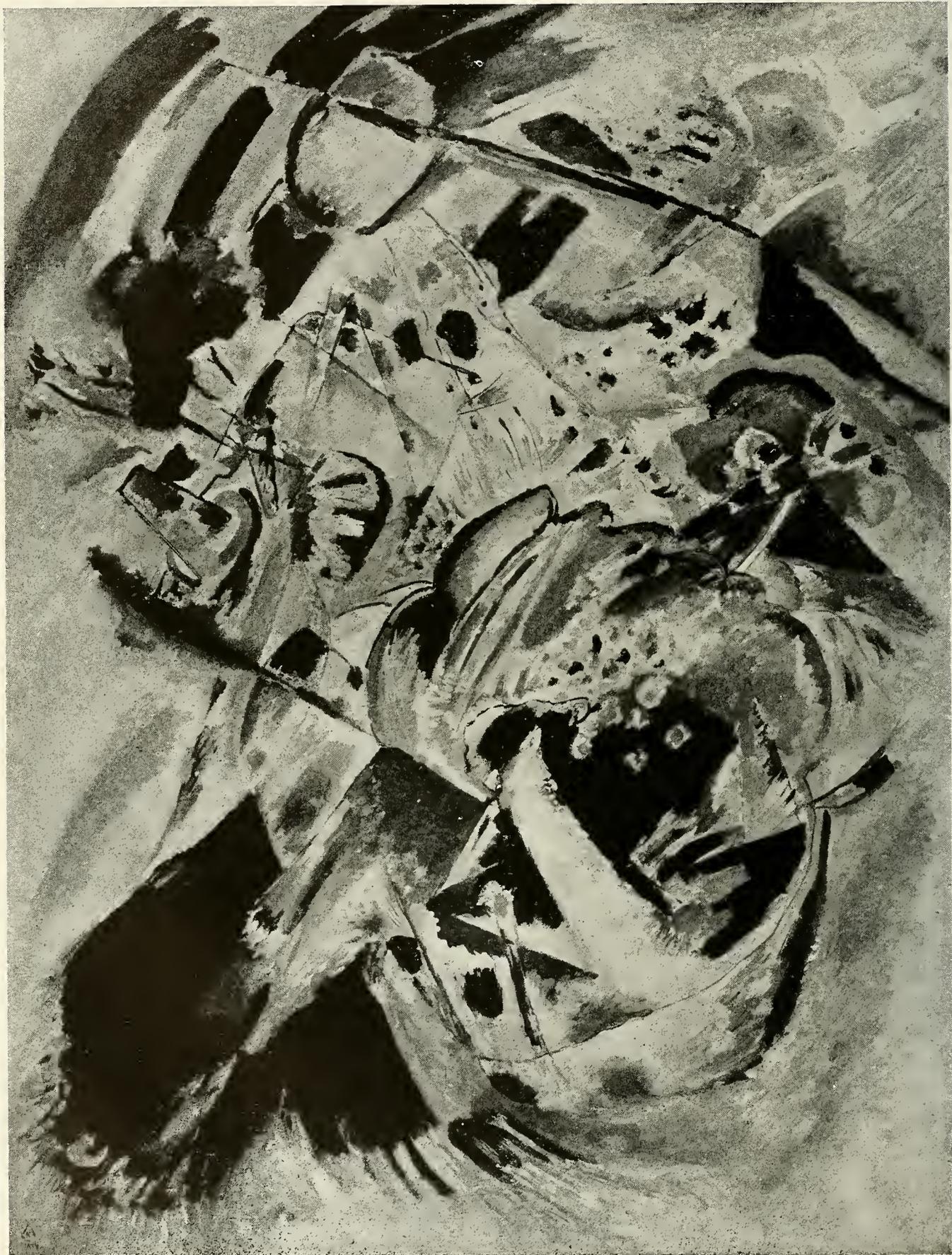
1913





1913

THE WHITE EDGE





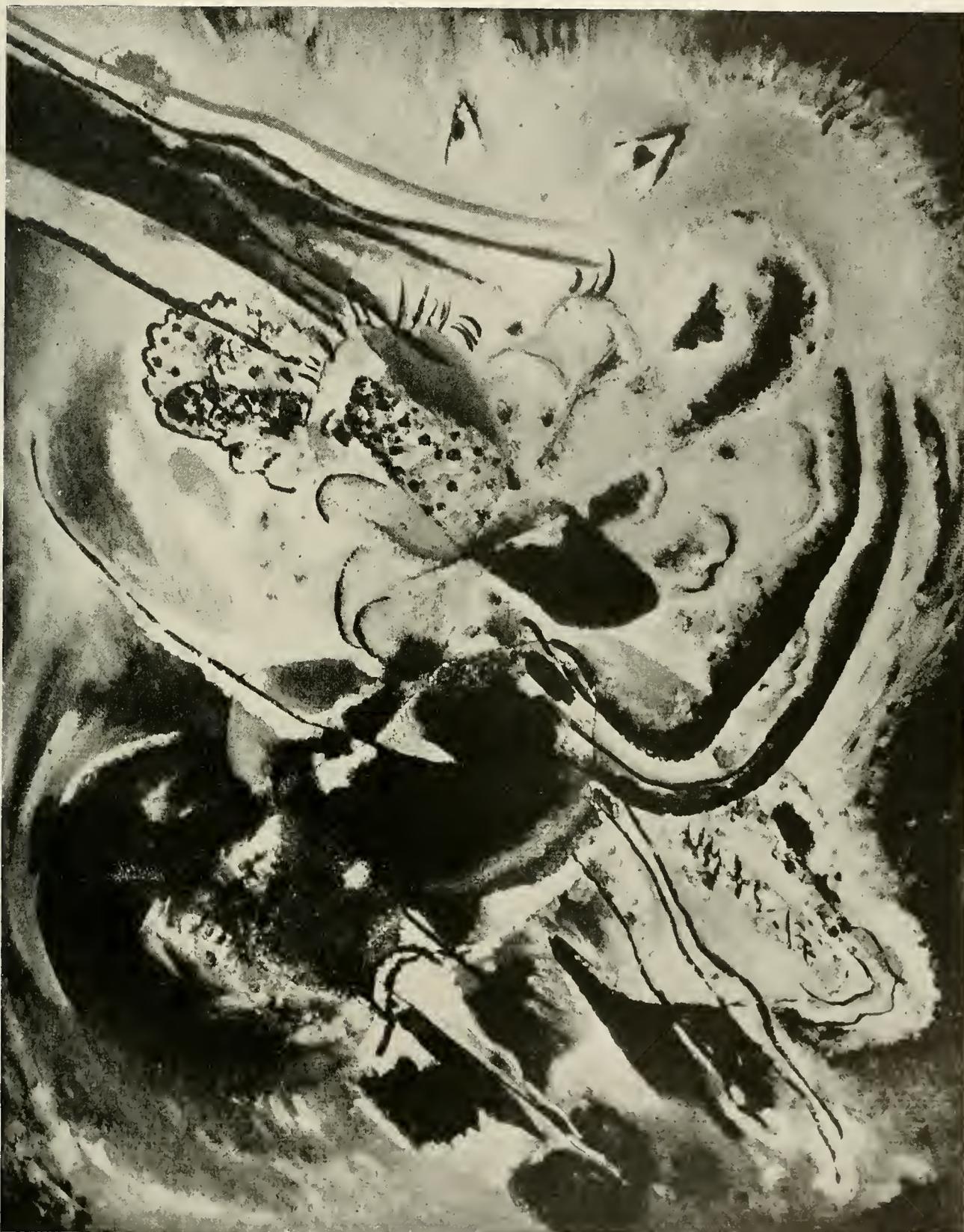
SOUVENIR

1914



IMPROVISATION

1915



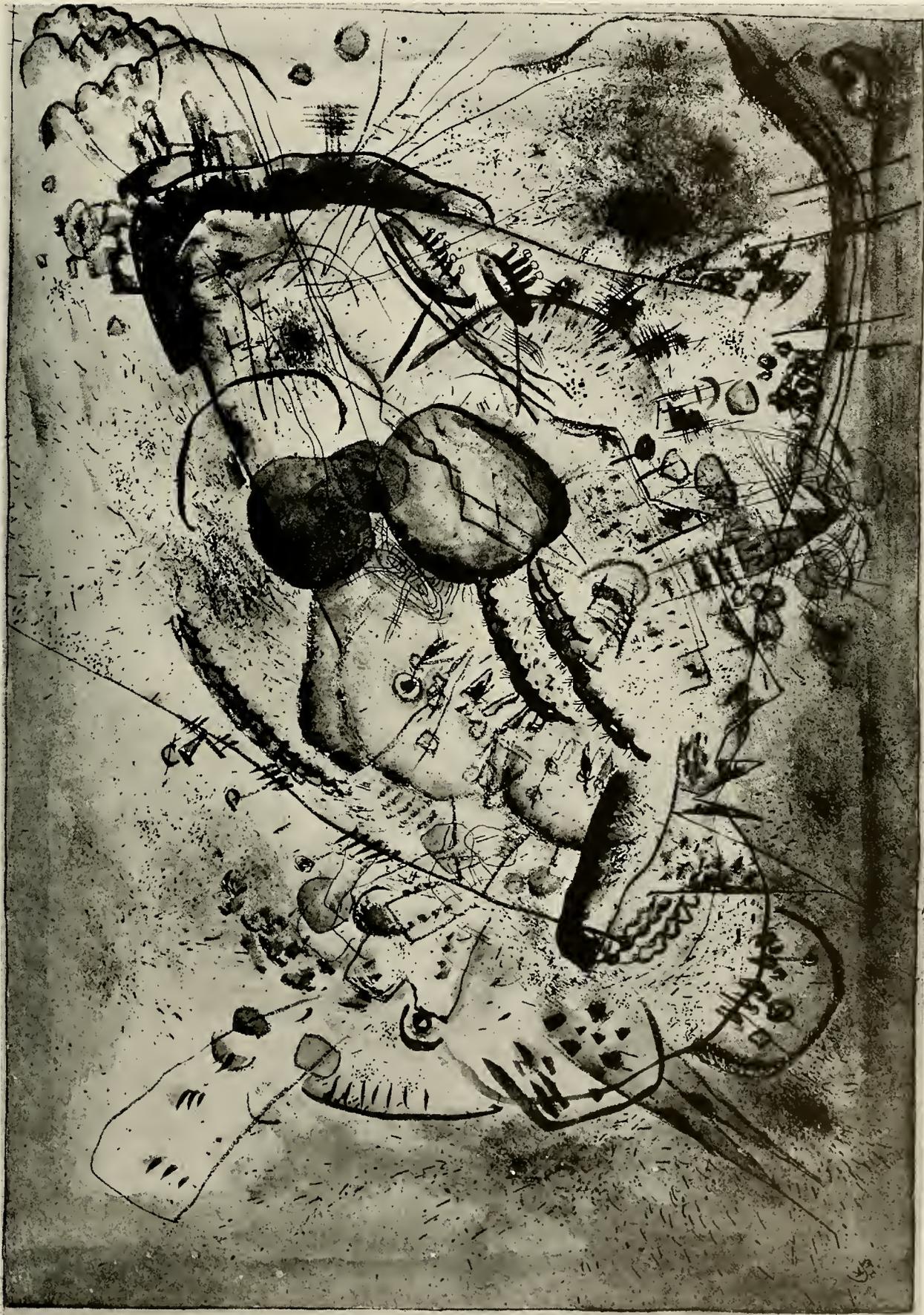
DEUX ROUGES

1916



1917

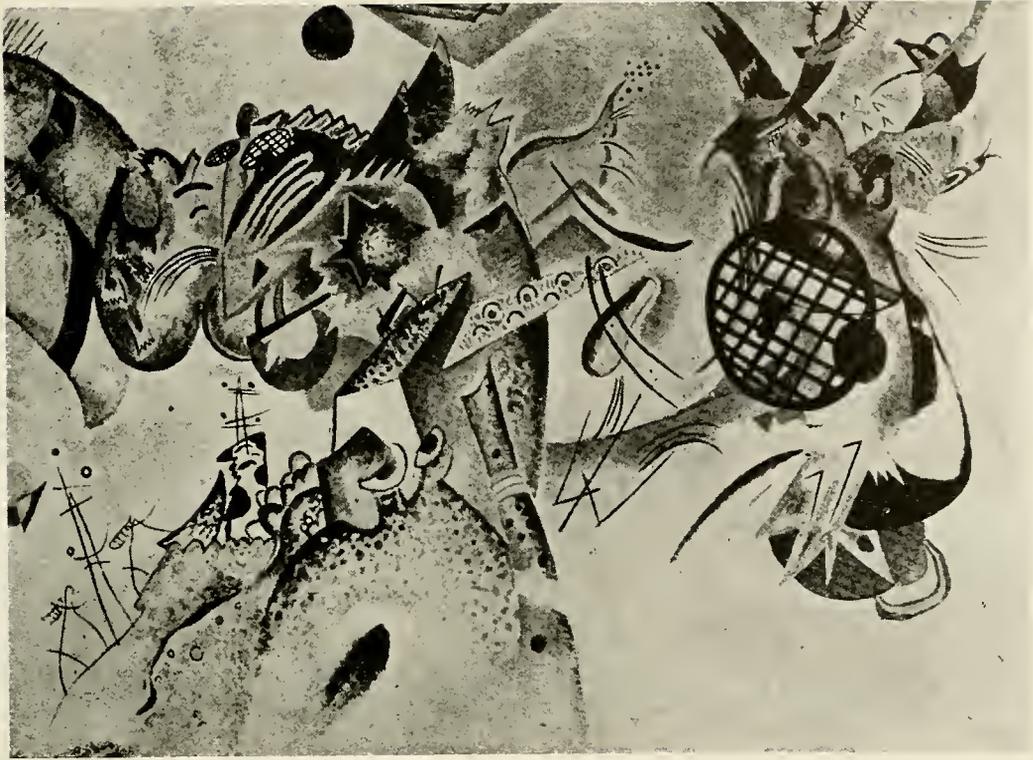
SEDATE



1918

LYRICAL INVENTION





POINTED FLOATING

1920



RED WITH BLACK

1920





1921

MULTICOLOR CIRCLE



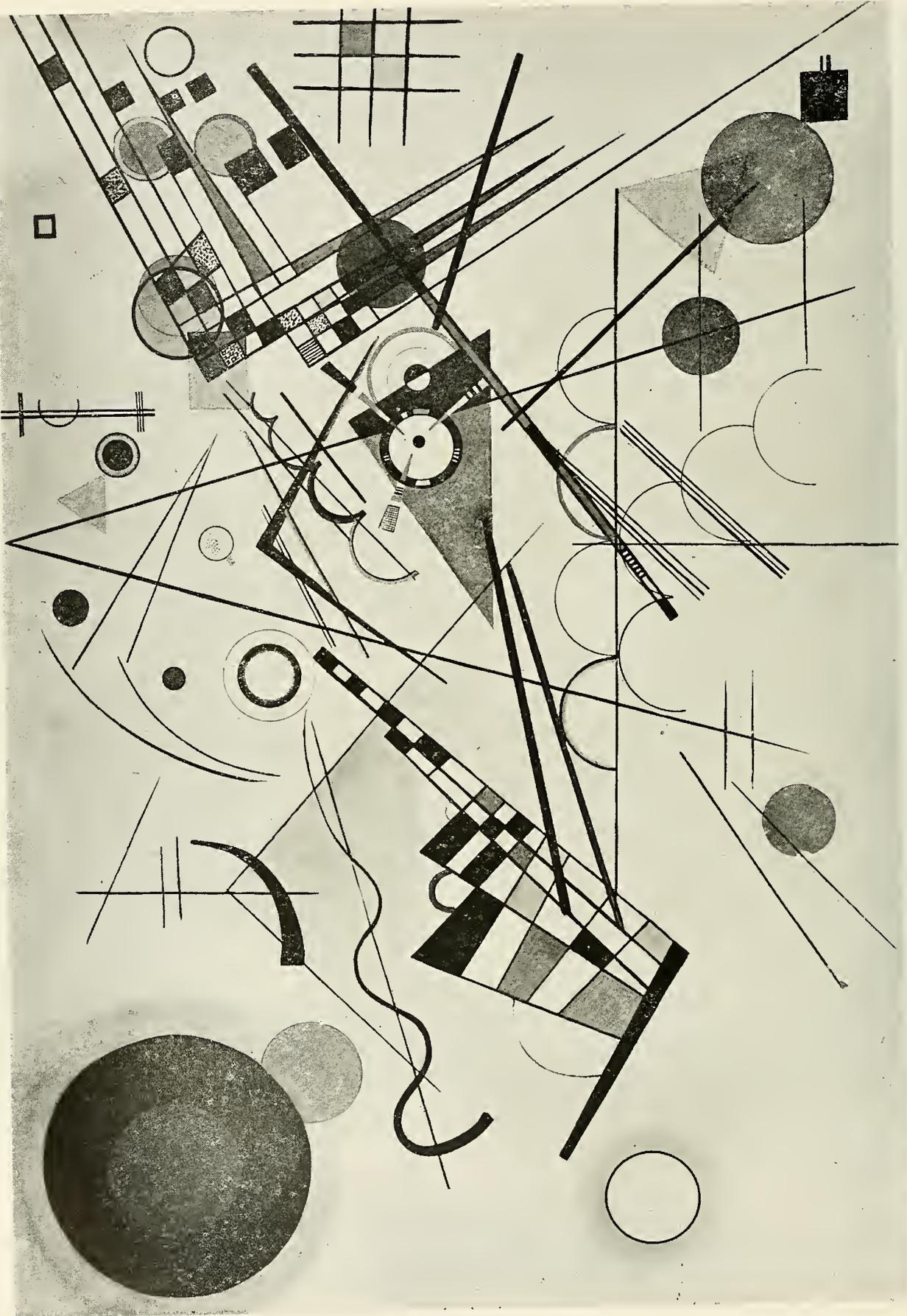
BLUE CIRCLE

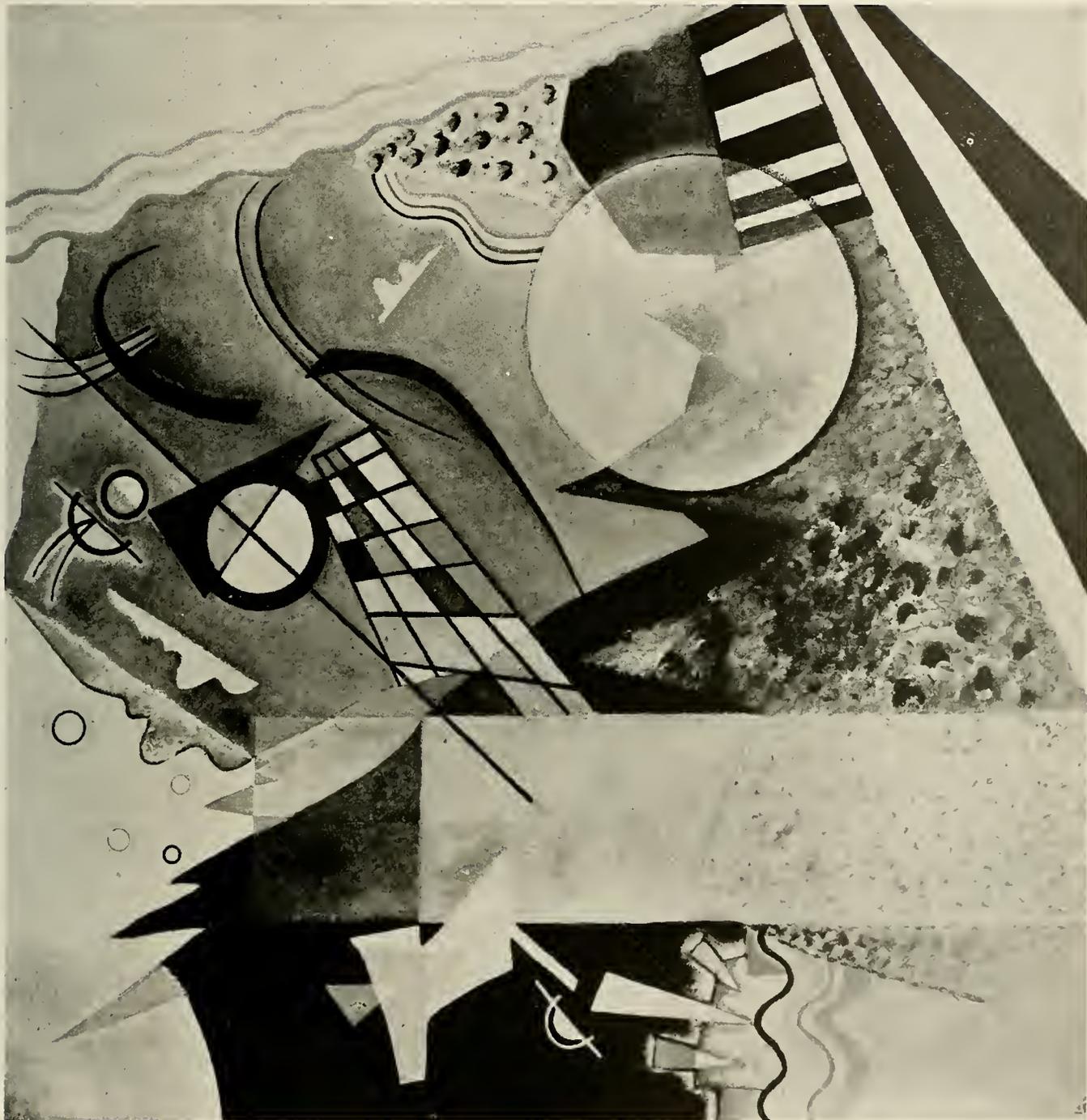
1922



SOLIDITY

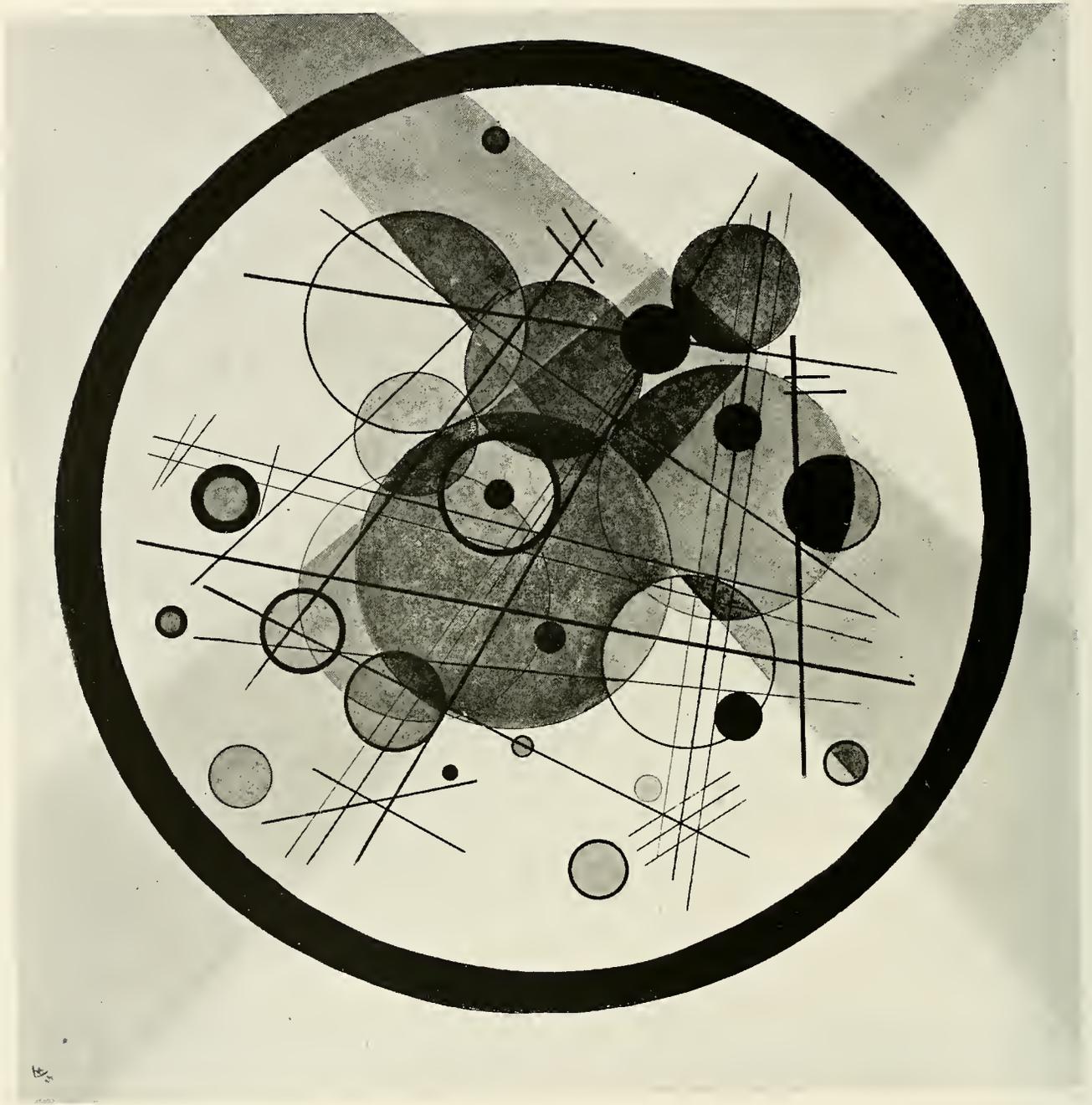
1922





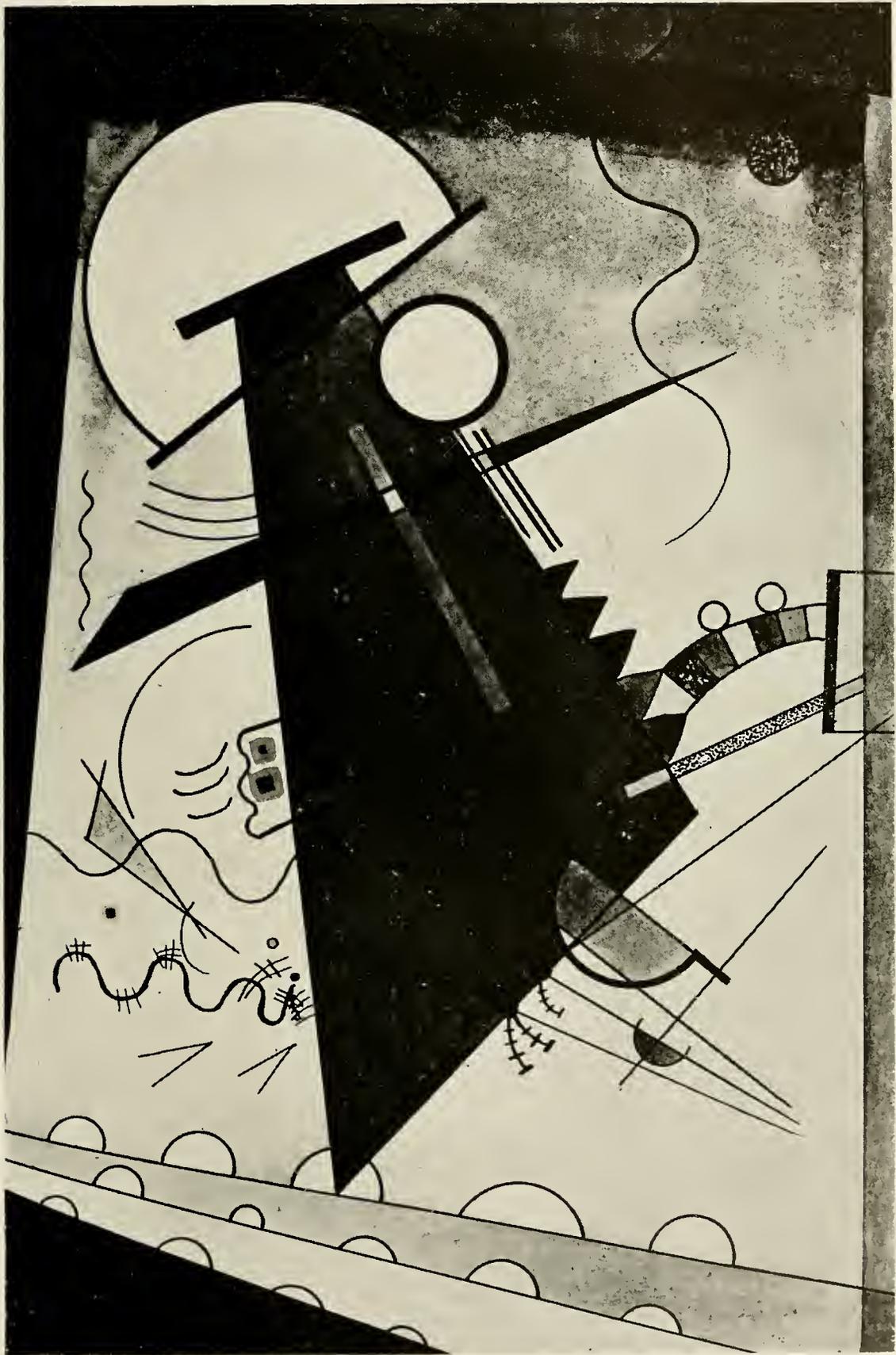
1923

OPEN GREEN



CIRCLES IN CIRCLE

1923



BEIGE GRAY

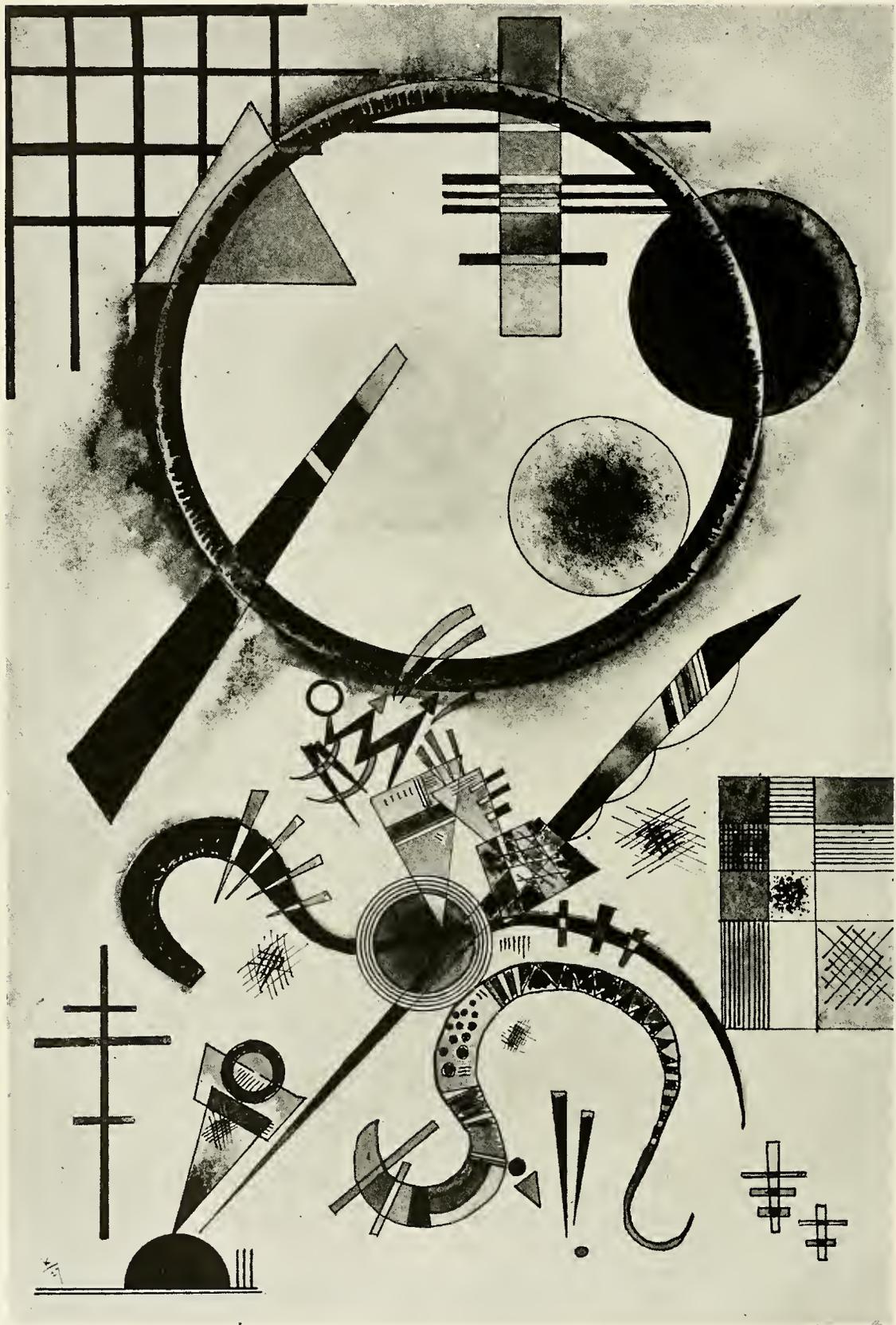
1924





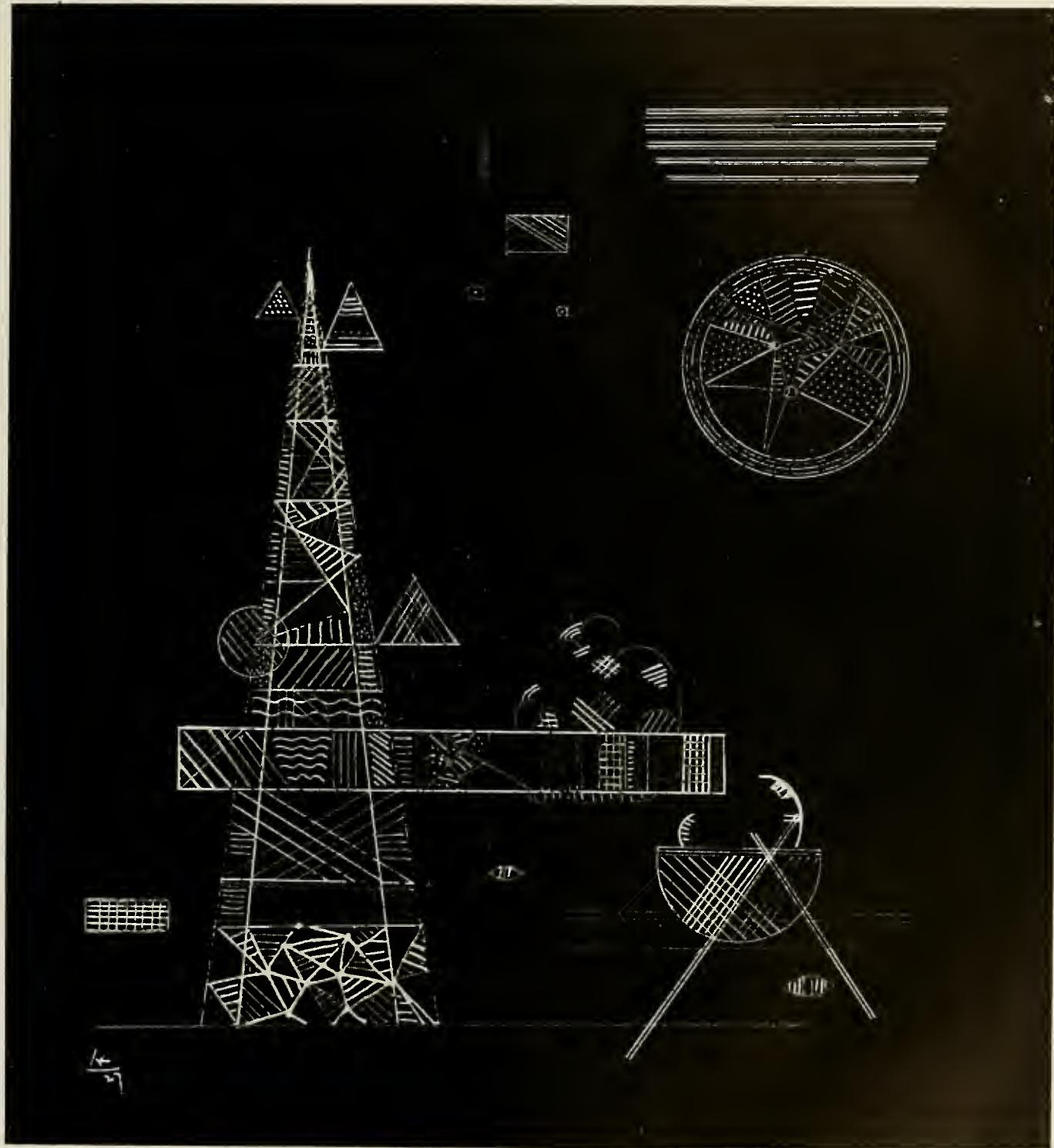
CALM

1926



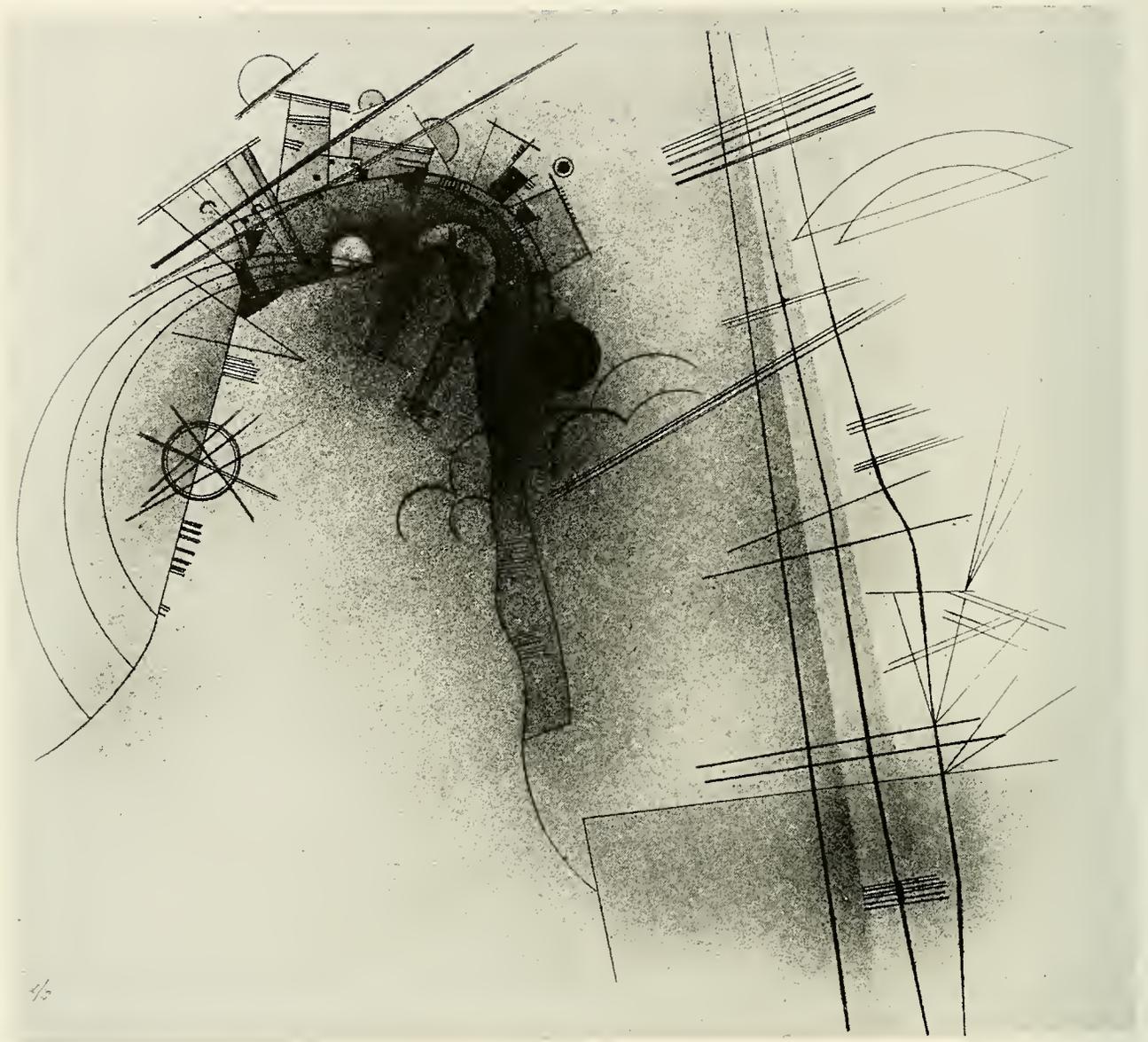
No. 225

1927



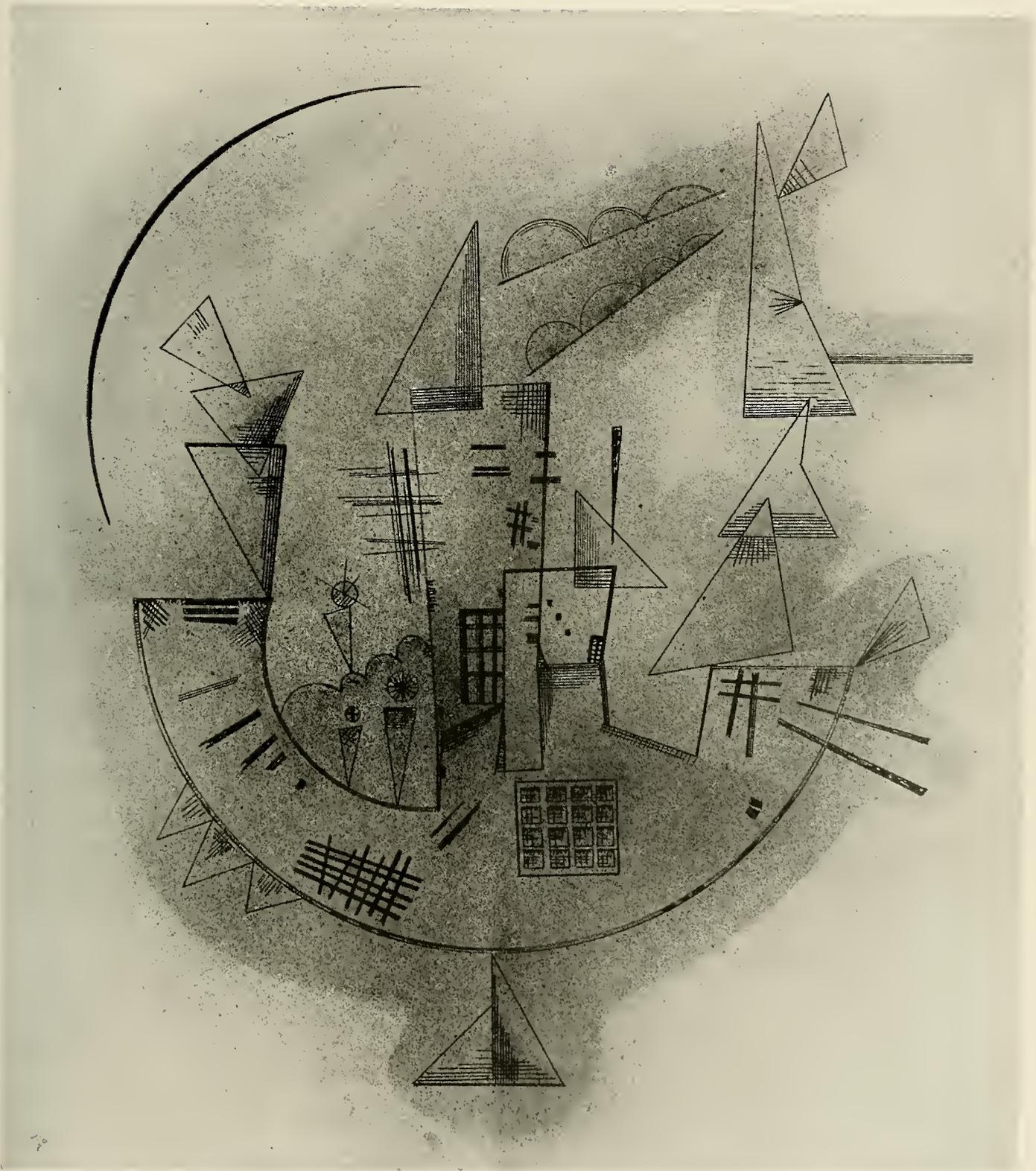
DELICATE JOY

1927



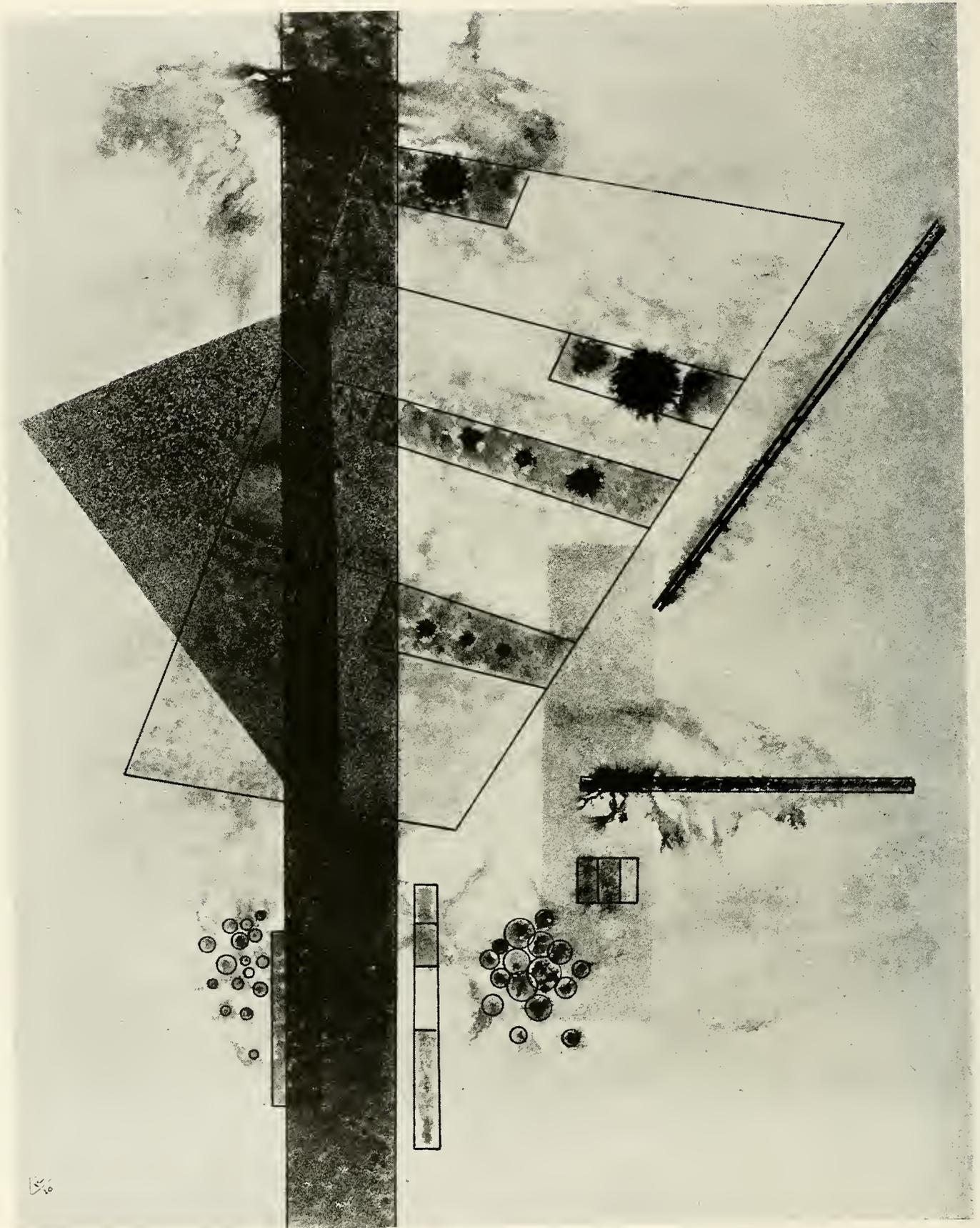
GLOWING UP

1929



CARRYING ROUND

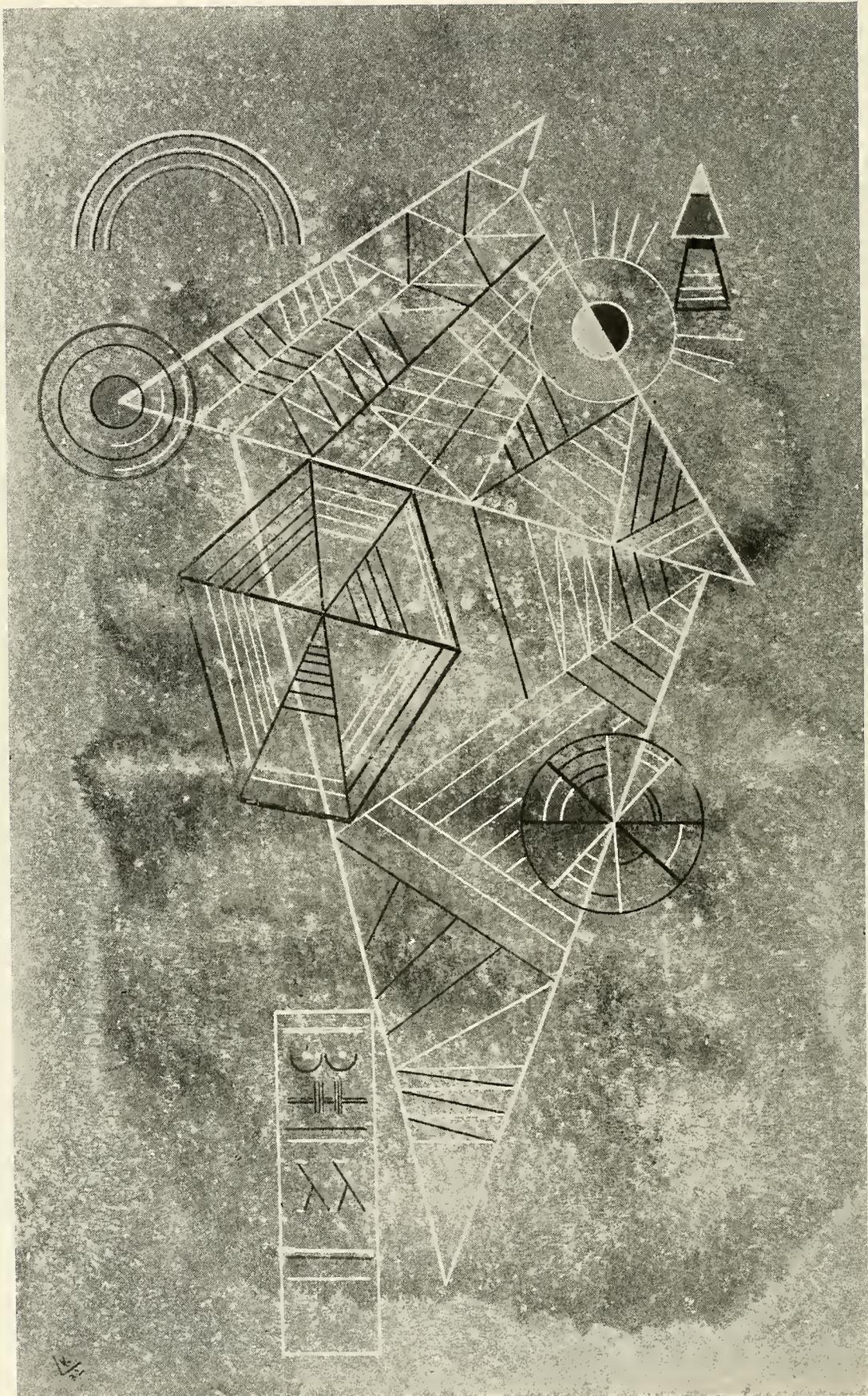
1929

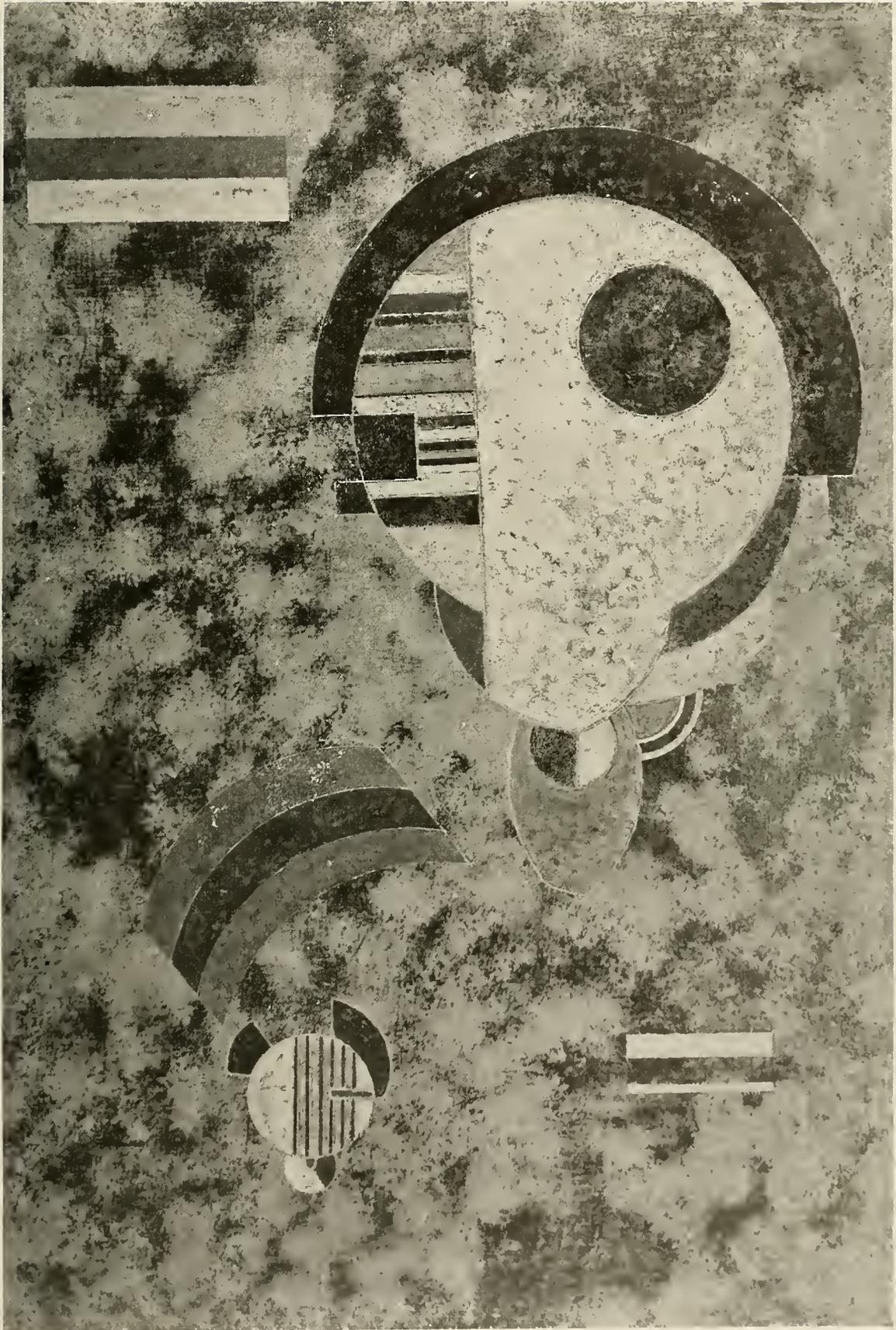


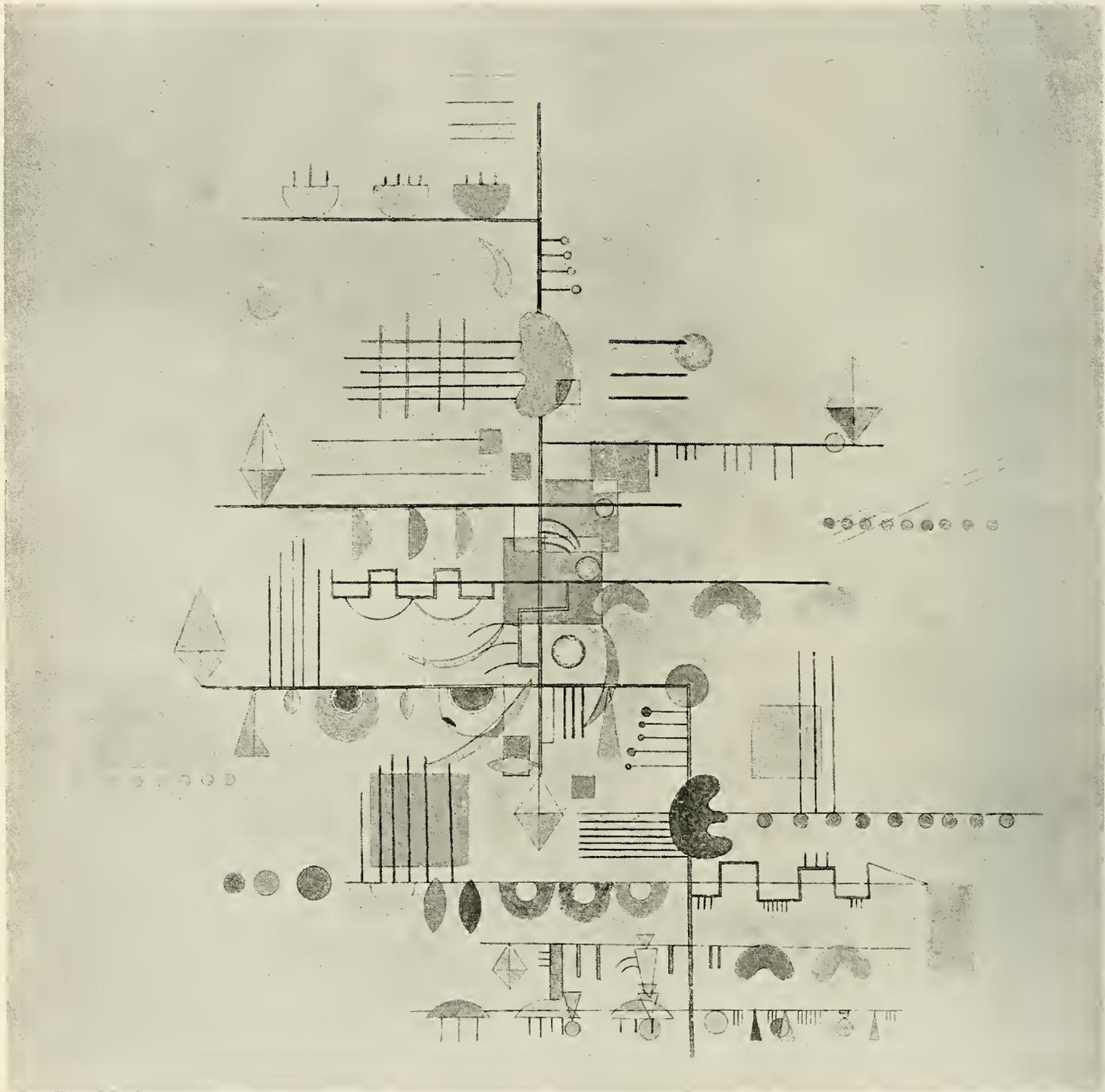
LONG STRIPE

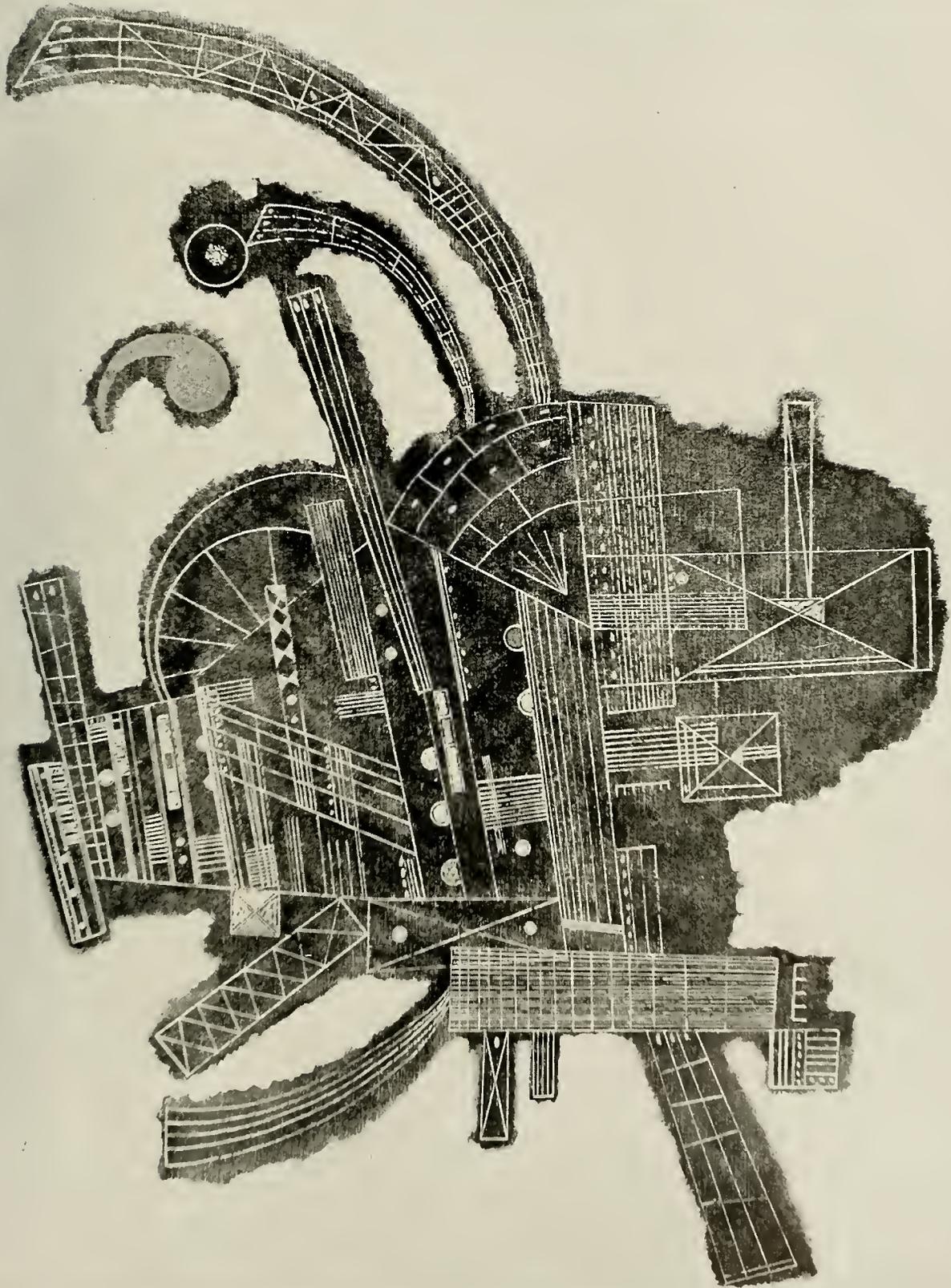
1930

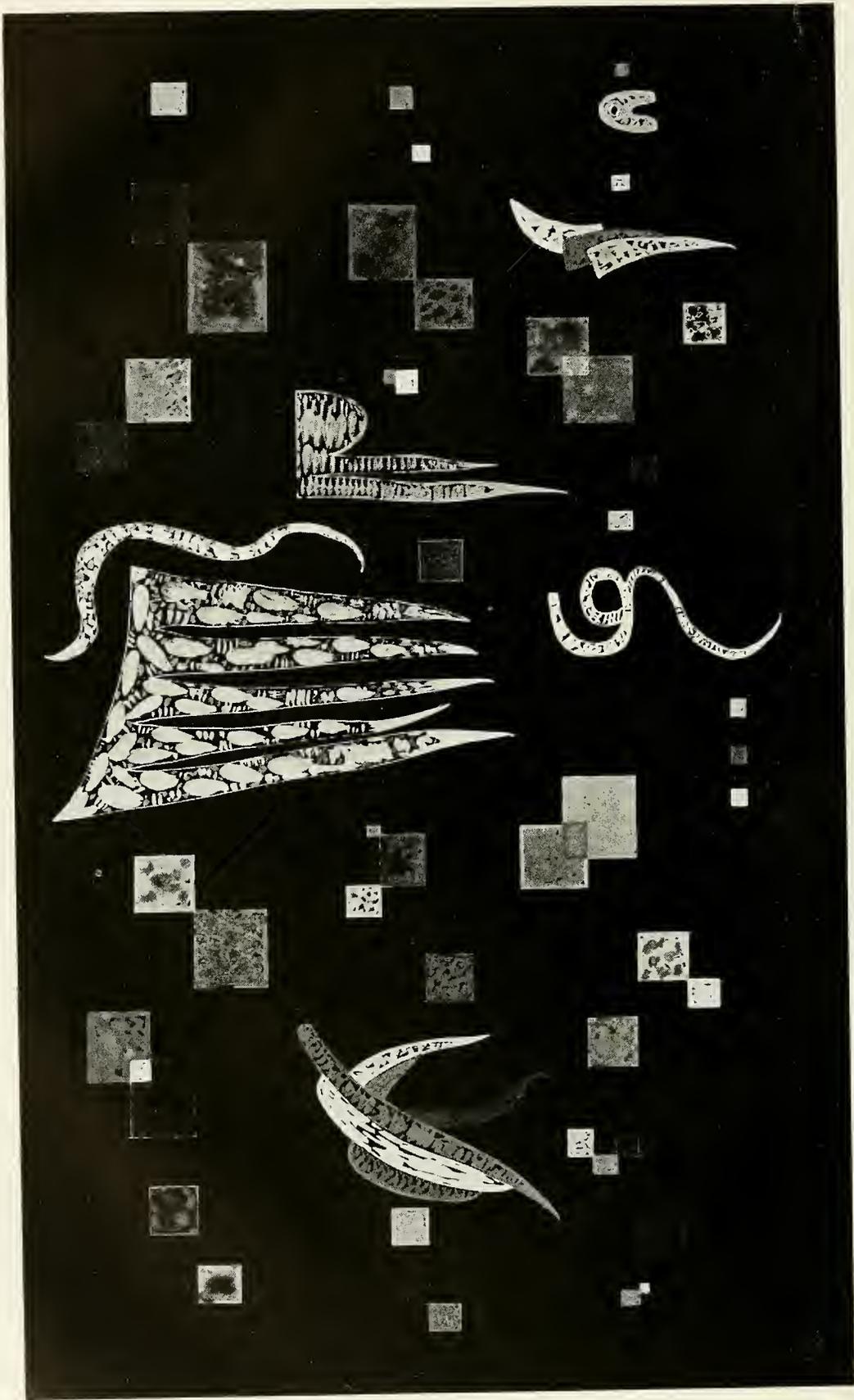






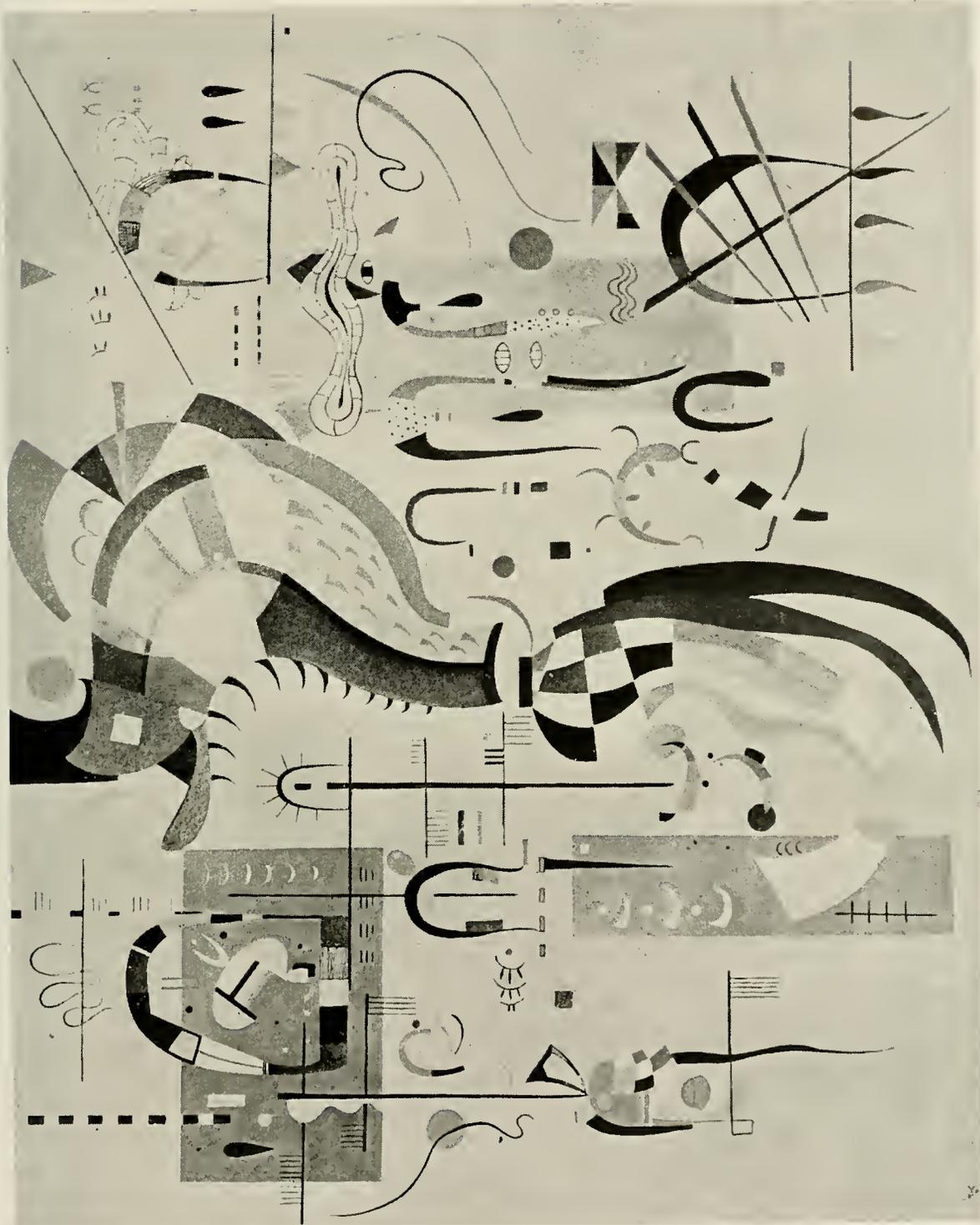






1936

HORIZONTAL VARIATION



1937

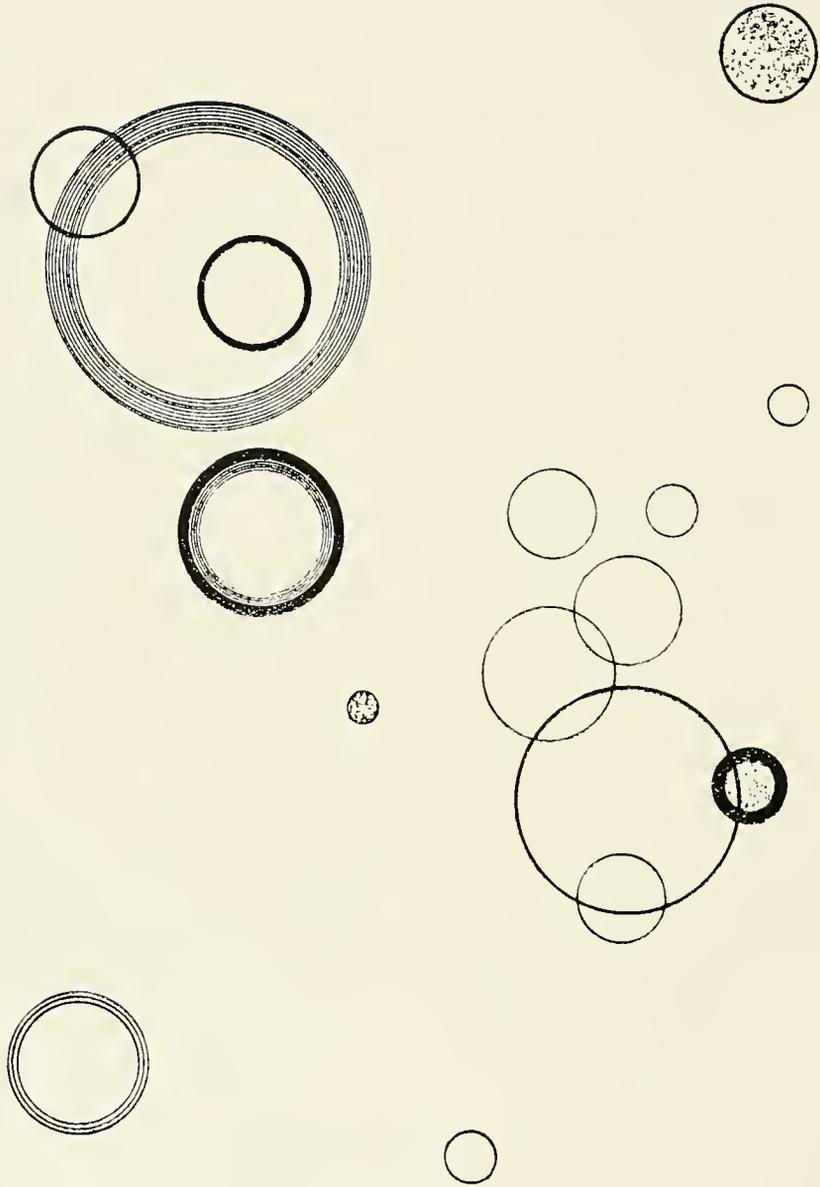
MIDDLE COMPAGNON



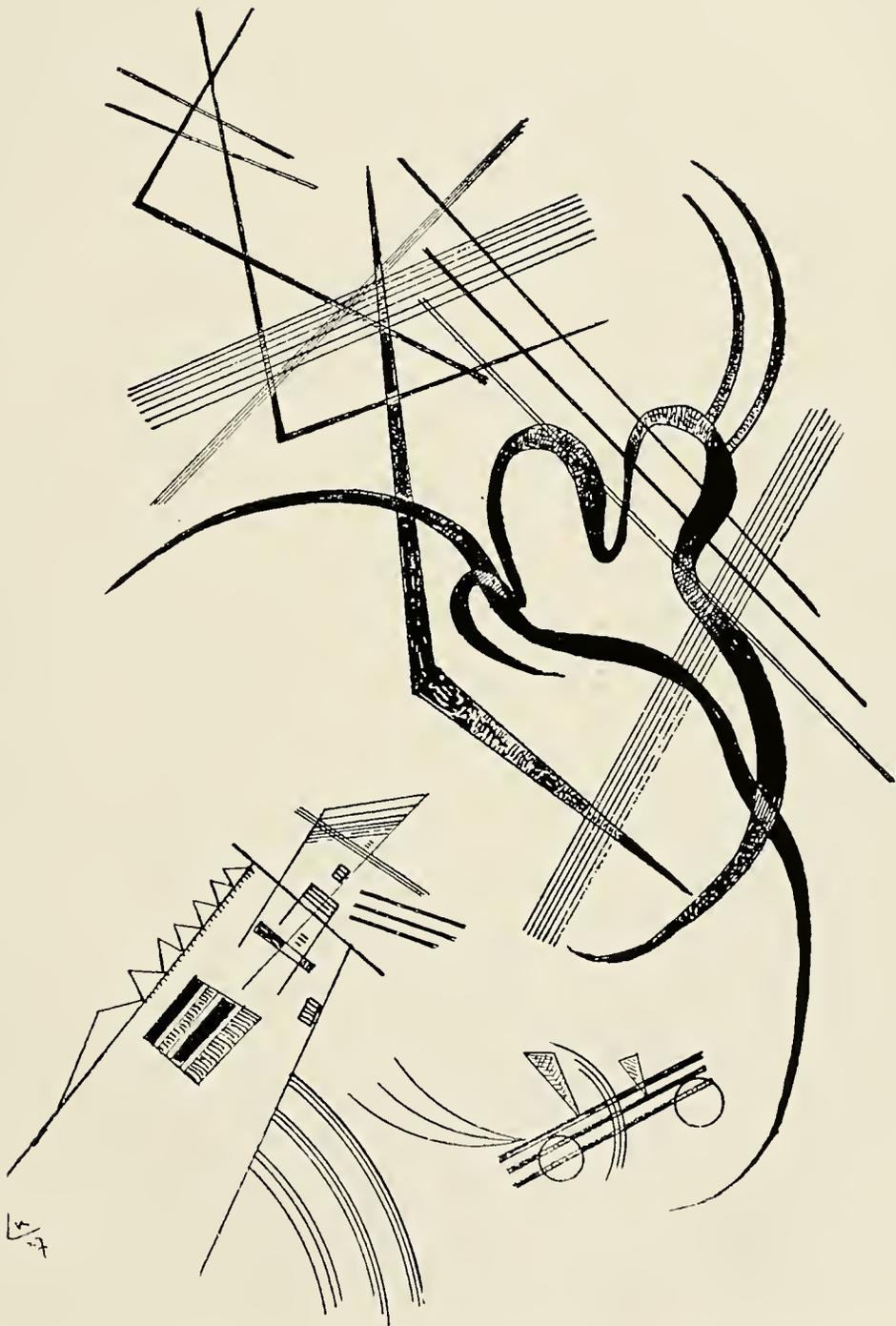


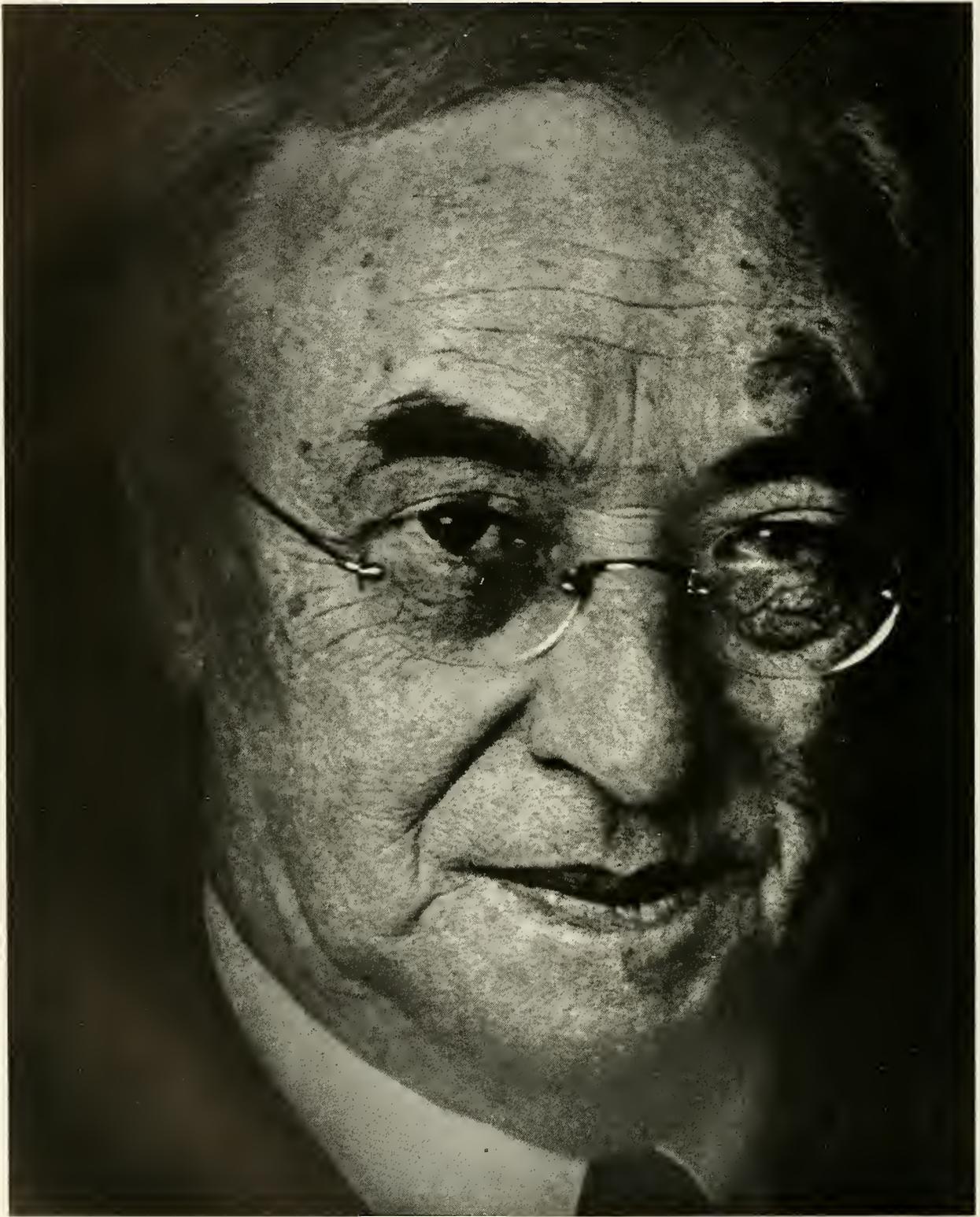
1938

LE TON CONTACTE



5/17





KANDINSKY IN 1938 IN PARIS — LAST PHOTO OF KANDINSKY

Photo by Breitenboch

TEXT ARTISTA

AUTOBIOGRAPHY BY WASSILY KANDINSKY

PUBLISHED BY THE DEPARTMENT OF PICTORIAL ART OF THE PEOPLE'S COMMISSARIAT OF EDUCATION MOSCOW, 1918

STEPS

The first colors which ever impressed me were — a light juicy-green, white, black, carmine-red and yellow ochre. These impressions first began in the third year of my life, and I would see them on many different objects that stood or passed before my eyes, but never with the vividness of the colors themselves.

Sometimes someone would cut and strip slender spirals of bark off a thin branch — first the outer layer, then the second, deeper one. These strips would become to me as little horses of three colors: a strip of brown (which I disliked and would have gladly exchanged for another color), a strip of tender green — my favourite, and which, even faded, retained much of its enchantment — and, finally, a white one, which was the naked, ivory-like core of the twig itself. When fresh, this last was strongly fragrant, so that you wanted to lick it, only to find it very, very bitter.

At the age of three, shortly before my parents took me to Italy, I remember once standing in the new apartment of my mother's parents. They were about to move in, but the whole place was still empty, devoid of furniture and people. Quite alone, I lingered in a fair-sized room, bare but for a clock hanging on the wall, and gazed with rapture at the white dial and the deep purple red of a rose that was painted on it.

My memories of Italy are spoilt by two dark impressions:

One — I am with my mother in a black carriage, crossing over a bridge that spans a stretch of drab, dirt-yellow water. I am being taken to a children's garden in Florence. Two — I am descending steps that plunge ever down to black, lack-lustre water. On it, floats a long black boat with a terrible, square black box in the middle. We are about to get into a gondola at night.

A great, unforgettable influence in my early life was my mother's eldest sister, Elizabeth Ivanovna Tikheyeva, an enlightened soul never to be forgotten by all who knew her. To her I owe the beginning of my love for music, fairy tales, and, later, Russian literature, and my appreciation and understanding of the Russian nature. One of the memories of my childhood connected with Aunt Elizabeth was a little tin horse I used to play with. It was a bay, with an ochre body and a tail and mane of yellow. And many years later, on my arrival in Munich (where I went at the age of thirty, discarding all the long work of previous years in order to study painting), I saw during the very first days, in the streets, a bay horse that was the exact counterpart of my little tin horse. It invariably

appears year after year as soon as the water-carts first make their appearance. In the winter months it mysteriously vanishes, only to reappear again next spring — it never changes, nor grows older — I think it is immortal! It has brought me a half-felt, yet clear and joyful premonition and promise. It made my little tin horse live again, and, stretching far back through the years, tied Munich and my new life forever to the memories of my childhood.

To my little toy horse I owe the feeling which was mine when I came to Munich — and, indeed, it became my second home. When I was a child I often used to speak German (my grandmother on my mother's side was German). And now, in Munich, the German fairy tales of my childhood, became once more alive. The no-longer existing, high and narrow roofs of the Promenadenplatz, now the Lenbachplatz, the old Schwabing, and, most of all, the Au, on which I happened quite by chance during one of my walks about the town — all these have transformed the old fairy tales into reality. The little blue trolley, scurrying down the streets, seemed the very spirit of fairy-lore, a vagrant puff of bright blue air that filled you with joy and lightness. The pert yellow letter-boxes perched at street corners, trilling their canary song. I rejoiced at the "Kunstmuehle" inscriptions, and it seemed to me that I was living in a town of art, and would that not be a town of faerie too? It was from these impressions that later came my mediaeval paintings.

I will always remember the time I took somebody's happy advice and made a trip to Rothenburg o.T. That was an unforgettable trip of many trains and changes. From the mighty express first, to a slower train, and then to the tiny local of a rural branch-line. Behind its long-necked little engine, with its shrill, reedy voice, it meandered along the country-side, down grass-grown tracks, the wheels rumbling and clattering sleepily. On it I met an old peasant, resplendent in his velvet vest adorned with large, silver-filigree buttons. A talkative soul, who for some strange reason, persisted in talking to me about Paris. Unfortunately, I could not understand half of what he said. It was a strange voyage, with an unreal, dream-like quality about it. It seemed to me, as if some magic power, contrary to all the laws of nature, was thrusting me farther and farther, century after century, back into the distant past.

I got off at a little station, as unreal as the train that left me there, and from there I went through some meadows and under an ancient gateway. Then came more and more gates, moats, a huddle of tall narrow houses, their heads leaning close, as if staring deep in each others' eyes. Then, at last, the massive doorway of the inn, opening directly onto the somber vastness of the dining hall, from which a dark, ponderous oaken stairway led up to the guest room.

Mine was a narrow room, with an equally tall, narrow window, beyond which stretched a frozen, unmoving sea of vividly red slanting tiles.

During my stay, the weather was constantly grey and sad. Large, round raindrops would settle on my palette. Trembling and shaking, they would pause, then suddenly stretch

towards each other, run forward and mingle into thin, agile threads that trickled hither and thither amongst my colors, or would suddenly jump down my sleeve.

Only once in the whole week, and then for not more than half an hour, did the sun break through the clouds. The sketches I made all got lost or put away, nobody knows where. Only one picture did I bring back from that trip, and that I did from memory already after my return to Munich. It is "The Ancient Town" and is filled with sunshine, while the roofs are of the most vividly flaming red I could achieve.

What I was really trying to seize in this picture was the well-remembered hour that is, and always will be, the most splendid and sublime of the whole Moscow day. It comes when the sun is already low and has reached, through the striving and expectancy of a whole day, the apex of its power. This moment is but short-lived — a few minutes later the sunshine becomes reddish in tone, as if flushed after so great an exertion. Redder and ever redder it grows, at first with a cold lustre, then warmer-toned and darkening. It fuses all Moscow into one solid piece, resounding to a single mighty note that shakes your very soul with its power.

But the beauty of that hour lies not in the all-embracing burst of scarlet alone. This is but the final chord of a symphony which carries to its utmost pitch the essence of each tone and to which all Moscow responds like the 'fortissimo' of a gigantic orchestra. Houses — rose, lilac, white, azure, blue, flame-red, pistachio-hued; churches — each alive like a separate bright song; the green madness of the grass, the murmurous humming of trees; and, in winter, the thousand-voiced song of the snow; the brisk allegretto of bare branches; the hard-red, unshakable and silent ring of the Kremlin Walls; and over all, soaring like a triumphant and unearthly hallelujah, the slender-white, gracefully-devout and serious bell-tower of Ivan the Great. And crowning the long white neck, stretched heaven-wards as if in eternal yearning, the resplendent golden head — the very sun of Moscow — amidst the crowding stars, multi-hued, gold and silver. To paint this scene appeared to me in my youth as the highest and most unachievable happiness for an artist.

Every sunny day I saw this scene repeat itself. It brought me infinite deep joy and yet, at the same time, tormented me — for art in general, and my own gifts in particular, seemed very puny indeed, when confronted with the mighty power and beauty of nature.

Many years were to pass before I reached, both intuitively and intellectually, the simple solution — that the goal, the aims of nature (and, therefore, also the means at her disposal) are essentially and basically different from those of art. Also that both are equally great and, therefore, equally strong.

This solution — so simple and naturally admirable — now guides my work. It has freed me forever from the many tormenting doubts that had long possessed me. Freed of these, my joy in art and nature both, could rise within me unshackled to ever new and splendid heights.

To this joy was added a feeling of intense gratitude — for I could now envisage new worlds and wider horizons. All things previously despised quivered and suddenly came to life. All things were revealed to me: not only the oft sung flowers and woods, the stars and the moon, but many, many more — a cigarette-butt, stiff and frozen on an ash-tray, the blankly patient, round button peeping from a puddle, the unresisting sliver of bark, carried through the grass in the strong jaws of the ant, the leaf of a wall calendar, awaiting the unsparing hand that will yank it from amongst its fellow-leaves. All these opened to me their inner essence and image, their secret meaning, which are mostly silent and unobserved.

This new understanding was sufficient to make me grasp fully, with my whole being, the meaning, the possibilities and the reality of the art which is now called "non-objective" to distinguish it from the "objective."

But in my far-off, student days, when I could only devote my free hours to the pursuit of art, I strove mightily after the seemingly unattainable aim of reproducing on the canvas the — what I then called — "Choir of Colors" which nature had so painfully thrust into my very soul. I tried desperately to capture its inner note, the very essence of it — but all in vain.

Furthermore, at that time, my soul was continuously stirred by other, purely human happenings and tribulations, so that, in the end, I was in a state of constant tension and had but few moments of inner calm. For this was the time of the creation of an all-student organization, which aimed to unite the students of every Russian University, and, later, those of all the Western European Universities. The struggle against the devious and brutal statute of 1885 went on unceasingly. The "disorders," the crimes committed against the old Moscow traditions of Freedom, the suppression of many organizations long in existence, were accompanied by underground rumblings of political movements, the growing restlessness of the student body and a further development of their initiative.* All these things strongly affected me, sharpening my sensibilities, filling me with new emotions and impressions.

*) Initiative or personal activity is one of the most valuable sides of life (unfortunately, all too seldom cultivated), compressed and hardened into a definite shape. Every action, personal or cooperative, is rich in possibilities and is of consequence, because it is capable of shaking the power of vital and established forms (regardless if it brings with it any "practical" results or not). It encourages criticism of the habitual, which through its dull routine makes the human soul increasingly stolid, inelastic and motionless and is the cause of the "stupidity" of the masses, about which more emancipated souls are so apt to complain. Special artistic corporations of an extremely flexible nature should be created, such as could adapt themselves more easily to new requirements, and not be guided, as it had been in the past, by a rigid adherence to "precedent." Every such organization, while considered merely as a step in the direction of greater freedom, as an unavoidable link, should, nevertheless, be provided with enough flexibility not to be in danger of becoming an obstacle in the path of further development. Unfortunately up to now, I can think of no corporation or artistic society, which did not become in the shortest possible time, a force against art, instead of for it.

Luckily, politics did not engross me entirely. Other and various interests and occupations enabled me to exercise that necessary aptitude of absorbing myself into that subtly-material sphere, which is known as the sphere of the "non-objective."

Besides my chosen subject — Political Economy, which I studied under the guidance of that highly talented scholar, and most unique of men, Professor A. I. Chouproff — I was at various times, and often simultaneously, interested in various subjects. Roman Law, which while delighting me by its consciously polished "construction," could not fully satisfy my Slavic soul by its all too coldly rational, schematic and unflexible logic; Criminal Law (in which the new theory of Lombroso challenged me ever more); the history of Russian law; the admirable Common Law, which I learned to cherish as the opposite of the Roman Law and which gave a freer and happy solution to the application of the law;* and, finally, ethnography, closely related to the above sciences, and a key to the inner depths of the people's soul.

I have dearly loved all those sciences and I look back with true gratitude to the many hours of inspired absorption, of genuine exaltation, which I then experienced.

But all this pales when compared with the first touch and revelation of art. It alone could lead me beyond the limits of time and space, and certainly no scientific studies could ever give me similar experiences of spiritual and creative ecstasy.

But in those early days, my artistic powers seemed to me too weak and insignificant to entitle me to abandon my other studies and lead the life of an artist — a life which then appeared to me as one of unbridled happiness. And at that time, when the Russian Social picture was particularly somber, my studies were appreciated by many, and I decided to train for a scientist.

In the subject of my choice — Political Economy, I was, beside the Workers' Question, very much interested in the field of Non-objective Thought. The practical side of Political Economy, dealing with money, finance and banking systems, repelled me intensely. But, nevertheless, it was necessary to consider also that side of the question.

It was around that time, that two events took place, both of which were to influence me strongly in my future life. The first was the exhibition of French Impressionists that was held in Moscow, one of the pictures being "The Stack of Hay" by Claude Monet. The second was the production of Wagner's "Lohengrin" at the Grand Theatre.

Up to this time I was familiar with the realistic school of painting, and — at that — chiefly

*) It is with sincere gratitude, that I remember the warm and genuine help given me by Professor F. N. Philippoff, who first introduced me to the principle in law "according to the man," which was taken by the Russian people as a basis for the qualification of delinquency and which was adopted by the Rural Courts. According to this principle, the basis for the verdict is not sought for in the official, physical action of the crime alone, but also in the quality of inner motivation, arising in the soul and spirit of the accused.

How close this comes to the very foundations of art!

with the work of the Russian Painters. As a child, I was much impressed by the famous picture "They did not wait" and a few years later I had repeatedly studied the hand of Franz Liszt in Repine's picture. I have many times copied from memory Polenoff's "Christ," been enchanted by "The Oar" by Levitan and by many others of the same kind.

And then suddenly, for the first time in my life, I found myself looking at a real painting. It seemed to me, that, without a catalogue in my hand, it would have been impossible to recognize what the painting was meant to represent. This irked me, and I kept thinking that no artist has the right to paint in such a manner. But at the same time, and to my surprise and confusion, I discovered that it captivated and troubled me, imprinting itself indelibly on my mind and memory down to its smallest detail. But, on the whole, I could make neither head nor tail of it, and was, therefore, quite incapable of arriving at the conclusions which later appeared so simple.

But what did become clear to me, was the previously unimagined, unrevealed and all-surpassing power of the palette. Painting showed itself to me in all its fantasy and enchantment. And deep inside of me, there was born the first faint doubt as to the importance of an "object" as the necessary element in a painting. But on the whole, I felt that at last, a part of my Moscow of the fairy tales was taking shape and living on canvas.*

It was in "Lohengrin"*** that I felt the supreme incarnation and interpretation of this vision through music. The violins, deep basses and, most of all, the wind instruments, created for me the full image and power of the evening hour.

I could see all my colors, as they came to life before my eyes. Madly, in raging profusion, they drew themselves in my mind. I did not dare admit to myself that Wagner has musically drawn "my hour." But it became totally clear to me that art in general possessed a far greater power than I ever had imagined. I also realized that painting possesses the same power as music. It was then that the impossibility to devote myself to the seeking of these powers became an ever greater torment. The temptation to do so was overwhelming, and I must admit that I did not always have the will-power and strength of character to subordinate my wishes to the call of duty. I did not in this case, and finally succumbed. And just then, one of the most formidable obstacles on the way to the reali-

*) The "problem of light and air," which had so occupied the impressionists did not interest me overmuch. I have always thought that all the clever talk on this subject has but little to do with art itself. Later I was to give much more importance to the theory of the neoimpressionists which ultimately concerned itself with the effect of color and ignored the subject of air. Yet all the time I was aware, dimly at first, and, later more consciously, that any theory based on external means — and most theories are — presents but one particular instance among many others. And still later I was to understand that everything external, not springing from an inner source, cannot be otherwise than still-born and devoid of life.

***) It was only later that I realized the sweet sentimentality of this weakest of Wagner's operas. It was his "Tristan" and "The Ring" that were for many years to captivate my critical faculty with their power and primitive urges. I developed this objectively in my article "On Scenic Composition," printed for the first time in German in 1913 (in "Der Blaue Reiter," published by R. Piper in Munich).

zation of my wishes, crumbled and vanished by itself, all thanks to a purely scientific event. This was the disintegration of the atom.

This discovery struck me with terrific impact, comparable to that of the end of the world. In the twinkling of an eye, the mighty arches of science lay shattered before me. All things became flimsy, with no strength or certainty. I would hardly have been surprised, if the stones would have risen in the air and disappeared. To me, science had been destroyed. In its place — a mere delusion, guesswork by the scientists, who, instead of erecting, stone by stone, a divine and unshakable edifice, had — or so it then seemed to me — gropingly, as if in the dark, fumbled for the scientific verities, often — in their blindness — mistaking one thing for another.

Even far back in my childhood I had experienced at intervals those achingly happy and tormenting hours of intense feeling and deep inner turmoil, filled with a craving, a yearning for something still undefined and wondrous. These hours brought a profound emotion, so that by day I would feel my heart squeezed within me, my whole being a prey to anxiety and restlessness; by night, I would often find myself in a dream-like world, fantastic, beautiful and terrible. As far back as I can remember, drawing, and later painting, would lead me away from reality into timeless and limitless space, where I would forget the world and even myself. My father soon became aware of this and engaged a drawing master for me. My first art materials made a mighty impression on me — the colors, brushes and pencils, my first porcelain palette and, later, the chinks and charcoals wrapped in silver paper — all these were fascinating, lovely and strange. The smell of turpentine, so enticing, so exciting, yet so prim and severe, even now arouses the most lyrical mood in me, strangely blended with the feeling of hard work and responsibility. Many of the lessons and my early mistakes have not been forgotten and are still very much alive in me to-day. It is to my father* that I owe the early experience in art.

Once, as a child, I was busy painting a bay horse in water-colors. I had worked at it for quite some time and everything was finished except the hoofs. My aunt, who had been helping me, and now had to leave for a short while, advised me not to touch them until her return. Obediently at first, I stood gazing at my uncompleted horse and trying to keep my hands away from the paint-box. And yet it seemed so easy. Temptation grew and grew . . . And won. Snatching up a brush, I loaded it generously with black paint. The next instant, my horse's feet sported horrible dark blobs that filled me with loathing. Later, I came to understand the impressionists' fear of black, and, even in much later years, I always had to struggle with myself before I ventured to use a pure black on

*) All my life my father had been remarkably patient to my many whims and ever-changing interests. He did everything to encourage an independent spirit in me — when I was only ten, for example, he let me choose between a classical or natural science school. He was unfailingly generous to me in money matters, and, even when I grew up, for many years helped to pay my expenses. More like a brother and a contemporary in his attitude, he was always supremely understanding, and even in matters of major importance, never tried to influence or coerce me.

canvas. All my life, pure black and white paints have aroused in me strong and totally opposite emotions.

During my student days, two things made a great impression on me. So strong, in fact, as to affect me for many years to come. These were — the Rembrandt in the Ermitage Museum in Petersburg, and my journey to the Government of Wologda on behalf of the Moscow Society of Natural Sciences, Anthropology and Ethnography. My aim on this last occasion was a double one: the study of the origin, uses and application of Criminal Law amongst the Russian population (research of Primitive law): and research of survivals and remnants of pagan religion and beliefs amongst the Zyrians, a moribund tribe of hunters and fishermen.

The impression made on me by Rembrandt was very strong. What amazed me, was his basic division of light and dark into two major, separate parts; the dissolving of the tones of the second category in them, their subsequent and perfect fusion, which produced a far-carrying double vibration (reminiscent of Wagner's horns).

New possibilities opened up before me — the super-human power of colors, and, most of all, the heightening of this power through juxtaposition, as following the principle of opposites.

There would be nothing "supernatural" about the separate color surfaces — they were merely the paints transferred to a canvas. But when opposed — each acquired an indescribable "supernatural" quality that was far removed from the mere essence of color.

It has never been in my nature to accept a process, manner or technique from others. Their paintings may please me, often enchant me, but I could never imitate nor copy them. They have always been foreign to me through their own individual nature. On the other hand I could feel that this tone division in Rembrandt's work gave his paintings a quality I had not met before in other painters; a quality at once lasting and lingering, producing the necessity to slowly absorb each part and separate surface of the painting. Gradually I came to understand that this tonal division claims for art a seemingly impossible element — the element of time. I realized gradually that this technique is, in fact, the simplest application of the time element to art.

In the pictures I painted 12-15 years ago in Munich I tried to make use of this element. I only did three or four such paintings, and in each I tried to introduce, as an integral part of it, and starting from the first impression, an "infinite" succession of "hidden"* color tones. These (the dark ones particularly) should be, at first, hidden from the spectator, only to gradually reveal themselves. This revelation would come slowly, dimly and, as it was, stealthily in the beginning, but would gain ever greater impetus, growing and increasing, finally to achieve a mighty, breath-taking diapason.

*) To this time dates my habit of writing down the chance thoughts that occurred to me. In this manner, unnoticed by me and as if by itself, there came into being a book — "*On the Spiritual in Art.*" Here

(over)

And then, suddenly, and much to my amazement and consternation, I realized that all this time I had been using Rembrandt's principle. Bitter and sad disillusionment, morbid doubts as to my own powers, and, most of all, my own ways of expression, then assailed me.

At that time, I was working very strenuously, often until late at night, and to the point of dizziness. The rare days when I was unable to work seemed to me lost, irresponsibly and witlessly squandered. Weather permitting, I would sketch in the old Schwabing, at that time not yet completely absorbed by the town.

On days when my studio work and ventures in composition disappointed me, I would sketch passionately and with abandon. When I tackled the landscapes, it was with a feeling of advancing in battle against a foe. A foe, I may add, that usually, and in the end, gained the upper hand, for it was rare that my sketches satisfied me completely, even if, once in a while, I did try to squeeze a painting out of them.

But however exciting these wanderings with a sketch-pad in my hand and a hunter's joy in my heart, more important and serious were my ventures in painting, which even then, sometimes consciously, sometimes unconsciously, dealt chiefly with composition.

Composition — the word itself used to arouse in me a deep inner vibration. To draw a composition later became the chief aim of my life. They would arise before me in my reveries — visions, gossamer and intangible, sometimes terrifying in their audacity. Sometimes, in my dreams, I would see complete paintings, finished and perfect, but, alas, only the vaguest detail, a mere trace, would remain on awakening. Once when I was sick with typhoid fever, I was visited by a visionary painting of quite extraordinary clarity and perfection. But the fever once gone, that vanished with the rest.

In the course of a few years I painted the "Arrival of the Merchants," "The Multi-Colored Life," and, later, "Composition No. 2." In the latter, I succeeded in expressing the essence of my fever-inspired vision, but this I only recently realized.

From the very beginning, the word "composition" had for me the same sound and implications as the word "palette." It filled me with reverence and to this day I often grieve at the frivolity with which some people treat this matter.

When sketching, I would give my will free rein and let myself follow the many whims and fancies of my inner promptings. With the spatula I would lay on the colors in broad

were my thoughts accumulated over a period of ten years. One of the first thoughts about the beauty of color was as follows: — "The pictorial loveliness of a painting should attract the spectator, but, at the same time, conceal the inner, hidden content." By this I meant the pictorial content, but not in its pure form, as I understand it now. Rather the feeling, or feelings, of the artist, expressed by him in the painting. At that time I was still under the illusion, that the spectator approaches a picture with an open mind and soul, seeking in it something close and personal to him. Such spectators do actually exist, but they are extremely rare. There are even such spectators, who surrender themselves completely to a painting and absorb from it independently whether it is spiritually related to them or not.

slaps and dashes, worrying but little about the exact detail or form of the object, but stressing the tonality and expression of the individual colors. Loud and insistent would rise in me the memory of Moscow in the unspeakable beauty of the early evening hour, and before my eyes, tremendous, lovely and deeply resounding, there would unfold the full scale of mighty colors that is Munich.

But often, on my return home, profound disillusionment would set in. My colors would seem to me paltry and insignificant, and the whole sketch nothing but a bad nature-copy.

It always astonished me to hear people say that I exaggerated the natural colors and that this made my work incomprehensible, with my only salvation lying in the study of "tone refraction." For this was the time of the great enthusiasm for the drawings of Carriere and the paintings of Whistler. Often doubting my own "understanding" of art, I time-and-again tried to force myself into liking these artists' work. But every time, the tenuous, somehow morbid quality, the sweetish impotency of that style, repelled me anew. I would go back to my vision of tonal richness, fullness, the "Choir of Colors," and many problems of composition. The Munich critics, who, in the beginning particularly, viewed my work favourably, would explain my preoccupation with color by the Byzantine influence. Even now, many critics are wont to prefer and praise my early pictures, which in my opinion, is but a fine proof of those pictures' weakness. In my later, and most of all, in my latest paintings, they discover errors, general deterioration, a "blind alley," and even wilful deceit, which, to me, indicates only a growing and developing power. As the years pass and my experience grows, I become more and more indifferent to such appraisals. The occasional paeans which escape the critics now and then, and ever more frequently — can no longer thrill me as they did in my early years. The newspaper and magazine critics do not so much influence the public opinion, as are influenced by it. And this opinion reaches the artist's ears sooner than it does the newspaper columns. I even think that this very opinion can be guessed by the artist, before it actually comes into existence. And, in whatever direction the public, and following it, the critics, may err — repeatedly and at length — I think that the mature artist is generally well aware of the exact and true value of his work. What should horrify him is, in fact, not the lack of superficial appreciation, as too much of it.

In that regard, I could never complain of the Russian critics, who, practically without exception, abused me roundly and unfailingly. In their opinion I was either trying to saddle Russian art with outmoded Western-European values in a diluted form, or succumbing to the evil wiles of the Munich influence. It was then, that I first realized the frivolity, ignorance and downright gall of many of the art-critics. I think that this explains why intelligent artists are so indifferent to even the most ferocious critical assaults.

My preoccupation with the "hidden" and "concealed" values helped me to escape the bad side of native and rustic art, with which I first came in contact in its natural surroundings during my trip to the Government of Wologda.

it was with the feeling of starting out for some other planet, that I boarded the train that was to take me to Wologda. From there I continued by steamer down the calm, deep-flowing waters of the Soukhona. At Oussyssolsk I hired a carriage — a cross between a coach and a cart — and was soon in the midst of forests and fields that stretched endlessly on every side. Bumping — often painfully — over the uneven stone roads, we made our leisurely way over wooded hills and along the low-lands, skirting frequent patches of swamp-land. Travelling alone, I had plenty of time to meditate on many things, including myself, and absorb myself in the surrounding countryside.

The days were burning hot, but at night, it often became intensely cold, so that even my great sheepskin coat, felt high-boots and a warm Zyrian cap, presented to me during the trip by N. A. Ivanitzky, were not enough to keep me warm. I gratefully remember the coachman, who used to cover me up in the blanket, when, falling asleep, I used to let it slip off my knees.

We passed through many villages. In some, the inhabitants were universally grey-yellow in color, having grey-yellow faces and hair, and being garbed from head to foot in clothes of an equally grey-yellow hue. In other places, the natives were strikingly white, with ruddy cheeks and black hair. These were dressed in so vivid and colorful a manner, as to resemble two-footed, ambulating paintings.

I well remember some of the peasant houses — two-storied and ornate — with the inevitable, brightly polished and shining samovar in the parlor window. Incidentally, in this part of the world, a samovar was far more than an object of luxury, and was, indeed, of the very first necessity. For in certain districts, the two major items of native diet were — tea (Ivan-tchai), and a certain tough and unchewable oat-bread. It was as hard to digest as it was to masticate, with the result that the population went about with chronically swollen and distended stomachs.

It was while travelling in these unusual, far-away places, that I first became aware of a certain phenomenon, a miraculous realization that was to play an important part in my future work. Here I first learned not to look at a picture only from the outside, but to "enter" it, to move around in it, and mingle with its very life. It happened to me on entering a certain room, and I still remember how I stood spell-bound on the threshold, gazing in. Before me stood a table, benches, a vast and magnificent stove. The cupboards and

*) The gracious and generous "Hermit of Kadnikoff" also Secretary of the Rural Administration — he found no appreciation in Russia, though well known in Germany as a botanist, zoologist and the author of several serious Ethnological studies. Amongst other things, he devoted much time to organizing the local industry in peasant horn articles. In this way, he succeeded in rescuing it from the clutches of the rapacious middlemen. Some time later he was offered a lucrative position in Moscow, but refused it, not having the heart to abandon his — at first glance — so modest, and, yet, so important work. During this trip I had the occasion to meet many solitary and deeply devoted workers of future Russia, content to remain in the obscurity of their humble surroundings. Not least amongst them were the village priests, who deserve the very highest praise.

dressers were alive with multi-colored and sprawling decoration. All over the walls hung peasant prints, telling vividly of battles, of a legendary knight-at-arms, of a song, rendered in colors. One corner was rich with dark-gleaming icons, in front of which, devoutly and whisperingly humble, yet proud, mysterious and star-like, warmly glimmered a hanging image-lamp. When I finally crossed the threshold, it was like entering into a painting and becoming a part of it. This sensation had visited me before in some of the Moscow churches, most of all in the Uspensky cathedral and the church of Basil the Blessed, but it had been subconscious and undefined. Now, for the first time, I fully realized it. On my return to Moscow I experienced it again, this time fully, in many of the much-ornamented churches, and later still, was to feel it anew, with the variations imposed by the difference in style and architecture, in Tyrolese and Bavarian chapels.

Many times I used to paint these ornamented church scenes, not going into any detail, but applying the colors with such force, that everything was submerged by their vivid pattern. In this and many other ways I strived to capture my inner impressions, to define and incorporate them in my art. And for quite a few years I strove mightily to find the means, the medium to draw the spectator into the painting itself, so that he would mingle with it and become part of it. Sometimes I would succeed, for I could judge by the expression of the face of those standing before the painting.

Using the tendency of a painted object to lose much of its form and identity to the general composition of a picture, I gradually acquired the gift of no longer noticing the given object, or, at least, of overlooking it. Much later, in Munich, I was once deeply enchanted by an unexpected sight that met my eye on returning to the studio. Twilight was drawing in. I was returning, immersed in thought, from my sketching, when, on opening the studio door, I was suddenly confronted by a picture of indescribable and incandescent loveliness. Bewildered I stopped; staring at it. The painting lacked all subject, depicted no identifiable object and was entirely composed of bright color-patches. Finally I approached closer and, only then, recognized it for what it really was — my own painting, standing on its side on the easel.

My attempts, the next day, to evoke the same effects by daylight, were not wholly successful. Even with the painting again on its side, I could still, easily discern the various objects depicted in it. The still, lack-lustre gloss of twilight was also missing. But one thing became very clear to me — that objectiveness, the depiction of objects, need no place in my paintings, and was indeed harmful to them.

The intense gravity and responsibility of such a decision raised many important questions. Most important of all — if all objectivity be discarded, what was to take its place? I well knew the dangers of over-ornamentation, and the pseudo-life of styled forms was repellent to me.

Many a time since then, I have tried to close my eyes to these all-important questions, for it has seemed to me that they were pushing me along a dangerous path. And it has only

been after many years of intense work, and through an ever clearer succession of new, often unconscious or semi-conscious, but always more realized emotions, that I have finally arrived, through a heightened faculty for inner expression, to the pure and non-objective artistic forms that now govern my work, and to which I hope to give an ever more perfect shape. It has, indeed, taken me a long time to answer that question — What must take the place of the pictorial object in a painting?

Often, on looking back, I despair at the long succession of years that it took me to reach a true decision and course. There is but one consolation — and that is my lifelong inability to apply to my art such forms as arose in me through logical thought or feeling. As far as I can look back, all and any forms I have ever used, came to me, as it were, by themselves. They either appeared before my eyes, complete and ready to be copied, or would form themselves gradually, during the hours of work. Sometimes they would prove obstinate, and then I would have to wait patiently, often with fear in my heart, until such times as they chose to reveal themselves to me.

These inner revelations cannot be described. They are mysterious and are born of many hidden reasons. Their approach is heralded by, as it were, a ripple on the soul's surface, an increasing undefined turmoil, a tautening and intensifying of some deep-set force. They stay, sometimes for an instant, sometimes for days at a stretch. I think that this visionary birth must closely resemble the conception and bearing of man. Maybe firmaments are born in a like manner.

But these "moments of exaltation" are very diverse — both as to quality and degree of tension. Experience alone can teach their correct use. In order to direct these forces I had to train myself in complete self-control and not to surrender blindly to my feelings. In time I realized that work does not benefit from feverishly beating heart, contraction of the chest (accompanied by a corresponding pain in the ribs), and general tension of the entire body. After such exalted moments, during which one's analytical control disappears completely, there follows a period of deep emotional lassitude. For they can last, because of their very intensity, for only a short while, sufficing but for some short work — a sketch, or, what I call, an "improvisation," but do not last the span of a longer creative period, which requires an evenly sustained pitch of inner emotional uplift, sometimes lasting for days. A horse may carry its rider with magnificent impetus, but it is the latter who must direct their course. Likewise, a painter must guide the talent that sweeps him along the road of creation. And even if he is capable of calling forth rare, fragmentary moments of self-willed exaltation, it is, nevertheless, given him to qualify its character, as also of those that arise in him independently of his will. Long experience teaches one how to suppress when necessary these moments, and keep them in abeyance, but alive, until a later time.

*) The much discussed nervous exaltation, inherited from the 19th century, and which has produced at various times many fine, if never great, works in different fields of art, is gradually disappearing from the scene. It appears to me, that the age of inner certainty and spiritual knowledge is drawing ever closer. It is these alone that can give all artists that necessary, steady and balanced uplift which is essential to all works of great inner complexity and depth.

But, naturally, no certain calculation is here possible. Nevertheless, experience and knowledge in this matter are some of the elements of "consciousness" and "calculation" in work. Undoubtedly, an artist should possess deep and detailed knowledge of his own talent, and, like a good merchant, should not allow any part of it to be wasted or run to seed. Every particle should be cared for, sharpened and polished, and used to the limit of such capacity as has been allowed him.

This constant perfecting and utmost employment of one's talent, requires a considerable amount of concentration, which can be harmful in other ways. This I have experienced on myself. Since my childhood I have never possessed what is called a good memory — I could never remember figures, names or even rhymes. The multiplication table proved a major torture, not only for me, but also for my unfortunate teacher. As I never succeeded in overcoming this failing, I finally abandoned all attempts to acquire such knowledge. But in my younger days, when educational pressure could still be applied to me, my only salvation lay in visual memory. Thanks to it, I could, even at an early age, list — to the extent of my technical knowledge — the colors contained in some painting seen previously. Later, the land-scapes painted from memory, sometimes succeeded better than those copied directly from nature. From memory I painted "The Old Town," and, afterwards, the series of German, Dutch and Arab tempera drawings.

But quite suddenly, a few years ago, I became aware of a noticeable weakening of this faculty, and soon realized that this was happening because the forces necessary for constant observation were now, in consequence of an ever increasing power of concentration, being directed into other channels, which had become more important to me. So great indeed, was this newly developed faculty for concentration, that I often found myself not even noticing, but simply passing by, many scenes and objects that would have unfailingly impressed themselves on my memory before.

As far as I know, this faculty of concentration was always in me, previously dormant and inactive, but biding its time and ever present. Then, at the proper moment of my artistic growth, it came to the surface.

At the age of thirteen or fourteen, I was, at last, able to buy myself, out of my savings, a box of oil paints. And to the present day I can still feel the emotion that I experienced on first seeing the fresh paint coming out of the tube.

You just had to press lightly with your fingers — and out they came — those strange, mysterious beings we call paints. Thoughtful, all-engrossing, grave and serious, yet brightly, bubblingly mischievous. With a sigh, as if of relief, musical and sorrowful, haughty and strongly tenacious; intense, infinitely self-possessed; gliding in tenuous and precarious equilibrium. Beings self-contained, independent, endowed with all the attributes of an individual existence, yet, when united in numberless combinations, ready to form a vast array of new universes.

Some of them lie prostrate, tired and weak — dead shapes with but the living memory of unfulfilled possibilities, while from the tubes hurry ever new reserves, fresh and strong, to take their place. And in the center of the palette, a special world of paints — already used, mingled, and sent into action to be reborn in many intricate patterns on canvasses far and wide. A strange world that came into existence, independently of the painter's volition, through accidental causes and the strange play of forces unknown and unpredictable.

I owe much to these forces. They have taught me much that no master could have taught me. Often and for hours on end, I would contemplate them with awe. At times I could imagine that the brush, magically transforming those strange beings — paints — into colors, was endowed with a musical quality all its own. The colors, fusing, would hiss gently and I experienced all the mysterious enchantment that surely pervaded the dim laboratories of ancient alchemists.

I have heard that a famous painter (I do not remember exactly who) once said — "When you paint, you should give half a glance to the palette, one to the canvas and ten to nature." Though very prettily expressed, I personally, would put it somewhat differently. To me, the right equation should be — ten glances at canvas, to one at the palette, to half a glance at nature if at all —

It was thus that I learned to combat the stubborn hostility of a canvas, and, finally, to force it into submission. I learned to ignore the persistent white and inimic blankness of the untouched canvas, and see, instead, the tones and colors that are to take its place. In this way — slowly and gradually — I came to learn sometimes one thing, sometimes another.

Painting is the vast, thunderous clash of many worlds, destined, through a mighty struggle, to erupt into a totally new world, which is creation. And the Birth of a creation is much akin to that of the Cosmos. There is the same vast and cataclysmic quality belonging to that mighty symphony — the Music of the Spheres.

The impression of colors strewn over the palette: of colors — alive, waiting, as yet unseen and hidden in their little tubes — all this acquired for me an inner spiritual life and meaning.

These impressions helped to crystallize the thought and ideas which had lain in me for the last fifteen years. I used to jot them down as they came to me, but only later noticed the connection between them all. Ever more strongly I realized that the center of gravity in art did not lie in its "formal expression," but in the inner impulse (subject) that dominates the former. It was not easy to renounce the habitual attitude towards the predomi-

*) The long Russian word for creation — *proisvedenie*, so different from its shorter counterparts in English, French and German, expresses for me the whole history and process of creation — lengthy, mysterious, infinitely complex and foreshadowed by divine predestination.

nant importance of style, epoch and formal theories, and to admit to myself that the quality in a work of art depended not on the formal spirit of an epoch, not on the exact conformation to some presumably infallible set of rules, but on the quality and force of the inner impulse of the painter and the degree and quality of his chosen — and personally, to him, important — forms. It became clear to me that the "Spirit of the Age" in regard to questions of artistic forms, is invariably created by those high-sounding painters, those "personalities" in the world of art, who succeed, not only in persuading the more superficially gifted of their contemporaries, but also generations of painters to come.

One more step in my artistic development, a step that took me a grievously long time to achieve, was the conclusion that the essential meaning of art can be realized only on the basis of an inner necessity, urgent and powerful enough to capsize all the existing theoretical laws and boundaries.

It is the spirit that rules over matter, and not the other way around. The inexperienced eye is easily fascinated, but this enchantment soon ends, and the soul, swiftly undeceived, turns away.

This yardstick which I offer has one weakness — it cannot be proven. Especially to those who lack the active, creative and even passive inner qualities: to those that are destined to remain on the surface and are incapable of penetrating to the inner depth of the subject. But history, which in its inexorable course, divides the grain from the chaff, will be the last, incorruptible judge in this matter.*

Thus it came about, that gradually, step by step, the world of art separated itself in me from the world of nature, both acquiring an independent, mutually unrelated existence. And here there comes to my memory an episode of the past which became the source of much torment to me.

I had arrived at Munich, leaving Moscow and, as I thought, all uncongenial and compulsory toil, behind me. Stretching before me, I could see the joyous prospect of dedicating myself to the work of my choice. But I soon discovered the limitations of my new-found freedom, for I found myself burdened with a novel, if only temporary, duty — that of working off a model.

*) In our contemporaries there still remains the deep-rooted belief in the principle "l'art pour l'art" in its most superficial interpretation. They are still so possessed by the "how" in art, that they are able to believe that current affirmation — "nature is only a pretext for art, but does not exist in it."

Only the ingrained habit of superficiality could to such an extent stifle the soul as to make it deaf to the voice of some — even secondary — elements in a work. It seems to me that, owing to the already visible change, the deep and inner upheaval that is a factor of our unique period, this truly "godless" attitude to art will either change radically in both artist and public, or will, at least, assume a healthier aspect. In many, the *temporarily submerged soul* will come to life again. The development of spiritual receptivity and the courage of one's own emotions, are the principal, inevitable conditions and means to this end. I have gone into this complex question in a firm and decisive article "About the forms in art" in "Der Blaue Reiter." Article soon to be reprinted by the S. R. Guggenheim Foundation.

In the then celebrated — and invariably crowded — painting school of Anton Aibe*, which I began to frequent, two or three models posed for studies of the head and the nude. Around these indifferent, expressionless beings, drab, not over-clean and receiving but the paltry sum of 50 to 70 pfennigs an hour, crowded students from many lands. Sitting there, carefully scratching away on paper and canvas, we tried, hour after hour, to copy these models' lineaments and anatomies. Hour after hour, all these students pursued the shape and contours of lips, eyes, noses, the build of the head "on the principle of a sphere", delved into the mysteries of bones and muscles, never giving a thought, or so it seemed to me, to art itself.

The naked body, its lines and movement, sometimes interested me, but often merely repelled me. Some poses in particular were repugnant to me, and I had to force myself to copy them. I could really breathe freely only when I was out of the studio door and in the street once again. And sometimes I used to give in to the temptation to play truant, and would roam about with my sketching pad. In this pursuit of nature, I would spend whole days in the suburbs, gardens and on the banks of the Isar. Sometimes I would stay at home and spend the time drawing from memory, or from my own dreams and visions. These, I may add, often deviated considerably from the natural forms.

But on the whole, though with some doubts and mental reservations, I applied myself pretty steadily to the study of anatomy and even attended two classes. The second time I was fortunate to have Professor Moillet of the Munich University for my instructor. His courses, colorful and full of life, were for students only.** These, I faithfully attended, listened to his lectures, copied what I had to copy, spent day after day in the stifling dead air redolent, at least to me of a mortuary. But it always affected me strangely, if only half-consciously, when I heard talk of the direct relationship between anatomy and art. This always seemed to me strange and even offensive.

But I gradually realized that every "head," however hideous it may appear to me at first glance, presents some aspect of perfect beauty. Apart from all defects and limitations, each "head" is beautiful, inasmuch as it follows the natural law of construction. Some-

*) Anton Azbe, of Slavic descent, and who lived in Munich, was a talented artist and a man of rare spiritual qualities. Many of his innumerable students were taught by him free of charge. To all these he would make but one condition — to work as much as they could. His personal life must have been an unhappy one, for though one heard him laugh, his eyes remained invariably sad. His life was mysterious and lonely, and his death equally so. In spite of all the money he made during his life, only a few thousand marks remained when he died, alone in his studio. And it was only then that the real extent of his generosity and kindness became known.

***) But not for women students. They were admitted at that time neither to these lectures nor to the Academy. Soon after the famous "Dog Revolution" (this finally put a stop to the previous custom, adopted by many students, of bringing their dogs to the studio), some enthusiasts agitated for a "female revolution" that would "throw the wenches out," but thanks to very scant support, this charming plan died a quick and natural death. All this occurred in the private studios, where women students were allowed.

times looking at one, I would repeat to myself — "How clever." And, indeed, there is something infinitely clever in the construction of each small detail. The mere line of a nostril awakens in me the same feeling of awe as does the flight of a wild duck, a leaf hanging from a twig, a swimming frog, or the mighty beak of a pelican. This feeling first came to me when I attended Moillet's lectures.

Later on, I understood that all ugliness, that is logical and serves its appointed end, is beautiful. But at that time, though I felt the mystery of another world opening up before me, I was not capable of connecting this world with the world of art. Standing in the Old Pinacothec, I could see that not one of the great masters had ever fully employed all the depth, and beauty and wisdom of nature's own molding. *Nature remained unconquerable* and, at times, I seemed to hear her laughter. But always I saw her as a divine abstraction, non-objective, living in a realm of her own, following her own paths to distant, mysterious ends. And strangely enough, I also felt her inside of me. But all the time, constantly and without cess, I asked myself the same question — what is the relationship between nature and art?

Some friends, on seeing some of my work done outside the art school, promptly labelled me a "colorist." Others, not without malice, called me a "landscapist." Neither description gave me much pleasure, particularly as I felt that they were correct. I knew only too well how much more "at home" I was with colors than with drawing. One of the friendliest of my schoolfellows tried to console me with the remark that colorists often were bad draughtsmen. But as a consolation, this hardly proved a success, and the fear of my inability growing ever stronger, I searched in despair for some remedy.

At that time, Franz Stuck was the foremost German draughtsman, and so it was to him that I finally took some of my studio works. He found many of them badly drawn and advised me to take another year of drawing at the Academy. I was perplexed, for it seemed to me that if I had failed to learn how to draw in the course of two years, I would probably never do so at all. Furthermore, I had flunked the Academy examination, though I must admit, that this made me more angry than sad. For some of the drawings approved by the Council of Professors, could be only dubbed, and not by me only, as giftless, without talent and ignorant.* After a year of study at home, I again went to see Franz Stuck, taking with me, this time, only some studies of pictures I had not the sufficient knowledge to execute and a few landscape sketches. He accepted me in his painting class and to my question about my drawing, answered that it was very expressive. But on seeing the very first of my academic works, he protested vigorously against my exaggerated colors and advised me to work for some time in black and white in order to study form.

*) Students were accepted into the lower course — the drawing class — after an official examination by the professors of this class. A professor could enter a student in the higher, painting class, if he thought so, and, if disappointed, strike him off the list with equal ease. Stuck, who, I believe, was about the only one to do so on occasion, was much feared by the students.

I was agreeably impressed by the affection with which he spoke about art. He was, also, very sympathetic to me in most things, but, as I noticed that he was neither very sensitive nor receptive to colors, I decided to study only drawing under him. In this matter I put myself completely into his hands and it is with gratitude that I remember that year in his class, though I must say that some of the things they perpetrated there in the name of art, were quite beyond belief.

Stuck was a silent man. He spoke but seldom and, even then, not always clearly. When he made some correction, I often had to ponder at length on what he had said, but, on finally deciphering his meaning, I always had to agree with him. My greatest worry was my inability to complete a painting and in this he helped me considerably with a single remark he once made. He said that I worked too nervously, squandering my emotion and interest on the initial moments and thus handicapping myself for the duration of the painting. He suggested that I should repeat to myself on awakening each morning — "Today I have the right to do just so much," and then to abide by my decision. Thanks to following his advice I first realized the meaning of serious work, and, soon afterwards, I succeeded in completing my first painting. In later years I could see myself, on looking back, as a monkey struggling in a net. The organic laws of construction would wrap themselves diabolically round my struggling limbs (in this case my best intentions) and it would take me a mighty big effort to disentangle myself and overthrow this barrier on the road to art.

In this way did I gradually, step by step, enter the many different worlds of art, nature, science, morals and politics, feeling as I did so, that each of them was separate, independent and governed by individual laws. At the same time I could feel that these different spheres form, in their final union, a new great universe, which we are able to comprehend only through a dimly sensed premonition.

The present day is one of the times when this world is partially revealed to us. Never have been the many separate worlds so visible to us, thrown into bright relief as if by a flash of lightning; never have they been so united and, at the same time, so sharply divided one from another. And the lightning was born of the darkened, lowering spiritual sky, that has hung over us — ink-black, stifling and dead. It is the beginning of the great Epoch of the Spirit.

Only in the course of time did I come to realize that Truth, in art as well as in every other thing, cannot be represented as an "X," a not-fully understood, motionless quantity, suspended God knows where, in eternal immobility. Truth does move, imperceptibly, maybe, but continuously, somewhat like a snail, crawling constantly onward. And like a snail, it leaves behind it a slimy, sticky trail to trap the souls of the shortsighted and the unwary. This I noticed first in the field of art, but, later, also in other aspects of life. This everlasting movement of truth is extremely complex: the false becomes the truth, truth, in its turn, becomes false once more. Particles drop off, like the outer shell off a nut, and,

each, transformed in the course of time, is often taken for the nut itself, so that men gather around it, and there is much turmoil and strife and bloodshed. In the meantime, the kernel rolls away unseen. A new truth appears and grows skywards to sublime heights and many more men strive and toil up to it, hoping to reach heaven. But under their combined weight it collapses and all the true believers are scattered, like seeds from a pod, into the hopeless depths below.

In many ways, man resembles a beetle, gripped by his back in somebody's fingers: frantically it jerks its feet about, catching at any straw that may be offered to it and believing each to be its salvation.

At the time of my "unbelief" I often asked myself — "Who is this holding me by the back? Whose hand is it, that proffers me straws, only to withdraw them quickly again?" It would seem to me that I was lying on my back in the dust and the straws at which I clutched so vainly, would appear and disappear around me entirely by their own force and volition. Many times have I felt that hand on my back, as well as another hand that would sometimes settle across my eyes, plunging me, in the midst of bright sunshine, into the most dismal darkness.

The development of art, like that of abstract knowledge, is not governed by new discoveries which take the place of the older truths and proclaim the latter to be illusions and falsehoods (as is apparently the case in science). It comes in sudden explosionlike flashes, or bursts like the bright garlands of fireworks, that light up the sky and then float down to earth in a myriad of multi-colored stars.

These flashes show the way to new perspectives, light up the coming of new truths, which are, however, but the organic development and growth of the older truths. These last are not destroyed, but continued in the necessary and creative life, as is the case with every truth and all wisdom.

When a new branch grows on a tree, the trunk does not become superfluous, for it must feed the growing branch. And the latter is but a new part of the true trunk from which it sprang. All this continuous and unceasing ramification, which may seem so hopelessly confusing, is, in fact, nothing else but the inevitable development of the same body, which, in its entirety, forms the green mass of the tree itself.

The same can be said for moral evolution, which has for its origin the religious rules and directives. The original, Biblical laws of morality are simple and unequivocal, as, for example — "Do not slay; do not commit adultery. In the next, Christian, period, they are couched in gentler, more elastic form. Their primitive angularity gives way to a less stark and freer outline. Forbidden, now, are not only the purely material actions, but also the inner impulses, which have not gone beyond the limits of the abstract. Thus a simple, precise and inflexible thought is not rejected, but is used as a necessary step for the further widening of the ideas contained in it.

Christianity in its evaluation weighs not so much the rigid outer actions, as the more flexible inner impulses and thoughts. Herein lies the root of the continuous, even new reevaluation of values, which eternally (and now, as always), slowly creates the future, and is the foundation of that inner spirituality which we are gradually able to discern in art, and which actually is occurring in a vigorous and revolutionary way.

By following this idea, I came to the conclusion that non-objective art is not the elimination of all previous art precepts, but is only an important and unusual development — a ramification, as it were, of the old tree trunk into two main branches,* without which there would be no smaller branches, no fruit and no green leaves.

I more or less realized this a long time ago, so that when somebody claims for me the desire to destroy the edifice of older art-forms, I am affected disagreeably. I have never felt that my work is destructive to the older, already existing forms of art. I see in it only the direct and organically logical development of it. I was able gradually to rid my art of those unrelated and unimportant demands that I had made in the past and, in doing so, I again became conscious of the old feeling of freedom. In discarding these demands, I made place for the all-important element in any work — that of inner life and meaning. To my astonishment I then noticed that these demands had grown in a way similar to the process and development of moral evaluation.**

*) By two main branches I mean two different kinds of activity in art. The Virtuoso manner, known in music as a special gift, and in drama as the scenic interpretary art of an actor, expresses itself in a more or less individual perception of nature and an artistic, creative interpretation of nature. A good example of this is a portrait. Here, under nature, one should also include works that already exist, having been created by others. The virtuoso creations should, therefore, be grouped with pictures painted "from nature." The desire to create such works has been up to the present, either suppressed by most painters or disclaimed in the pictures executed in this manner.

This is only to be regretted. Great artists have never feared this desire.

To the same category should be added the so-called copies — in which the artist strives to interpret and copy another's work, as closely as a conscientious conductor directs the score of a musical composition.

Different again is the "compositional" manner, when the work is born in, and grows out of the artist. This is a thing which has been known for centuries in music. In this respect the two arts have reached the same high plane. In both there is noticeable a growing tendency to perform "absolute" works, i.e. infinitely objective ones, which grow — like nature — out of themselves and by themselves.

This type of art is the closest one to the purely absolute in art, and these two are destined, perhaps, in the future, to represent the complete artistic creation.

***) I have noticed that such an attitude towards art is typically Russian and has much in common with the primitive form of peasant law, which is the antithesis of the Western-European law principles, and the Roman law where they originated. Speaking logically, the inner qualification, extant in the former, can be explained in the following way: a certain action committed by some man, is not necessarily a crime, despite the fact that considered generally and in regard to society, it should be so considered. Therefore, in this case, this crime is not a crime. Furthermore: there does not exist any absolute and total crime. And still further: not the physical action, but rather its root, or inner impulse, creates both evil and good. And finally:

(over)

The exclusion of all objectivity in art, naturally imposes some very exacting demands on the ability to inwardly experience a purely artistic form. It becomes necessary for the spectator to develop in feeling and appreciation along these lines. Thus come into existence new conditions which serve to create a new atmosphere — all of which will, in the distant future, form that kind of absolutely pure art, which we can now discern only as an indescribably lovely and elusive vision.

With the passing of time I understood that my ever-growing tolerance towards the work of others was not only harmless but even beneficial to me in my work and strivings. I use, therefore, a somewhat Modified version of the well-known dictum — "An artist should be onesided." The way I prefer it is — "An artist should be one-sided (or single-minded) in creation." The faculty to grasp the work of others (a work inevitably personal to its creator), makes my own soul more receptive, more capable of vibration, widens and sharpens its powers, thus making it more capable of reaching its ultimate goal. The understanding of the working of other people's minds, is comparable in a sense, to the understanding of the workings of nature. Being neither deaf nor blind, the artist should fully use both great gifts, and seeing the innumerable ways and means being pursued and used (be it rightly or wrongly) in the exercise of art, should apply himself to his own work with a gladder heart and ever-growing enthusiasm.

every action is morally unimportant. Man's behaviour is balanced on a very thin line, and it takes but one little push to dislodge it and make it fall either to the right or to the left. This outer instability, combined with inner exactness, is highly developed in the Russian people. It is not surprising, therefore, that nations brought up on the often excellent principles of the formal, outwardly supremely exact Roman spirit (I again remind you of the "*jus strictum*" of the early period), should either shrug their shoulders at the Russians, or turn away with but scant respect.

A superficial observer would see in this alien way of life, only a softness and outward weakness, and, overlooking the hidden inner depths of precision, would take this as an indication of looseness and lack of principle. It is typical of the Russian people, that owing to their characteristics, they are very tolerant to all peoples, not excluding those who are most inimical to them. It is this tolerance and kindly attitude that often changes into enthusiasm and hero-worship.

It is through the gradual freeing of the spirit — the major blessing of our age — that there become ever more evident in many quarters an interest and a growing faith in the future of Russia and in Russia itself. This was very noticeable during my last years in Munich, when I came into frequent contact with the representatives of young, unofficial Germany. These men and boys expressed a lively interest in the essence and details of Russian life, as well as a definite faith in, what they called, the "coming salvation from the East." We clearly understood each other and each felt that we were living on the same spiritual plane. I was also surprised by their intense desire to see Moscow. What also pleased me was to have among my frequent visitors, Dutchmen, Englishmen and other nationalities. When I was in Sweden, already during the war of 1914, I met quite a few Swedes endowed with the same spirit.

As mountains gradually but surely crumble, are worn down and washed away, so will the many barriers between the peoples of the world diminish and eventually cease to exist. Then "humanity" will no longer be an empty and meaningless word.

What concerns me personally, I am in love with any art-form that is born or partakes of the spirit. On the other hand, those that don't, are abhorrent to me. I think that all future philosophy will devote itself not only to the essence of things, but also to their spirit. It will then become possible to feel, if only subconsciously, the spirit of all things, in the same way as now is felt the outward essence, a feeling which explains the pleasure derived from purely objective art. With growing realization of the spiritual, it will be easier for man to comprehend — first, the spiritual meaning of material things, and, later, that of abstraction in phenomena.

And through this new aptitude, which is "of the spirit," there shall be born the joy in the purely Absolute Art.

My book about the spiritual in art, and also the "Blaue Reiter" have as their main objective, the future, awakening of the realization and understanding of the spiritual essence in all things. The desire to hasten this awakening was my main aim in publishing both these works.* They have often been, and still are considered by many as a species of program apologia by their author, an artist perishing and lost in the wilderness of theories and endless cerebration. But that is not so, for I have always turned to reason and the intellect least of all. That would be premature at this time. What faces the artist is but an all-important and inevitable aim — the next step to be taken.

The spirit, strong and unshakeable, its roots firmly planted in the ground, need have no fear of the so-called "dangerous" participation of reason and the intellect in art, or even of the preponderance of it over the intuitive, maybe even to the final exclusion of all inspiration.

We know only the law of today, which grew progressively in the course of a few millenniums (and not without noticeable deviations) into the Genesis of creation. We are still only aware of the quality of our "talent," with the inescapable element of the "unconscious" (and the inherent coloring of the "unconscious"), essential to it. But future works, still hidden in the limitless haze of distances, will — quite possibly — be created through calculation. And an infinitely precise calculation well may be possible only to the gifted, as it happens in astronomy.

And if all this comes to pass, even the "unconscious" will be essentially different to the one we know today.

When I was seven years old; after the Italian journey to which I referred earlier, my parents and I, together with my aunt, E. A. Tikheeva, were forced to go and live in the south on account of my father's health. We went to Odessa, at that time a still small and

* The first of these books lay for two years in my desk, while all efforts to publish the "Blue Rider" were equally unsuccessful. Franz Mareš, with whom I became acquainted at that period of general antagonism, finally discovered a publisher for my first book. His wise and gifted cooperation helped me considerably with my second manuscript.

not over-comfortable city, where I went to school. While living there, I could not get over the feeling of being a transient in a strange city, particularly as the spoken language there was surprising, and often, downright incomprehensible to us. The homesickness for Moscow never left us and it was with the greatest joy that I used to go there with my father every summer starting with my thirteenth birthday. At eighteen, when we all went to live there permanently, it was with the feeling of returning home after a long absence.

My father was born in Nertchinsk, where, according to a family tradition, his ancestors had been sent for political reasons from Western Siberia. He received his education in Moscow and loved it no less than his home town. In his deep humanity, he was able to understand the Moscow "spirit" which is so strongly expressed in every little detail of that city.

It was a special treat for me to hear him, with love and affection, enumerate the ancient, haunting names of the "Forty times Forty" Moscow churches.

In him lived the true heart of an artist. He loved painting, and in his younger years had taken up drawing. When I was a child, I always loved his delicate, finely expressive outlines, that went so well with his innate elegance and the remarkable beauty of his hands. One of his greatest pleasures was going to exhibitions, where he would study all the pictures at length and with the utmost attention. If he failed to understand something, he would not condemn it outright, but seek enlightenment and do his utmost to try to grasp its meaning.

My mother is Moscow-born, striking in appearance, of a beauty profoundly serious and severe. She has much natural simplicity and unbounded energy, in which are strangely interwoven a nervous restlessness together with the most unshakable calm and self-control.

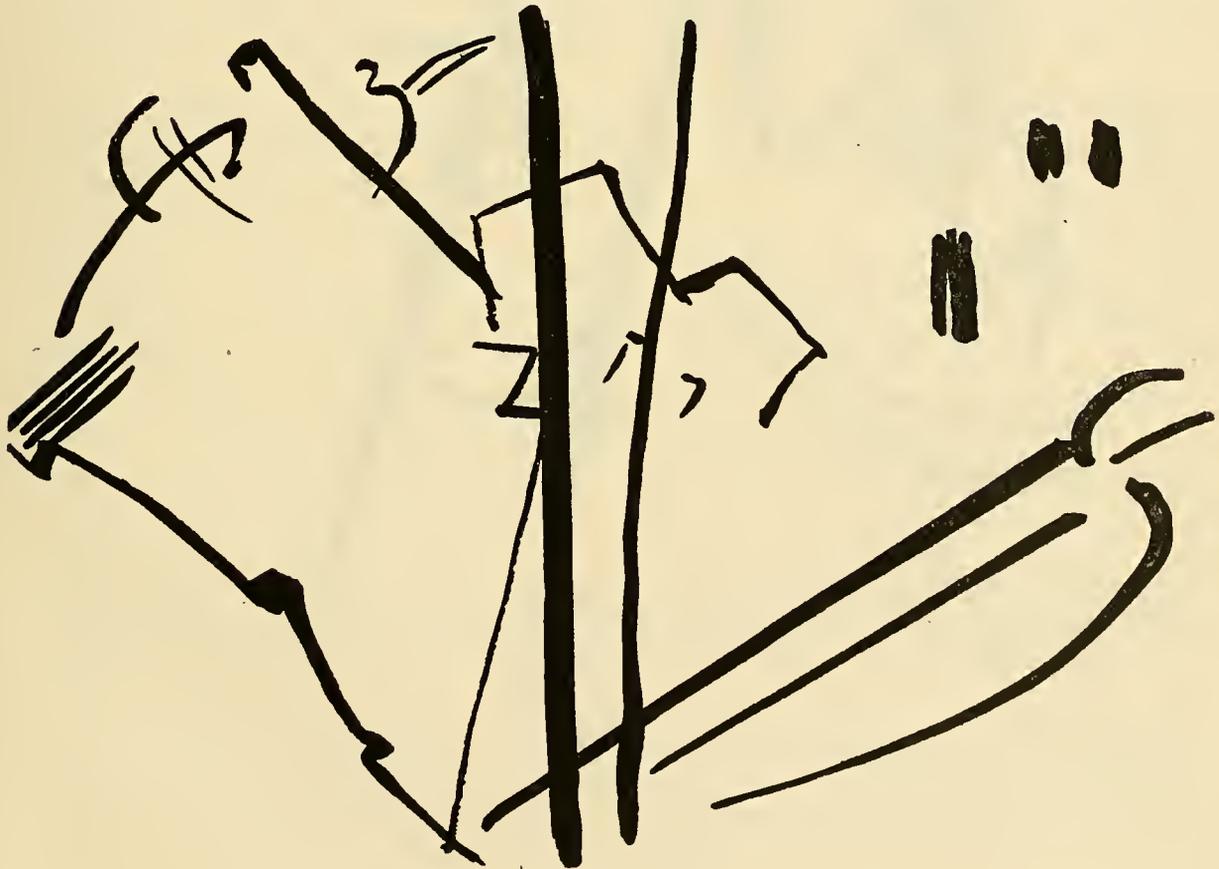
In fact, she combines in herself all those traits and qualities, which, in my opinion, form the true essence of Moscow.

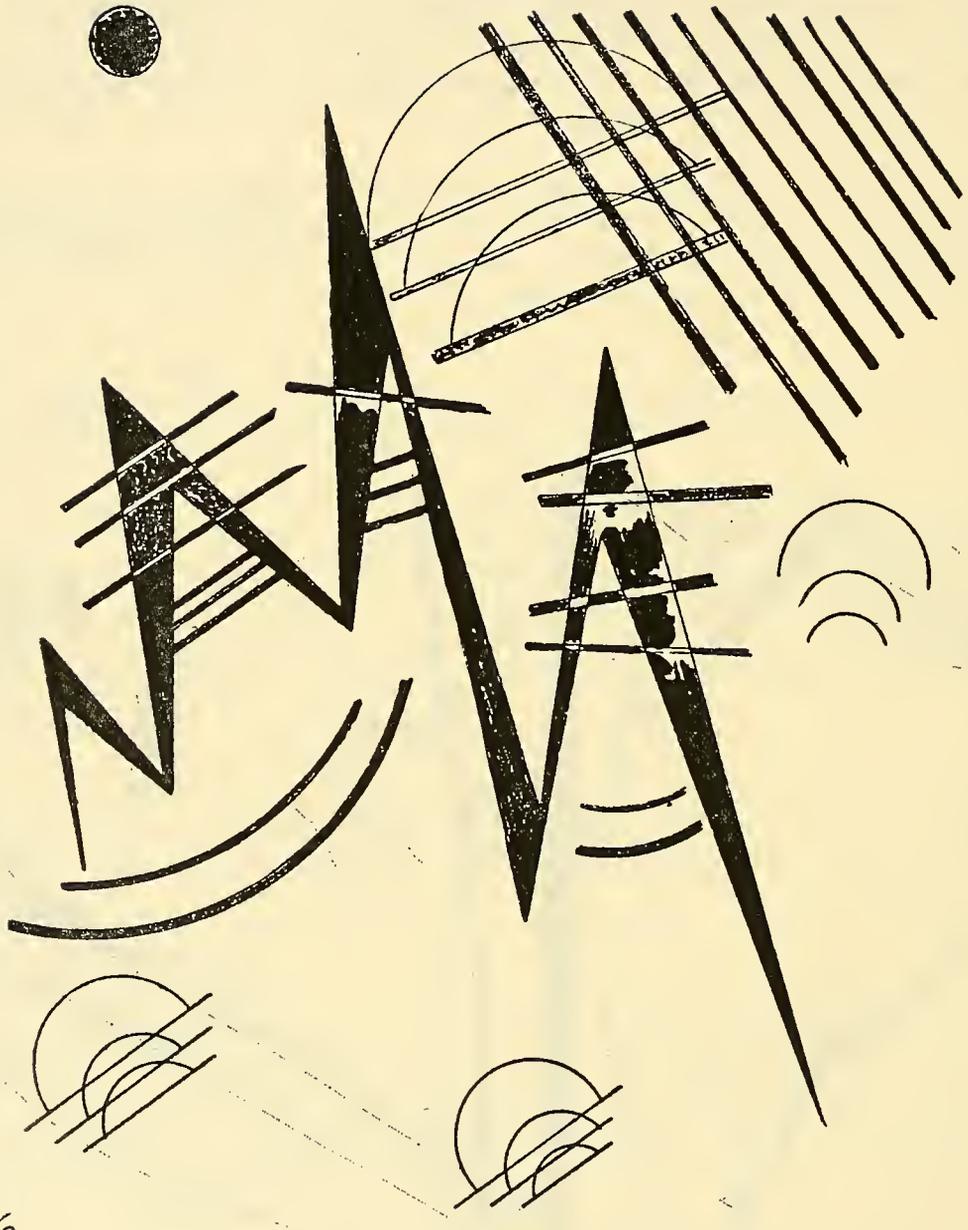
Moscow, with its duality, complexity, its fluid, eternal mobility; the clash and struggle and confusion of its different external elements, which, in the last instance, are all part of the same extraordinary and incomparable entity. The same marvelous variety characterizes its inner life (often confusing foreigners and being the cause of many contrasting and different reports and descriptions), but in the end, here also, all fuses into one unique and wonderful being.

This Moscow, both inner and external, I consider to be the inspiration and starting point of all my endeavours. I could best call it the "metronome of my life," and I think it has always been so, and that whenever I achieved new external forms in my work, I was still drawing from the same source, and it was only the outward interpretation that changed and acquired new significance and expression.

The detours, which occasionally happened on the mostly straightforward road of my life; the "dead" moments, during which I felt myself powerless and helpless, and which seemed to me, at the moment, to be the end of everything — these were not really harmful to me, but, instead, turned out to be new starting points, pauses to get my breath and collect my inner strength for each new step which would carry me to the next move in my development.

MUNICH, JUNE - OCTOBER 1913
MOSCOW, SEPTEMBER 1918





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SCHEMATIC PLAN OF STUDIES AND WORK OF THE INSTITUTE OF ART CULTURE

P R O P O S E D B Y W A S S I L Y K A N D I N S K Y

The aim of the Institute of Art Culture is the basic and elementary study of the separate fields of art and of art as a whole. It would be both analytical and synthetic.

This study concerns itself with three major problems:

- 1) Theory of the separate types of art.
- 2) Theory of relationship between these types.
- 3) Theory of "monumental art" or art as a whole.

These three problems demand a similar approach, which must influence every activity of the Institute and be based on the fundamental idea, that the aim of any work of art is the effect and influence it brings to bear on its observers.

While creating, an artist's one and only preoccupation is to express himself in his own particular and personal form of art. The probable or possible effect of his work on others does not interest him in the least. But once his work is ended, this question becomes supremely important to him.

Looking at it from another and opposite angle, it is an indisputable fact that anybody looking at, or listening to a work of art does so with the sole idea of feeling it, taking in its meaning, or in other words, of submitting himself to its influence.

This influence is obtained by the use of such means of expression as belong to a particular form of art, being, as it were, the language by which it expresses itself.

This makes it evident that the study of any type of art must begin with the analysis of these means of expression.

No less clear is the fact that any such analysis must concern itself with the effect these means have on the emotions and feelings of human beings, or in other words, on the human psyche. The purely physical effects of a work of art are but steps leading to this, deeper, influence.

For example, the effect of color on the human organism is well known. Red (in the case of color immersion) heightens the action of the heart, quickens the pulse and, in certain cases, has brought on a state of partial paralysis. Such facts are important to art in so far as they only concern the psychological effects.

Consequently the problem of analyzing the means of art-expression can be presented as follows:

What is the effect on the human psyche of —

- a) Painting as a color and design-form
- b) Sculpture as a space-form
- c) Architecture as embracing, separately and in general, mass, volume and space
- d) Music as a temporary sound-form
- e) The dance as an equally temporary space-form
- f) Poetry as a temporary and oral sound-form.

The ample material to be obtained by studies undertaken along these lines will help to answer many questions dealing with composition (and, particularly with construction) both in the individual fields of art and art in general. Questions which we have but sensed intuitively until now. Thus, this intuitive element in art will obtain a new — or, maybe, only forgotten and later resurrected — ally in the theoretic side of creative art. These vistas, vague and unpredictable as they still are, are of a breath-taking vastness, detail and depth. The time for such research is now due and the need for it is becoming imperative.

PROPOSED STUDIES ON PAINTING

Painting expresses itself through two mediums — drawing and color. Therefore, it is these two forms that must be studied.

In drawing, we have two principal elements:

- 1) The line, and the point from which the line starts.
- 2) Surfaces, formed by the lines.

These, in their turn, can be divided in the two following groups:

- 1) Lines and surfaces of a mathematical, or geometrical nature: right, or straight, lines; curved lines; mixed lines. Surfaces and planes — the triangle, the rectangle, the circle, the parallelogram, etc.
- 2) Free lines and surfaces, or those that do not fall into any geometrical category.

Group One should be first analyzed. The physical and psychological influence of these simple forms should be studied through inquiry and the questioning of people interested in this research. The effects produced in them by the above forms should be ascertained. The people questioned should try and describe, by any means in their power, their feelings and reactions — comparing them, for example, with similar sensations aroused in them by the sound of various musical instruments, the impressions received from words, combinations of words, various objects, architectural constructions, animals, plants and so on and so forth. It would be necessary to study and translate the movement of lines into the movement of the human body and vice-versa. These impressions should be set down both textually and graphically, so as to produce, what can best be described as a "dictionary of abstract movement." One of the benefits derived from such a "dictionary" would be the new material for the dance, which has hitherto in vain awaited its further development.

From here, gradually, the transition should be made to the second group in drawing. New notes would be taken, new "dictionaries" composed. New methods of research would be developed and ever new material would come to hand. New ideas would be born and new approaches to monumental composition would present themselves.

In what concerns painting, maybe the most important result of these studies would be a greater possibility to feel, to grasp a drawing directly and unconditionally, that is, in its intrinsic value. This would give the painter new scope for creation and bring to the observer new revelations in the field of art.

Drawing, apart from its intrinsic value, or value proper, possesses another indirect, or relative value derived from its conjunction with color. For the color element strongly influences a drawing, giving it, as it were, a dual tone or effect. In doing this, the color element itself acquires two distinct values — the absolute and the relative.

The study of the color forms and their action on the observer should begin with the absolute value, where we have three color groups:

1) The three primary colors —

Red,
Yellow,
Blue.

2) The secondary or complementary colors —

Orange,
Purple,
Green.

3) Free combinations of the above colors, starting with the simpler forms, such as brown, grey, lilac or maroon, and ending with the most subtle and complicated variations.

In undertaking these studies, the subject should be approached from many various angles, but at the same time, one should never lose sight of the all-important consideration, that of the psychological influence of color.

Material already collected and pertaining to the various sciences will be very useful. All the scientific groups interested in colors, their action and effect, should be approached and the scientists and specialists should be acquainted with the aims of the Institute and their cooperation invited. These sciences include physics, physiology, medicine (with particular regard to eye specialists, psychiatry, etc.). In the field of the occult, a lot of valuable information can be obtained from various supernatural experiences.

Another important approach would be a special study of sensory associations and the parallel cases of the influence of color on the senses other than sight, such as the sense of touch, scent, taste and — most important of all — hearing. The transmission of color-feeling through the medium of sound is a problem that has for a long time interested many, and most of all, musicians. Scientists have worked upon it, and now, finally, artists and painters have had to turn to it too.

Naturally, during the study of the influence and effects of color, notes should be taken continuously and all information and findings transcribed for reference, as was done during the study of the effects of drawing.

Going on to what we called the "relative" value of color when combined with drawing, a study should be made of the changes in color, determined and brought about by its conjunction with one or another drawing-form. First of all the primary colors — red, yellow and blue — would be added to the simplest geometrical forms, such as the triangle, the rectangle and the circle. Next, appropriate surfaces and outlines will be drawn on the complementary or secondary colors. These combinations should be effected in two ways. One, following the principle of parallels; two, that of opposites, or extremes.

Last of all, there would come the "free" combinations, achieved by bringing together the freely mixed color blends with all imaginable free-geometrical forms. Here too, the twin principles of parallels and opposites should be followed.

In pursuing these studies, particular attention should be paid to the different technical methods of applying identical colors to the same given surfaces.

It is not necessary to enumerate all the further possible combinations, or go into their composition and application, suffice it to say that through them, unlimited and surprisingly novel horizons would open in the field of visual and psychological revelations.

PROPOSED RESEARCH ON THE INTER-RELATIONSHIP OF THE DIFFERENT FORMS OF ART.

The planning of correct methods and procedure for the study of art forms as applied to solids, as differentiated from surfaces, should be entrusted to architects and sculptors.

We will but indicate the general principles that will guide these studies in their coordination with those, previously described, related to the forms of painting and drawing.

In the most literal sense, the so-called "Monumental" art is that which is obtained by the union of three art forms — painting, sculpture and architecture.

This triple partnership was very nearly destroyed in the nineteenth century, when the achievements of ages were swept away, and, as it seemed, forgotten forever. There remained but a lifeless memory, that would once in a while — and then, but in cases of major importance — bring about the plastering of some edifice with sculptural curlicues, or the garlanding of it with much abused Greek ornamentation. Mechanical copies of classical designs would be slapped at random upon the lifeless body of a building, and when the acme of luxury was desired, balconies would sprout from the walls, propped up by painfully anatomical capitals.

Then some painter would enter on the scene, and go to work on parts of the facade, or upon the walls of the main stairway or some of the more important rooms, and depict with fine abandon all or any of the subjects that might be passing through his brain. Unfortunately, it would never dawn on him that some organic unity between his work and that of the architect and sculptor was desirable. Only in one thing would these three worthies be united, and that would be the complete inability to realize the need for cooperation of the three arts in any given task. And it is precisely this cooperation that is all important, as should be now quite clear to everybody.

Equally understandable should be the general lines and principles to be followed when studying the second form of monumental art — sculpture.

First of all come the elementary solid forms — the sphere, the pyramid and the square, which variously modified, would result in freely interpreted, multiform geometrical entities. By combining these in different ways, a whole new world of Non-objective forms would come into existence and produce, through varied and elaborate regrouping, complete and finished works of creative art.

Application of color to these forms constitutes the second step in the analysis of solid forms, and is, at the same time, also the first step in the study of monumental art. Here again, the previously used principles are to be followed. The simple geometrical forms are treated with the primary colors of the spectrum. Thus, the pyramid, square and sphere become respectively yellow, red and blue. After that, the procedure applied to the other art forms is repeated. The studies, undertaken along these lines, would benefit both arts — sculpture and architecture.

In what concerns architecture in itself, it must be kept in mind that unlike the other art forms, it is dependent on the functional element of buildings. In this way, its Non-objectivity can not be fully developed, though, on the other hand, this does not signify that architecture must be left to stagnate in the midst of old and outlived traditions. Research on the Non-objective element in this particular art-form will be all the more valuable as it will serve to shake and finally destroy these traditions. A breath of fresh air will finally penetrate through all the old-time barriers and architecture will awaken at long last. In a manner of speaking, it will be given ears with which to hear the loud insistent call of resurrected art. And, at the same time, painting and sculpture, which up to now have had to play second fiddle to an overbearing, yet lifeless and stagnating architecture in any mutual task, will now assume positions of equality in monumental art.

This, so to say, synthetic union would create not only a whole arsenal of Non-objective forms, but would also work out a number of detailed and elaborately planned projects and models of buildings.

One of these could be a large-scale model of an edifice dedicated to the Great Utopia. That Utopia, which has for centuries been the bugaboo of narrow minds and reactionaries

of every kind, and without whose inspiration, no real spiritual advancement is possible. And, what is motionless, stagnates.

It is possible that this edifice will never be built, and, maybe, it is just as well, for nothing kills the truly creative spirit more completely, than the fixed conviction of the uselessness of any endeavour not motivated by practical and palpable aims.

OUTLINE OF STUDIES ON MONUMENTAL ART, OR ART AS A COMPREHENSIVE WHOLE

In this vast field, research is in the hands of men representing every type of art. This includes painters, sculptors, architects, musicians (particularly composers), poets, dramatists, representatives of the theatre, ballet, the circus (chiefly clowns), vaudeville (particularly quick sketch, improvisation artists, impersonators and others that can be grouped together as the interpreters of the eccentric) and so on and so forth.

Practically in every one of these fields (and nowhere more than among the artists) there is to be noticed a remarkable blindness to the progress of time. It is possible that the vaudeville artist is by far the most sensitive in this regard, for his is the free form of composition, diametrically opposite to the narrow tradition of the contemporary theatre, shackled as the latter is by the laws of development and continuity of the plot. And it is precisely in the theatrical sphere, that a clean sweep should be made of all sorry remnants of a moribund, yet ever persistent tradition.

To achieve this, the Institute of Art Culture must reject the contemporary theatre in all its manifestations, forget all about it, and start anew from a totally fresh angle.

This is important, as it is precisely in this field, that the first experiments in the full realization of monumental art can be made. To this end, a production must be chosen, that would necessitate the full cooperation of all previously described art forms, and in such a manner as to employ each in accordance with its proper means of expression, stressing the latter to the utmost degree. Here, more than ever, is the analytical and schematic approach of great importance.

The following division is, therefore, necessary:

- 1) Determine to what art form, and to what art form only, belongs a given means of expression.
- 2) Analyze this medium in accordance to the principle followed in the study of painting and sculpture.

Group one can be best explained thus:

FIELD OF ART MEANS OF EXPRESSION

- | | |
|--------------|--|
| a) Painting | Color. Surface. Space in a visionary sense. |
| b) Sculpture | Volume. Mass. Space (in a both positive and negative sense). |
| c) Music | Sound. Time (positive and negative). |
| d) Dance | Motion of the body and of parts of the body. |
| e) Poetry | Speech. Sound. Time. |

Going on to group two, the following elements should be submitted to analysis:

- | | |
|--------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1 — Color | } Surface color. |
| 2 — Surface | |
| 3 — Volume | } Illusion of space. |
| 4 — Space | |
| 5 — Sound | } Sound in time. Time without sound. |
| 6 — Time | |
| 7 — Movement | } Concrete and abstract. |
| 8 — Speech | |

These elements must be approached from various angles. But every approach should be subordinated to one guiding principle — that of psychological effect. Here it becomes necessary to conduct a great number of experiments, beginning by the single, separate elements and going on to combinations of two and more.

These experiments will have, apart from their theoretical value, also an important practical aim, that of loosening the stranglehold of tradition, and, by gradually acquainting artists of every kind with novel conceptions of art, dissipating their fear of the different and the unknown. In painting and music, the freest and most independent of the arts, the change to this new conception, or plane, of creation has already shown itself in the ever growing distortion and weakening of the realistic form. Both these arts are clearly headed for a complete change from the realistic to the Non-objective plane, or, in other words, from the logical to the illogical. And it is far better to hurl your palette against the canvas, to smash at the clay or marble with your fist or a hatchet, or to sit yourself resoundingly upon the piano keyboard, than to peck and fuss at the soulless elaborations of a long dead, traditional art form. For in the former case there exists a light chance of hitting a live, pulsing note. After all, a live butterfly is preferable to a dead lion.

It might be a good idea to start, therefore, with the painters and musicians, letting them institute their general plan of research. This will serve as a tester to the other artists that will follow, for those, too deeply imbued with the old, hackneyed teachings, will, on being confronted with such an unfamiliar, and, even to them, frightening plan of action, will promptly turn tail; leaving only the most fearless and adaptable among them to carry on the work of the Institute.

To better explain the system of analytical research, that will be employed toward the various expressions in the different mediums of art, we will take, as an example, the principle of motion, or movement.

The movement of the human body, or of certain parts of it, has to do with two entirely separate and different sides of a man's life:

- 1) The material side — movement from one place to another, feeding, hygienic needs, etc.
- 2) The spiritual side — or the psychical expression of our feelings and emotions.

Referring to this second group, which is the one that interests us, it is a well known fact that emotions cause the involuntary and, often, purely reflectory movement of various muscles in the human body. On the other hand, such body motion is often used consciously to stress and support words. In some cases, it is often employed as a substitute for speech.

Such is the origin of the arts of mimicry, the dance and the ballet, the latter, in particular, being, as it were, a silent form of speech performed by the feet. The old time "bal-letomanes" knew how to hear and interpret the wordless language of the rhythmic movement of the ballerinas' legs. To the same category belongs the once so popular pantomime. All these forms of art and expression have become nowadays, more or less things to be seen in a museum. They have lost their vitality and appeal. This is explained by the gradual arising of a need to express and interpret the more subtle and complicated workings of the human soul. The leadership in this field was taken by literature, as a potent medium of psychological expression. It still occupies this position in our days, but even it cannot satisfy the ever-growing need of incomparably subtler and deeper psychological realization. Such as cannot be expressed by words alone. The need of a new emotional medium, or language, has become very great.

In the group of the older form of dance movement can be included, more or less directly, the circus routines of clowns, acrobats, tight-rope walkers and the many other performers in this field. Many people, on growing tired of the excessively psychological atmosphere of the theatre, have often and willingly escaped to the circus with its freer and simpler form of expression through movement.

Without even mentioning the special, or so-called "eccentric" performers, any ordinary acrobat, in the course of his act, has to go through a certain sequence of motions, concluding with the final and graceful gesture of accomplishment, that are highly expressive, vivid and cannot be translated into mere words. There is no concrete emotion expressed in the acrobat's act, neither sorrow, joy, fear nor hope, and there is no way of describing its movements, except by making them. But through it we can glimpse the deeper meaning of movement, and sometimes quite clearly, if yet unconsciously, sense the right approach to a completely new plane of composition.

The clowns, the "eccentrics" of the circus, compose their acts with no consideration of logic, plot or continuity, their movements are grotesque and utterly senseless, yet the impression

made on an observer is often remarkably strong, vivid and intense. Therefore any analytical experiments on the inner values of movement should be conducted in such a way as to completely sidestep its external, independent appeal.

The habitual movements and gestures of our everyday lives, or those used in the theatre — and both serving to express some inner feeling — are too well known to be made the object of any particular study, which means those, used in days gone by; now generally fallen into oblivion; those inherent to ancient and primitive cultures or used in early rituals and ceremonies, which are of the greatest interest. They should be assiduously sought for amongst old documents and monuments, then arranged, performed and submitted to psychological study and research. A striking example of ancient ritualist movement is the early Greek religious ceremony. Some of the gesture sequences there employed, were remarkable for their powerful almost supernatural force of expression.

To these various experiments on movement should be added the study of motion as self-sufficient entity; independent of any practical aim to be the more or less Non-objective expression of a feeling or emotion. Movement and gesture should be analyzed exclusively for its inner impression and the psychological effect they bring to bear on the human soul.

The various movements of the entire body, as well as those of the hands, the feet, the head or a single finger, should be reproduced both graphically and photographically, and abundant notes should be taken of their effect. In fact, to depict and describe the meaning of movement as well as the impressions and associations invoked by it. Every possible means should be used, including graphic notes, photography, drawing or musical scores.

These associations are infinite and often of a very unexpected nature. They can refer to color or darkness, to heat or cold, sound speech, the seasons of the year, as well as a given day or hour.

At the same time, associations evoked by the different art expressions should be recorded in a similar fashion. Thus will be obtained the material, the arsenal to be employed for monumental composition, uniting the most varied means of construction.

Through these recordings and studies, it will be possible to introduce many new and previously unused elements, and to employ mediums affecting not only the senses of sight and hearing, but also those of touch, scent and maybe, even taste. In fact, the possibilities are boundless.

The analytical study of words and the sound of words falls into two main divisions:

- 1) The analysis of existing words, in the course of which, their real meaning must be discarded and the words studied as to their sound only.
- 2) The study of separate sounds composing words, the forming of syllables out of these sounds, and, finally, the creation of previously unexisting words.

Returning to group one, we see the instance of poetry that frequently uses the words of a poem more for their sound than for their meaning. There is an analogy with every other art, as for example, painting, where the pictorially depicted form assumes through color and drawing a life and significance all of its own, independent and above the objective.

Rhyme, rhythm, assonance, alliteration, repetition — these are some of the most practiced means of expression of the poetic form. And often such importance has been given to the sound, or musical quality of a poetical composition, that its whole meaning was allowed to be completely obscured.

Referring to group two, there comes to mind the Italian futurist poet, who once recited aloud in the place of a poem, all the vowels one after another in their alphabetical order. Two Russian women-poets, C. V. Rodionov and V. F. Stepanov, wrote some poems made up of unexisting and newly invented words. This poetic form, as well as the almost musical juxtaposition of vowels and consonants, I used in a scenic composition which was about to be produced in Munich at the outbreak of war. (Editor's note.)

The study of sound should be conducted according to the general lines and principles used previously for the other art forms. Experiments of a schematic and analytical nature should be freely used and exercised in composition, similar to those used by musicians, performed by poets and poet-aspirants. The absence of those established rules that exist in the theory of music, will give these schematic studies a certain and purely intuitive character.

EXAMPLES OF CONSTRUCTION AND COMPOSITION IN THE FIELD OF MONUMENTAL ART.

Composition consists of two elements — the inner, artistic meaning and aim, and the ways and means through which these are realized. The latter involves the very important factor of construction.

The technique and principle of construction are infinitely varied and cannot be compressed into any definite set of rules. Only the general trend, and some of the possibilities in their wider sense, can be indicated.

By combining the separate art-forms, their respective mediums can be directed into the most varied channels. A simple form of such a combination was used by Scriabin* in his

*Scriabin, Alexander (1871-1915), eminent Russian composer and pianist. His compositions (Prometheus, Poem of Ecstasy, etc.) are remarkable for their pronounced expressionism and mystical symbolism, and are based, in the major part, on ideas of a Theosophical nature. He was the first Russian composer to tie art and music with the metaphysical and cosmic.

"Prometheus" and consisted of the paralleled movement of sound and color. It is interesting to note that this was, at that time, a forbidden musical theory.

Incidentally, this continuous out of use long-drawn combination or parallelism can bring about unusual and highly interesting results. I have had occasion to see Arabs use the combined mediums of sound (the monotonous beating of a drum) and of primitive rhythmic movement in a ritual dance, to achieve a condition of ecstasy. Such a condition could not have been obtained through separate and individual means. I have also noted the impression upon an audience made by a quartet of Schoenberg. Its powerful impact arrived at by the skillful mingling of music and voices contained whip-like and stinging cadences. The same Schoenberg* has employed on various occasions many revolutionary approaches to parallelism in composition.

THE POSITIVE SCIENCES

It was indicated in the beginning of this article, that the approaches to the study of art, and their related material, are very numerous. And the more approaches there are, the better will be the results achieved. The main principle — psychological effect — does not prevent the use of science though not directly concerned with it. Many forces that are at first glance foreign to the work of the Institute can be thus employed. As an example of such inter-relationship between art and science, I can mention the lecture read by V. F. Franchetti in the Government art work-shops in Nijni Novgorod. In it he explained his theory of the resistance of structural materials to painting and connecting, thereby, those two quite separate fields. Who knows, maybe astronomy will prove to be closer to painting than chemistry, or botany, which already has taught so much to architects. It will furnish important new material to the future art of motion, now known as the dance. I don't think there is a positive natural science in existence that could not be used in some way in the work of the Institute.

One should not, however, concentrate exclusively on a certain group of scientists and seek through them the universal solution of all the problems facing the Institute. One must not forget that positive science itself suffers from an insufficiency of means and methods of development but is always on the look-out for new ones. It is very possible that in this respect, art will be able to help it as much as it helps art.

Even mathematics are apt to change their aspect and call for different treatment when applied to art. Every painter knows, for example, that in his art, the simplest arithmetic shows a frequent tendency to stand, so to say, on its head, and subtraction often results in addition, or vice-versa. In painting, too, it is possible to arrive at a sort of negative construction by placing a heavy mass above a lighter one, which is, of course, quite against the laws of nature.

* Schoenberg, Arnold (born 1874), contemporary Austrian composer, theorist and pedagogue, and one of the most eminent exponents of expressionism in music.

And though science can be of great assistance in the proper studies and analysis of art and its means of expression, it would, nevertheless, be absurd to seek in it any final solution. For, after all, the principal approach to these questions lies in the impression made by art itself and its medium, upon the feelings and emotions of mankind.

Artists of every kind, and particularly those engrossed by the problems of construction, can quite easily fall into the error of seeking the answer to all things in mechanics, and having found it, to identify this answer with art, instead of mechanics. This is a serious danger, one of which one must be kept well beware.

It is also necessary to remember that Painting deals with such infinitesimally small entities and volumes, that no precise measurement is possible. They can be defined — in the process of work — only with extreme effort, and even then, in the most part subconsciously or intuitively. The regular observation of an artist's work, and the check, with some extra-finely calibrated instrument or gauge, concerning the tone-quality of this work: Would in the end, place the painter in an impossible position and effectively stop all true creation of art.

Certain experiments in this direction could, naturally, be made. One should begin by contrasting or intermingling so complicating a series of several color spots, all this performed by specialists in that line.

Several other art forms offer less difficulties in regards to measurement. Sculpture, which deals with material and masses, is one of these. But even here, complete precision is hardly possible.

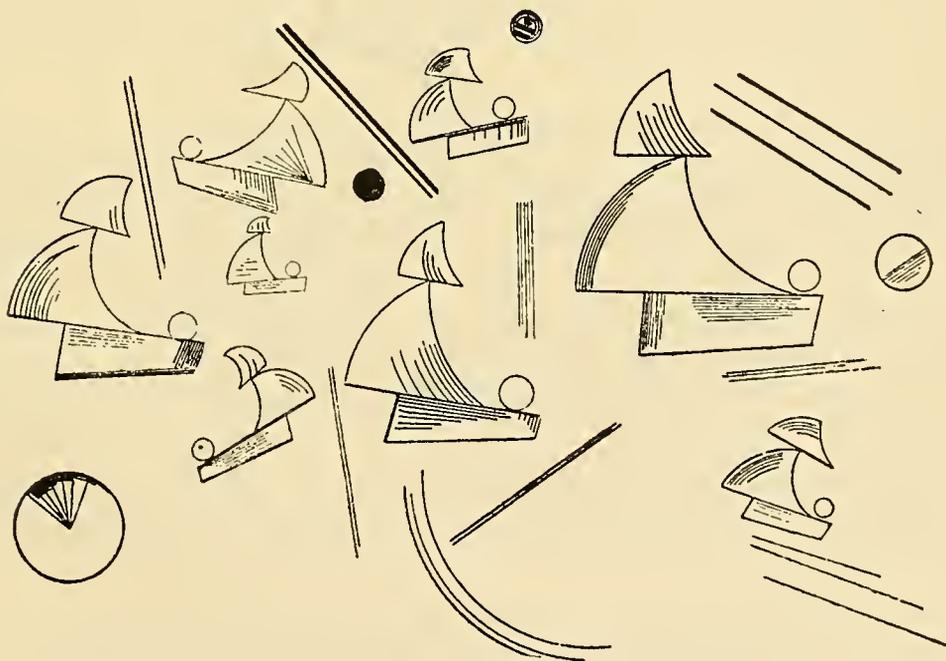
In conclusion, it can be mentioned that the various laws which govern and direct art, their trends and their different means of expressions inevitably depend on the change of the pass of time. Every period has problems of its own and therefore, its own typical solution. It is dangerous or all too easy, to consider these temporary laws as enduring. It is in man's nature to reach for the immeasurable and the unobtainable, as eternity will always have an unconquerable appeal for him.

It would be the Institute's task, through study and experiments, to find the unifying threads running through the various art periods and so reach the eternal beyond the temporary. The vaster the problems that it tackles, the more precious will be its findings along the truly utopic road to their solution.

The Institute of Art Culture was founded in Moscow in May, 1920, chiefly through the efforts of W. W. Kandinski, who then took a major part in its activities and management. But soon there arose between him and other members of the Institute, a basic divergence of opinion. After combating at length and unavailingly, their belief in the all-importance of a material and concrete "object" as the true substance of art creation, Kandinski resigned. Soon after, the Institute was completely reorganized.

The above outline of the studies and activities for the Institute of Art Culture was taken from the following publication:

"Soviet Art in the last fifteen years" edited by I. Maza, L. Reinhardt and L. Rempel, 1933 . . . Section of Spatial Art of the Institute of Art Culture.



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THE ART OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING

BY V. AGRARYCH FROM THE OFFICIAL ART RECORDS OF THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT

In the universal movement of art, Cubo-Futurism was closely followed by Non-Objective art. This latter development should be considered not only as a new movement, which has absorbed both the many aspects and realizations of art and the essentials of life itself, but also as a completely new philosophy in itself. It is, fundamentally, a protest of the spirit against the materialism of contemporary life.

Painters were the first to adopt it — and here I would like to add in parentheses—that despite the untiringly dismal prognostications of some critics, the art-form of painting continues to spread ever farther into the many fields of cultural endeavor.

The non-objectivists first proclaimed themselves in 1913. Following from the very beginning the road of analytical approach, this, as yet, very young movement has not yet revealed its synthesis. This is a valuable aspect at this time of mighty and significant changes, when art, its ancient traditions gone, inclines ever more towards the academic in order to achieve a new synthesis. And yet, it is not synthesis alone which will open up new roads, but also the analytical approach and the ever greater and freer ingenuity and inventiveness.

In the inner process and development of non-objective art, two important moments are the basic requirements of the greatest importance: Firstly — a spiritual one — the struggle against the domination of "the subject and objective depiction" and the need for a free, creative and inventive art; secondly — the resulting need of intensifying and deepening the painting itself as a professional medium.

For non-objective art, having discarded the pictorially explicit, or one could even say, narrative description of the subject, found itself obliged to compensate this by an increased preoccupation with the quality of the work, a factor often relegated to the second place by its predecessors.

The artist was faced with new and even scientific requirements of construction, higher skill and technique, by which means non-objective art could attain a higher peak in the culture of painting.

Naturally, it is not easy for the average intellectual observer, but gradually assimilating new and radical achievements, to follow the progress of the non-objectivists, who advance along the revolutionary paths of conquest, leaving behind them the temporary findings of futurism and cubism. But if we take as an axiom the law of succession, we find that non-objective art represents the lawful and logical deduction from previous stages of creative work.

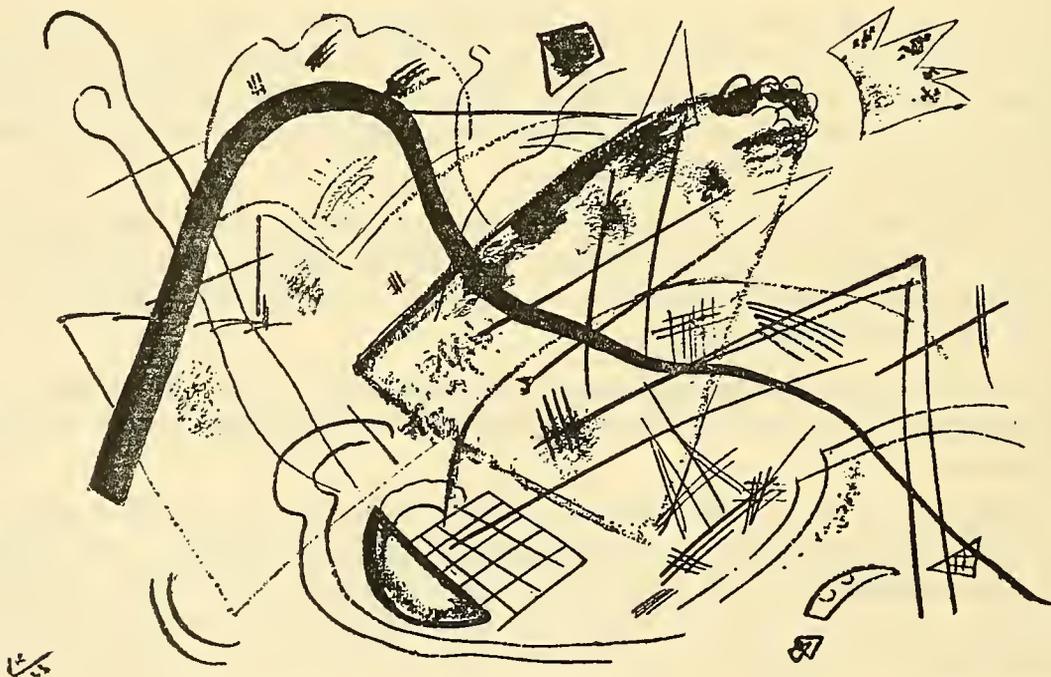
And the same observer, when not completely dominated by the subject and the objective element in painting, when not so "highbrow" as to be eternally seeking exact pictorial representation, must understand this art through the senses, freshly and intuitively, as a novel form of beauty, the beauty of escape and of liberation from the age-old fetters of theme, subject and "eye-witness" pictorial depiction.

In non-objective art you will not find anything you are accustomed to, anything familiar or "understandable" in the old hackneyed sense; you must approach it with new eyes, not only to investigate and study it, not only to seek for some evident subject or the elaboration of descriptive art, but to learn to love this art for itself, to feel it and live in it.

At present, non-objective art is still but the beginning of a new epoch of great, unprecedented development of creative art, destined to fling open the door into a world of mysteries vaster than those known to science and mechanics.

It should be also mentioned here, that non-objective art, unlike its ancestors-in-art, has not evolved a doctrinal system of its own. And it is very possible that it never will, being too vast in its scope and possessing as it does, limitless possibilities of ever new and greater achievements.

MOSCOW, 1919



NOTES ON THE LIFE, DEVELOPMENT AND LAST YEARS OF KANDINSKY

Wassily Kandinsky, painter, designer, etcher and writer, the first artist, who eliminated objects from the contents of his paintings, was born in Moscow, December 5th, 1866. He studied National Economy and Statistics at the University of Moscow, to which for six years he was attached to specialize in National Economy. In 1897 Kandinsky refused an assistant professorship at the University of Dorpat. His belief in the healing power of Social Science and in the absolute correctness of positive methods had waned. He realized, that he had wasted his time; only later was he grateful for the experience. Since the wages of workmen had been his special field of research, he thought it most essential to get direct practical information. So he accepted a position in one of the foremost printing establishments of Moscow, as its director.

This new field of activity concerned printing through the phototypic process, which consequently brought him in contact with art, as well as to close association with workmen. One year later, when he was 30 years of age, he left Moscow to follow his life-long urge to become a painter and in 1897 went to Munich to study. For two years (1901-03) he studied at the Azbe School. From 1903 to 1908 he travelled in Italy, France, Tunisia, Belgium and Holland. Finally in 1908 he worked for one year at the Munich Academy under Franz Stuck.

Before long, he took part in exhibitions, but was condemned by critics for his "slovenly, crying colors" and "exaggerated design." While the Munich Secession declined his paintings several times, nevertheless he became a member of the "Berliner Secession," of the "Deutscher Kuenstlerbund" and of the "Salon d'Automne" in Paris. He worked hard to study the intricacies in the technique of oil with tempera and varnishing colors. He also created a number of black, white and colored woodcuts. Consciously, Kandinsky proceeded along the path to creative painting, gradually eliminating the objects from his pictures. Some non-objective paintings reproduced in his first Autobiography (written 1910 in German, published 1912) he called "Gegenstandslos" or literally translated "object without" while in the second Autobiography written in Russian he called them "Non-objective" in precise translation.

In the years 1908-1911 he was nearly deserted: surrounded with mockery, hatred and distrust, branded as clumsy, a cheat and even a lunatic, or "Hottentot in evening cloth."

The first who gave him a hand was Franz Marc, the famous cubist and animal painter — who provided for Kandinsky's book an editor and a business manager. Thereafter Alfred

Kubin and Arnold Schoenberg spoke up for him. In Berlin, Herwarth Walden offered Kandinsky to take care of his exhibitions and sales, and opened court proceedings against slandering of Kandinsky by the press.

In 1911 he painted his first abstract painting and in 1912 a set of Non-objective etchings. His book, "On the Spiritual in Art" (Piper edition) was written in 1910 and saw three editions during the year of 1912-1913. The sensational Sonderbund Exhibition of 1912 in Cologne, where under tents hundreds of Van Goghs and of Gauguin were assembled for the very first showing, as well as that of 62 outstanding Secannes and of Munch and Hodler collections where Lehmbbruck's "Kneeling Woman," "disgraced" the entrance, also some abstract Improvisations by Kandinsky, startled the unprepared outraged public. A nucleus of this extraordinary show was brought to New York by Marie Sterner presented in the sensational Armory Show, repeated in Chicago and in London's Albert Hall, also introducing Kandinsky — when Alfred Stieglitz was the first in the U.S.A. to acquire one of Kandinsky's great paintings. During the first German Autumn Salon arranged by Herwarth Walden (1913, and framed by the art-collector Bernhard Koehler in Berlin, who gave Walden 100,000 gold-mark for this enterprise) Kandinsky's work attracted much attention in Sonderbund Exhibition of 1912 in Cologne. After this, the collectors of Germany, Austria, Holland, England and America began to show a keen interest in Kandinsky and his paintings. In the same year appeared "Der blaue Reiter" ("The Blue Rider") edited by Kandinsky and Franz Marc in the Piper publication. Also a "Kandinsky Album" appeared in a "Der Sturm" ("The Tempest") publication with his first autobiography written in 1912 and edited by Herwarth Walden in 1913. In 1914, the editor, R. Piper, published his "Klaenge" ("Sounds"), a one-time deluxe edition of small poems in prose and 56 woodcuts by the artist.

His book "On the Spiritual In Art" was translated into English and appeared in London and in the United States, in 1914. It was expected to appear in Dutch, French and Russian before the first World War, which interfered with these plans, as well as with the staging of his play "The Yellow Sound" ("Der Gelbe Klang") published in the "Blue Rider." In 1914 Kandinsky returned to Russia and in the subsequent years worked theoretically and in practice on abstract and non-objective painting, and the proclamation of cultural progress. In 1916 he published in Stockholm a second set of etchings.

In 1918 the Commissariat for Public Education in Moscow published his revised autobiography of 1917 with reproductions of his works from 1902-1918 and a text by the artist. In 1920 Kandinsky was made Professor of Science Aesthetique at the University of Moscow and teacher at the Academy of Fine Art in Moscow. Also in 1920 Kandinsky proposed the Schematic Plan of Studies and Work of the Institute of Art Culture. This plan which proclaims the artistic ideal of Kandinsky, is, for the very first time, published here in honor of the Kandinsky Memorial Show, by the Solomon R. Guggenheim Foundation, translated from the Russian. In 1921 Kandinsky was nominated to the All-Russian Academy of Art.

At the end of 1921 Kandinsky returned to Berlin. The paintings which he brought from Russia were shown and the new light background was much admired. In July, 1922, he concluded the work on a mural for the Reception Hall of a projected museum, in tempera on black canvas, at the request of the independent artist group called "Juryfreie" in Berlin. Since July, 1922, he was active as one of the teachers of the Weimar Bauhaus. In 1923 appeared in the Propylaen publication his "Small Worlds" ("Kleine Welten") — 12 original woodcuts, etchings and lithographs. Also he prepared at that time illustrations in pen to Romisow's "Dreams," to appear in print, as a Orchis Publication in Munich.

Also in 1923, the Society Anonyme in New York, founded by Katherine Dreier, made Kandinsky Honorary Vice President.

In 1926 he transferred with the "Bauhaus" from Weimar to Dessau. Around 1928, his book "Point, Line and Plane" ("Punkt, Linie Zur Flaeche") appeared as a Bauhaus publication. Also in preparation was a play "Violet," written as far back as 1914. Other deeds, as Kandinsky puts it in one of his letters, included stage decorations, used in 1928 for the Friedrich Theater in Dessau's performance of "Pictures on Exhibit" by Mussorsky, whereby it was officially announced that the scenery and stage management had been handled by Kandinsky. Later on, these decorations were intended to be used by Stokowski in a Philadelphia performance of Mussorsky's work, yet this plan was discarded. A ceramic wall painting for a music room, shown in the Architectural Exhibition of 1931 in Berlin, was Kandinsky's next deed. In 1934 when the Bauhaus was closed, he first moved to Berlin, then to Paris. About this time Kandinsky spoke in letters to Hilla Rebay, some excerpts of which follow:

1934

Neuilly sur Seine — Boulevard de la Seine 135.

"Above you will see the address of our new apartment. After lengthy consideration I decided to move to Paris for some time. We will not remain here less than a year. What will happen after that, we cannot say, in view of the present unstable conditions."

"My situation in Germany became very unfavorable because I have three full 'minuses' — (1) I am not a born German (even a 'former Russian'), (2) a former Bauhaus teacher (something that today, it is queer to say, is almost equal to being a Marxist), (3) an abstract painter. I have, so to speak, three vulnerable spots. In accordance therewith I was attacked, or to make it plainer, I was 'given the cold shoulder'. The artist groups to which I have belonged for years, passed me over in their exhibits. The museums have placed my paintings in storage. My contract with Dessau, according to which I am still entitled to half of my salary until April 1st, 1933, was forcefully dissolved. Exhibitions, even in private galleries, became impossible for me. Therefore, also, the art dealers were no longer able to represent me energetically. In one word my hands were tied. I left with a heavy heart, as I had lived in Germany since 1897 and had gained a great footing there" . . .

And again in 1935 he wrote to her: "The main thing here in Paris is, that I can work so very well. I spent time painting larger canvasses. These I like, as I had to relinquish them for years, because I had only three full days to paint during my time at the Bauhaus, the other days were filled with teaching, meetings and preparation to teach" . . .

"You know what it means when one is well in form to create, and yet, as of command, has to put down the brush. Besides the spiritual side, how often is it technically impossible to break up suddenly such work. And besides loss of time, how much loss of strength, of nerves, the Bauhaus has cost me. This waste of energy lasted twelve years. Very much though I enjoyed working with youth, and I was happy to give them something, though I was no more 30 or 40 years old — Sad — Sad." . . .

And again to Hilla Rebay on April 21st, 1936.

"My exhibitions, of course, are no excursions. Of my own accord I make no detours to the side or the front. That is, the detours are made for me. The detours are arranged for me in the shape of exhibitions. That is, my 'one man exhibitions' have been arranged for me constantly since my return from Moscow in 1921, in various countries — in Europe and America. I would not mention anything about this, if you had not mentioned such exhibitions in connection with others.

"Praise: That you have made me twenty years younger, is very flattering. Sorry, sorry and again sorry, I was not born in 1886 but in 1866 into this bad world. But do not, by all means, believe that I feel that old. No, at times I even believe that my age is only a mathematical error. And then I take a piece of paper and write: 1936 less 1866 — 70! The only consolation is that I still have seven months to go to 70. However, I have another."

"I feel this way: At the beginning of the war, I was 48. However, from the beginning of the war on, the tempo of life constantly increased and today continues to increase; so I count every year as an average of 15 years. Thus 22 years have not passed since the beginning of the war, but 330 — therefore I am today 48 plus 330 or 378 years old or young which sounds better. But where is the consolation? Here it is. A young man who was only 20 at the beginning of the war is today 20 plus 330, or 350 years old. The difference of age between him and me is therefore very small.

"However, as my calculation is only my personal method, people are beginning to speak of my anniversary. I sometimes hear that a large anniversary exhibition should be held for me in Paris. Of course, I would not have anything against this. However, I ask who does it and where does the necessary money come from. For I have no art dealer in Paris. (When I became 60, several German art dealers arranged a large exhibition, which they also sent on as a traveling show.) The answer is suggested: Someone can surely be found to take over the necessary worries (renting a hall, catalogue, publicity, invitations, etc.). However, it is hard to find money in Paris. 'Don't you have a maecenas who has the necessary 15-20,000 Francs,' I am asked. Experts claim that with 15,000

Francs the matter could be handled very nicely, and very swanky with 20. Aside of my 'subjective' side the matter also has an 'objective' one. Here constantly this or that is done against 'non-figurative' painting, which has various different reasons. It is also bad that in this aggression the 'constructivists' are always mentioned; and it is therefore claimed: these non-figurative artists (the non-objective artists) are pure headaches, who deny the intuitive element and want to make something mechanical out of art. As you see a pell-mell and confusion."

"I therefore thought, that if my anniversary would be utilized and an imposing exhibit would be held, which would be followed by a large exhibition of Bauer's work, our art would receive the proper light. The slanderers can only and exclusively be disarmed by facts."

I have friends here who are trying to get money for the exhibition. On the other hand I must say that a number of local art dealers have also "caught a little fire" and though still hesitatingly, still they show some interest for the non-figurative and try to undertake this or that. They are always afraid that this art would be difficult (or impossible) to sell. However, since I sell here and at proper prices, which they first considered crazy and to which they now say "You did well by not giving in," I received several offers here and that almost immediately after I moved here. That is, an effort was made to barter and get me to reduce my prices. I said: "No! I still have my bread and do not have to hurry with sales." — "Yes, but prices have been reduced in the entire world." And I: "Mine have also been reduced by 50%, that is, I have reduced my prices by 50%." Many smiled at my tenacity, but now say, I was right. Of course, I would sell much more if I would give my works away "for 1/5 or 1/10 of their prices."

"You will remember how cheaply you bought some works of well known artists from dealers. That is not only due to the fact that some art dealers are forced to sell the paintings so cheaply from their stock, but also that many artists themselves sell their works for a buttered sandwich (or, as the French say, 'for bread without butter'). In the case of some, I am very sorry to find that it is not a question of lack of character, but an actual lack of a piece of bread. It is bad, that here in Paris this really terrible situation is taken advantage of, by very wealthy people in the most ruthless manner. I know examples which cannot be considered anything but hair-raising."

"On the other hand, there are also quite different facts, if they are facts. A short time ago there was a large exhibition of the newest paintings by Picasso, held by P. Rosenberg and I was informed from a good source that P. R. supposedly was forced to buy the entire collection, as otherwise Picasso would not give any paintings for an exhibition. And this good source claims that P. R. had placed roughly 1,000,000 Frs. on the table for this collection. Maybe the 'good source' had its legs pulled; so that such rumors would spread and the Picasso prices, which went down considerably, would go up again. I do not know."

"I just see from my house catalogue that from the period 1916-20 I have only the one painting, 'In Grey.' That was the time of the war and the first years of the revolution, which I spent in Moscow. I would not want to experience such years again."

"Aside of 'moral' shocks, I also experienced considerable financial shocks. Just before the revolution I was able to provide for myself financially, for the rest of my life. I was not rich, but had money enough to work without worrying, without having to think of earning money. This condition lasted only a few months. Later on, I even had to teach for 14 years; something which I did not dislike doing, but which was very disadvantageous to my own work. You know as an artist, that for us only that is advantageous which allows us to think only of painting, think with head, soul and all other senses. However, I am happy that all these difficult conditions in the end did not keep me from making very important paintings. Self-praise!"

Kandinsky to Hilla Rebay

Paris, April 21, 1936

"To my great pleasure the catalogue of the S. R. Guggenheim collection has finally arrived. I wish to thank you very much. Now, it is certain that the first copy sent by you has gotten lost. I am sorry that you had the trouble of again sending a new one — otherwise it would not be so bad now.

"The catalogue is very beautifully done — my compliments! The reproductions are very well spread and well executed. The colored ones, as almost always, are a bit too 'bright.' 'Almost always' means 'always' unless you spend an awful lot of money. The black and white ones could not have been better. And the pages with the little pictures look 'appetizing.' Typographically the catalogue as a whole looks serious and at the same time inviting. I like your text very much. The beginning with Copernicus and Galileo grasps the matter by its head. The example with the 'keyboard' is humiliating for the stupid ones but for 'head owners' or 'brain owners' (as Beethoven used to say) fully enlightening. I am sure that your text will make many a sceptic into an apostle. It is altogether simple, clear (without a 'painting kitchen') easily 'digestible' for the layman. In such cases so many 'philosophical' expressions are used that the poor reader stands as though hit on the head (such hitting on the head is shown wonderfully in American films). Sometimes I really think that the philosophical art writer does not quite understand himself what he has written. Not alone the reader, but the art writer himself confronts the reader, both with open mouth, no longer knowing what is top or bottom. Do you know that the printer of the catalogue in one instance also did not know, what was top and what was bottom? Happy to say, only in one single case — that is the reproduction of 'For and Against,' catalogue number 90. Did you notice it afterwards?"

NEUILLY s. Seine (Seine)
135 Bd de la Seine , France

October 16, 1936.

Kandinsky to H. R.

"You probably have been home for a long time now and, as usual, are working with full energy. I have been back from Italy only four weeks, where it was wonderful and where I have apparently collected enough strength for the coming winter. I hope that the darn politics will not disturb the necessary inner quietude.

"I received very interesting news from Germany which, as appears to me, are in certain connection with you. Thus I heard that Rudolf Bauer is on the hunt for 'non-objective paintings' in order, as I am told, to further strengthen the historic fundament of the Guggenheim collection. It would be wonderful! I presume this is in connection with the plans of which you have told me and which, of course, 'I shall keep to myself,' that is, I will not tell them to anyone. Here too I was asked for information in this connection, but said that I knew nothing of this. Here greatest care is essential.

"Now I was also told from Germany that the Folkwang Museum (Essen) had sold a pre-war painting (Improvisation No. 8) to a Berlin art dealer, who had purchased the painting for a collector. Maybe I am all wrong if here too I think of the Guggenheim collection. At any rate, it would be hard to believe that the collector is a German.

"In connection with this information I also thought of Otto Nebel, who, according to my idea, at least 'historically' belongs in the collection. Don't you believe so? I know that Bauer has a large water color of his (bought it from him) and is therefore truly interested in his painting. In connection with the depreciations (of the French and Swiss Franc) I had some losses, but poor Nebel much more, something that took an almost catastrophic turn with him. Therefore, also from this angle, purchases from him would appear advisable. I am saying this to you personally.

"Don't you share my opinion? It would interest me very much to hear your opinion on this.

"I do not need to tell you how much I am interested in the museum plans. Do you and Mr. G. have the intention to show the collection in New York (that is to the greater public) as it looks today, or do you want to wait until the Museum can become an actuality. The latter would bring about a nice 'explosion'! Did you receive our card from Forte dei Marmi? We often thought of you there. Your descriptions were more than confirmed. We lived there wonderfully in every respect in the Hotel Franceschi, which is now facing Viareggio and close to the sea. There were no foreigners, but everything was taken, so that we did not get the room we wanted from the start until we had moved four times. We tried to guess where the house is in which you lived with your friends.

"Now comes the already well known request from me for photos of the latest paintings acquired and also the water colors which you bought from Neumann from my water color exhibit as well as the three water colors which you bought from me three years ago. It would be very important for me to have these photographs and I would appreciate them very much."

Again to Hilla Rebay, January 16th, 1937:

"According to your terminology, 'abstract' art operates with elements which were 'abstracted' from some object. While 'non-objective' art creates its own elements, without making use of any objects whatsoever. As that is the case, I do not understand why you term my painting 'abstract' as the Guggenheim collection already has many of my paintings (even from the time before the war) which have nothing whatsoever to do with an object. How am I to understand that? . . .

"In the letter which was lost I also mentioned that I could not immediately come to 'pure abstraction' because at that time I was all alone in the world. In spite of that, I painted my first non-objective painting already in 1911. ('Peoples Museum' in Moscow). The Guggenheim Collection has non-objective paintings from me, painted in 1913 — 'Light Picture' (No. 68 of your catalogue) and 'Black Lines' (No. 69). Then, also from the years 1918, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, etc. Perhaps you consider all these remarks 'small.' It may be. These, however, are my achievements which are of importance when a characterization of my work is attempted.

"You write (and not for the first time) that the spiritual is the important part. I believe that here we understand each other well, as I already wrote a book about this in 1910. I was particularly happy to find 'Fuge' of 1914 among the photographs you sent. I considered the painting completely lost."

To Hilla Rebay in 1937:

"I particularly draw the people's attention to your 'paper plastics' because I particularly like them. I also suggested that they look at your portfolio and that of Bauer because the portfolios are beautifully done and one could at an advantageous price buy works from both of you. It was quite often made clear to me (and I know this myself) that through such cooperation as a colleague, I spoil my 'reputation as an artist,' because the artist should stand 'above everything' and should worry only and exclusively about himself. That is the way all the 'great' Parisians act. According to my opinion, however, there are also exceptions among real great people, which, however, are some of the greatest rarities. I actually have profited well—particularly morally, because many of my paint-

ings are in a very valuable collection. Also from a monetary point of view, but perhaps somewhat less than you think because several (or many) of my paintings did not enter the G. collection through me but from other points and people. Excuse these perhaps small remarks. However, let us have confidence in each other. It is just this confidence that the world of today's lacks so badly. Let us try as artists, to also in this direction, form an 'island' in the terrible atmosphere of today. It would be 'objectively' well, and not too bad 'subjectively' as it is easier to breathe in an air of confidence."

To Solomon R. Guggenheim

Paris 18.4.38

"A few days ago I received the newest catalogue of the Sol. R. Guggenheim collection, now called foundation. I want to use this occasion to send you my congratulations upon your grandiose Resolution — Already it was such a precious deed when you as the very first, started a collection of almost entirely 'non-figurative' paintings and for years enlarged it consequently. While now in New York exists a public institution for this Art which in so innumerable creations has, now, been made accessible to the public in such a way. Incredible how slowly humanity converts to the new. In first declining energetically (by jove, the solding one had to hear). They then slowly prick up the ears, until at last (yet it still takes its time) comes the insight. To this enlightenment your foundation now paves the way."

Since 1934 Kandinsky lived in Paris, with the exception of a few trips to Italy, Egypt, Greece, Turkey or to the South of France, December 13th, 1944, he died there after grave illness, very likely due to the privations of war conditions. Yet even bitter cold did not prevent him from painting, until death stopped him serving human ideals by bringing joy and ecstasy to a steadily growing number of people. Those, able to feel the beauty of Kandinsky's exquisite colors and the carefully organized perfection of counter point in his form and space solutions, the tender warmth of lyrical charm, contrasting the crystal clarity which prove his brilliant mastery.

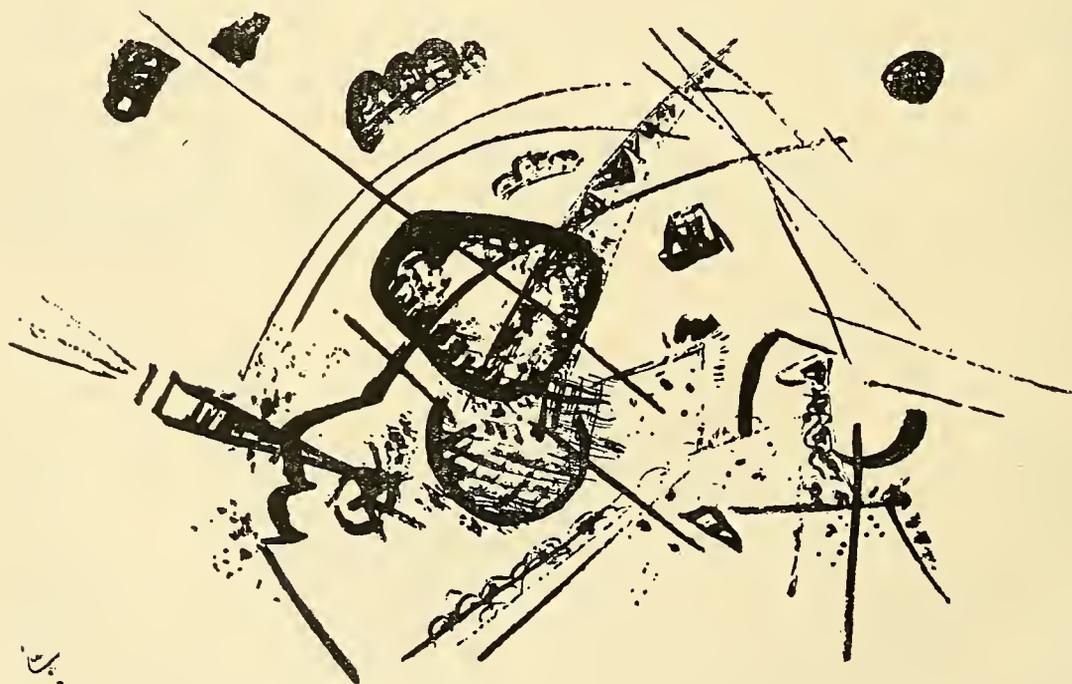
Kandinsky, the daring inventor of a new moving form ideal with which he so prophetically has lead into that future of a spirituality where past and present unite the everlasting future of eternity — In the last years of Kandinsky's life, his paintings became enormously sought after in Paris — His death occured, as his life cabled, during his last exhibition which due it's "enormous success" had to be prolonged.

Kandinsky had one man exhibitions in Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Brussels, Dessau, Dresden, Cologne, Brunswick, New York, Zurich. His work is owned by museums and collections of Paris, Amsterdam, Erfurt, Chicago, Christiania, Kioto, London, Moscow, Stockholm, Solothurn, Vienna, Zurich, Basle, Brussels, Halle, The Hague, Cologne, Milan, Oslo, Copenhagen, Essen, Berlin, Dresden, Saarbruecken, Hamburg, Hanover, Wiesbaden, New York, Goeteborg, Philadelphia, Hew Haven, Los Angeles and many

others—Museum directors of some of forementioned German cities under political pressure had been forced to sell priceless Kandinskys to Switzerland, which then were acquired for the Solomon R. Guggenheim collection, enriching it with historically priceless additions and so bringing to New York a complete survey of Kandinsky's remarkable achievement.

This unique collection will be made accessible in it's full entity when the Solomon R. Guggenheim Foundation will have it's collection permanently housed in the Gallery now planned by Frank Lloyd Wright, to be built after the war on Fifth Avenue and 89th Street, with this a dream of Kandinsky is to come true, though he did not live to see it, he knew of it before he died.

There has been nothing said more lovely about Kandinsky than that Diego Rivera wrote in 1933: "I know of nothing more real than the painting of Kandinsky — nor anything more true and nothing more beautiful. A painting of Kandinsky gives no image of earthly life — it is life itself. If one painter deserves the name 'creator,' it is he. He organizes matter as matter was organized, otherwise the Universe would not exist. He opened a new window to look inside of the All. Some day Kandinsky will be the best known and the best loved by men."



LIST OF PAINTINGS REPRODUCED IN THE BOOK

BLACK LINES (1913) oil on canvas 50½ x 50½	Museum of Non-objective Painting New York	In Color
ABSTRACTION—WINTER (1911) oil 38½ x 27	Mrs. Stanley Resor Collection Greenwich, Conn.	6
ABSTRACTION—AUTUMN (1911) oil 38 x 27	Mr. van Der Rohe Collection Chicago	7
IMPROVISATION No. 22 (1911) oil on canvas 120cm x 140cm	Owner unknown, not exhibited	8
IMPROVISATION (1912) oil on canvas 45 x 62½	Museum of Non-objective Painting New York	9
LITTLE PLEASURES (1913) oil on canvas 43 x 47	Museum of Non-objective Painting New York	10
PICTURE WITH THREE SPOTS (1913) oil on canvas 47 x 43	Museum of Non-objective Painting New York	11
LIGHT PICTURE (1913) oil on canvas 30¾ x 39¼	Museum of Non-objective Painting New York	12
THE WHITE EDGE (1913) oil on canvas 55 x 75½	Museum of Non-objective Painting New York	13
CARNEVAL (1914) oil on canvas 47 x 63	Museum of Non-objective Painting New York	14
SOUVENIR (1914) oil on canvas 47 x 63	Museum of Non-objective Painting New York	15
IMPROVISATION (1915) watercolor 13¼ x 9	Museum of Modern Art New York	16
DEUX ROUGES (1916) oil 78cm x 100cm.	Owner unknown, not exhibited, New York	17
SEDATE (1917) watercolor 10 x 11	Museum of Non-objective Painting New York	18
LYRICAL INVENTION (1918) tempera and chinese ink 10⅞ x 13½	Museum of Non-objective Painting New York	19
LYRICAL No. 4 (1919) pen drawing 13 x 9	Museum of Non-objective Painting New York	20
POINTED FLOATING (1920) oil 179cm x 156cm	Property of the Soviet State Not exhibited	21
RED WITH BLACK (1920) oil on canvas	Property of the Soviet State Not exhibited	21
WHITE CENTER (1921) oil on canvas 47 x 53½	Baroness Hilla Rebay Collection Greens Farms, Conn.	22
MULTICOLOR CIRCLE (1921) oil on canvas 54¾ x 70¾	Yale University Art Gallery New Haven, Conn.	23
BLUE CIRCLE (1922) oil on canvas 43 x 39	Miss Katherine S. Dreier Collection New York	24

SOLIDITY No. H1 (1922) watercolor 17 ¼ x 15 ¾	Museum of Non-objective Painting New York	25
COMPOSITION No. 8 (1923) oil on canvas 54 ½ x 78 ½	Museum of Non-objective Painting New York	26
OPEN GREEN (No. 263, 1923) oil on canvas 38 ½ x 38 ½	Museum of Non-objective Painting New York	27
CIRCLES IN CIRCLE (1923) oil on canvas 38 ½ x 37 ½	Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Arensberg Collection Hollywood, Calif.	28
BEIGE GRAY (No. 165, 1924) watercolor 15 ⅝ x 9	Museum of Non-objective Painting New York	29
LIGHT UNITY (No. 308, 1925) oil on board 27 ½ x 19 ½	Museum of Non-objective Painting New York	30
CALM (No. 357, 1926) oil on wood 19 ⅝ x 18 ½	Museum of Non-objective Painting New York	31
No. 225 (1927) watercolor 19 x 12 ½	Museum of Non-objective Painting New York	32
DELICATE JOY (1927) watercolor 8 x 7 ¼	Museum of Non-objective Painting New York	33
SCHERZO (No. 213, 1927) watercolor 13 ½ x 9 ½, on cover	Museum of Non-objective Painting New York	Cover
GLOWING UP (No. 327, 1928) watercolor and chinese ink 18 x 19 ¼	Museum of Non-objective Painting New York	34
CARRYING ROUND (No. 346, 1929) watercolor 19 x 17	Museum of Non-objective Painting New York	35
LONG STRIPE (1930) watercolor 20 x 15 ½	Museum of Non-objective Painting New York	36
THREE ARROWS (1931) watercolor 18 ¾ x 12 ½	Museum of Non-objective Painting New York	37
GREEN ON GREEN (1932) watercolor 20 ½ x 12 ½	Museum of Non-objective Painting New York	38
TUNE IN GRAY (1933) oil 27 ½ x 19	Nierendorf Gallery, New York	39
DEVELOPMENT IN HEIGHT (1934) oil on canvas 31 x 31	Museum of Non-objective Painting New York	40
GREEN ACCENT (No. 623, 1935) oil 32 x 39 ½	Museum of Non-objective Painting New York	41
HORIZONTAL VARIATION (No. 567, 1936) watercolor 11 ½ x 19 ¼	Museum of Non-objective Painting New York	42
MIDDLE COMPAGNON (1937) oil	Not exhibited	43
BLACK POINTS (1937) oil	Not exhibited	44
LE TON CONTACTE (1938) oil on canvas 35 x 45 ½	Museum of Non-objective Painting New York	45

LISTING OF PAINTINGS ON VIEW IN THE MUSEUM
 OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTINGS • 24 EAST 54TH STREET
 NEW YORK CITY AT THE OCCASION OF THE KANDINSKY
 MEMORIAL EXHIBITION • MARCH 15TH-MAY 15TH, 1945

L I S T O F W O R K S E X H I B I T E D :

WHERE LENDER IS NOT MENTIONED THE PAINTING IS OWNED BY THE SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM FOUNDATION

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|----|---|--|
| 1 | BLUE MOUNTAIN (1908)
oil 41 x 37½ | |
| 2 | CHURCH IN MUNICH (1908)
oil 26½ x 39 | Lent by Miss Katherine Kuh, Chicago |
| 3 | LANDSCAPE WITH TOWER (1909)
oil 12½ x 17 | |
| 4 | CRINOLINES (1909)
oil 37 x 58¼ | |
| 5 | LANDSCAPE (1909)
oil | Lent by Mr. James F. Eppenstein, Chicago |
| 6 | IMPROVISATION No. 7 (1910)
oil 29 x 20½ | Lent by Yale University Art Gallery, New Haven, Conn |
| 7 | COMPOSITION No. 2 (1910)
oil 38 x 51¾ | |
| 8 | ABSTRACTION—WINTER (1911)
oil 38½ x 27 | Lent by Mrs. Stanley Resor, Greenwich, Conn. |
| 9 | ABSTRACTION—AUTUMN (1911)
oil 38 x 27 | Lent by Mr. Van der Rohe, Chicago |
| 10 | WINTER STUDY WITH CHURCH (1911)
oil 17¼ x 12½ | |
| 11 | LANDSCAPE (1911)
oil 12½ x 17 | |
| 12 | PASTORALE (1911)
oil 41 | |
| 13 | COMPOSITION No. 7, FRAGMENT No. 1
oil 34⅞ x 39⅞ (1911) | Lent by Museum of Modern Art, New York |
| 14 | COMPOSITION, FRAGMENT (1911)
watercolor with gold 9¼ x 11¾ | Lent by Hilla Rebay, Greens Farms, Conn. |

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|----|---|---|
| 15 | SKY (1911)
watercolor 13 x 17 | Lent by Lt. I. Usiskin, Lawrence, L. I. |
| 16 | IMPROVISATION (1912) | Lent by Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Arensberg
Hollywood, Calif. |
| 17 | LANDSCAPE WITH TWO POPLARS (1912)
oil | Lent by the Art Institute of Chicago |
| 18 | IMPROVISATION (1912)
oil 45 x 62½ | |
| 19 | LIGHT FORM (1912)
oil 47 x 54½ | |
| 20 | ABSTRACTION—AUTUMN (1912)
oil 24 x 32 | Lent by Mr. Karl Nierendorf, New York |
| 21 | LITTLE PLEASURES (1913)
oil 43 x 47 | |
| 22 | RAIN (1913)
oil 27½ x 30½ | |
| 23 | IMPROVISATION No. 30 (1913)
oil 43½ x 43¾ | Lent by the Art Institute of Chicago |
| 24 | THE WHITE EDGE (1913)
oil 55 x 75½ | |
| 25 | GREAT FUGUE (1913)
oil 50½ x 50½ | |
| 26 | PICTURE WITH THREE SPOTS (1913)
oil 47 x 43 | |
| 27 | BLACK LINES (1913)
oil 50½ x 50½ | |
| 28 | LIGHT PICTURE (1913)
oil 30¾ x 39¾ | |
| 29 | IMPROVISATION (1914)
watercolor 12½ x 9¼ | Lent by Mr. Karl Nierendorf, New York |
| 30 | CARNEVAL (1914)
oil 47 x 63 | |
| 31 | SOUVENIR (1914)
oil 47 x 63 | |
| 32 | IMPROVISATION (1914)
oil 33 x 42 | Lent by Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Arensberg
Hollywood, Calif. |
| 33 | IMPROVISATION (1915)
watercolor 13¼ x 9 | Lent by the Museum of Modern Art, New York |
| 34 | 1915
watercolor 13½ x 8¾ | Lent by Mr. and Mrs. William Dieterle
Los Angeles, Calif. |
| 35 | SEDATE (1917)
watercolor 10 x 11 | |
| 36 | LYRICAL INVENTION (1918)
tempera and chinese ink 10⅞ x 13½ | |

- 37 LIGHT TOP HEAVY (No. 22, 1918)
watercolor 12½ x 8
- 38 1918
watercolor 7½ x 18
- 39 1918
watercolor 9¾ x 13½
- 40 No. 311 (1918)
watercolor 11¾ x 8¼
Lent by Hilla Rebay, Greens Farms, Conn.
- 41 LYRICAL No. 4 (1919)
pen drawing 13 x 9
- 42 WHITE OVAL (1921)
oil 41 x 39½
- 43 WHITE CENTER (1921)
oil 47 x 53½
Lent by Hilla Rebay, Greens Farms, Conn.
- 44 RUSSIAN CARNEVAL (1921)
oil 54 x 47
Lent by Miss Katherine S. Dreier, New York
- 45 MULTICOLOR CIRCLE (1921)
oil 54¾ x 70¾
Lent by Societe Anonyme, Yale University
Art Gallery, New Haven
- 46 SOLIDITY (1922)
watercolor 17¼ x 15¾
- 47 BLUE CIRCLE (1922)
oil 43 x 39
Lent by Miss Katherine S. Dreier, New York
- 48 1923
watercolor 13 x 13½
Lent by Mr. and Mrs. William Dieterle
Los Angeles
- 49 OPEN GREEN (No. 263, 1923)
oil 38½ x 38½
- 50 RED IN BLUE (No. 100, 1923)
watercolor 16 x 12
- 51 EMPHASIZED CORNERS (No. 247, 1923)
oil 50¾ x 50¾
- 52 TRAMONTA (No. 61, 1923)
watercolor 18 x 15½
- 53 GAY SOUND (No. 50, 1923)
watercolor 14½ x 10
Lent by Mr. Karl Nierendorf, New York
- 54 1923
watercolor and ink 16 x 12
- 55 WHITE POINT (No. 248, 1923)
oil 36 x 28
- 56 1923
watercolor and chinese ink 14⅛ x 9⅞
- 57 COMPOSITION No. 8 (No. 260, 1923)
oil 54½ x 78½
- 58 CIRCLES IN CIRCLE (1923)
oil 38½ x 37½
Lent by Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Arensberg
Hollywood, Calif.

- 59 WITHOUT SUPPORT (1923)
oil 38 ½ x 32 ½
- 60 SERENE (1924)
oil 25 ¼ x 27 ¼
- 61 1924
watercolor 9 x 12
Lent by Mr. and Mrs. William Dieterle
Los Angeles, Calif.
- 62 ONE CENTER (1924)
oil 54 ½ x 38 ½
- 63 YELLOW SURROUNDING (No. 269, 1924)
oil 39 x 38
- 64 LIGHT CLARITY (No. 148, 1924)
watercolor 20 x 14 ¼
Lent by Hilla Rebay, Greens Farms, Conn.
- 65 No. 141 (1924)
watercolor 14 ½ x 9 ½
Lent by Hilla Rebay, Greens Farms, Conn.
- 66 1924
watercolor and chinese ink 13 ½ x 9 ⅝
- 67 LIGHTER (No. 272, 1924)
oil 27 x 23
- 68 BEIGE GRAY (No. 165, 1924)
watercolor 13 ⅝ x 9
- 69 MUFFLED (No. 183, 1924)
watercolor 13 ½ x 9
Lent by Nierendorf Gallery, New York
- 70 ON VIOLET (No. 149, 1924)
watercolor 13 ½ x 9
- 71 No. 278 (1924)
oil 21 ½ x 19
- 72 TENDER (No. 167, 1924)
watercolor 11 ½ x 10
Lent by Mr. Karl Nierendorf, New York
- 73 BLACK CIRCLE (No. 161, 1924)
watercolor 18 ¼ x 13
- 74 STIFF POINTED ROUND (1924)
watercolor 14 x 14 ½
- 75 LANDSCAPE (1924)
watercolor 21 x 30
Lent by Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Arensberg
Hollywood, Calif.
- 76 QUIET (283, 1924)
oil 21 x 31 ½
Lent by Nierendorf Gallery, New York
- 77 GREEN SOUND (1924)
oil 27 x 19 ½
Lent by Nierendorf Gallery, New York
- 78 DEEP BROWN (1924)
oil 33 x 29
Lent by Nierendorf Gallery, New York
- 79 ABOVE AND LEFT (1925)
oil 27 ¼ x 19 ½
- 80 ZIGZAG (1925)
watercolor 12 ¼ x 18 ¾
Lent by The Miller Company, Meriden, Conn.

- 81 BLACK TRIANGLE (No. 320, 1925)
oil 30½ x 21
- 82 ORANGE STREAK (1926)
hand colored lithograph 18 x 14
- 83 GREEN SPLIT (No. 302, 1925)
oil 27½ x 19½
- 84 ABSTRACT VARIATIONS (1925)
oil 19½ x 13¼
Lent by Societe Anonyme, Yale University
Art Gallery, New Haven, Conn.
- 85 STABIL (1925)
watercolor 14 x 19½
Lent by Hilla Rebay, Greens Farms, Conn.
- 86 SMALL SIGNS (No. 303, 1925)
oil 26½ x 19
Lent by Nierendorf Gallery, New York
- 87 LIGHT UNITY (No. 308, 1925)
oil 27½ x 19½
- 88 SMALL YELLOW (1925)
oil 16¼ x 12¾
Lent by Yale University Art Gallery
New Haven, Conn.
- 89 ROUND (No. 368, 1926)
oil 20 x 18½
- 90 EXTENDED (No. 333, 1926)
oil 37 x 17½
- 91 MODERATE (1925)
oil 27 x 19
Lent by Nierendorf Gallery, New York
- 92 CONFIRMING (No. 355, 1926)
oil 17¾ x 21
- 93 ROSE IN GREY (No. 107, 1926)
oil 16 x 20
Lent by Mr. Karl Nierendorf, New York
- 94 POINTED ACCENTS (No. 342, 1926)
oil 30¾ x 49
- 95 POINTED (1926)
oil 24 x 19
Lent by Nierendorf Gallery, New York
- 96 SOUNDS (No. 343, 1926)
oil 23⅛ x 23⅛
- 97 SOME CIRCLES (1926)
oil 55⅛ x 55⅛
- 98 CALM (No. 357, 1926)
oil 19⅞ x 18⅞
- 99 GREEN CONNECTION (1926)
oil 33¼ x 22½
Lent by Nierendorf Gallery, New York
- 100 YELLOW CIRCLE (No. 335, 1926)
oil 27 x 19
- 101 COUNTERWEIGHTS (1926)
oil 19½ x 19½
Lent by Nierendorf Gallery, New York
- 102 TENSION IN RED (1926)
watercolor 25¼ x 20½

- 103 RIPPED (1926)
oil 31 ½ x 39
Lent by Nierendorf Gallery, New York
- 104 COUNTERWEIGHTS (1926)
oil 19 ½ x 19 ¼
Lent by Nierendorf Gallery, New York
- 105 DELICATE JOY (1927)
watercolor 8 x 7 ¼
- 106 FLOATING (No. 595, 1927)
oil 15 ¾ x 18 ⅞
- 107 RISING HEAT (No. 212, 1927)
watercolor 10 x 14
- 108 GREEN SIGH (No. 207, 1927)
watercolor 19 x 12 ½
- 109 SIGN WITH ACCOMPANIMENT (1927)
oil 31 x 20 ½
- 110 HARD BUT SOFT (No. 220, 1927)
watercolor 17 x 12 ½
- 111 MILD HEART (1927)
oil 19 ½ x 14 ½
- 112 No. 225 (1927)
watercolor 19 x 12 ½
- 113 1927
ink drawing 14 x 9 ¾
- 114 COMPOSITION (No. 223 (1927)
watercolor 15 ½ x 21
Lent by Hilla Rebay, Greens Farms, Conn.
- 115 SCHERZO (No. 213, 1927)
watercolor 13 ½ x 9 ½
- 116 DULL VIOLET (1927)
watercolor 19 x 12 ¾
- 117 GEOMETRICAL FORMS (1927)
watercolor 29 x 23
Lent by Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Arensberg
Hollywood, Calif.
- 118 ABSTRACTION (1927)
watercolor 18 ½ x 12 ½
Lent by Mr. and Mrs. Romle Shapiro
New York
- 119 LUMINOSITY (1927)
oil 20 x 19
Lent by Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Winston
Birmingham, Mich.
- 120 SMALL SQUARE (No. 250, 1928)
watercolor 12 ½ x 19
- 121 GLOWING UP (No. 327, 1928)
watercolor and chinese ink 18 x 19 ¼
- 122 DELICACY IN GREEN (No. 295, 1928)
watercolor 20 ½ x 11
- 123 QUIET (No. 417, 1928)
oil 20 x 30 ½
- 124 ECHO (No. 296, 1928)
watercolor 18 ½ x 9 ½

- 125 INTO THE DARK (1928)
watercolor 14 ½ x 22
Lent by Hilla Rebay, Greens Farms, Conn.
- 126 TOPPING (1928)
watercolor 19 ⅛ x 12 ⅝
- 127 RED STAFF (No. 121, 1928)
oil 36 x 20
- 128 RIPPED (No. 262, 1928)
oil 19 x 12 ½
- 129 VERTICAL ACCENT (No. 325, 1928)
watercolor 13 ½ x 9 ¾
Lent by Mr. Karl Nierendorf, New York
- 130 TRIANGLE (No. 162, 1928)
watercolor 13 x 19
- 131 COLORED STICKS (1928)
watercolor 16 x 12
- 132 GONE (1928)
watercolor 18 x 15
- 133 FLOATING (No. 290, 1928)
watercolor 19 x 12 ½
Lent by Hilla Rebay, Greens Farms, Conn.
- 134 FISH FORMS (1928)
watercolor 23 x 29
Lent by Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Arensberg
Hollywood, Calif.
- 135 No. 456 (1928)
oil 13 ¼ x 9 ¼
- 136 1928
watercolor 15 ¼ x 23 ¼
Lent by Mrs. E. Zalstem Zalessky
New Milford, Conn.
- 137 INCLINED HALF CIRCLE (1928)
watercolor 18 ½ x 12 ¼
Lent by Mr. J. B. Neumann, New York
- 138 TWO SIDES OF RED (No. 437, 1928)
oil
- 139 BLUE (1929)
oil on board 9 ½ x 13 ½
Lent by Dr. and Mrs. Valentiner, Detroit
- 140 LIGHT AND HEAVY (No. 457, 1929)
oil 19 ¼ x 14 ½
- 141 DECIDED POINTS (1929)
oil 27 x 13
- 142 HORIZONTAL BLUE (No. 369, 1929)
watercolor 9 ½ x 12 ½
Lent by Mr. Karl Nierendorf, New York
- 143 COLD SPEED (No. 349, 1929)
watercolor 20 x 9 ½
- 144 EVASIVE (341, 1929)
watercolor 21 ¾ x 13 ½
Lent by Hilla Rebay, Greens Farms, Conn.
- 145 OPPRESSED (No. 471, 1929)
oil 27 x 19
- 146 YELLOW CENTER (1929)
oil 18 x 15
Lent by Hilla Rebay, Greens Farms, Conn.

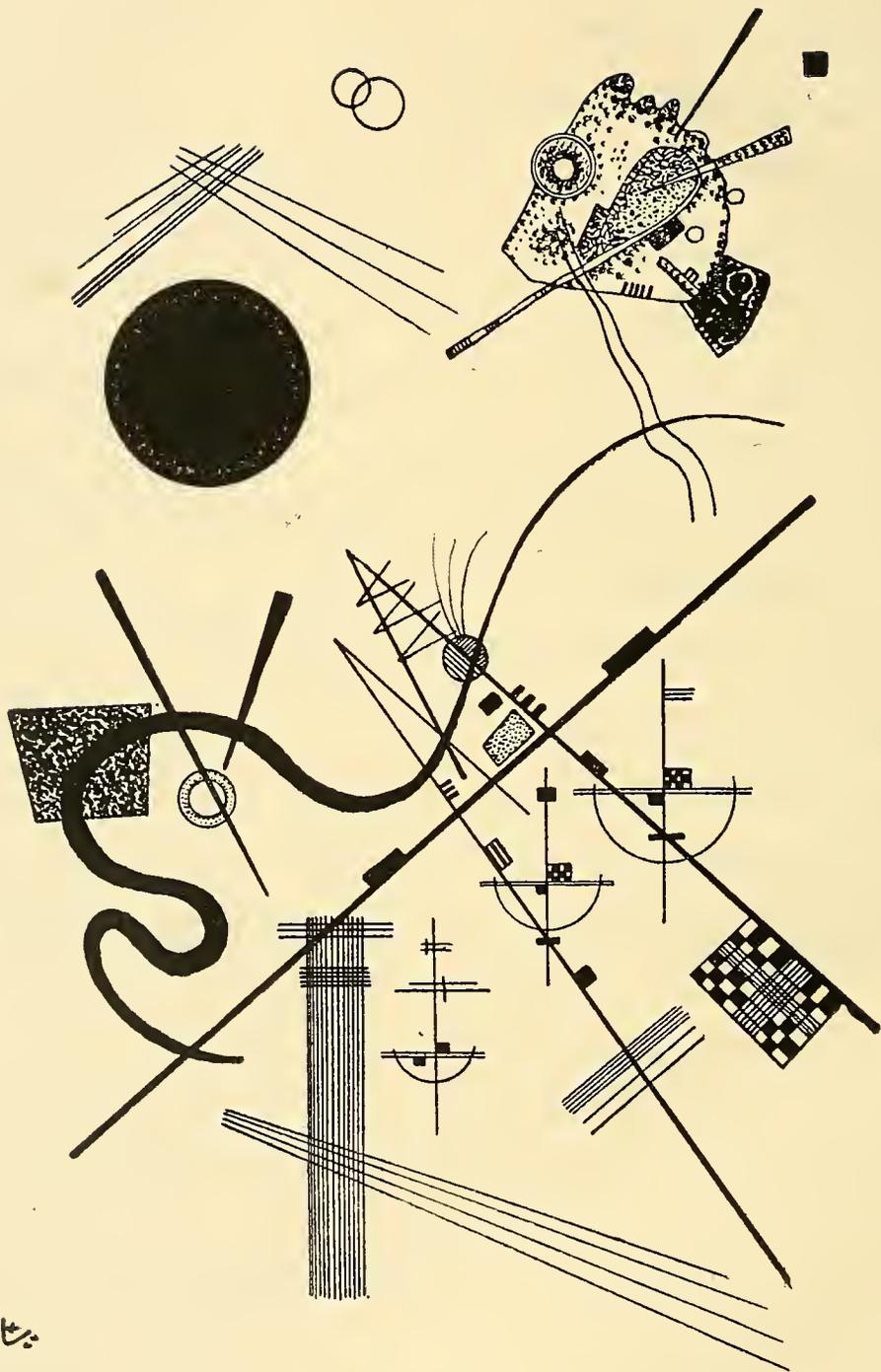
- 147 LIGHT BLUE (No. 443, 1929)
oil 20 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 26 $\frac{1}{4}$
- 148 CIRCLES IN BROWN (No. 477, 1929)
oil 19 x 19
- 149 ONE - TWO (1929)
oil 6 x 13
- 150 CARRYING ROUND (No. 346, 1929)
watercolor 19 x 17
- 151 ROCK TROUGHOUT (1929)
watercolor 14 x 14
Lent by Hilla Rebay, Greens Farms, Conn.
- 152 FOR AND AGAINST (No. 461, 1929)
oil 13 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 19 $\frac{1}{4}$
- 153 WORKING TOGETHER (No. 487, 1929)
oil 10 x 16 $\frac{1}{2}$
Lent by Mr. Karl Nierendorf, New York
- 154 STRANGE (1929)
watercolor 13 x 13
- 155 HARD SOFT (No. 474, 1929)
oil 27 x 18 $\frac{3}{4}$
- 156 PINK SWEET (No. 481, 1929)
oil 27 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 19 $\frac{1}{2}$
Lent by Hilla Rebay, Greens Farms, Conn.
- 157 COMPOSITION (1929)
watercolor 13 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 19 $\frac{1}{2}$
Lent by Hilla Rebay, Greens Farms, Conn.
- 158 SOMEWHAT RED (No. 441, 1929)
oil 12 x 15 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 159 YELLOW MARGIN (No. 497, 1930)
oil 18 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 18 $\frac{3}{4}$
Lent by Nierendorf Gallery, New York
- 160 HEATED (No. 375, 1930)
watercolor 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 20 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 161 HARD SOFT (No. 390, 1930)
watercolor 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 16 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 162 ALMOST DISAPPEARING (No. 363, 1930)
tempera 15 x 10
Lent by Nierendorf Gallery, New York
- 163 FLYING AROUND (No. 399, 1930)
watercolor 16 x 9 $\frac{1}{4}$
Lent by Mr. Werner Drewes, New York
- 164 WHITE SCAR (No. 530, 1930)
oil 27 x 19
- 165 SCHERZO (1930)
watercolor 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 6
- 166 HARDLY (No. 492, 1930)
tempera on plaster 13 x 6 $\frac{1}{4}$
- 167 FAR AWAY (No. 533, 1930)
oil 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 9 $\frac{1}{2}$
Lent by Mr. Karl Nierendorf, New York
- 168 LONG STRIPE (1930)
watercolor 20 x 15 $\frac{1}{2}$

- 169 THICK HEAVY (No. 385, 1930)
watercolor 18 x 12
- 170 WONDER-VEIL (1930)
watercolor 22 x 12 ¼
- 171 WHITE (No. 512, 1930)
oil 19 ¼ x 13 ⅞
Lent by Mrs. E. Zalstem Zalessky
New Milford, Conn.
- 172 MOODY (1930)
oil 16 x 22
Lent by Nierendorf Gallery, New York
- 173 THREE ARROWS (1931)
watercolor 18 ¾ x 13 ½
- 174 FLICKERING (No. 435, 1931)
watercolor 13 ½ x 13 ¾
Lent by Nierendorf Gallery, New York
- 175 No. 2 (1931)
watercolor 19 x 10
- 176 LIGHT BLUE (1931)
watercolor 12 x 18 ½
- 177 NOW UPWARD (No. 417, 1931)
watercolor 19 x 24
Lent by Nierendorf Gallery, New York
- 178 WEIGHTED (No. 439, 1931)
watercolor 20 x 22
Lent by Hilla Rebay, Greens Farms, Conn.
- 179 SOFT PRESSURE (No. 549, 1931)
oil 39 ½ x 39 ½
Lent by Mrs. E. Zalstem Zalessky,
New Milford, Conn.
- 180 FLOATING PRESSURE (1931)
oil 30 ¾ x 26 ¾
- 181 CROISSANCE (410, 1931)
watercolor 18 ¼ x 13
Lent by Hilla Rebay, Greens Farms, Conn.
- 182 HOT (No. 429, 1931)
watercolor 11 x 19
Lent by Mr. Karl Nierendorf, New York
- 183 SWEETLY (1932)
watercolor 20 x 9 ½
Lent by Hilla Rebay, Greens Farms, Conn.
- 184 FROM ROUND TO POINTED (1932)
watercolor 19 x 14
Lent by Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Munger
Lexington, Va.
- 185 DREAMLIKE (1932)
watercolor 20 ¾ x 12 ½
- 186 NINE STRIPES (No. 465, 1932)
watercolor 19 x 9 ½
Lent by Nierendorf Gallery, New York
- 187 GREEN ON GREEN (1932)
watercolor 20 ½ x 12 ½
- 188 No. 266 (1932)
watercolor 25 x 29
Lent by Hilla Rebay, Greens Farms, Conn.
- 189 SOUND OF SPOTS (No. 456, 1932)
watercolor 13 ½ x 7 ½
Lent by Hilla Rebay, Greens Farms, Conn.
- 190 SOFT WHITE AND HARD (1932)
oil 35 x 42
Lent by Mr. and Mrs. Lesly Maitland
Pasadena, Calif.

- 191 1932
watercolor 13 x 19 ¼
Lent by Mrs. E. Zalstem Zalessky
New Milford, Conn.
- 192 ENTENTE (1932)
oil 31 x 25
Lent by Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Maitland
Pasadena, Calif.
- 193 No. 475 (1932)
watercolor 19 ½ x 24 ¼
Lent by Hilla Rebay, Greens Farms, Conn.
- 194 SIMILAR AND DIFFERENT (No. 500, 1933)
watercolor 10 x 14 ½
Lent by Nierendorf Gallery, New York
- 195 LEFT - MEDIUM - RIGHT (No. 513, 1933)
watercolor 15 ½ x 22 ½
Lent by Hilla Rebay, Greens Farms, Conn.
- 196 TUNE IN GREY (1933)
oil 19 x 27 ½
- 197 COMPLEX OF ROUND (No. 519, 1933)
watercolor 15 x 12
Lent by Nierendorf Gallery, New York
- 198 DOUBLE AFFIRMATION (1934)
watercolor 15 ½ x 22 ¾
Lent by Hilla Rebay, Greens Farms, Conn.
- 199 WHITE MOVING (1934)
oil 24 x 29
- 200 STRIPES VARIED (No. 510, 1933)
watercolor 13 ½ x 9 ¾
Lent by Nierendorf Gallery, New York
- 201 DEVELOPMENT IN HEIGHT (1934)
oil 31 x 31
- 202 DISTRIBUTION (1934)
watercolor 21 ¼ x 14 ½
Lent by Hilla Rebay, Greens Farms, Conn.
- 203 IMPRESSIONS (604, 1934)
oil and sand on canvas 115 cm x 88 cm
Lent by Mrs. E. Zalstem Zalessky
- 204 SUCCESSION (1935)
oil 26 x 36
Lent by Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Phillips
Washington, D. C.
- 205 POINTED AND ROUND (No. 293, 1935)
oil 27 ½ x 19 ¾
- 206 VIOLET AND ORANGE (1935)
oil 35 x 46
- 207 LITTLE BALLS (No. 555, 1935)
watercolor 18 x 9
- 208 TWO FIGURES (No. 550, 1935)
watercolor 15 x 12 ½
Lent by Nierendorf Gallery, New York
- 209 GRILL (1935)
tempera 20 x 12 ½
- 210 ACCOMPANIED CONTRASTS (No. 613, 1935)
oil with sand on canvas 38 ¼ x 64
- 211 TWO CIRCLES (1935)
oil 28 ½ x 35
- 212 GREEN ACCENT (No. 623, 1935)
oil 32 x 39 ½

- 213 VOLTIGE (No. 612, 1935)
oil with sand on canvas 32 x 39
- 214 SUPPLEMENTED BROWN (1935)
oil 31 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 45 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 215 HORIZONTAL VARIATIONS (No. 567, 1936)
watercolor 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 19 $\frac{1}{4}$
- 216 SURROUNDINGS (1936)
oil 31 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 39 $\frac{1}{4}$
- 217 BAGATELLE (No. 139, 1936) Lent by Nierendorf Gallery, New York
watercolor 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 218 RIGID AND BENT (1936)
oil with sand on canvas 45 x 64
- 219 No. 561 (1936) Lent by Hilla Rebay, Greens Farms, Conn.
watercolor 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 19 $\frac{3}{4}$
- 220 TENSIONS RELAXED (1937)
oil 35 x 45 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 221 ANIMATED STABILIZATION (1937) Lent by The Miller Company, Meriden, Conn.
oil 35 x 34 $\frac{3}{4}$
- 222 CAPRICIOUS FORMS (1937)
oil
- 223 COMPOSITION (No. 649, 1938)
oil 35 x 45 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 224 YELLOW (No. 653, 1938)
oil 45 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 35
- 225 LE BON CONTACTE (1938)
oil 35 x 45 $\frac{1}{2}$
- 226 MONDE BLEU (1938)
oil 42 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 46
- 227 FORM ROUGE (No. 652, 1938) Lent by Nierendorf Gallery, New York
oil 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 23 $\frac{1}{2}$

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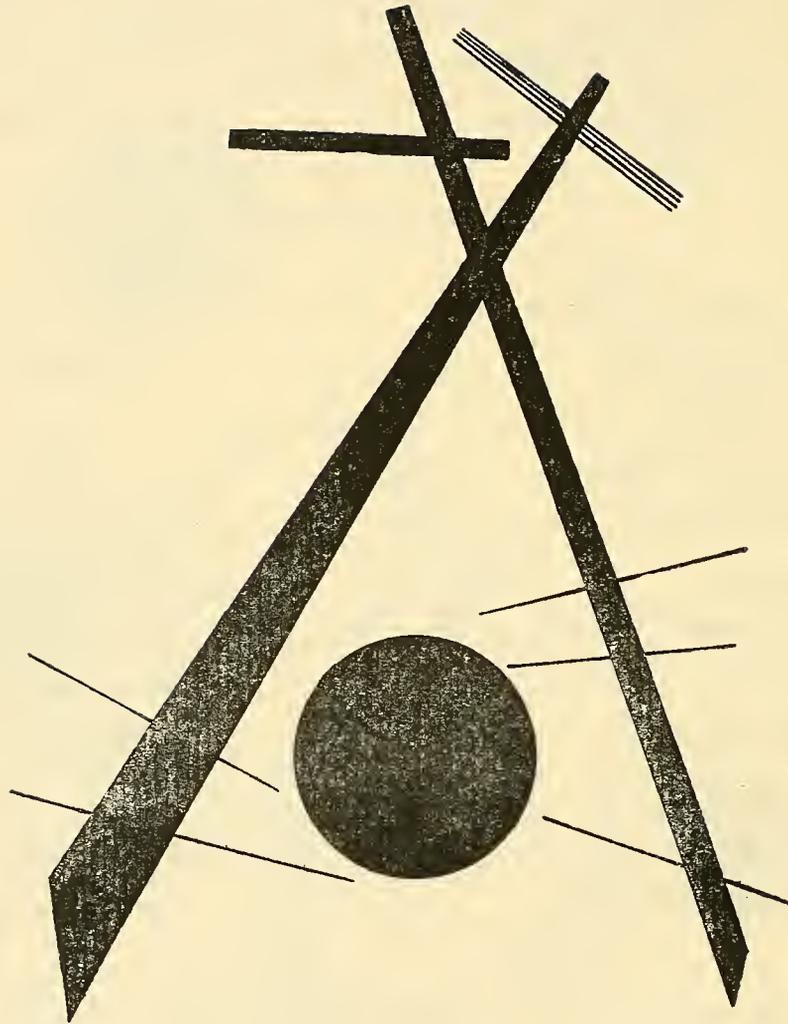
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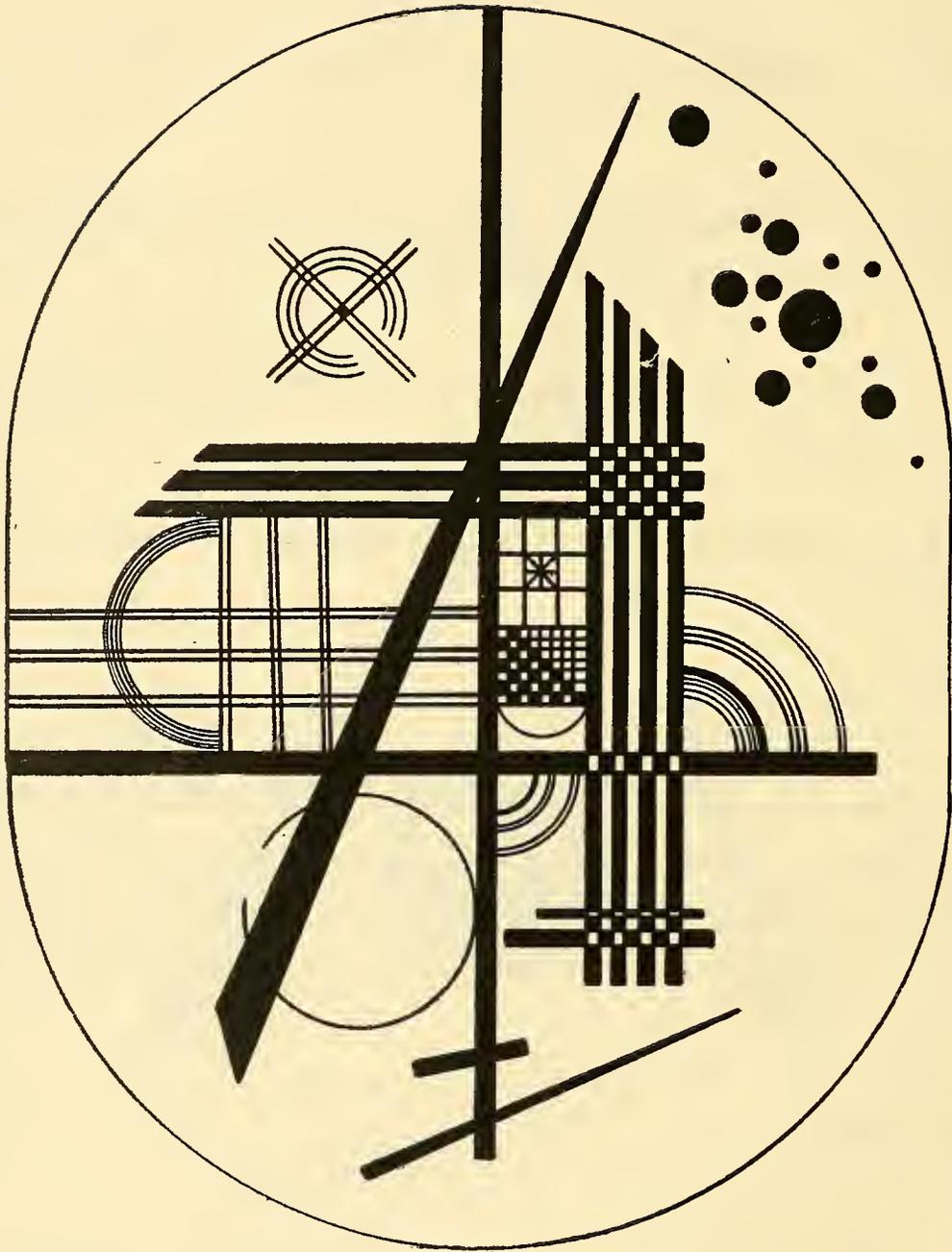
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PLANNED BY FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT ON FIFTH AVENUE AND 89TH STREET CAN BE ERECTED
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