

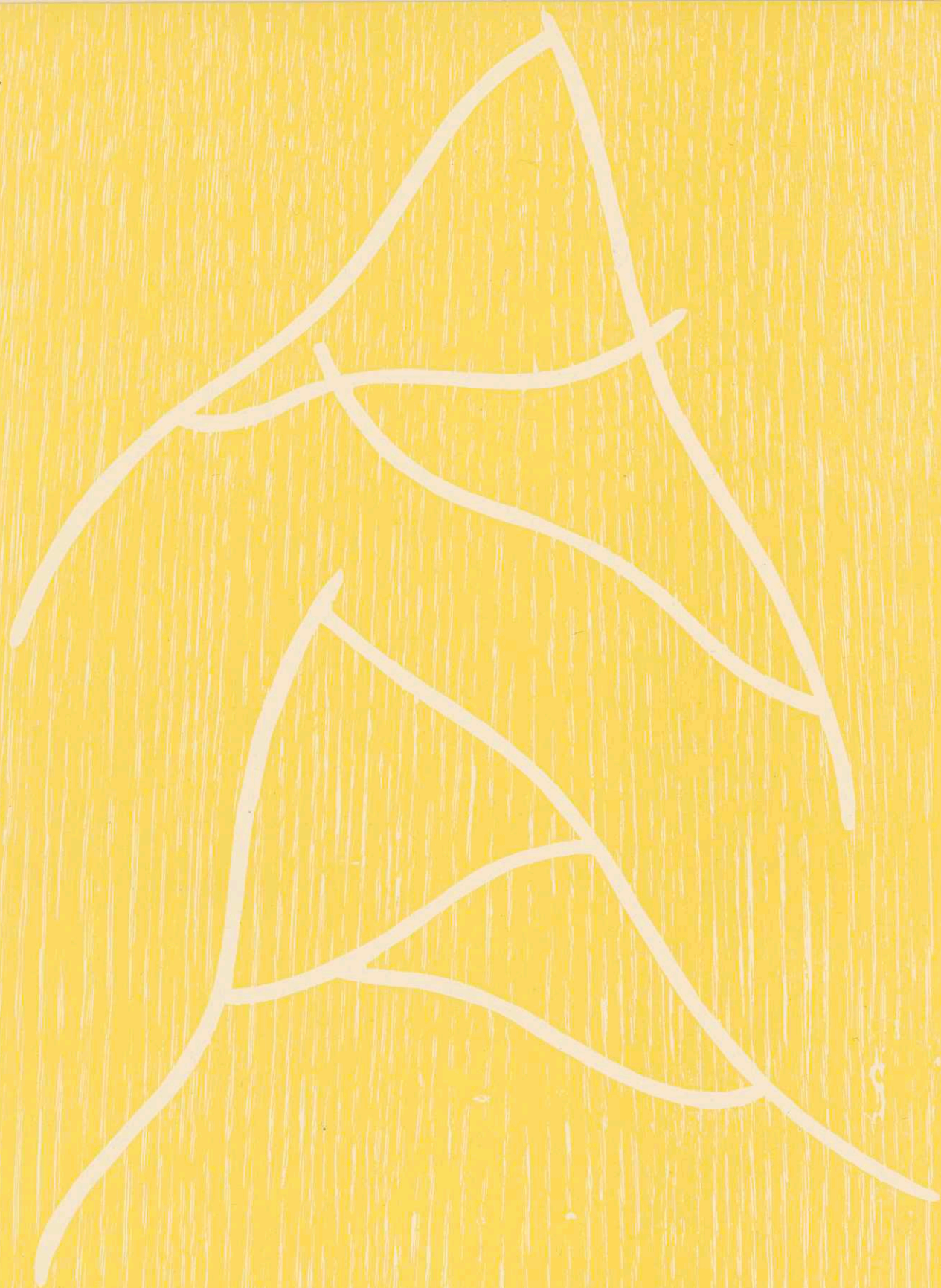
the documents of modern art

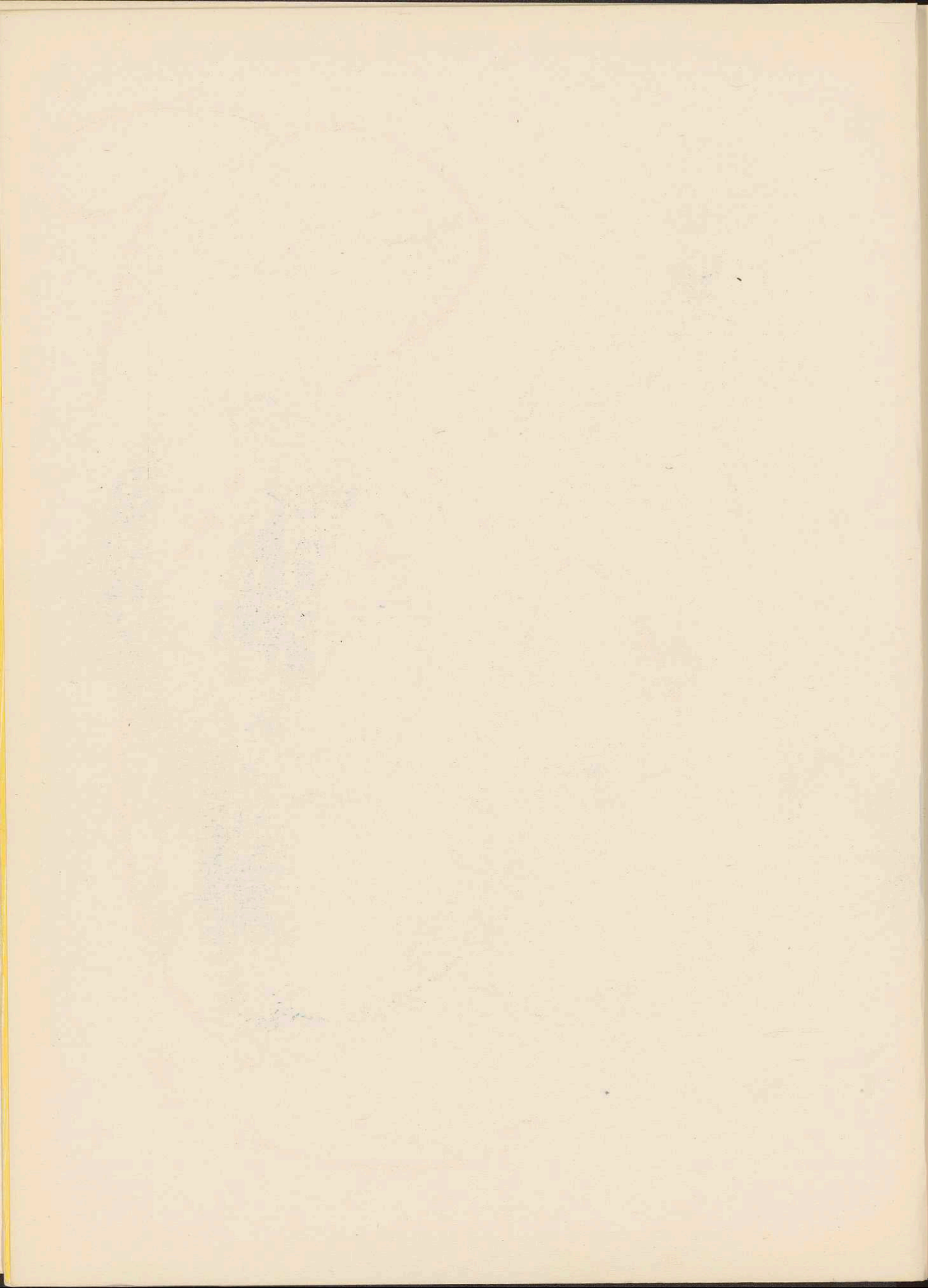
wittenborn, schultz, inc., new york

a r

on my way poetry and essays 1912-1947

p





TO H.R.H.

The Documents of Modern Art *Director, Robert Motherwell*

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On My Way *poetry and essays 1912...1947*

p

Wittenborn, Schultz, Inc.,

New York, 1948

from G.W.

Acknowledgments:

The publishers and the director acknowledge their indebtedness for aid and advice in preparing the text and the illustrations to the artist, to Miss M. Hagenbach, to private and public collections, to photographers, to Ralph Manheim for his very able translation, to Bernard Karpel for his extensive bibliography and to Mrs. C. Giedion-Welcker for her contribution, reprinted in a revised version by permission of "Horizon," London.

Jean Arp and Hans Arp are identical, Mr. Arp using both first names according to the language employed. Mr. Arp has corrected and frequently changed texts and poems which have appeared previously in a different version.

The frontispiece and insert are original woodcuts, especially made by the artist for this occasion.

For literary sources and original publications refer to the bibliography.

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Published by Wittenborn, Schultz, Inc., 38 East 57th Street, New York 22, N.Y.

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Shadowy figure in a low, modern doorway; marble white, precisely carved biomorphic eggs; light blue and white jig-saw puzzles, cleanly painted like fishermen's buoys or toy boats; full of satires ("man is a pot the handles of which fell out of his own holes"); loving "nature but not its substitute," representation; a modern man who hates for art or the world to wear the costumes of the past, a man who loathes the intrusion of the social world.

The "world of memory and dreams is the real world"; there Arp would live as a private citizen, but thought of the social world arouses his rage; his invective equalled only by that of his friend Max Ernst and of Picasso and Wyndham Lewis among modernist artists; his words explode at the workings of modern society, costumed fraud; he cannot bear that the "daily black joke" exists beside the "real world"; the Dadaist in him is aroused, and he writes true poetry, spontaneous and unforced, without desire to "be" a poet.

The emotion in his sculpture is prolonged; it is carved from hard stones; rage never enters his plastic work. Even the torn papers in his collages "arranged according to the laws of chance" which might, to the innocent, seem angry rebellion against traditional art are serene, an effort to find a natural order, like that of leaves fallen on the ground (an order like any other when perceived as such, and relaxed and uninsistent). He finds correspondences for the volumes and rhythms of the surface of the human body, quiet and living, in bed, in the studio, and on the bank of the river, wherever it moves slowly or rests stationary.

Imagine coming upon one of Arp's sculptures of "stone formed by human hand" in midst of a wood. Few artists in modern times enhance nature, perhaps only Arp. Brancusi's outdoor works are monumental stone tables and columns on the scale of the elements, settings for a modern Oedipus or Lear; Alberto Giacometti's recent figures are pervaded with anguish, the "I" seen from distance, untouched, a stranger in the world of nature and man. Arp is a true pastoral artist ("my reliefs and sculptures fit naturally in nature"); his scale derives from adjusting the human body to its surroundings, garden or field; his process is slow and even as nature's, carving that has the effect of water run over human stones ("the empty spaces in the marble nests . . . were fragrant as flowers"). No wonder predatory man nauseates him! His love is permanent.

The sky is August blue. Green skins dangle from the wild cherry trees. Its hair scorched, the ground drowns. If an Arp sculpture were present, it too would sleep in the sun ("I work until enough of my life has flowed into its body").

Robert Motherwell, 24 August, 1948

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Poems

•
kaspar is dead
•

alas our good kaspar is dead.

who will now carry the burning banner hidden in the pigtail of clouds to play
the daily black joke

who will now turn the coffee-mill in the primaeval barrel

who will now entice the idyllic deer out of the petrified paper box.

who will now confound on the high seas the ships by addressing them as para-
pluie and the winds by calling them keeper of the bees ozone spindle your
highness.

alas alas alas our good kaspar is dead. holy ding dong kaspar is dead.

the cattfish in the bellbarns clatter with heartrending grief when his chris-
tian name is uttered. that is why I keep on moaning his family name kaspar
kaspar kaspar.

why have you left us. into what shape has your beautiful great soul migrated.
have you become a star or a watery chain attached to a hot whirlwind or
an udder of black light or a transparent brick on the groaning drum of
jagged being.

now the part in our hair the soles of our feet are parched and the fairies lie half-
charred on the pyre.

now the black bowling alley thunders behind the sun and there's no one to
wind up the compasses and the wheels of the handbarrows any more.

who will now eat with the phosphorescent rat at the lonely barefooted table.

who will now chase away the siroccoco devil when he wants to beguile the
horses.

who will now explain to us the monograms in the stars.

his bust will adorn the mantelpieces of all truly noble men but that's no com-
fort that's snuff to a skull.

•
weggis 1912

•
kaspar ist tot

•
weh unser guter kaspar ist tot

wer trägt nun die brennende fahne im wolkenzopf verborgen täglich zum
schwarzen schnippchen schlagen

wer dreht nun die kaffeemühle im urfass

wer lockt nun das idyllische reh aus der versteinerten tüte

wer verwirrt nun auf dem meere die schiffe mit der anrede parapluie und die
winde mit dem zuruf bienenvater ozonspindel euer hochwohlgeboren

weh weh weh unser guter kaspar ist tot. heiliger bimbam kaspar ist tot.

die heufische klappern herzerreissend vor leid in den glockenscheunen wenn
man seinen vornamen ausspricht. darum seufze ich weiter seinen familien-
namen kaspar kaspar kaspar.

warum hast du uns verlassen. in welche gestalt ist nun deine schöne grosse
seele gewandert. bist du ein stern geworden oder eine kette aus wasser an
einem heissen wirbelwind oder ein euter aus schwarzem licht oder ein
durchsichtiger ziegel an der stöhnenden trommel des felsigen wesens.

jetzt vertrocknen unsere scheitel und sohlen und die feen liegen halbverkohlt
auf dem scheiterhaufen.

jetzt donnert hinter der sonne die schwarze kegelbahn und keiner zieht mehr
die kompassee und die räder der schiebkarren auf.

wer isst nun mit der phosphoreszierenden ratte am einsamen barfüssigen tisch.

wer verjagt nun den sirokkoko teufel wenn er die pferde verführen will.

wer erklärt uns nun die monogramme in den sternchen.

seine büste wird die kamine aller wahrhaft edlen menschen zieren doch das
ist kein trost und schnupftabak für einen totenkopf.

•
weggis 1912

•
roses walk on porcelain streets

1

at the edge of the fairy-tale the night knits roses
the tangle of storks fruits pharaohs harps is unraveled.
death lays its chattering wreath beneath the root of emptiness.
the storks chatter on the chimneys.
the night is a stuffed fairy tale.

2

the roses walk on porcelain streets and from the tangle of their years knit one
star after another.
a fruit sleeps amid stars.
the empty lands stuffed years laughing trunks dance.
the storks eat pharaohs.
roses grow out of the chimneys.

3

death devours one year after another.
the pharaohs eat storks.
between fruits a star sleeps. sometimes it laughs softly in its sleep like a porcelain harp.
the chattering fairy-tales knitting streets packing storks dance.

4

the growing chimneys devouring harps porcelain wreaths dance.
the roots of the pharaohs are made out of roses.
the storks pack their chimneys into their trunks and fly to the land of the pharaohs.

•

meudon 1930 from "muscheln und schirme" (seashells and umbrellas)

•
rosen schreiten auf strassen aus porzellan

1

am rande des märchens strickt die nacht sich rosen.
der knäuel der störche früchte pharaonen harfen löst sich.
der tod trägt seinen klappernden strauss unter die wurzel des leeren.
die störche klappern auf den schornsteinen.
die nacht ist ein ausgestopftes märchen.

2

die rosen schreiten auf strassen aus porzellan und stricken sich aus dem knäuel
ihrer jahre einen stern um den anderen.
zwischen sternern schläft eine frucht.
die leeren länder ausgestopften jahre lachenden koffer tanzen.
die störche fressen pharaonen.
aus den schornsteinen wachsen rosen.

3

der tod frisst ein jahr um das andere.
die pharaonen fressen störche.
zwischen früchten schläft ein stern. manchmal lacht er leise im schlaf wie
eine porzellanene harfe.
die klappernden märchen strickenden strassen packenden störche tanzen.

4

die wachsenden schornsteine fressenden harfen porzellanenen sträusse tanzen.
die wurzeln der pharaonen sind aus rosen.
die störche packen ihre schornsteine in ihre koffer und ziehen in das land
der pharaonen.

•

meudon 1930 aus "muscheln und schirme"

•
in the hump of glass a sweet voice sings

1

larger and larger grew the empty spaces in the marble nests
and when at last they were full grown
they were fragrant as flowers
and were plucked by costumes overladen with gold
the costumes carried them to the rose-red births
that lay on serpentine ways
and transparent serpents
and cast audible shadows into the visible

2

the big goddamns arise from their seats
and crowd the little lightnings into the cracks in the air
the big lightnings shatter the little goddamns
the goddamns and the lightnings roll over and over

3

in the hump of glass a sweet voice sings
and yet there is no one to be seen in the hump
there's not even a deaf and dumb grain of sand in it
palettes with noses lie on black feathers
and listen attentively to the voice
clouds with bandaged eyes approach curiously
the palettes with noses beckon them not to intrude

4

the commas and full stops jump into the hats of kisses
to escape from the hair-raising springtime

•
in dem höcker aus glas singt eine süsse stimme

1

immer grösser wurden die leeren räume in den marmornestern
und als sie schliesslich ausgewachsen waren
dufteten sie wie blumen
und wurden von den goldüberladenen trachten gepflückt
die trachten trugen sie zu den rosenroten geburten
die lagen auf geschlängelten wegen
und durchsichtigen schlangen
und warfen hörbare schatten in das sichtbare

2

die grossen potze erheben sich von ihren sitzen
und drängen die kleinen blitze in die ritzen der luft
die grossen blitze zerschmettern die kleinen potze
die potze und die blitze purzeln durcheinander

3

in dem höcker aus glas singt eine süsse stimme
und doch ist niemand in dem höcker zu erblicken
nicht einmal ein taubstummes sandkörnchen ist darin
paletten mit nasen liegen auf schwarzen federn
und hören der stimme aufmerksam zu
wolken mit verbundenen augen nahen neugierig
die paletten mit nasen geben ihnen zeichen nicht zu stören

4

die kommas und die punkte springen in die hüte der küsse
und entkommen so dem haarsträubenden frühling

that rages beneath the sea-green walking sticks
caressing stars
light-aproned pyramids
croaks cock-a-doodle-doo like an elephant
and barks moo like a butterfly

•
meudon 1936 from "muscheln und schirme"



der wütet unter den meergrünen spazierstöcken
liebkosenden stern
leichtgeschürzten pyramiden
quakt kikeriki wie ein elefant
und bellt muh wie ein schmetterling

•
meudon 1936 aus "muscheln und schirme"

•
monte carlo

•
the three young lordships in bloom sway on their vanilla stem
the feather floats in the mirror with the navel of light
laugh with your arms
three flowers present a nubile diamond to the celestial glove
laugh laugh laugh like diamonds
the flowers wear gloves of light
the navel goes walking in slippers of sulphur
fashionable *douceur*
downy curls
petrified shudder
vegetation of exhumed breath
geometric fire
laugh laugh laugh like the vanilla
the three flowers present their gloves to the navels
the three young lordships in bloom are unfaithful to their pearl
the three pearls are caught in the cogwork of the roses

•
grasse 1941 from "siège de l'air"

•
monte carlo

•
les trois héritiers en fleurs se bercent sur leur tige de vanille
la plume nage dans le miroir au nombril de lumière
riez avec vos bras
trois fleurs offrent un diamant nubile au céleste gant
riez riez riez comme les diamants
les fleurs portent des gants de lumière
le nombril se promène en pantoufles de soufre
fashionable douceur
frisure de duvet
pétrification de frisson
végétation d'haleine exhumé
feu géométrique
riez riez riez comme la vanille
les trois fleurs offrent leurs gants aux nombrils
les trois héritiers en fleurs trompent leur perle
les trois perles sont prises dans le rouage des roses

•
grasse 1941 du "siège de l'air"

•
the seasons of the clock the
strawberry the velvety animals and the cradle

•
the nebulous clock rises in vapor
the faces of earth lose their vagueness
the roads take form
the jewelry of mollusks sinks

•
not far from the twin diamonds
where the path ends
close to a blue strawberry
i heard gentleness breathe
i heard the sap sigh

•
a forest of light
is cradled in a forest of darkness
velvety animals
busy themselves around a spring
the spring is furious
though it seems strange

•
a breath comes looking for me
groping like a blind man with his cane
it persists in searching for me
a somber heaviness clothes me
i would like to sleep in a cradle of earth

•
basel 1944 from "siège de l'air"

•
**les saisons de l'horloge
de la fraise des animaux veloutés et du berceau**

•
l'horloge nébuleuse se volatilise
les faces de la terre perdent l'incertain
les chemins se précisent
la joaillerie de mollusques sombre

•
non loin des diamants jumeaux
là où le sentier se termine
devant une fraise bleue
j'ai entendu respirer la douceur
et soupirer la sève

•
une forêt de clarté
se berce dans une forêt d'obscurité
des animaux veloutés
s'affairent autour d'une source
la source en est furieuse
si étrange que cela paraisse

•
un souffle me cherche
il tâtonne comme un aveugle avec sa canne
il insiste à me chercher
une lourdeur sombre me revêt
j'aimerais dormir dans un berceau de terre

•
bâle 1944 du "siège de l'air"

•
black veins

•
in my foggy heart
the chimera of roses dies
a star sits down at my bedside
it is old and cracked

•
gray spiders move in file
toward the horizon with the black veins
they march as if it were a fairy's funeral
the void heaves a sigh

•
my poor dreams have lost their wings
my poor dreams have lost their flames
they rub elbows
over the casket of my heart
and dream of gray crumbs

•
the day reappears
but my strength is gone
the sky descends and covers me
i open my eyes forever

•
meudon 1945 from "siège de l'air"

•
veines noires

•
dans mon coeur de brouillard
meurt la chimère des roses
un astre s'assied au bord de mon lit
il est vieux et lézardé

•
des araignées grises s'en vont à la file
vers l'horizon aux veines noires
elles s'en vont comme pour l'enterrement d'une fée
le vide soupire

•
mes pauvres rêves ont perdu leurs ailes
mes pauvres rêves ont perdu leurs flammes
ils se serrent les coudes
sur le cercueil de mon coeur
et rêvent de miettes grises

•
le jour réapparaît
mais je n'ai plus de forces
le ciel descend et me couvre
j'ouvre pour toujours les yeux

•
meudon 1945 du "siège de l'air"

•
red violets

•
the arrows idle in their flight
the wings come loose and move towards the world of leaves
wings and leaves are confounded
stars are beauty spots
for the sky deep as your eyes
cajoled the flower garden laughs
in a genuflected light
the chain of mirages breaks
against the cloud incrustated with kisses
a balmy day
falls from a hump of fruit
claws release a paltry prize
a green cloud dances on two legs of lightning
then the violets grow faster
children lovely as violets
dance like clouds
little children littler than usual
converse with an invisible child
i forget my body
the living joins with the dead
the games disjoin
children lovely as violets
dance like waves

•
violettes rouges
•

les flèches fanent dans leur vol
les ailes se perdent vers le monde des feuilles
ailes et feuilles se confondent
des étoiles servent de grains de beauté
au ciel profond comme tes yeux
la cour des fleurs se cajole et rit
dans une lumière agenouillée
la chaîne des mirages se brise
au nuage incrusté de baisers
une journée embaumée
tombe d'une bosse de fruits
des griffes lâchent un menu larcin
un nuage vert danse sur deux jambes d'éclairs
ensuite les violettes poussent plus vite
des enfants beaux comme des violettes
dansent comme des nuages
des petits plus petits que d'ordinaire
s'entretiennent avec un petit invisible
j'oublie mon corps
le vivant se joint au mort
les jeux se disjoignent
des enfants beaux comme des violettes
dansent comme des vagues

they leap faster and faster
they dance with force and exasperated vigor
they upset the cleft-footed and the he-virgin
everything turns rolls races
the violets turn red

the day is cradled in its fluidities
its crowns of light
its imperishable foliage
the evening holds out a star to me
and sophie shakes the dream flower
in the bell of the sky

•
meudon 1945 from "siège de l'air"

ils accélèrent leurs sauts
ils dansent avec force et vigueur exaspérée
ils renversent le fourchu et le vierge
tout tourne roule se précipite
les violettes deviennent rouges
le jour se berce dans ses fluidités
ses couronnes de lumière
ses feuillages impérissables
le soir me tend une étoile
et sophie agite la fleur du rêve
dans la cloche du ciel

•

meudon 1945 du "siège de l'air"

•
sophie
•

What was your dream
when you left this shore.

Did you dream of a raft of stars adrift,
did you dream of a gulf of candor?

•
You pushed aside the intransigent spheres
to pick a flower.

You were resonant with a world of light.

•
Butterflies represent a scene of your life
in which the dawn awakens on your lips.
A star takes shape according to your design

•
The curtain of day falls on the dreams
You are a star changing into a flower
The light slips beneath your feet
Radiant wings surround you like a hedge

•
The flower is cradled on your wings.
It wears a jewel of dew.
It dreams a tear of sensibility.
Its kisses are pearls.

•
It vanishes, it vanishes,
in its own light.
It vanishes, it vanishes
in its purity and gentleness.

•
sophie
•

Quel était ton rêve
lorsque tu quittas cette rive.
Rêvais-tu d'un radeau d'étoiles à la dérive,
rêvais-tu d'un abîme de candeur?

•
Tu écartais les sphères intransigeantes
pour cueillir une fleur.
Tu résonnais d'un monde de clarté.

•
Des papillons représentent une scène de ta vie
où l'aurore s'éveille sur tes lèvres.
Une étoile se forme selon ton dessin.

•
Le rideau du jour tombe sur les rêves.
Tu es une étoile qui se transforme en fleur.
La lumière se glisse sous tes pieds.
Des ailes rayonnantes t'entourent comme une haie.

•
La fleur se berce sur ses ailes.
Elle porte un joyau de rosée.
Elle rêve d'une larme de finesse.
Ses baisers sont des perles.

•
Elle disparaît, elle disparaît,
dans sa propre lumière.
Elle disparaît, elle disparaît
dans sa pureté et sa douceur.

•
You dreamed upon the finger of the sky,
amid the last flakes of night.
The earth was covered with tears of joy.
The day awoke in a crystal hand.
•

basel 1946 (unpublished)

•
Tu rêvais sur le doigt du ciel,
parmi les derniers flocons de nuit.
La terre se couvrait de larmes de joie.
Le jour se réveillait dans une main de cristal.

•
bâle 1946 (*inédit*)

The present and the future of the world are
in the hands of the people. The people are
the only power that can save the world.
The people are the only power that can
bring about a new world.

THE PEOPLE ARE THE ONLY POWER THAT CAN
BRING ABOUT A NEW WORLD.

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Essays

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The measure of all things

Man behaves as if he had created the world and could play with it. Pretty much at the beginning of his glorious development he coined the saying that man was the measure of all things. Then he quickly went to work and turned as much of the world as he could upside down. The Venus de Milo lies shattered on the ground. Man has measured with the measure of all things, himself, measured and presumed. He has tailored and pruned away at beauty. This cutting to measure gave rise to a fashion shop, the fashion shop gave rise to madness in all its forms. Confusion, unrest, nonsense, insanity and frenzy dominate the world. Foetuses with geometric double heads, human bodies with yellow hippopotamuses heads, fan-shaped monsters with trunks like elephants, stomachs with teeth on crutches, corpulent or emaciated pyramids with dragging feet and tears in their eyes, clods of earth with sex organs, etc., have appeared in painting and statuary.

Beauty has not vanished beneath the ruins of the centuries

When the personality, the intellect, philosophy arose from the legendary depths of mythical humanity, when nature was discovered by man, when "the earth, the wavy sea, the moist air and the Titan Ether," were solemnly sung, beauty dwelt naked among men.

In every century beauty changed. Beauty did not vanish beneath the ruins of the centuries, it vanished into the Maya, into the mirage. So many rare and priceless garments had been showered upon her, she no longer knew in which to show herself.

Which is the original image of beauty? Which is the image "of beauty's gushing fountain, the picture that flows from the source . . ."? Is it the naked corporeality of the Greeks, is it the disguise, the veil, the pageant of the Renaissance, is it the disembodied yearning of Gothic, is it the cube and the sphere, is it the love and the harmony of which Empedocles said: "There were no two arms extending from a trunk, nor were there feet or swift knees or organs of procreation; there was a sphairos the same in all its aspects."

Deception, appearance, artifice

Man became a childish demiurge, a childish creator. In his megalomania, he wanted to create God and the world a second time. A loathsome bickering

arose among the demiurges, their disunity grew to hatred. Every painter, every sculptor wanted to be the most astonishing of creators. Anonymity and humility were replaced by fame and artifice.

Man has lost his feeling for beauty. He has become unreal. In place of pyramids, temples, cathedrals, he produces deception, appearance, artifice.

Reality

Our works are structures of lines, surfaces, forms, colors. They attempt to approach reality. They hate artifice, vanity, imitation, tight-rope walking. To be sure, there are tight-rope walkers of varying talent. But art should lead to the spiritual, the real. This reality is neither objective reality, nor the subjective reality of thought, that is, ideality, but a mystical reality, toward which we stand in the relation of the eye in the following Neoplatonic image: "It removes itself from light in order to see the darkness, but it does not see; for it cannot see the darkness when there is light, but without light it does not see; by not seeing, it sees the darkness in the way that is natural to it."

Above and below

In former times man knew the meaning of above and below, he knew what was eternal and what was transitory. Man did not yet stand on his head. His houses had a floor, walls and a ceiling. The Renaissance transformed the ceiling into a fools' heaven, the walls into garden mazes, and the floor into the bottomless. Man has lost his sense of reality, the mystical, the determinate indeterminate, the greatest determinate of all.

A part of reality

Constructive art glorifies the modern, material world, progress, the machine. Neo-plastic art breaks away from the material world. A few vertical and horizontal lines, two, three colors and a "balance" are all that is left of it. In reply to an Anglo-Saxon visitor who asked if he always painted squares, Mondrian replied: "Squares? I see no squares in my pictures." Thus even squares and right angles were no longer tolerated in the world of the fine

arts. The first Neo-plastic pictures were painted in 1917 and 1918. We first saw reproductions of the work of Mondrian, Doesburg, Vantongerloo in Zurich around 1920.

Our very first concrete works made a final break with change, the flow of all things, to which man too is subjected, hence with nature, the visual world, which is after all only a part of reality.

Holy silence

Soon silence will have passed into legend. Man has turned away from silence. Every day he invents machines and gadgets that multiply noise and distract man from essential life, from reflection, from spiritual immersion. Motor-car, airplane, radio, atom bomb are the latest great victories of progress. Man today has nothing essential to do, but he wants to do this nothing with speed and superhuman noise. He wants to be distracted, and fails to suspect that the robot who now holds the reins is driving him to the meaningless. In the midst of all the horn-blowing, howling, screeching, thundering, crashing, whistling, gnashing and chirping, he feels confident. His anxiety is calmed. His inhuman emptiness grows like a monstrous gray plant.

Dreamers

Today only a few dreamers continue to sacrifice their lives for the sake of clarity. They eat badly and sleep on hard beds. They suffer heat and cold. But when the wings of light flutter round them all the misery of their lives falls off, and in their bare cells they sing and proclaim the real suns, the real life.

Dada was more than a kettle-drum, a big noise and a joke. Dada protested against the stupidity and vanity of mankind. Among the Dadaists there were martyrs and believers, who sacrificed their lives in the search for life and beauty. Ball was one of these great dreamers. He dreamed and believed in poetry and the image. In *Flucht aus der Zeit* ("Flight from the Times"), Hugo Ball writes: "The word and the image are one. Painters and poets belong together. Christ is image and word. The word and the image have been crucified." Malevitch painted the crucified image, and for this he was crucified by the Russians. The dreamers are still living in the catacombs within the image, the word, and music.

this introduction contains the pseudo-introduction the original the variants of the original the pseudo-original as well as the variants of the pseudo-original the apocrypha and the incorporation of all these texts in an original apocryphum with apocopated whiskers as well as fifty calcinated medals and fifty suns of fifty years because the medal rises. — the medal of light rises. — fifty suns and fifty medals rise. — the wheels turn. — the wheels turn. — fifty suns and fifty medals rise while the pseudo-sun after fifty years of service retires into the calcinated wheels of light. — the wheels turn no more. — the wheels turn no more.

it is man who has replaced alarm-clocks by earthquakes showers of jordan almonds by showers of hail. the shadow of man encountering the shadow of a fly causes a flood. thus it is man who has taught horses to embrace one another like presidents kings or emperors sucking each other's beards licking each other's snouts plunging their tongues into patriotic profundities. the passerby who sees these equine kisses thinks that peace has been established on earth forever.

with his eleven and a half tails of cotton his eight legs of bread his hundred eyes of air his four hearts of stone he goes a-hunting the flying cyclopean moustache without any limbs. but as this moustache is actually intelligible the hunter always comes home baffled. with the help of his eleven and a half tails man counts ten and a half objects in the furnished room of the universe: scarecrows with volcanoes and geysers in their buttonhole show cases of eruptions displays of lava string systems of solar currency labeled abdomens walls razed by poets the palettes of the caesars thoroughly still (and dead) lives the stables of the sphynxes the eyes of the man turned to stone while squinting at sodom the scars of . . .

enter the continents without knocking but with a muzzle of filigree

leaves never grow on the trees. like a mountain in bird's-eye view they have no perspective no soap no hybrid plastron no scotch cheeks no crypt. the spectator always finds himself in a false position before a leaf. he has the impression of carrying his head in his umbilicus his feet in his mouth his unwashed eyes in his hands. as for the branches trunks and roots I declare them to be fantasmagorias bald men's lies. branches trunks and roots do not exist.

like a lion who scents a succulent pair of newly-weds the seismic plant desires to make a meal of the dead man. in his millennial den made up as a foetus it whirls with lust like the white juice of the end with the black juice of the start and the ferocity of its gaze chases the navels around the earth. the lime-tree grows tractably on boarded plains. the chestnut and the oak start out

under the banner of d.a.d.a. that is to say, domine anno domine anno. the cypress is not a dancer's calf in the ecclesiastical ballet.

while the ferocious lion scents a succulent pair of newly-weds the lime-tree grows tractably on the boarded plains. when a traveler and a mountain meet in the sky they become confounded with one another. the mountain takes itself for the traveler and the traveler takes himself for the mountain. these encounters always end in a bloody brawl in which the traveler and the mountain tear out each other's trees. the chestnut and the oak start out under the sign of the vegetable banner. the cypress is a dancer's calf in an ecclesiastical ballet.

the idol dreams in the sea and the rain. harnessed in fours ahead of the four preceding like ventriloquists' cemeteries or fields of honor the insects emerge.

and now only eve remains to us. she is the white accomplice of newspaper filchers. here is the cuckoo the origin of the clock. the sound of his jaws is like the sound of a violent fall of hair. and so we count among the insects vaccinated bread the chorus of cells lightning flashes under fourteen years of age and your humble servant.

the marine sky has been decorated by expressionist paperhangers who have hung a shawl with frost-flowers on the zenith. in the season of the harvest of conjugal diamonds huge cupboards with mirrors are found floating on their back in the oceans. the mirrors of these cupboards are replaced by waxed floors and the cupboard itself by a castle in spain. these mirrored cupboards are rented as rings to midwives and storks to make their innumerable rounds in and as tabourets to two gigantic rusty feet which rest upon them and sometimes tap a few steps *pam pam*. that is why the seas are called pampas because *pam* means *pas* (step) and two *pas* make *pam pam*.

and so you see that one's honorable father can be consumed only slice by slice. impossible to finish him in a single luncheon on the grass and even the lemon falls on its knees before the beauty of nature. [illustration 1]

Dadaland

In Zurich in 1915, losing interest in the slaughterhouses of the world war, we turned to the Fine Arts. While the thunder of the batteries rumbled in the distance, we pasted, we recited, we versified, we sang with all our soul. We searched for an elementary art that would, we thought, save mankind from the furious folly of these times. We aspired to a new order that might restore the balance between heaven and hell. This art gradually became an object of general reprobation. Is it surprising that the "bandits" could not understand

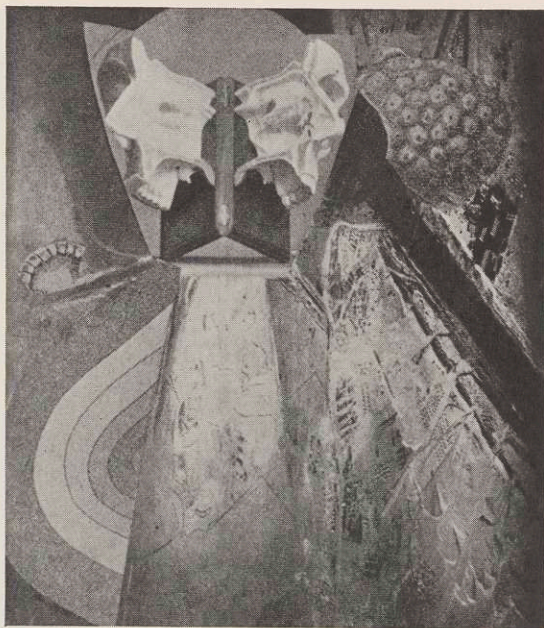
us? Their puerile mania for authoritarianism expects art itself to serve the stultification of mankind.

The Renaissance taught men the haughty exaltation of their reason. Modern times, with their science and technology turned men towards megalomania. The confusion of our epoch results from this overestimation of reason. We wanted an anonymous and collective art. Here is what I wrote on the occasion of an exhibition we put on in Zurich in 1915: "These works are constructed with lines, surfaces, forms and colors. They strive to surpass the human and achieve the infinite and the eternal. They are a negation of man's egotism. . . . The hands of our brothers, instead of serving us as our own hands, had become enemy hands. Instead of anonymity there was celebrity and the masterpiece; wisdom was dead. . . . To reproduce is to imitate, to play a comedy, to walk the tight-rope. . . ."

In 1915 Sophie Taeuber and I made in painting, embroidery and collage the first works derived from the simplest forms. These are probably the very first manifestations of this art. These pictures are Realities in themselves, without meaning or cerebral intention. We rejected everything that was copy or description, and allowed the Elementary and Spontaneous to react in full freedom. Since the disposition of planes, and the proportions and colors of these planes seemed to depend purely on chance, I declared that these works, like nature, were ordered "according to the law of chance," chance being for me merely a limited part of an unfathomable *raison d'être*, of an order inaccessible in its totality. Various Russian and Dutch artists who at that time were producing works rather close to ours in appearance, were pursuing quite different intentions. They are in fact a homage to modern life, a profession of faith in the machine and technology. Though treated in an abstract manner, they retain a base of naturalism and of "trompe l'œil."

From 1916 to 1920 Sophie Taeuber danced in Zurich. I shall quote the beautiful lines that Hugo Ball wrote about her in an essay entitled "Occultism and other things rare and beautiful": "All around her is the radiance of the sun and the miracle that replaces tradition. She is full of invention, caprice, fantasy. She danced to the 'Song of the Flying Fishes and the Hippocamps,' an onomatopoetic plaint. It was a dance full of flashes and fishbones, of dazzling lights, a dance of penetrating intensity. The lines of her body break, every gesture decomposes into a hundred precise, angular, incisive movements. The buffoonery of perspective, lighting and atmosphere is for her hypersensitive nervous system the pretext for drollery full of irony and wit. The figures of her dance are at once mysterious, grotesque and ecstatic. . . ."

I met Eggeling in Paris in 1915 at the studio of Madame Wassilieff, who in

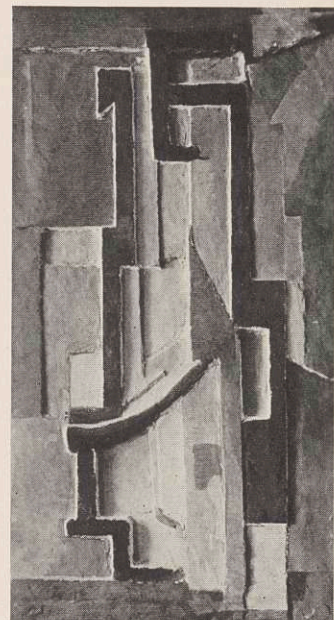
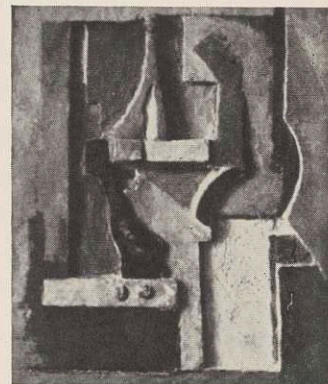


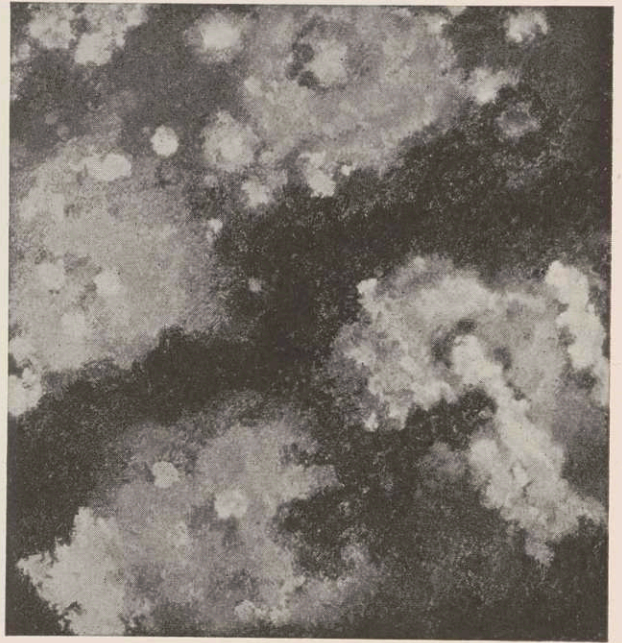
1: Ernst, Collage.



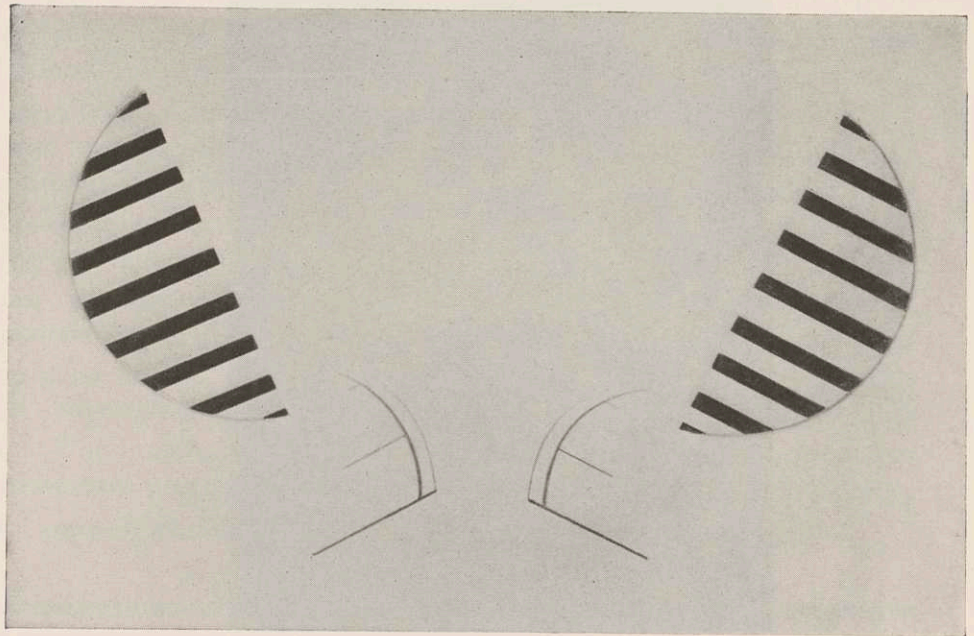
2: Janco, Cabaret Voltaire.

3 and 4: Janco, Reliefs.



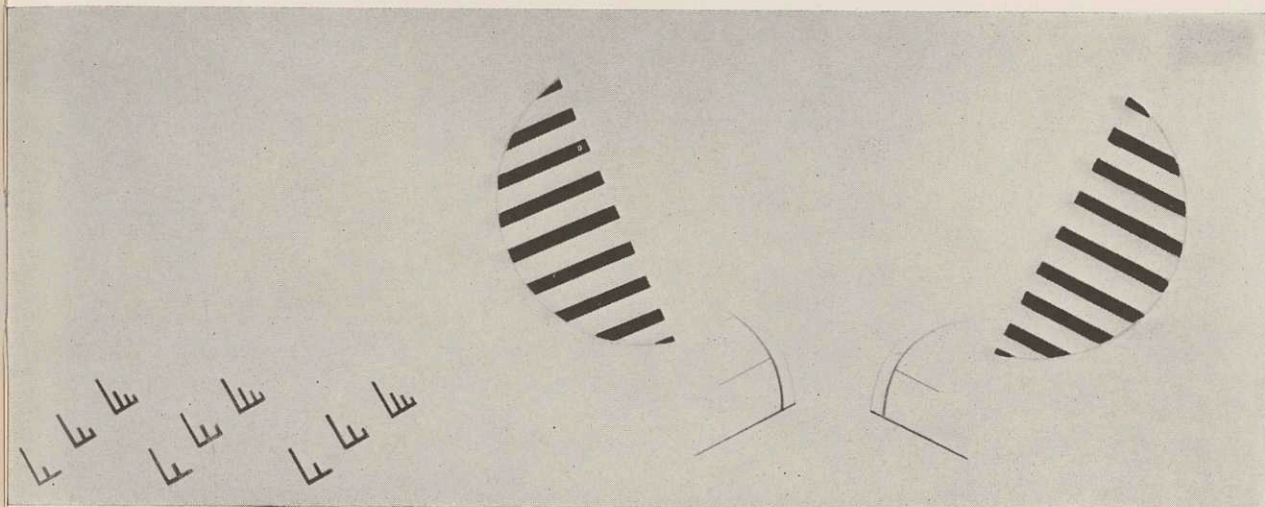


5: Giacometti, *Summer Night*.



6: Eggeling, *Diagonal Symphony*.

7: Eggeling, *Diagonal Symphony*.



8: Taeuber, *Dada Head*.





9: *Plant Organism.*

her two studios had set up canteens where artists could eat supper for very little money. Our friends on leave from the front spoke to us of the war, and when the gloom was too great a young woman with a pleasant voice sang: *En passant par la Lorraine avec mes sabots* . . . A drunken Swede accompanied her on the piano. Every night my brother and I walked several miles from Montmartre to the Gare Montparnasse, where Wassilieff's studio was located, through the darkness of Paris menaced by the Germans. Eggeling lived in a damp and sinister studio on the Boulevard Raspail. Across from him lived Modigliani, who often came to see him, to recite Dante and get drunk. He also took cocaine. One night it was decided that along with several other innocents I should be initiated into the "*paradis artificiels*." Each of us gave Modigliani several francs with which to lay in a store of the drug. We waited for hours. Finally he returned, hilarious and sniffling, having consumed the whole supply by himself. Eggeling did not paint much at that time; for hours he would discuss art. I met him again in 1917 in Zurich. He was searching for the rules of a plastic counterpoint, composing and drawing its first elements. He tormented himself almost to death. On great rolls of paper he had set down a sort of hieratic writing with the help of figures of rare proportion and beauty. These figures grew, subdivided, multiplied, moved, intertwined from one group to another, vanished and partly reappeared, organized themselves into an impressive construction with plantlike forms. He called this work a "Symphony." He died in 1922. With his friend Hans Richter he had just finished adapting his invention to the cinema.

Secretly, in his quiet little room, Janco devoted himself to a "naturalism in zigzag." I forgive him this secret vice because in one of his paintings he evoked and commemorated the "Cabaret Voltaire." On a platform in an overcrowded room, splotched with color, are seated several fantastic characters who are supposed to represent Tzara, Janco, Ball, Huelsenbeck, Madame Hennings, and your humble servant. We are putting on one of our big Sabbaths. The people around us are shouting, laughing, gesticulating. We reply with sighs of love, salvos of hiccups, poems, and the bow-wows and meows of mediaeval bruitists. Tzara makes his bottom jump like the belly of an oriental dancer. Janco plays an invisible violin and bows down to the ground. Madame Hennings with a face like a madonna attempts a split. Huelsenbeck keeps pounding on a big drum, while Ball, pale as a plaster dummy, accompanies him on the piano. The honorific title of nihilists was bestowed on us. The directors of public cretinization conferred this name on all those who did not follow in their path. The great matadors of the "Dadaist Movement" were Ball and Tzara. Ball in my opinion is one of the greatest German writers. He was a long, dry man with the face of a pater dolorosus.

Tzara at that time wrote the *Vingt-Cinq Poèmes*, which belong to the best in French poetry. Later we were joined by Dr. Serner, adventurer, writer of detective stories, ballroom dancer, physician specializing in skin diseases, and gentleman burglar.

I met Tzara and Serner at the Odéon and at the Café de la Terrasse in Zurich, where we wrote a cycle of poems: *Hyperbole of the crocodile-barber and the walking cane*. This type of poem was later baptized "Automatic Poetry" by the Surrealists. Automatic poetry issues straight from the entrails of the poet or from any other organ that has stored up reserves. Neither the Postillion de Longjumeau nor the Alexandrine, nor grammar, nor aesthetics, nor Buddha, nor the Sixth Commandment can interfere with it in the least. It crows, curses, sighs, stammers, yodels, just as it pleases. Its poems are like nature: they stink, laugh, rhyme, like nature. It esteems foolishness, or at least what men call foolishness, as highly as sublime rhetoric, for in nature a broken twig is equal to the stars in beauty and importance, and it is men who decree what is beautiful and what is ugly.

Dada objects are formed of elements found or manufactured, simple or heteroclite. The Chinese several thousand years ago, Duchamp, Picabia in the United States, Schwitters and myself during the war of 1914, were the first to invent and disseminate these games of wisdom and clairvoyance which were to cure human beings of the raging madness of genius and return them modestly to their rightful place in nature. The natural beauty of these objects is inherent in them as in a bunch of flowers gathered by children. Several thousand years ago, an emperor of China sent his artists out to the most distant lands to search for stones of rare and fantastic forms which he collected and placed on a pedestal beside his vases and his gods. It is obvious that this game will not appeal to our modern thinkers of the go-getter school, who lie in wait for the art-lover like hotel porters waiting at the station for guests.

Are you still singing that diabolical song about the mill at Hirza-Pirza, shaking your gypsy curls with wild laughter, my dear Janco? I haven't forgotten the masks you used to make for our Dada demonstrations. They were terrifying, most of them daubed with bloody red. Out of cardboard, paper, horsehair, wire and cloth, you made your languorous foetuses, your Lesbian sardines, your ecstatic mice. In 1917 Janco did some abstract works which have grown in importance ever since. He was a passionate man with faith in the evolution of art.

Auguste Giacometti was already a success in 1916, yet he had a liking for the Dadaists and often took part in their demonstrations. He looked like a prosperous bear and, doubtless out of sympathy for the bears of his country,

wore a bearskin cap. One of his friends confided to me that he had a well-garnished bankbook hidden in the lining of his cap. On the occasion of a Dada festival, he gave us a souvenir thirty yards long, painted in the colors of the rainbow and covered with sublime inscriptions. One evening we decided to give Dada a little modest private publicity. Going from one beer hall to another on the Limmatkai, he carefully opened the door, shouted in a loud precise voice: "Vive Dada!" and closed the door just as carefully. The diners gaped dropping their sausages. What could be the meaning of this mysterious cry from the mouth of a mature, respectable-looking man who didn't look at all like a charlatan or a mètèque. At this period Giacometti painted stars of flowers, cosmic conflagrations, tongues of flame, fiery pits. For us the interest of his paintings lies in that they proceed from pure color and imagination. Giacometti is also the first who attempted to create a moving object; this he did with a clock metamorphosed by the addition of forms and colors. In spite of the war, it was a delightful period, and we shall look back on it as an idyll in the next world war when, transformed into hamburger steak, we shall be scattered to the four winds. [illustrations 2-8]

I became more and more removed from aesthetics

I became more and more removed from aesthetics. I wanted to find another order, another value for man in nature. He was no longer to be the measure of all things, no longer to reduce everything to his own measure, but on the contrary, all things and man were to be like nature, without measure. I wanted to create new appearances, extract new forms from man. This tendency took shape in 1917 in my "objects." Alexandre Partens wrote of them in the *Almanach Dada*: "It was the distinction of Jean Arp to have at a certain moment discovered the true problem in the craft itself. This allowed him to feed it with a new, spiritual imagination. He was no longer interested in improving, formulating, specifying an aesthetic system. He wanted immediate and direct production, like a stone breaking away from a cliff, a bud bursting, an animal reproducing. He wanted objects impregnated with imagination and not museum pieces, he wanted animalesque objects with wild intensities and colors, he wanted a new body among us which would suffice unto itself, an object which would be just as well off squatting on the corners of tables as nestling in the depths of the garden or staring at us from the wall. . . . To him the frame and later the pedestal seemed to be useless crutches. . . ."

Even in my childhood, the pedestal enabling a statue to stand, the frame enclosing the picture like a window, were for me occasions for merriment

and mischief, moving me to all sorts of tricks. One day I attempted to paint on a windowpane a blue sky under the houses that I saw through the window. Thus the houses seemed to hang in mid-air. Sometimes I took our pictures out of their frames and looked with pleasure at these windows hanging on the wall. Another time I hung up a frame in a little wooden shack, and sawed a hole in the wall behind the frame, disclosing a charming landscape animated by men and cattle. I asked my father for his opinion of the work I had just completed. He gave me a strange, somewhat surprised look. As a child I also took pleasure in standing on the pedestal of a statue that had collapsed and mimicking the attitude of a modest nymph.

Here are a few of the names of my Dadaist objects: Adam's Head, Articulating Comma, Parrot Imitating the Thunder, Mountain with Shirtfront of Ice, Spelling Furniture, Eggboard, Navel Bottle. The fragility of life and human works was converted with the Dadaists into black humor. No sooner is a building, a monument completed than it begins to decay, fall apart, decompose, crumble. The pyramids, temples, cathedrals, the paintings of the masters, are convincing proof of this. And the buzzing of man does not last much longer than the buzzing of the fly spiraling so enthusiastically around my *baba au rhum*.

Dada aimed to destroy the reasonable deceptions of man and recover the natural and unreasonable order. Dada wanted to replace the logical nonsense of the men of today by the illogically senseless. That is why we pounded with all our might on the big drum of Dada and trumpeted the praises of unreason. Dada gave the Venus de Milo an enema and permitted Laocoon and his sons to relieve themselves after thousands of years of struggle with the good sausage Python. Philosophies have less value for Dada than an old abandoned toothbrush, and Dada abandons them to the great world leaders. Dada denounced the infernal ruses of the official vocabulary of wisdom. Dada is for the senseless, which does not mean nonsense. Dada is senseless like nature. Dada is for nature and against art. Dada is direct like nature. Dada is for infinite sense and definite means.

The navel bottle

The bourgeois regarded the Dadaist as a dissolute monster, a revolutionary villain, a barbarous Asiatic, plotting against his bells, his safe-deposits, his honors. The Dadaist thought up tricks to rob the bourgeois of his sleep. He sent false reports to the newspapers of hair-raising Dada duels, in which his favorite author, the "King of Bernina," was said to be involved. The Dadaist

gave the bourgeois a sense of confusion and distant, yet mighty rumbling, so that his bells began to buzz, his safes frowned, and his honors broke out in spots. "The Eggboard," a game for the upper ten thousand, in which the participants leave the arena covered with egg yolk from top to toe; "The Navel Bottle," a monstrous home furnishing in which bicycle, whale, brassière and absinthe spoon are combined; "The Glove," which can be worn in place of the old-fashioned head — were devised to show the bourgeois the unreality of his world, the nullity of his endeavors, even of his extremely profitable patrioteerings. This of course was a naive undertaking on our part, since actually the bourgeois has less imagination than a worm, and in place of a heart has an over-life-size corn which twitches in times of approaching storm — on the stock exchange.

Talk

When Dada revealed its eternal wisdom to man, man laughed indulgently and went on talking. Man talks enough to make the very rats sick to their stomach. While his voracity forces him to stuff into his mouth everything that fails to evade his claws, he still manages to talk. He talks so much that the day darkens and the night pales with fright. He talks so much that the sea runs dry and the desert turns to swamp. The main thing for him is to talk, for talk is healthy ventilation. After a fine speech he feels very hungry and changes his mind. At the same time he assumes the noble attitude of rotten meat. Man declares red what he called green the day before and what in reality is black. He is forever making definitive statements on life, man and art, and he has no more idea than the mushroom what life, man and art actually are.

Son of light

Man hidden away in his vanity like a mole in his hill no longer understands the language of light which fills the sky with its inconceivable immensity. Man believes himself to be the summit of creation. The face of light does not perturb him. He confounds himself with light. This toad likes to call himself the son of light.

Man owes it to his incongruously developed reason that he is grotesque and ugly. He has broken away from nature. He thinks that he dominates nature. He thinks he is the measure of all things. Engendering in opposition to the laws of nature, man creates monstrosities. He desires that of which he is in-

capable, and despises what is within his powers. The artificial and the monstrous seem to him the goal of perfection. Whatever he can achieve, he covers with blood and mud. Only in the monstrous is man creative; those unfit for this work compose verses, strum the lyre or brandish the paint brush. This last group devote themselves with enigmatic frenzy to the painting of still-lives, landscapes, nudes. Since the days of the caves, man has been painting still-lives, landscapes, nudes. Since the days of the caves, man has glorified and deified himself, and has brought about human catastrophes by his monstrous vanity. Art has collaborated in his false development. To me the conception of art that has upheld the vanity of man is sickening.

Man loves what is vain and dead

In art also man loves what is vain and dead. He cannot understand that painting is something other than a landscape prepared with oil and vinegar, and sculpture something other than a woman's thigh made out of marble or bronze. Any living transformation of art seems to him as detestable as the eternal metamorphoses of life. Straight lines and honest colors exasperate him above all. Man doesn't want to get to the bottom of things. The radiance of the universe makes his degeneration and ugliness too apparent. That is why man clings desperately to graceful garlands and makes himself a specialist in values. Out of his nine openings framed in curls, man exhales blue vapor, gray fog, black smoke. Sometimes he tries like a fly to walk on the ceiling, but he always fails and falls with a crash on the table covered with the best crockery.

Man calls the concrete abstract. This is not surprising, for he commonly confuses front and back even when using his nose, his mouth, his ears, that is to say, five of his nine openings. I understand that a cubist painting might be called abstract, for parts of the object serving as model for the picture have been abstracted. But in my opinion a picture or a sculpture without any object for model is just as concrete and sensual as a leaf or a stone.

Art is a fruit

Art is a fruit that grows in man, like a fruit on a plant, or a child in its mother's womb. But whereas the fruit of the plant, the fruit of the animal, the fruit in the mother's womb, assume autonomous and natural forms, art, the spiritual fruit of man, usually shows an absurd resemblance to the aspect of

something else. Only in our own epoch have painting and sculpture been liberated from the aspect of a mandolin, a president in a Prince Albert, a battle, a landscape. I love nature, but not its substitutes. Naturalist, illusionist art is a substitute for nature.

I remember a discussion with Mondrian in which he distinguished between art and nature, saying that art is artificial and nature natural. I do not share his opinion. I believe that nature is not in opposition to art. Art is of natural origin and is sublimated and spiritualized through the sublimation of man. [illustrations 9, 10, 14]

A few lines of Plotinus

For those among men whose souls have gone beyond that of centipedes, spiders, snails, flies, leeches, bankers, politicians, and who wish to approach beauty and light, I quote these few lines of Plotinus: "It is first of all necessary to make the organ of vision analogous and similar to the object to be contemplated. Never would the eye have perceived the sun if it had not first taken the form of the sun; likewise, the soul cannot see beauty unless it first becomes beautiful itself, and every man must make himself beautiful and divine in order to attain the sight of beauty and divinity."

Some old friends

Some old friends from the days of the Dada campaign, who always fought for dreams and freedom, are now disgustingly preoccupied with class aims and busy making over the Hegelian dialectic into a hurdygurdy tune. Conscientiously they mix poetry and the Five Year Plan in one pot; but this attempt to lie down while standing up will not succeed. Man will not allow himself to be turned into a scrubbed, hygienic numeral, which, in its enthusiasm over a certain portrait, shouts yes like a hypnotized donkey. Man will not permit himself to be standardized. It is hard to explain how the greatest individualists can come out for a termite state. I cannot imagine my old friends in a collective Russian ballet.

A magic treasure

Only spirit, dream, art lead to a true collectivity. They are the games that lead man into real life. Hugo Ball's dream resurrects man to reality from his

mysterious corporeality. We should like him pray every day for dreams. The dream, which is Hugo Ball's art, is a magic treasure; it connects man with the life of light and darkness, with real life, the real collectivity.

See reproduction

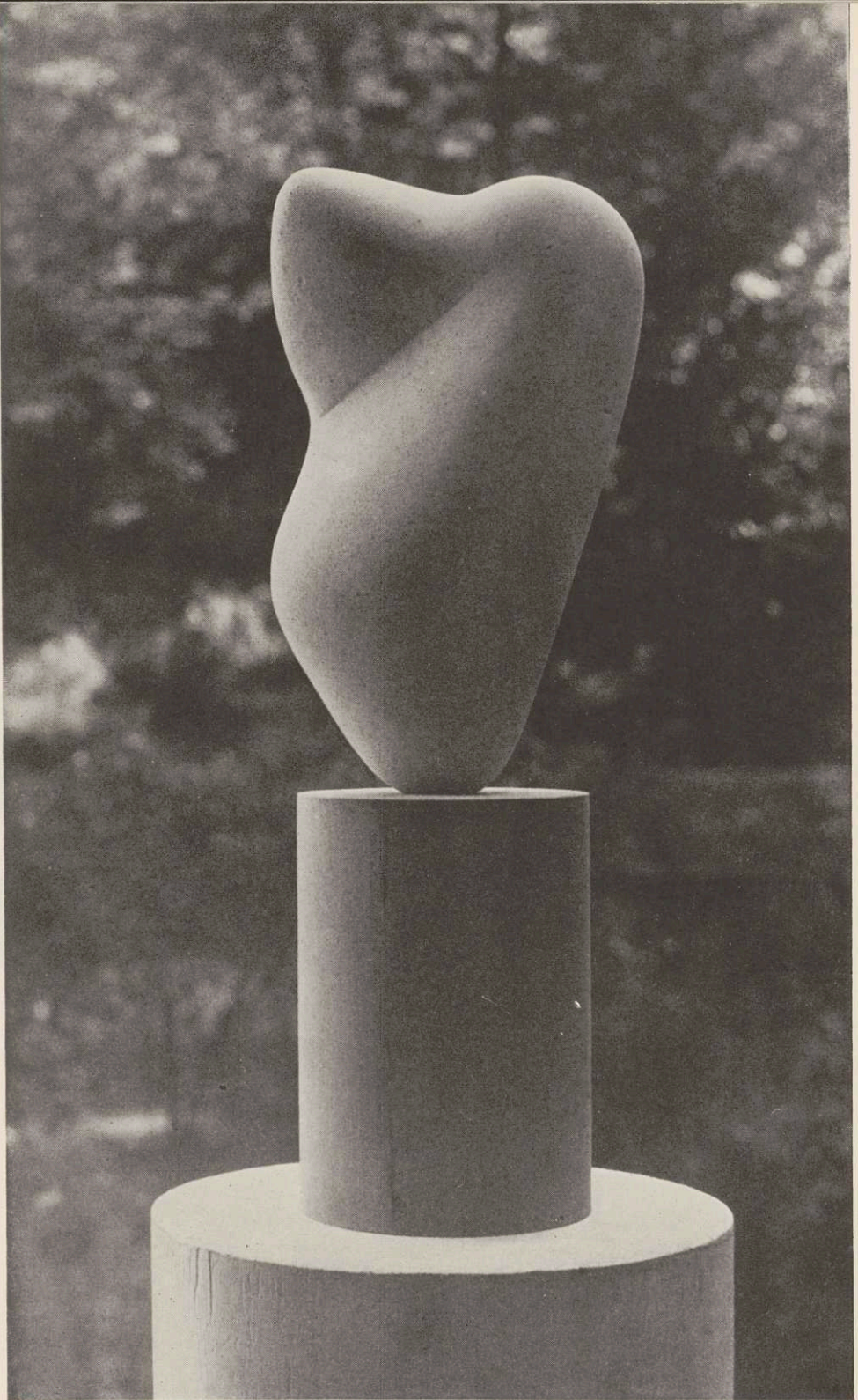
The black grows deeper and deeper, darker and darker before me. It menaces me like a black gullet. I can bear it no longer. It is monstrous. It is unfathomable.

As the thought comes to me to exorcise and transform this black with a white drawing, it has already become a surface. Now I have lost all fear, and begin to draw on the black surface. I draw and dance at once, twisting and winding, a winding, twining, soft white flowery round. A round of snakes in a wreath . . . white shoots dart this way and that. Three of them begin to form snakes' heads. Cautiously the two lower ones approach one another. See reproduction. [illustration 11]

The magician

The sale of my first relief in Paris in 1926 was black magic. The magician was Viot, the art dealer. He had ensnared D., the collector, with promising speeches about indescribable beauty, and lured him to my studio. Looking very unhappy, D. weighed my little relief, first in his left, then in his right hand. He seemed to find no objection to the weight. Around his beautiful miser's neck he wore a still more beautiful necktie.¹ He twisted and fidgeted. He struggled to make up his mind. He opened his eyes wide and then wearily closed them. He opened them again and looked madly for some chance to escape. Now was the time to be on our guard. He really seemed about to seek safety in flight. With ruffled crest, Viot swaggered round his victim. He bragged and boasted of his incomparable knowledge of the arts. D. groaned: "Five hundred francs is a lot of money for a little piece of wood!" Viot did not lessen his efforts. Now it was the dark and mysterious that filled his sails. His eyes gleamed like two magic lanterns. His eloquence became more and more daemonic until at length D. collapsed in a chair and handed Viot the five hundred francs.

1. *Geizhals*, literally "avarice neck," is German for skinflint.

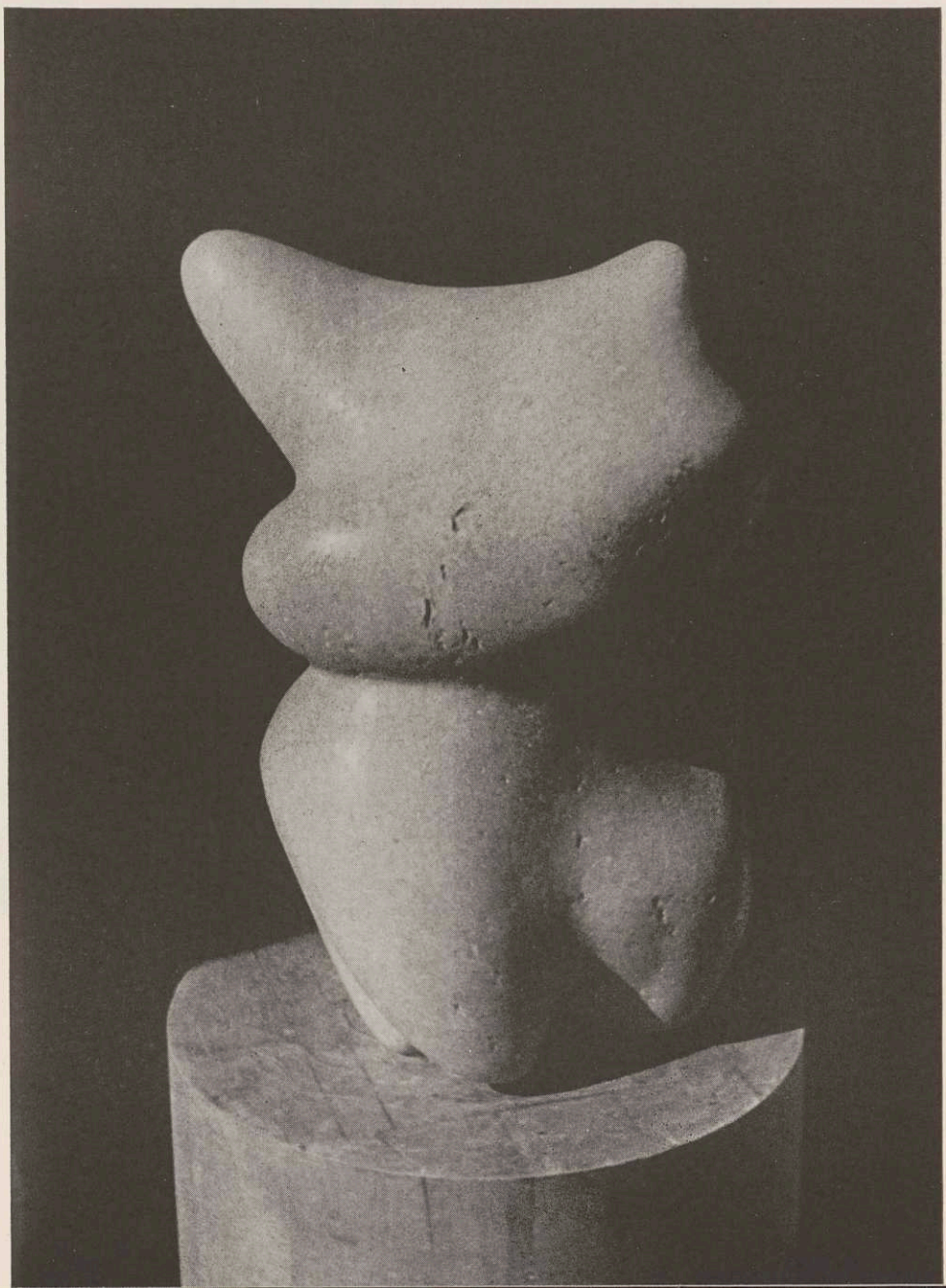


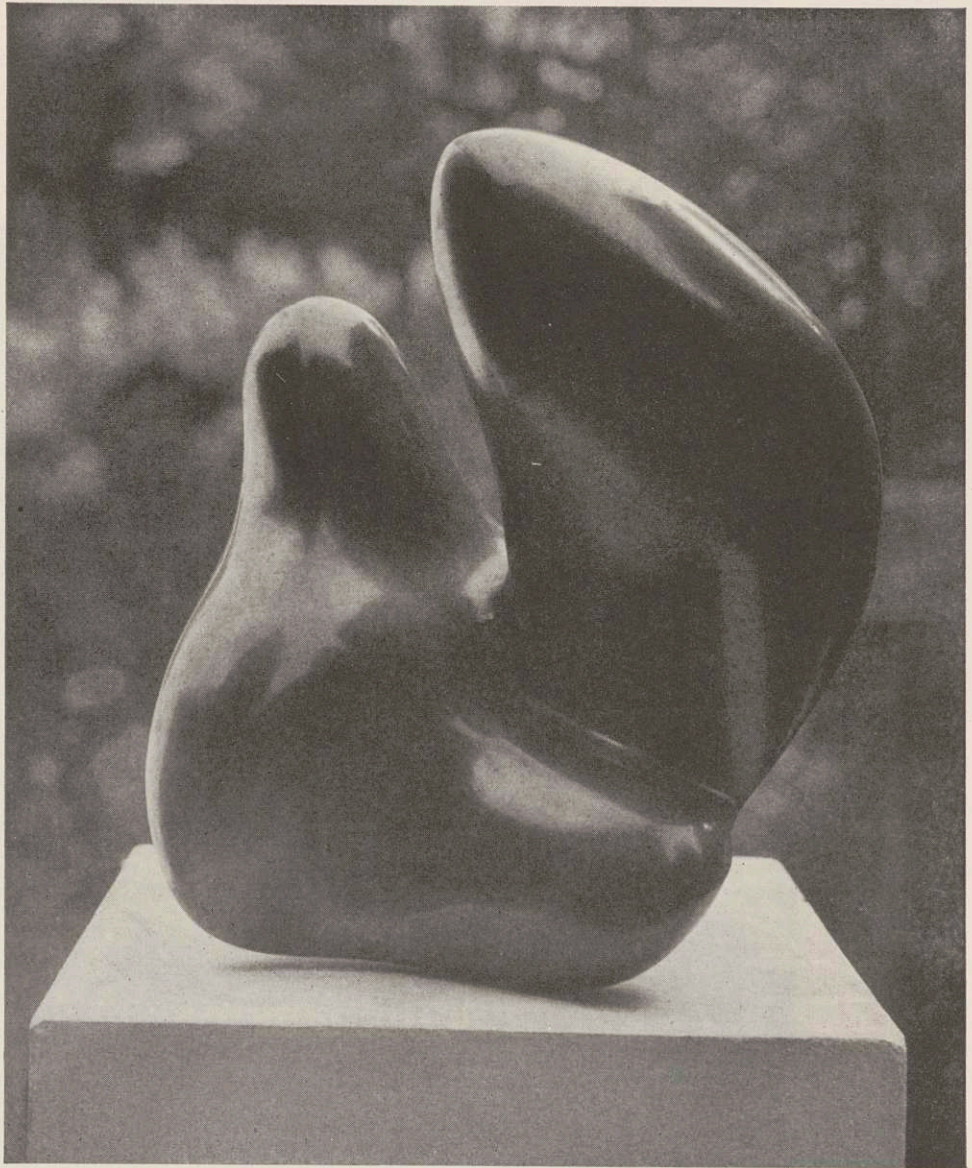
10: *Owl's Dream.*



II: Vegetation.

12: *Pre-Adamic Sculpture.*



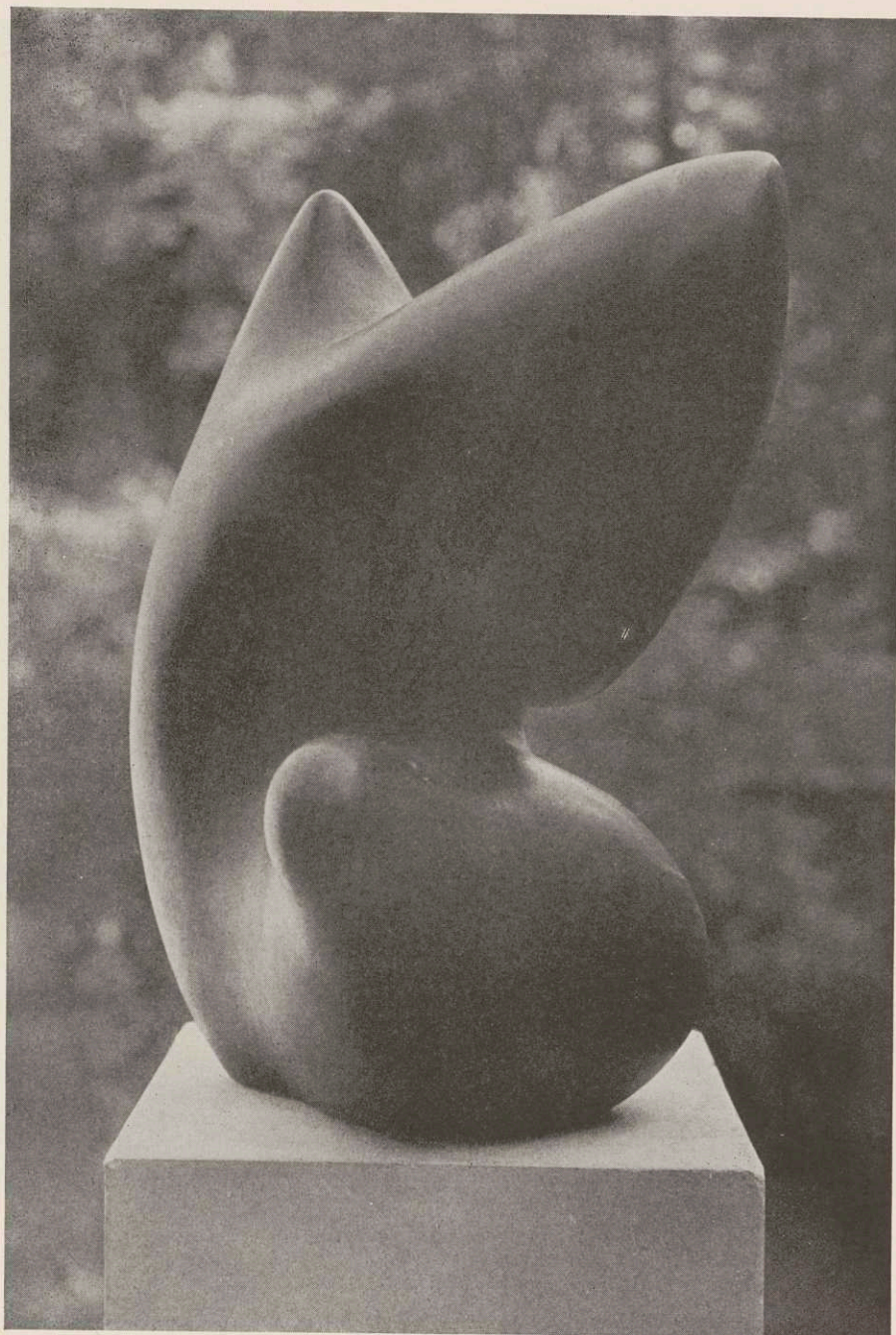


13 a, b: Concrete Sculpture "Mirr", two views.



13b:

14: *Pre-Adamic Fruit.*

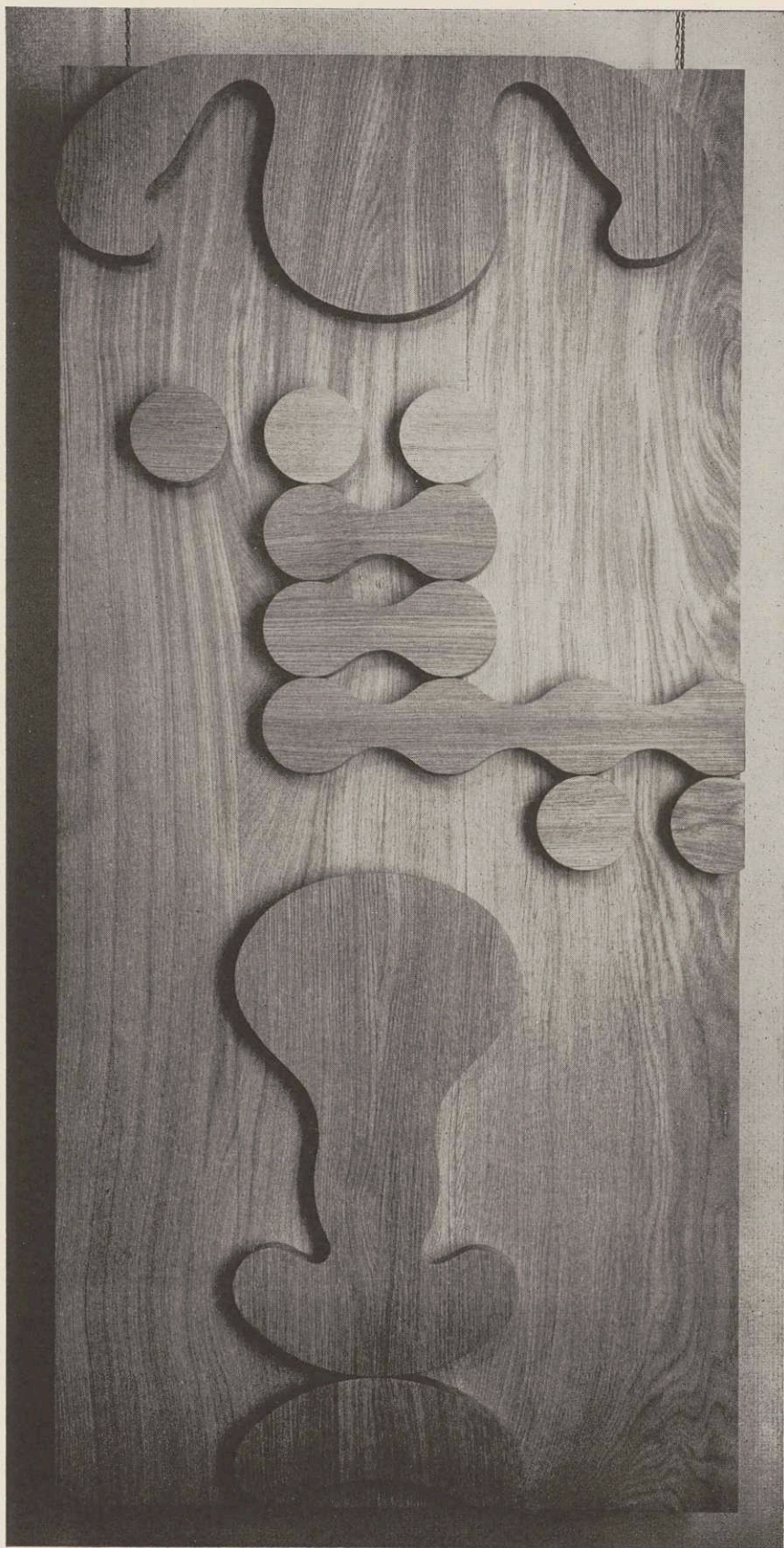




15 a, b: Two views of Arp's studio.



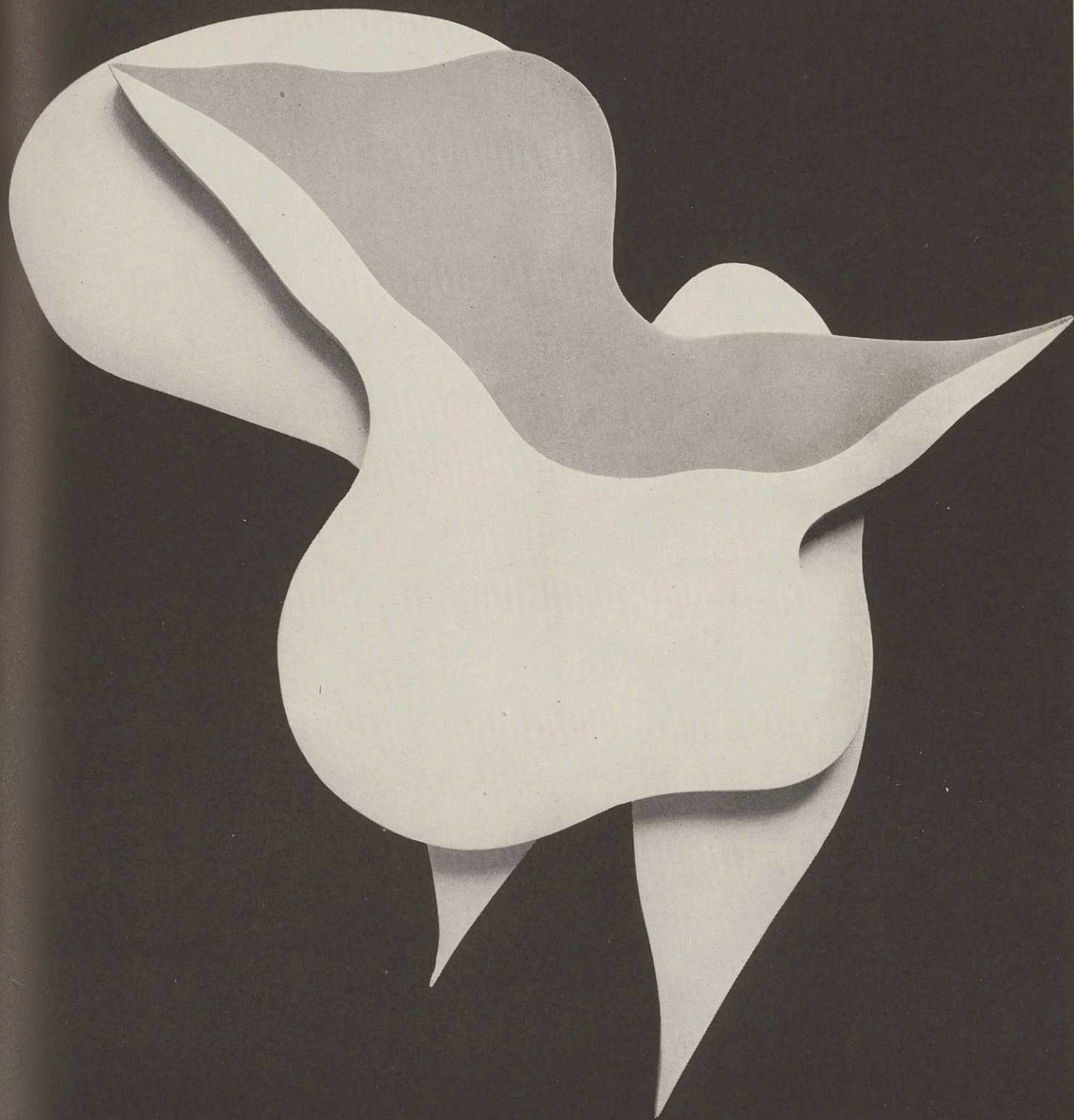
15b:



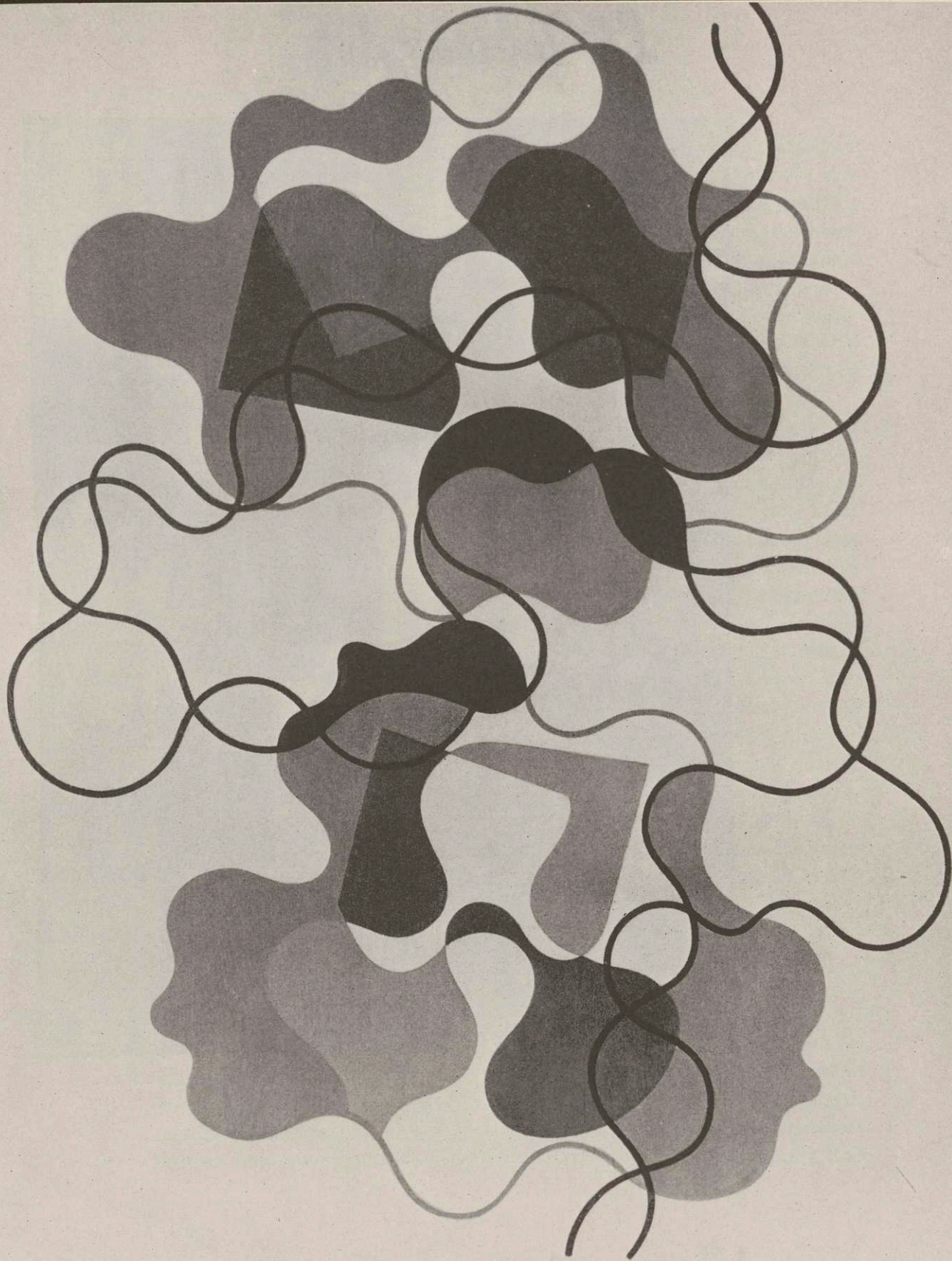
17: *Shell.*

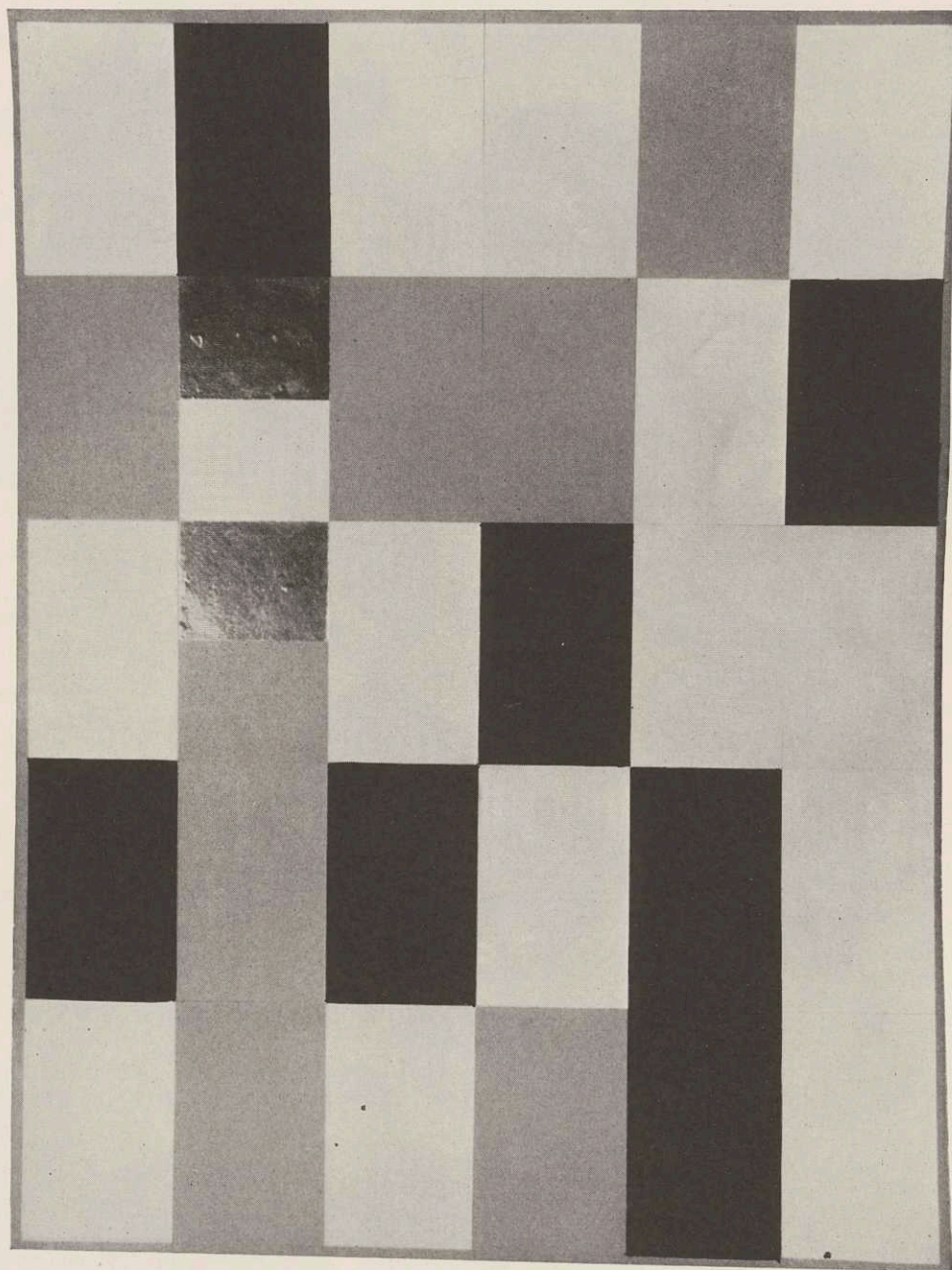


18: *Birdlike Cloud.*



19. *Taeuber-Arp, Summery Lines.*





20: *Taeuber and Arp. Collage.*

Pavillon de Breteuil

At the Pavillon de Breteuil in Sèvres we find the international standard meter of iridic platinum at a temperature of 0° Centigrade. Obviously it is not with this meter that the greatness of genius is measured. To measure a genius the dealers make use of an appropriate meter of spiritual rubber. This meter must be capable of being either long or short. It must be short in order for the dealer to be able to say: "See how big this genius is: he is a hundred and fifty meters long. In my shop you will find only geniuses over a hundred meters." The meter must be long in order for the dealer to be able to say: "Look at that fellow; he isn't even a meter long. He's not a genius, he's a dwarf. He's not a *maître*, he's a *millimaître*."

The sticky, viscous portion of the wild boar, the worm-infested portion between the thighs, sautéed in pine-gum, garnished with a few cherry pits to crack merrily between the teeth, is the favorite dish of the true huntsman. The exquisite body of the art dealer makes the choice more difficult. What is, indeed, the most succulent, tasty morsel? Painters prefer the feet. At first sight one would take them for a ritual object of the pre-Adamic era. But slowly they come to life, move and say "papa" and "mama." The feet of art dealers are the size of an artist's palette. Between the palette's toes grow the flowers of the philosophy of art. Art dealers' feet are always turned towards the rear of their shop, where the sacred fire burns in the uncircumcized safe. Like the needle of the compass, they are in movement day and night. Consequently, the dealers' feet are often turned backwards, in the direction opposite from the one they are moving in. At the Ides you will see the dealers, with a nonchalance bordering on indecency, undress and dash into the street stark naked in the name of beauty, to dance rounds. There is hardly a dealer who has not previously gone through a stage of being a danseuse at the Folies Bergère. Like opera stars they are perfect toe-dancers; their feet are as beautiful as the Alexandrine feet of Racine.

Stone formed by human hand

When I exhibited my first concrete reliefs, I put out a little manifesto declaring the art of the bourgeois to be sanctioned lunacy. Especially these naked men, women and children in stone or bronze, exhibited in public squares, gardens and forest clearings, who untiringly dance, chase butterflies, shoot arrows, hold out apples, blow the flute, are the perfect expression of a mad

world. These mad figures must no longer sully nature. Today, as in the days of the early Christians, the essential must become known. The artist must let his work create itself directly. Today we are no longer concerned with subtleties. My reliefs and sculptures fit naturally into nature. On closer examination however they reveal that they were formed by human hand, and so I have named certain of them: "Stone formed by human hand." [illustration 12]

The germ of a new plastic work

A small fragment of one of my plastic works presenting a curve or a contrast that moves me, is often the germ of a new work. I intensify the curve or the contrast, and this determines new forms. Among the new forms two grow with special intensity. I let these two continue to grow until the original forms have become secondary and almost expressionless. Finally I suppress one of the secondary, expressionless forms so that the others become more apparent. One work often requires months, years. I work until enough of my life has flowed into its body. Each of these bodies has a spiritual content, but only on completion of the work do I interpret this content and give it a name. In this way my works have received names such as: "Black cloud-arrow and white points," "Plant escutcheon," "Arabic eight," "Plant pendulum at rest," "Leaves arranged according to the law of chance." [illustrations 13 a, b, 15 a, b]

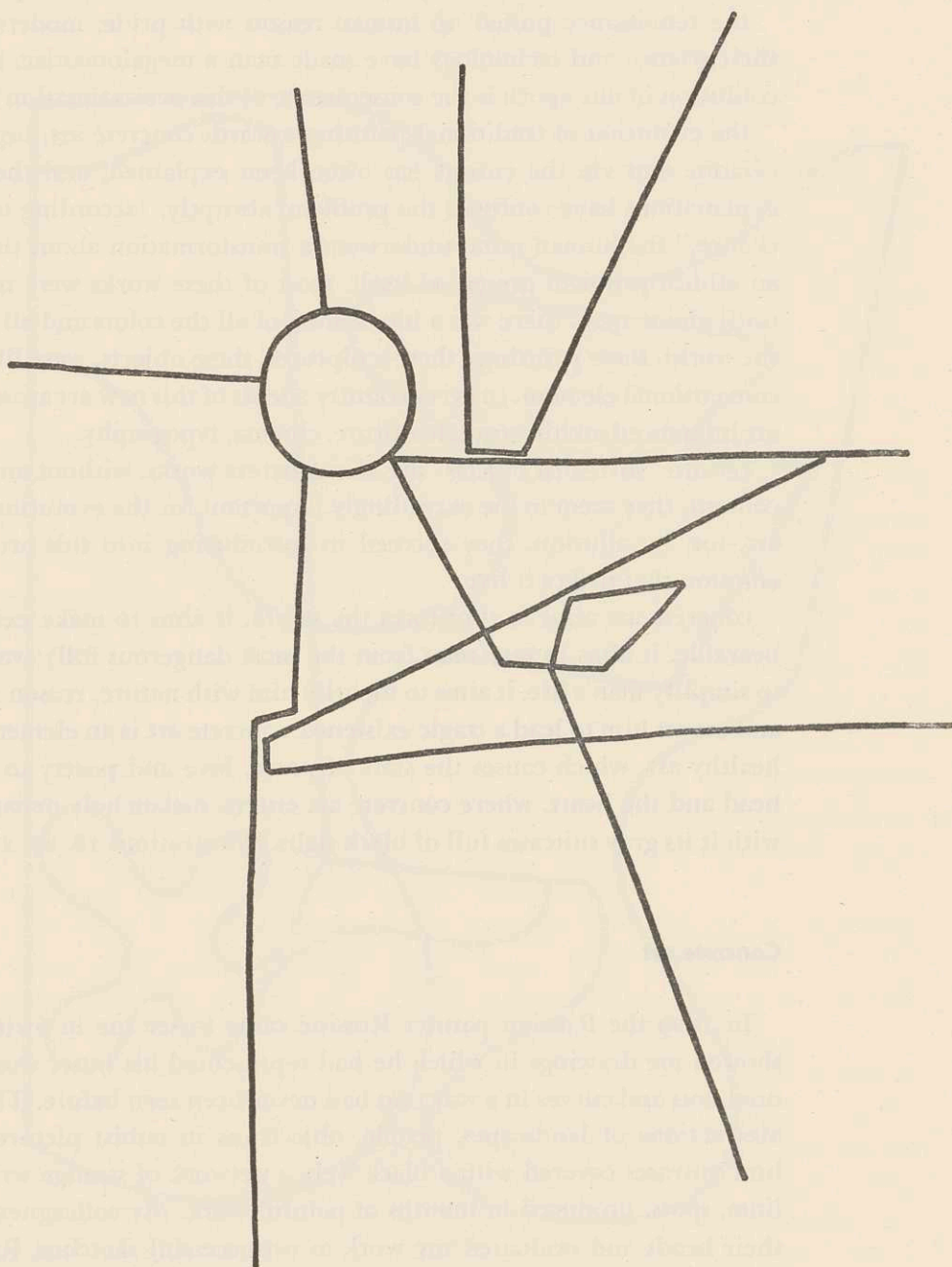
concrete art

we do not want to copy nature. we do not want to reproduce, we want to produce. we want to produce like a plant that produces a fruit and not to reproduce. we want to produce directly and not through interpretation.

as there is not the slightest trace of abstraction in this art, we call it: concrete art.

the works of concrete art should not be signed by their creators. these paintings, these sculptures, these objects, should remain anonymous in the great studio of nature like clouds, mountains, seas, animals, men. yes, men should return to nature, artists should work in community like the artists of the middle ages. in 1915 o. van rees, c. van rees, freundlich, s. taeuber and myself, made an attempt of this kind.

in 1915 I wrote: "these works are constructed with lines, surfaces, forms and colors. they strive to surpass the human and achieve the infinite and the eternal. they are a negation of man's egotism. . . . the hands of our brothers,



21 a, b, c: Taeuber and Arp, *Three Duets*.

instead of serving us as our own hands, have become enemy hands. instead of anonymity there was celebrity and the masterpiece, wisdom was dead. . . . to reproduce is to imitate, to play a comedy, to walk the tightrope. . . .”

the renaissance puffed up human reason with pride. modern times with their science and technology have made man a megalomaniac. the atrocious confusion of our epoch is the consequence of this overestimation of reason.

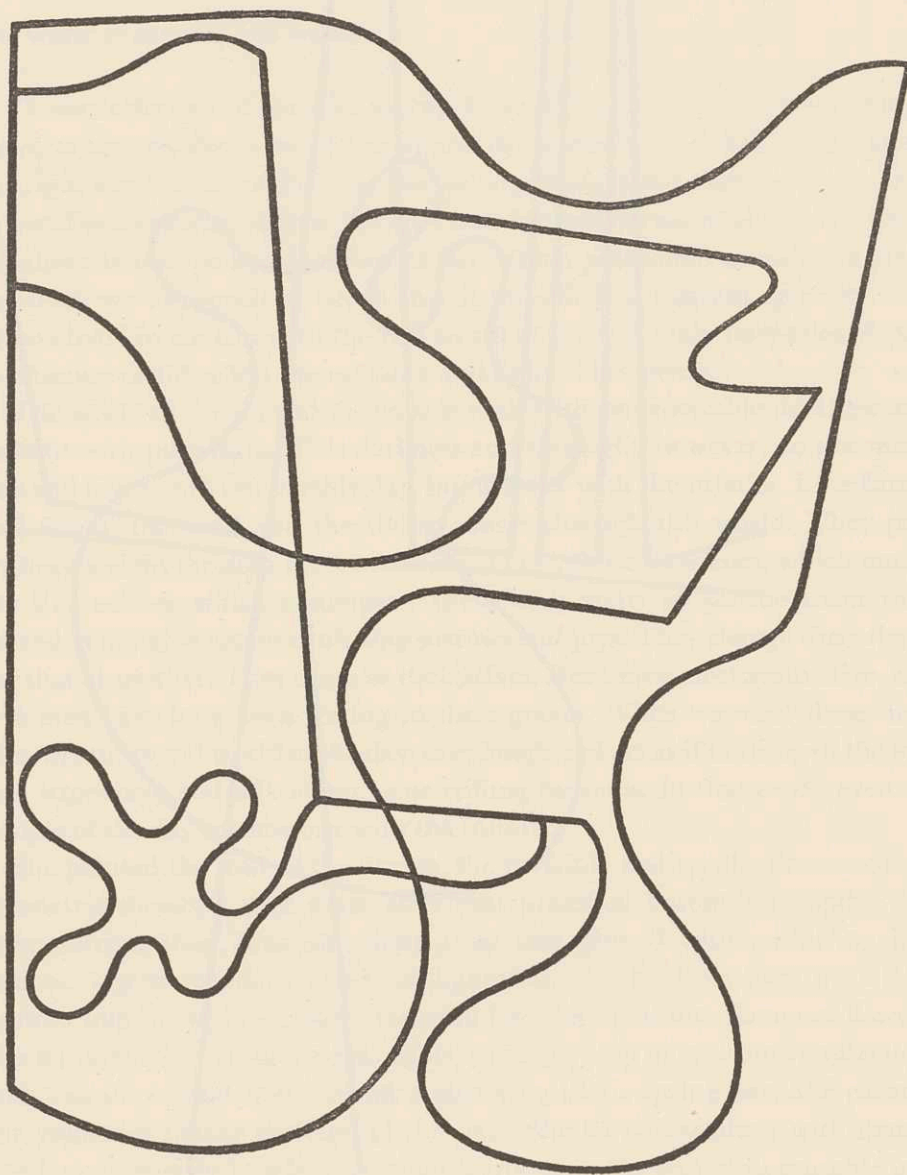
the evolution of traditional painting towards concrete art, beginning with cézanne and via the cubists has often been explained, and these historical explanations have confused the problem. abruptly, “according to the laws of chance,” the human mind underwent a transformation about the year 1914: an ethical problem presented itself. most of these works were not exhibited until about 1920. there was a blossoming of all the colors and all the forms in the world. these paintings, these sculptures, these objects, were liberated from conventional element. in every country adepts of this new art arose. — concrete art influenced architecture, furniture, cinema, typography.

certain “surrealist objects” are also concrete works. without any descriptive content, they seem to me exceedingly important for the evolution of concrete art, for, by allusion, they succeed in introducing into this art the psychic emotion that makes it live.

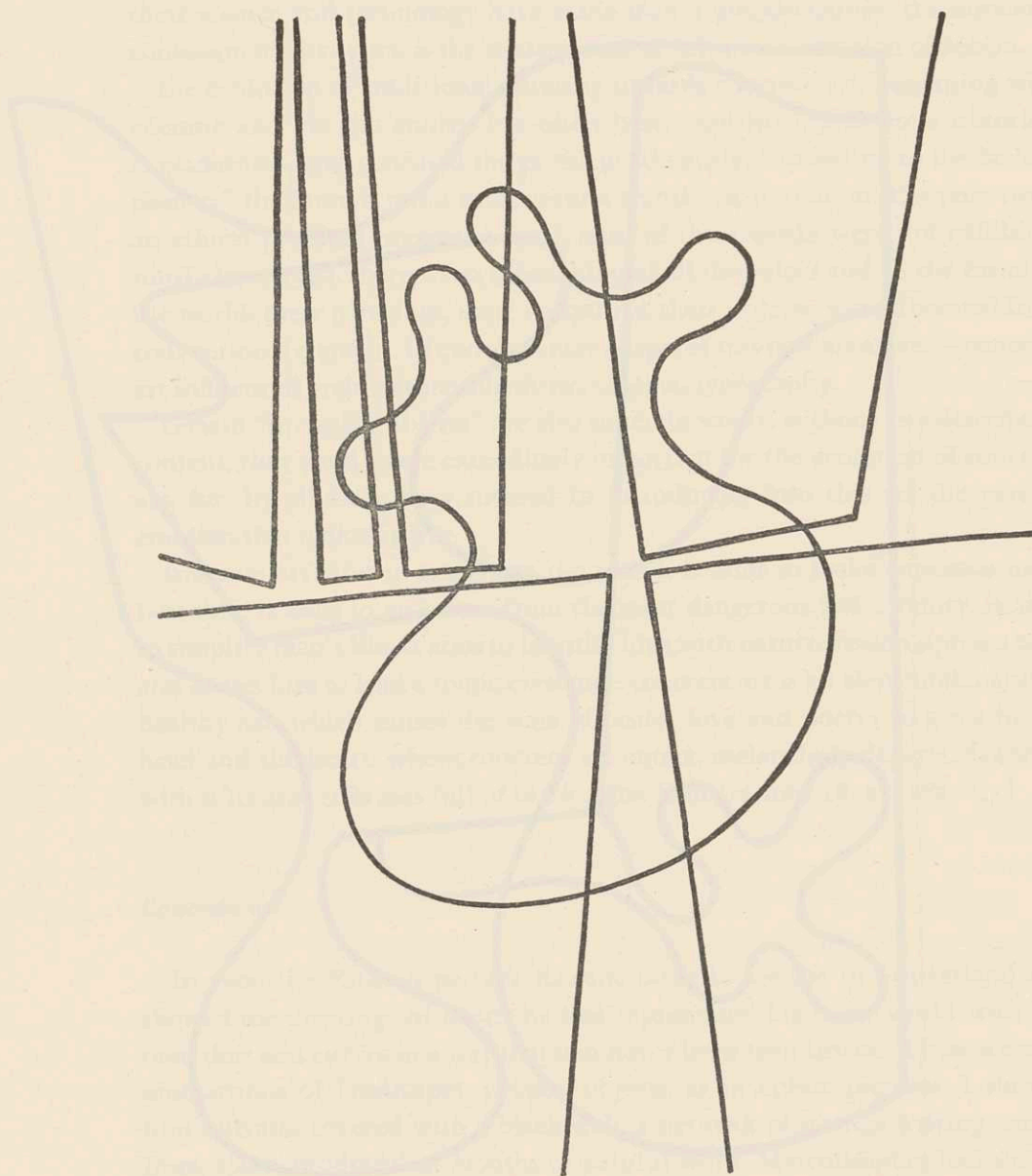
concrete art aims to transform the world. it aims to make existence more bearable. it aims to save man from the most dangerous folly: vanity. it aims to simplify man’s life. it aims to identify him with nature. reason uproots man and causes him to lead a tragic existence. concrete art is an elemental, natural, healthy art, which causes the stars of peace, love and poetry to grow in the head and the heart. where concrete art enters, melancholy departs, dragging with it its gray suitcases full of black sighs. [illustrations 18, 27, 28a, b, c]

Concrete art

In 1909 the Russian painter Rossiné came to see me in Switzerland and showed me drawings in which he had represented his inner world with colored dots and curves in a way that had never been seen before. These were no abstractions of landscapes, people, objects, as in cubist pictures. I showed him canvases covered with a black web, a network of strange writing, runes, lines, spots, produced in months of painful work. My colleagues had shaken their heads and evaluated my work as unsuccessful sketches. Rossiné, however, was impressed. His work and mine, I think, were concrete art. The earliest of my concrete pictures now extant were done in 1915. Two of these



21 b:



21 c:

are in the collection of M. Hagenbach in Basel. A similar work is reproduced in the little anthology, *Cabaret Voltaire*, which appeared in 1916. These works are collages of various materials, paper, cloth, string, stone, wood.

The world of memory and dream

Towards the end of her life, Sophie Taeuber was transfigured by a strange light, as though she knew of her approaching destination. She always knew the right way, like a traveler who has seen the roads of the country from a high tower. Forces emanated from her that transformed the world of the day. Once a radiant landscape streamed out of her, which permeated a mediocre place in which we happened to be, so that it unfolded in fragrant splendor. She always lived in contact with the real world of dreams. Only fairy-tales of perfect beauty could reflect the radiance and light of her being.

The world of dream and memory is rank with impenetrable darkness and radiant with pure light. This darkness and this light, however, do not mean day and night as in our earthly day, but are one with the infinite. Like flames and waves, the dead and the living course through this world. They pass without weight through space and time. They release likenesses, which multiply like echoes, which accompany them with amity or pursue them with hatred. They give rise to confusing sorrows and joys. They change their shape for that of another. They disguise themselves. Dead men meet again alive, and live men have long been resting in their graves. When we meet these dead men in our unreal world of the day, they laugh and act as if nothing of the sort had happened, and talk about some trifling business. In that world even we people of the day become one with the infinite.

She painted the soul of the dream, the invisible reality. She drew radiant, geometric messages. She drew lines that plumbed bottomless depths. She drew solemn lines, laughing lines, lines that glowed white, whirling line dances, jagged whorls, trellises of lightning. She let lines flare up wildly around bundles of lines, until lines and bundles burst into flames of flowers. She let lines whirl around rigid points, suddenly stop in gracious recollection, and join into forms that sent off a glittering like a spring day. She painted the golden glittering skeleton of the stars. She let points blush with shame. She let points grow into berries, giant fruits, suns. She let points crumble into ashes. She sowed pearls in white flowerbeds, and harvested moons. She designed courses for sacred flights. She painted the life of closed eyes that sing inward. She drew the outline of silence.

Usually I meet Sophie under the olive trees by the Mediterranean. She

jokes, turns round, hops away, flaps her arms like a bird's wings, turns round again and comes towards me. Another time she offers me a large bunch of grapes; the grapes are weeping eyes. With clear eyes she meets my muddled gaze. She had dreams that she never wanted to tell me about. She hid them from me behind exaggerated, boisterous jokes. She went round in a circle and imitated a trumpeter blowing with all his might yet producing no sound, and nothing could persuade her to tell me her dream.

Am I dreaming when I see Sophie bright and silent in the depths of a white blossom of a pure white star? Am I dreaming when I hear Sophie speaking and we converse? Am I dreaming when I see Sophie as a dead woman lovely and living? Memory and dream flow together like mighty streams. What happens in them is eternal. But what happens in the unreal world of the day, is full of rude snares and is transitory. And that is why Sophie behaved with severity and determination in this world. She never lost herself in the snares of unreality. The world of memory and dream is the real world. It is related to art, which is fashioned at the edge of earthly unreality. [illustration 19]

And so the circle closed

Between 1908 and 1910 I made my first attempts to transcend inherited art forms, inherited prejudices. This was a time of torment. I was living in solitude between Weggis and Greppen in Switzerland, at the foot of the Rigi. In winter I saw no one for months. I read, sketched and looked out of the window of my little room into the mountains immersed in snowclouds. It was an abstract landscape that surrounded me. I had leisure for philosophizing. In December 1915 in Zurich, I met Sophie Taeuber, who had already liberated herself from traditional art. In our work, we first suppressed the playful and the charming. We also regarded the personal as burdensome and useless, since it had grown in a rigid lifeless world. We searched for new materials, which were not weighted down with tradition. Individually and in common we embroidered, wove, painted, pasted geometric, static pictures. Impersonal, severe structures of surfaces and colors arose. All accident was excluded. No spots, tears, fibres, imprecisions, should disturb the clarity of our work. For our paper pictures we even discarded the scissors with which we had at first cut them out, since they too readily betrayed the life of the hand. From this time on we used a paper-cutting machine. In the embroideries, woven fabrics, paintings, collages that we did together, we humbly strove to approach the pure radiance of reality. I should like to call these works the art of silence. This art turns from the outward world of silence to inner

being, reality. From right angles and squares we erected radiant temples to the deepest grief and the highest joy. Our works were intended to simplify, transform, beautify the world. But our art did not disturb the bourgeois in their overcrowded madhouses, where they continued to wallow in their original oil paintings. At various periods in our lives Sophie Taeuber and I worked together: in Zurich from 1917 to 1919, in Strassburg from 1926 to 1928 with Theo van Doesburg then in 1939, the first year of the war, in Meudon — I illustrated several works from this period, in my book of poems, *le siège de l'air*, which appeared in 1946 — and finally in Grasse in 1941 where we collaborated with Sonya Delaunay and Alberto Magnelli. Today even more than in my youth I believe that a return to an essential order, to a harmony, is necessary to save the world from boundless confusion.

I further developed the collage by arranging the pieces automatically, without will. I called this process "according to the law of chance." The "law of chance," which embraces all laws and is unfathomable like the first cause from which all life arises, can only be experienced through complete devotion to the unconscious. I maintained that anyone who followed this law was creating pure life.

About 1930 the pictures torn by hand from paper came into being. Human work now seemed to me even less than piece-work. It seemed to me removed from life. Everything is approximate, less than approximate, for when more closely and sharply examined, the most perfect picture is a warty, threadbare approximation, a dry porridge, a dismal moon-crater landscape. What arrogance is concealed in perfection. Why struggle for precision, purity, when they can never be attained. The decay that begins immediately on completion of the work was now welcome to me. Dirty man with his dirty fingers points and daubs at a nuance in the picture. This spot is henceforth marked by sweat and grease. He breaks into wild enthusiasm and sprays the picture with spittle. A delicate paper collage or watercolor is lost. Dust and insects are also efficient in destruction. The light fades the colors. Sun and heat make blisters, disintegrate the paper, crack the paint, disintegrate the paint. The dampness creates mould. The work falls apart, dies. The dying of a picture no longer brought me to despair. I had made my pact with its passing, with its death, and now it was part of the picture for me. But death grew and ate up the picture and life. This dissolution must have been followed by the negation of all action. Form had become unform, the Finite the Infinite, the Individual the Whole.

It was Sophie Taeuber who, through the example of her clear work and her clear life, showed me the right way, the way to beauty. In this world there is a fine balance between Above and Below, light and darkness, eternity and transitoriness. And so the circle closed. [illustrations 20–26]

Original Text of Essays

Original Text of Essay

Das Mass aller Dinge

Der Mensch betrügt sich, als habe er die Welt erschaffen und könne mit ihr spielen. Schon ziemlich zu Beginn seiner glorreichen Entwicklung prägte er den Satz, dass der Mensch das Mass aller Dinge sei. Schnell machte er sich darauf an die Arbeit und stellte von der Welt, so viel er konnte, auf den Kopf. In Stücke zerschlagen liegt die Venus von Milo am Boden. Mit dem Mass aller Dinge, mit sich selbst, hat er gemessen und sich vermessen. Er hat die Schönheit verschneidert und verschnitten. Aus der Massschneiderei wurde ein Konfektionshaus, und aus dem Konfektionshaus ist heute eine Formenschau der Tollheit geworden. Verwirrung, Unruhe, Unsinn, Wahnsinn, Besessenheit beherrschen die Welt. Fötusse mit geometrischen Doppelköpfen, Menschenleiber mit gelben Nilpferdköpfen, fächerförmige, berüsselte Mischwesen, bezahnte Mägen an Krücken, schleppfüßige Pyramiden mit tränenden Menschengesichtern, Erdklumpen mit Schamgliedern und so fort, sind auf Leinwänden oder in Statuen entstanden.

Die Schönheit versank nicht unter den Trümmern der Jahrhunderte

Als sich die Person, der Intellekt, die Philosophie aus der sagenumwobenen Tiefe der mythischen Menschheit löste, als die Natur vom Menschen entdeckt wurde, als "die Erde, das wogenreiche Meer, die feuchte Luft und der Titan Äther" feierlich besungen wurden, weilte die Schönheit nackt unter den Menschen.

Jedes Jahrhundert wandelte sich die Schönheit. Die Schönheit versank nicht unter den Trümmern der Jahrhunderte, aber in der Maya, in den Trugbildern. Sie wurde so reich beschenkt mit den seltensten Gewändern, dass sie nicht mehr wusste, in welchen sich zeigen.

Welches ist das ursprüngliche Bild der Schönheit? Welches ist das Bild "der Schönheit, die gequollen vom Quell ursprünglichen Bilds"? Ist es die nackte Körperlichkeit der Griechen, ist es die Verkleidung, die Verschleierung, das Schauspiel der Renaissance, ist es die entkörperlichende Sehnsucht der Gothik, ist es der Würfel und die Kugel, ist es die Liebe und die Harmonie von der Empedokles sagt: "Da breiten sich nicht von einem Rücken zwei Arme aus noch sind da Füße oder schnelle Knie oder zeugende Glieder, sondern es war ein Sphairos, von allen Seiten sich selber gleich."

Trug, Schein, Kunststück

Der Mensch wurde ein kindischer Demiurg, ein kindischer Schöpfer. In seinem Grössenwahn wollte er Gott und die Welt nochmals erschaffen. Eine widerliche Zänkerei entbrannte nun unter den Demiurgen und steigerte ihre Uneinigkeit bis zur Feindschaft. Jeder Maler, jeder Bildhauer wollte der erstaunlichere Schöpfer sein. An Stelle der Namenlosigkeit und der Demut traten die Berühmtheit und das Kunststück.

Der Mensch hat den Sinn für die Schönheit verloren. Er ist unwirklich geworden. An Stelle von Pyramiden, Tempeln, Domen, lässt er Trug, Schein, Kunststück entstehen.

Wirklichkeit

Unsere Arbeiten sind Bauten aus Linien, Flächen, Formen, Farben. Sie suchen sich dem Wirklichen zu nähern. Sie hassen das Kunststück, die Eitelkeit, die Nachahmung, die Seiltänzerei. Sicher gibt es Seiltänzer von unterschiedlicher Begabung. Die Kunst aber soll zur Geistigkeit, zur Wirklichkeit führen. Diese Wirklichkeit ist weder die objektive Wirklichkeit oder Realität, noch die subjektive, gedankliche Wirklichkeit, das heisst Idealität, sondern eine mystische Wirklichkeit, der gegenüber wir uns wie das Auge verhalten, von welchem das nachfolgende neu-platonische Bild spricht: "Es entfernt sich vom Licht um die Dunkelheit zu sehen, es sieht aber nicht; denn es kann die Dunkelheit nicht bei Licht sehen, indessen, ohne dieses, sieht es nicht; indem es nicht sieht, sieht es die Dunkelheit so, wie es sie natürlicherweise sehen kann."

Oben und Unten

In frühen Zeiten wusste der Mensch, wo oben und unten ist, wusste, was ewig und was vergänglich ist. Der Mensch stand noch nicht auf dem Kopf. Seine Häuser hatten einen Boden, Wände und eine Decke. Die Renaissance verwandelte die Decke in einen Narrenhimmel, die Wände in Irrgärten und den Boden in das Bodenlose. Der Mensch hat den Sinn für die Wirklichkeit, das Mystische, die bestimmte Unbestimmbarkeit, die grösste Bestimmtheit verloren.

Ein Teil der Wirklichkeit

Die konstruktive Kunst verherrlicht die moderne, materielle Welt, den Fortschritt, die Maschine. Die neoplastische Kunst löst sich von der materiellen Welt los. Nur wenige senkrechte und wagrechte Linien, zwei, drei Farben und ein "Gleichgewicht" sind von ihr übrig geblieben. Einem angelsächsischen Besucher, der Mondrian fragte, ob er immer Quadrate male, entgegnete er: "Quadrate? Ich sehe keine Quadrate auf meinen Bildern." Also selbst Quadrate und Rechtecke wurden in der Welt der schönen Künste nicht mehr geduldet. Die ersten neoplastischen Bilder sind in den Jahren 1917/18 gemalt worden. Abbildungen der Arbeiten Mondrians, Doesburgs, Vantongerloos bekamen wir in Zürich ungefähr im Jahr 1920 zu sehen.

Schon unsere ersten konkreten Arbeiten kehrten sich endgültig von dem Wandel, von dem Fluss aller Dinge, dem auch der Mensch unterworfen ist, also von der Natur, von der sichtbaren Welt ab, die ja nur ein Teil der Wirklichkeit ist.

Die Heilige Stille

Bald wird von der Stille wie von einem Märchen erzählt werden. Der Mensch hat sich von der Stille abgewandt. Jeden Tag erfindet er Maschinen und Apparate, die den Lärm vermehren, und den Menschen vom wesentlichen Leben, von der Betrachtung, von der geistigen Versenkung, ablenken. Auto, Flugzeug, Radio, Atombombe sind die letzten grossen Siege des Fortschrittes. Der Mensch hat nichts mehr Wesentliches zu tun, aber dieses Nichts will er schnell und mit übermenschlichem Lärm tun. Er will abgelenkt sein und ahnt nicht, dass der Roboter, der nun kutschiert, ihn ins Sinnlose fährt. Beim Tuten, Heulen, Schreien, Donnern, Krachen, Pfeifen, Knirschen, Trillern wird ihm zuversichtlich zu Mute. Seine Unruhe legt sich. Seine unmenschliche Leere entfaltet sich ungeheuerlich wie ein graues Gewächs.

Träumer

Nur wenige Träumer opfern heute noch ihr Leben, um den klaren Weg gehen zu können. Sie essen schlecht und schlafen hart. Sie leiden unter Hitze und Kälte. Doch wenn die lichten Fittiche sie umrauschen, versinkt alle Pein

ihres Lebens, und in ihren armen Zellen künden und singen sie dann von den wirklichen Sonnen, von dem wirklichen Leben.

Dada war nicht nur eine Kesselpauke, ein grosser Lärm und Spass. Dada protestierte gegen die Dummheit und die Eitelkeit des Menschen. Unter den Dadaisten waren Märtyrer und Gläubige, die ihr Leben opferten auf der Suche nach dem Leben, nach der Schönheit. Ball war ein solcher grosser Träumer. Er träumte und glaubte an die Dichtung und an das Bild. In der "Flucht aus der Zeit" schreibt Hugo Ball: "Das Wort und das Bild sind eins. Maler und Dichter gehören zusammen. Christus ist Bild und Wort. Das Wort und das Bild sind gekreuzigt." Malevitsch hat das gekreuzigte Bild gemalt und ist dafür von den Russen gekreuzigt worden. Die Träumer leben immer noch mit dem Bild, dem Wort und der Musik in den Katakomben.

introduction à l'histoire naturelle de max ernst

cette introduction contient la pseudointroduction l'original les variantes de l'original le pseudooriginal ainsi que les variantes du pseudooriginal les apocryphes et l'incorporation de tous ces textes en arpocryphe original aux barbes apocopées ainsi que cinquante médailles calcinées et cinquante soleils de cinquante ans car la médaille se lève. — la médaille de la lumière se lève. — cinquante soleils et cinquante médailles se lèvent. — les roues tournent. — les roues tournent. — cinquante soleils et cinquante médailles se lèvent tandis que le pseudo-soleil après cinquante ans de service se retire dans les roues calcinées de la lumière. — les roues ne tournent plus. — les roues ne tournent plus. —

c'est l'homme qui a remplacé les réveils-matin par des tremblements de terre les averses de dragée par des averses de grêle. l'ombre de l'homme rencontrant celle d'une mouche cause une inondation. c'est l'homme aussi qui a appris aux chevaux à s'embrasser comme les présidents rois et empereurs en se suçant la barbe en se lèchant le museau en se plongeant la langue dans les profondeurs patriotiques. le passant qui voit ces accolades cavallines pense que la paix est pour toujours établie sur terre.

avec ses onze queues et demi de coton ses huit jambes de pain ses cent yeux d'air ses quatre coeurs de pierre il va à la chasse de la moustache volante cyclopéenne et dépourvue de membres. mais comme cette moustache est une réalité intelligible le chasseur retourne toujours bredouille. à l'aide de ses onze queues et demi l'homme compte dix objets et demi dans la chambre meublée de l'univers: les épouvantails portant dans leur boutonnière des volcans et des geysers les devantures des éruptions les étalages de la ficelle de

lave les systèmes de monnaie solaire les ventres étiquetés les murs rasés par les poètes les palettes des césars les natures complètement mortes les écuries des sphynx les yeux de l'homme pétrifié en louchant vers sodomie les cicatrices de . . .

entre dans les continents sans frapper mais avec une muselière de filigrane.

les feuilles ne poussent jamais sur les arbres. comme une montagne vue à vol d'oiseau elles n'ont pas de perspective de savon de plastron hybride de joues écossaises de crypte. le spectateur se trouve toujours dans une position fautive devant une feuille. il a l'impression de porter la tête dans le nombril les pieds dans la bouche les yeux mal lavés dans les mains. quant aux branches troncs et racines je déclare que ce sont des fantasmagories que ce sont des mensonges de chauves. les branches troncs et racines n'existent pas.

comme un lion qui flaire un succulent couple de jeunes mariés la plante sismique convoite le repas du mort. dans son trou millénaire et fardé en fœtus elle tourbillonne d'avidité comme le jus blanc de la fin avec le jus noir du début et ses coups d'oeil chassent par leurs ferocités les nombrils autour de la terre. le tilleul pousse docilement sur les plaines planchées. le start du châtaignier et du chêne se fait au signe du drapeau d. a. d. a. c'est à dire domine anno domine anno. le cyprès n'est pas un mollet de ballet ecclésiastique.

pendant que le lion féroce flaire un succulent couple de jeunes mariés le tilleul pousse docilement sur les plaines planchées. quand un voyageur et une montagne se rencontrent dans le ciel ils se confondent l'un avec l'autre. la montagne se prend pour le voyageur et le voyageur pour la montagne. ces rencontres se terminent toujours par une rixe sanglante dans laquelle le voyageur et la montagne s'arrachent réciproquement leurs arbres. le start du châtaignier et du chêne se font au signe du drapeau végétal. le cyprès est un mollet de ballet ecclésiastique.

l'idole rêve dans la mer et la pluie. attelés à quatre devant les quatre précédents comme les cimetières des ventriloques ou les champs d'honneur les insectes en sortent.

voici ève la seule qui nous reste. elle est la complice blanche des voleurs de journaux. voici le coucou l'origine de la pendule. le bruit de ses mâchoires ressemble à celui d'une forte chute de cheveux. ainsi on compte parmi les insectes le pain vacciné le chœur des cellules les éclairs au-dessous de quatorze ans et votre humble serviteur.

le ciel des marines a été décoré par des tapissiers expressionnistes qui ont suspendu un châte à fleurs de givre au zénith. du temps de la récolte des diamants conjugaux on rencontre sur les mers d'immenses armoires à glaces flottant sur leur dos. la glace de ses armoires est remplacée par des parquets cirés et l'armoire elle-même par un château en espagne. ces armoires à glace

se louent comme ring à des sage-femmes et à des cigognes pour y faire leurs innombrables rounds ou comme tabourets à deux gigantesques pieds rouillés qui y reposent et qui font parfois quelques pas dessus pampam. c'est pour cela qu'on nomme aussi les mers pampas car pam veut dire pas et deux pas font pampam.

vous voyez donc qu'on ne consomme monsieur son père que tranche par tranche. impossible d'en finir en un seul déjeuner sur l'herbe et le citron même tombe à genou devant la beauté de la nature. [illustration 1]

Dadaland

A Zurich, en 1915, désintéressés des abattoirs de la guerre mondiale nous nous adonnions aux Beaux Arts. Tandis que grondait dans le lointain le tonnerre des batteries, nous collions, nous récitons, nous versifions, nous chantions de toute notre âme. Nous cherchions un art élémentaire qui devait, pensions-nous, sauver les hommes de la folie furieuse de ces temps. Nous aspirions à un ordre nouveau qui put rétablir l'équilibre entre le ciel et l'enfer. Cet art devint rapidement un sujet de réprobation générale. Rien d'étonnant à ce que les "bandits" n'aient pu nous comprendre. Leur puérile manie d'autoritarisme veut que l'art lui-même serve à l'abrutissement des hommes.

La Renaissance a appris aux hommes l'exaltation orgueilleuse de leur raison. Les temps nouveaux avec leurs sciences et leurs techniques les ont voués à la mégalomanie. La confusion de notre époque est le résultat de cette surestimation de la raison. Nous voulions un art anonyme et collectif. Voici ce que j'écrivis à propos d'une exposition que nous fîmes en 1915 à Zurich: "Ces oeuvres sont construites avec des lignes, des surfaces, des formes et des couleurs. Elles cherchent à atteindre par delà l'humain, l'infini et l'éternel. Elles sont un reniement de l'égotisme des hommes. . . . Les mains de nos frères au lieu de nous servir comme nos propres mains étaient devenues des mains ennemies. Au lieu de l'anonymat il y avait la célébrité et le chef d'oeuvre, la sagesse était morte. . . . Reproduire c'est imiter, jouer la comédie, danser sur la corde raide. . . ."

En 1915, Sophie Taeuber et moi, nous avons réalisé les premières oeuvres tirées des formes les plus simples en peinture, en broderie et en papiers collés. Ce sont probablement les toutes premières manifestations de cet art. Ces tableaux sont des Réalités en soi, sans significations ni intention cérébrale.

Nous rejetions tout ce qui était copie ou description pour laisser l'Elémentaire et le Spontané réagir en pleine liberté. Comme la disposition des plans, les proportions de ces plans et leurs couleurs ne semblaient dépendre que du hasard, je déclarais que ces oeuvres étaient ordonnées "selon la loi du hasard" tel que dans l'ordre de la nature, le hasard n'étant pour moi qu'une partie restreinte d'une raison d'être insaisissable, d'un ordre inaccessible dans leur ensemble. — Des artistes russes et hollandais qui produisirent à cette époque des oeuvres assez proches des nôtres en apparences, obéissaient à de tout autres intentions. Elles sont en effet un hommage à la vie moderne, une profession de foi à la machine et à la technique. Bien que traitées par l'abstraction il reste toujours en elles un fond de naturalisme et de trompe-l'oeil.

De 1916 à 1920 Sophie Taeuber dansa à Zurich. Voici les belles lignes que Hugo Ball a écrit à son sujet dans un essai intitulé "Occultisme et Autres Choses Belles et Rares": "Autour d'elle c'est la clarté du soleil et le miracle qui remplace la tradition. Elle est pleine d'invention, de caprice et de bizarreries. Elle a dansé sur le 'Chant des Poissons Volants et des Hippocampes,' une complainte onomatopéique. Ce fut une danse pleine d'éclats et d'arêtes, pleine de papillotements de lumière, d'une intensité pénétrante. Les lignes de son corps se brisent, chaque geste se décompose en cent mouvements précis, anguleux, incisifs. La bouffonnerie de la perspective, de l'éclairage, de l'atmosphère est le prétexte de son système nerveux hypersensible à une drôlerie spirituelle et ironique. Les figures de sa danse sont à la fois mystérieuses, grotesques et extatiques. . . ."

J'ai connu Eggeling en 1915 à Paris dans l'atelier de Madame Wassilieff. Cette dernière avait organisé dans ses deux ateliers une cantine où les artistes pouvaient manger le soir pour peu d'argent. Les amis qui revenaient du front nous parlaient de la guerre et quand le cafard était trop fort une jeune femme à jolie voix chantait: "En passant par la Lorraine avec mes sabots. . . ." Un Suédois ivre l'accompagnait au piano. Chaque nuit je faisais à pied avec mon frère dans l'obscurité de ce Paris menacé par les Allemands les quelques kilomètres qui séparent Montmartre de la gare Montparnasse où se trouvait l'atelier de Wassilieff. Eggeling habitait Boulevard Raspail un atelier sinistre et humide. En face de lui demeurait Modigliani qui venait souvent le voir, récitant Dante et se soûlant. Il prenait aussi de la cocaïne. Un soir il fut décidé que je devais en compagnie de plusieurs autres innocents, être initiés aux "Paradis Artificiels." Chacun de nous donna quelque francs à Modigliani pour qu'il put aller faire provision de la drogue. Nous attendîmes des heures. Enfin il revint hilare et reniflant, ayant tout absorbé à lui seul. Eggeling peignait peu en ce temps, il discutait pendant des heures sur l'art. Je le

rencontrais de nouveau en 1917, à Zurich. Il cherchait les règles d'un contre-point plastique, en composait et dessinait les premiers éléments. Il se tourmentait à mort. Il avait formulé sur de grands rouleaux de papier une sorte d'écriture hiératique à l'aide de figures d'une proportion et beauté rares. Ces figures grandissent, se subdivisent, se multiplient, se déplacent, s'enchevêtrent d'un groupe à l'autre, disparaissent et réapparaissent en partie, s'organisant en une imposante construction suivant l'architecture des formes végétales. Il nommait ses papiers "Symphonie." Il mourut en 1922. Il avait pu encore, avec son ami Hans Richter adapter son invention au cinéma.

En cachette, dans sa tranquille petite chambre, Janco se dévouait à un naturalisme en zigzag. Je lui pardonne ce vice secret, car il a évoqué et fixé le "Cabaret Voltaire" sur la toile de l'un de ses tableaux. Dans un local surpeuplé et bariolé de couleurs se tiennent sur une estrade quelques personnages fantastiques qui sont sensés représenter Tzara, Janco, Ball, Huelsenbeck, Madame Hennings et votre humble serviteur. Nous sommes en train de mener un grand sabbat. Les gens autour de nous crient, rient et gesticulent. Nous répondons par des soupirs d'amour, des salves de hoquet, des poésies, des "Oua, Oua" et des "Miaous" de bruitistes moyennageux. Tzara fait sauter son cul comme le ventre d'une danseuse orientale. Janco joue un violon invisible et salue jusqu'à terre. Madame Hennings avec une figure de madone essaie le grand écart. Huelsenbeck n'arrête pas de frapper sur sa grosse caisse, pendant que Ball l'accompagne au piano pâle comme un mannequin de craie. On nous attribua le titre honorifique de nihilistes. Les directeurs de la crétinisation appelaient de ce nom tous ceux qui ne suivaient leur route. Les grands matadors du "Mouvement Dada" étaient Ball et Tzara. Ball est à mon avis un des plus grands écrivains allemands. C'était un personnage long et sec avec une figure de pater dolorosus. Tzara a écrit alors les "Vingt-Cinq Poèmes" qui appartiennent à la meilleure poésie française. Plus tard se joignit à nous le Docteur Serner, aventurier, auteur de romans policier, danseur mondain, médecin-spécialiste de la peau et gentleman-cambrioleur.

Je rencontrais Tzara et Serner à l'Odéon et au café de la Terrasse à Zurich où nous écrivîmes un cycle de poèmes: "Hyperbole du crocodile-coiffeur et de la canne à main." Ce genre de poésies fut plus tard baptisé: "Poésie Automatique" par les surréalistes. La poésie automatique sort en droite ligne des entrailles du poète ou de tout autre de ses organes qui a emmagasiné des réserves. Ni le Postillon de Longjumeau, ni l'alexandrin, ni la grammaire, ni l'esthétique, ni Bouddha, ni le Sixième Commandement ne saurait le gêner. Il cocorique, jure, gémit, bredouille, yodle comme ça lui chante. Ses poèmes sont comme la nature: ils puent, rient, riment comme la nature. La

niaiserie, ou du moins ce que les hommes appellent ainsi, lui est aussi précieuse qu'une rhétorique sublime, car, dans la nature, une brindille cassée vaut en beauté et en importance les étoiles, et ce sont les hommes qui décrètent de la beauté ou de la laideur.

Les objets Dada sont formés d'éléments trouvés ou fabriqués, simples ou hétéroclites. Les Chinois, il y a plusieurs milliers d'années, Duchamp, Picabia aux Etats Unis, Schwitters et moi-même pendant la guerre 1914, étaient les premiers à inventer et répandre ces jeux de sagesse et de clairvoyance qui devaient guérir les êtres humains de la folie furieuse du génie et les ramener plus modestement à leur place équitable dans la nature. La beauté naturelle de ces objets leur est inhérente comme celle d'un bouquet de fleurs cueilli par des enfants. Un empereur de Chine, il y a des milliers d'années, envoyait ses artistes chercher, jusque dans les contrées lointaines, des pierres aux formes rares et fantastiques qu'il collectionnait et plaçait sur un socle aux côtés de ses vases et ses dieux. Il est clair que ce jeu ne peut convenir à nos penseurs arrivistes modernes qui guettent l'amateur, comme un portier d'hôtel à la gare attend ses clients.

Chantes-tu encore avec un rire farouche la diabolique chanson du moulin de Hirza-Pirza en secouant tes boucles de tzigane, mon cher Janco? Je n'ai pas oublié les masques que tu fabriquais pour nos "Manifestations Dada." Ils étaient terrifiants et ordinairement badigeonnés d'un rouge sang. Avec du carton, du papier, du crin, du fil de fer et des étoffes tu confectionnais tes foetus langoureux, tes sardines lesbiennes, tes souris en extase. En 1917 Janco exécuta des oeuvres abstraites dont l'importance ne fit que croître. C'était un homme passionné qui avait foi dans l'évolution de l'art.

Auguste Giacometti était en 1916 déjà un homme arrivé, pourtant il aimait les Dadaïstes et se mêlait souvent à leurs démonstrations. Il avait l'allure d'un ours aisé et portait sans doute par sympathie pour les ours de son pays, une casquette en peau d'ours. L'un de ses amis me confia, que dans la doublure de ce bonnet, il cachait un livret de caisse d'épargne bien garni. Lors d'une fête Dada il nous décerna un souvenir de trente mètres de long, peint aux couleurs de l'arc en ciel et couvert d'inscriptions sublimes. Un soir nous décidâmes de faire modestement un peu de publicité privée pour Dada. En passant d'une brasserie à l'autre du Limmatquai, il ouvrait la porte avec précaution, articulait avec une voix forte et précise: "Vive Dada!" et refermait la porte en suite avec le même soin. Les consommateurs restaient bouches bées en lâchant leurs saucisses. Que pouvait bien signifier ce cri mystérieux lancé par un homme mur et décent dont l'aspect n'avait rien d'un mystificateur ni d'un métèque. Giacometti peignait à cette époque des étoiles en fleurs, des incendies cosmiques, des gerbes de flamme, des gouffres flam-

boyants. L'intérêt de ses tableaux, pour nous, est qu'ils procèdent de la couleur et de l'imagination pure. Giacometti est aussi le premier qui ait essayé de réaliser un objet mobile, ce qu'il fit avec une pendule métamorphosée par l'adjonction de formes et de couleurs. Malgré la guerre, c'était une époque charmante dont nous nous souviendrons comme d'un temps idyllique à la prochaine guerre mondiale, lorsque transformés en beefsteaks allemands nous serons dispersés aux quatre vents. [illustrations 2-8]

De plus en plus je m'éloignais de l'esthétique

De plus en plus je m'éloignais de l'esthétique. Je voulais trouver un autre ordre, une autre valeur de l'homme dans la nature. Il ne devait plus être la mesure de toute chose, ni tout rapporter à sa mesure mais au contraire toutes choses et l'homme devaient être comme la nature, sans mesure. Je voulais créer de nouvelles apparences, extraire de l'homme de nouvelles formes. Ceci se précisa en 1917 dans mes "objets." A leur sujet Alexandre Partens écrivit dans l'Almanach Dada: "Ce fut le mérite de Jean Arp, d'avoir découvert à partir d'un certain moment le véritable problème dans le métier même. Ceci lui permettait de le nourrir d'une imagination nouvelle et spirituelle. Il ne s'agissait plus pour lui d'améliorer, de préciser, de spécifier un système esthétique. Il voulait la production immédiate et directe comme une pierre se détachant d'un rocher, comme un bourgeon qui éclate, comme un animal qui se reproduit. Il voulait des objets imprégnés de fantaisie et non des pièces de musée, des objets animalesques aux intensités et aux couleurs sauvages, il voulait un nouveau corps parmi nous qui se suffit à lui-même, un objet dont la place est aussi bien d'être accroupi sur les coins des tables, que niché au fond du jardin ou nous fixant du mur . . . Le cadre et plus tard le socle lui semblaient être des bégueilles inutiles. . . ."

Dans mon enfance déjà le socle qui permet à une sculpture de se tenir debout, le cadre qui enferme le tableau comme une fenêtre, furent pour moi des motifs de gaité, de plaisanteries et m'incitèrent à maintes espiègleries. Un jour j'essayai de peindre sur la vitre un ciel bleu sous les maisons que j'apercevais à travers la fenêtre. Ces maisons semblèrent ainsi reposer dans l'air. Parfois je sortais nos tableaux des cadres et regardais avec plaisir ces fenêtres accrochées au mur. Une autre fois je fixais un cadre dans une petite cabane en bois et sciais une ouverture derrière ce cadre. On apercevait alors un paysage charmant animé d'hommes et de bestiaux. J'invitais mon père à donner son avis sur l'oeuvre que je venais d'achever. Il me regarda étrange-

ment et avec une légère surprise. — Comme enfant, je pris plaisir aussi à me percher sur le socle d'une sculpture écroulée et d'y mimer l'attitude d'une nymphe pudique.

Voici quelques dénominations de mes objets dadaïstes: Tête d'Adam, Virgule Articulante, Perroquet Imitant Le Tonnerre, Montagne Au Plastron De Glace, Meuble Epelant, La Planche A Oeufs, La Bouteille A Nombril. La fragilité de la vie et des oeuvres humaines se convertissait chez les dadaïstes en humour noir. A peine une construction, un édifice, un monument est-il terminé que déjà commence sa décrépitude, sa désagrégation, sa décomposition, son émiettement. Les pyramides, les temples, les cathédrales, les tableaux de maître en sont des documents convaincants. Et le bourdonnement de l'homme ne dure pas bien plus longtemps que le bourdonnement de cette mouche qui vole avec tant de zèle autour de mon baba au rhum.

Dada voulait détruire les supercheries raisonnables des hommes et retrouver l'ordre naturel et déraisonnable. Dada voulait remplacer le non-sens logique des hommes d'aujourd'hui par le sans-sens illogique. C'est pourquoi nous frappons à tour de bras sur la grosse caisse dadaïste et trompettions les louanges de la déraison. Dada a donné un clystère à la Vénus de Milo et a permis à Laokoon et ses fils de se soulager, après des milliers d'années de lutte avec le bon saucisson Python. Les philosophies ont moins de valeur pour Dada qu'une vieille brosse à dents hors d'usage, et il les laisse pour compte aux grands meneurs du monde. Dada dénonce les ruses infernales du vocabulaire officiel de la sagesse. Dada est pour le sans-sens ce qui ne signifie pas le non-sens. Dada est sans sens comme la nature. Dada est pour la nature et contre l'art. Dada est direct comme la nature. Dada est pour le sens infini et les moyens définis.

Die Nabelflasche

Der Bürger sah im Dadaïsten einen lockeren Unhold, revolutionierenden Bösewicht, sittenrohen Asiaten, der es auf seine Glocken, Kassenschränke und Ehren abgesehen hat. Der Dadaïst ersann Streiche, um dem Bürger seinen guten Schlaf zu rauben. Er sandte Falschmeldungen an die Zeitungen von haarsträubenden Dadaduellen, in welche sein Lieblingsschriftsteller, der "König der Bernina," verwickelt sein sollte. Der Dadaïst liess den Bürger Wirrwarr und fernes, jedoch gewaltiges Beben verspüren, sodass seine Glocken zu summen begannen, seine Kassenschränke die Stirne runzelten und seine Ehren fleckig anliefen. "Das Eierbrett," ein Sports- und Gesellschaftsspiel für die oberen Zehntausend, bei welchem die Teilnehmer, von Scheitel bis zur

Sohle mit Eigelb bedeckt, den Kampfplatz verlassen, "Die Nabelflasche," ein ungeheuerlicher Gebrauchsgegenstand, in dem sich Fahrrad, Walfisch, Büstenhalter und Absinthlöffel paaren, "Der Handschuh" der an Stelle des altertümlichen Kopfes getragen werden kann, sollten dem Bürger die Unwirklichkeit seiner Welt, die Nichtigkeit seiner Bestrebungen, selbst seiner so einträglichen Vaterländereien, veranschaulichen. Dies war natürlich von uns ein naives Unterfangen, da ja der Bürger über weniger Phantasie als der Wurm verfügt und an Stelle des Herzens ein überlebensgrosses Hühnerauge sitzen hat, welches ihn nur bei Wettersturz, das heisst bei Börsensturz, zwickt.

Bavarder

Comme Dada révéla à l'homme des sagesses éternelles, l'homme rigola avec indulgence et continua à bavarder. L'homme bavarde à en donner la nausée même aux rats. Pendant que sa voracité le force à fourrer dans sa gueule tout ce qui ne s'enfuit pas devant ses crocs, il arrive à bavarder et bavarde. Il bavarde tant que de frayeur le jour s'assombrit et la nuit pâlit. Il bavarde tant que les mers se dessèchent et que les déserts deviennent marécageux. L'important pour lui c'est de bavarder, car bavarder est une ventilation saine. Après un beau discours il ressent une grande faim et change d'opinion. Avec ça il prend la noble attitude de viande avariée. L'homme déclare pour rouge ce que la veille il appelait vert et ce qui est en réalité noir. A tous les instants il fait des déclarations définitives sur la vie, l'homme et l'art et ne sait pas plus que le champignon ce qu'est la vie, l'homme et l'art.

Fils de la lumière

L'homme enfoui dans sa vanité comme une taupe dans sa tanière ne comprend plus le langage de la lumière, qui s'épanouit dans son inconcevable immensité à travers le ciel. L'homme se croit le fait de la création. La figure de la lumière ne l'inquiète plus. Il se confond avec la lumière. Ce crapaud s'appelle volontiers fils de la lumière.

C'est à la raison démesurément développée que l'homme doit d'être un personnage grotesque et laid. Il s'est séparé de la nature. Il croit dominer la nature. Il croit être la mesure de toute chose. L'homme, engendrant contre les lois de la nature, crée des monstres. Il désire ce dont il n'est pas capable et méprise ce qu'il peut faire. L'artificiel et le monstrueux lui paraissent être

le but de la perfection. Tout ce qu'il peut atteindre, il le couvre de boue et de sang. Dans le monstrueux seul l'homme est créateur, les inaptes à cette besogne composent des vers, pincant la lyre ou brandissent le pinceau. Ce dernier groupe s'adonne avec une frénésie énigmatique à peindre des natures-mortes, des paysages, des nus. Depuis le temps des cavernes, l'homme peint des natures-mortes, des paysages, des nus. Depuis le temps des cavernes l'homme se glorifie, se divinise et cause par sa monstrueuse vanité les catastrophes humaines. L'art a collaboré à ce faux développement. Je trouve écoeurant cette conception d'art qui a soutenue la vanité de l'homme.

L'homme aime ce qui est vain et mort

Aussi dans l'art, l'homme aime ce qui est vain et mort. Il ne peut comprendre que la peinture soit autre chose qu'un paysage préparé à l'huile et au vinaigre et la sculpture une cuisse de femme fabriquée avec du marbre ou du bronze. Toute transformation vivante de l'art lui paraît aussi détestable que les métamorphoses éternelles de la vie. Les lignes droites et les couleurs franches l'exaspèrent surtout. L'homme ne désire pas aller au fond des choses. La clarté de l'univers fait trop ressortir sa déchéance et sa laideur. C'est pourquoi l'homme s'accroche désespérément à toute guirlande gracieuse et se fait spécialiste en valeurs. De ses neuf ouvertures encadrées de boucles, l'homme exhale de la vapeur bleue, du brouillard gris, de la fumée noire. Il tente parfois à se promener comme une mouche au plafond, mais échoue toujours, et tombe avec fracas sur sa table couverte de la plus belle vaisselle.

L'homme appelle abstrait ce qui est concret. Ce n'est pas étonnant, car ordinairement il confond le devant et le derrière tout en se servant de son nez, de sa bouche et de ses oreilles, c'est à dire de cinq de ses neuf ouvertures. Je comprends qu'on nomme abstrait un tableau cubiste, car des parties ont été soustraites à l'objet qui a servi de modèle à ce tableau. Mais je trouve qu'un tableau ou une sculpture qui n'ont pas eu d'objet pour modèle, sont toute aussi concrets et sensuels qu'une feuille ou une pierre.

L'art est un fruit

L'art est un fruit qui pousse dans l'homme, comme un fruit sur une plante ou l'enfant dans le sein de sa mère. Mais, tandis que le fruit de la plante, le fruit de l'animal, le fruit dans le sein de sa mère, prend des formes autonomes

et naturelles, l'art, le fruit spirituel de l'homme, fait preuve la plupart du temps d'une ressemblance ridicule avec l'aspect d'autre chose. Ce n'est qu'à notre époque que la peinture et la sculpture se sont libérées de l'aspect d'une mandoline, d'un président en habit, d'une bataille, d'un paysage. J'aime la nature, mais non ses succédanés. L'art naturaliste, illusionniste est un succédané de la nature.

Je me souviens qu'en discutant avec Mondrian, il opposa l'art à la nature en disant que l'art est artificiel et la nature naturelle. Je ne partage pas son opinion. Je pense que la nature n'est pas en opposition avec l'art. L'art est d'origine naturelle et se sublime et se spiritualise avec la sublimation de l'homme. [illustrations 9, 10, 14]

Quelques lignes de Plotin

Pour ceux parmi les hommes dont l'âme a dépassé celle des mille-pattes, des araignées, des poux, des limaces, des mouches, des sangsues, des banquiers, des politiciens, et qui veulent s'approcher de la beauté et de la lumière je cite ces quelques lignes de Plotin: "Il faut d'abord rendre l'organe de la vision analogue et semblable à l'objet qu'il doit contempler. Jamais l'oeil n'eût aperçu le soleil, s'il n'avait d'abord pris la forme du soleil; de même l'âme ne saurait voir la beauté, si d'abord elle ne devenait belle elle-même, et tout homme doit commencer par se rendre beau et divin pour obtenir la vue du beau et de la divinité."

Alte Freunde

Alte Freunde aus der Zeit des Dadafeldzuges, die stets für Traum und Freiheit eintraten, sind nun mit widerlicher Beflissenheit bestrebt, das Ziel der Klasse zu erreichen und arbeiten die hegelsche Dialektik zu einem Gassenhauer um. Dichtkunst und Fünfjahresplan werden nun eifrig durcheinander gerührt, aber der Versuch im liegen zu stehen, wird nicht gelingen. Der Mensch wird sich nicht zu einer aufgeräumten, hygienischen Nummer machen lassen, die vor einem bestimmten Bildnis begeistert wie ein hypnotisierter Esel ia schreit. Der Mensch wird sich nicht standardisieren lassen. Es ist schwer zu erklären, wieso die grössten Individualisten für einen Termitenstaat eintreten. Ich kann mir meine alten Freunde nicht recht in einem kollektiven, russischen Ballet vorstellen.

Ein Magischer Schatz

Nur der Geist, der Traum, die Kunst führen zur wahren Kollektivität. Sie sind die Spiele, die den Menschen in das wirkliche Leben führen. Der Traum Hugo Balls lässt den Menschen aus seiner rätselhaften Körperlichkeit in der Wirklichkeit auferstehen. Wir sollten wie er täglich um Träume beten. Der Traum, die Kunst Hugo Balls, ist ein magischer Schatz; sie verbindet den Menschen mit dem Leben des Lichtes und der Dunkelheit, mit dem wirklichen Leben, mit der wirklichen Kollektivität.

Siehe Abbildung

Immer tiefer, immer finsterer wird das Schwarz vor mir. Es droht wie ein schwarzer Rachen. Ich kann es nicht mehr ertragen. Es ist ungeheuerlich. Es ist unergründlich.

Als mir der Gedanke kommt, dieses Schwarz durch eine weisse Zeichnung zu bannen und zu verwandeln, ist es schon zu einer Fläche geworden. Ich habe nun jede Angst verloren und beginne auf der schwarzen Fläche zu zeichnen. Ich bewege mich als weisse Farbe auf der schwarzen Fläche. Ich zeichne und tanze zugleich, mich windend und schlängelnd, einen sich ringelnden, schlängelnden, weichen, weissen Pflanzenringelreihen. Ringelreihen Schlangenkranz . . . Er dreht sich gut und wächst. Weisse Triebe treiben da und dort. Drei davon beginnen Schlangenköpfe zu bilden. Vorsichtig nähern sich einander die zwei untern. Siehe Abbildung. [Abbildung 11]

Der Magier

Der Verkauf meines ersten Reliefs in Paris im Jahre 1926 war schwarze Magie. Der Magier war der Kunsthändler Viot. Er hatte den Sammler D. durch verheissungsvolle Reden von unbeschreiblicher Schönheit bestrickt und in mein Atelier gelockt. Verquält wog D. mein kleines Relief bald in der linken, bald in der rechten Hand. Gegen das Gewicht schien er nichts einwenden zu können. Sein schöner Geizhals zierte eine schönere Krawatte. Er wendete und drehte sich. Er rang nach einem Entschluss. Er riss die Augen weit auf und schloss sie dann ermüdet. Er öffnete sie wieder und blickte verstört nach einer Gelegenheit zur Flucht. Nun hiess es aufpassen. Er schien

wirklich sein Heil in der Flucht suchen zu wollen. Mit geschwellenem Kamm stolzierte Viot um sein Opfer. Er prahlte und brüstete sich mit seiner unvergleichlichen Kenntnis der schönen Künste. D. stöhnte: "Fünfhundert Franken für ein Brettchen ist viel Geld!" Viot gab nicht nach. Er liess nun das Dunkle, das Geheimnisvolle in sein Segel blasen. Wie zwei Zauberalaternen sprühten seine Augen. Immer dämonischer wurden seine Sprüche, bis schliesslich D. in einem Fauteuil zusammenbrach und Viot die fünfhundert Franken aushändigte.

Pavillon de Breteuil

Au pavillon de Breteuil, à Sèvres, se trouve à la température de 0 degré le mètre international en platine irridié. Ce n'est évidemment pas avec ce mètre étalon qu'on mesure la grandeur des génies. Pour mesurer un génie les marchands se servent d'un mètre approprié en caoutchouc spirituel. Il doit pouvoir se faire long ou court. Il doit être court pour que le marchand puisse dire: "Regardez ce génie, comme il est grand: il mesure cent cinquante mètres. Dans ma boutique, vous ne trouverez que des génies qui dépassent cent mètres." Le mètre doit être long pour que le marchand puisse dire: "Regardez-moi ça, ça ne mesure même pas un mètre. Ce n'est pas un génie: c'est un nain. Ce n'est pas un maître: c'est un millimaître."

La partie gluante, visqueuse et pullulante de vers entre les cuisses du sanglier, sautée à la résine de sapin avec quelques noyaux de cerises pour croquer à la bonne franquette, est le plat préféré du grand veneur. L'exquis corps du marchand de tableau vous rend le choix plus difficile. Quelle est donc la partie la plus succulente, la plus savoureuse? Les peintres préfèrent les pieds. A première vue on dirait voir un objet rituel de l'époque préadamique. Mais lentement ils s'animent, bougent et disent papa et maman. Les pieds des marchands de tableaux ont la grandeur d'une palette d'artiste. Entre les doigts de pied de cette palette poussent les fleurs de la philosophie d'art. Les pieds des marchands de tableaux sont toujours tournés vers le fond de leur boutique où brûle le feu sacré dans le coffre-fort incirconcis. Comme l'aiguille d'une boussole ils sont jour et nuit en mouvement. Ainsi les pieds des marchands sont souvent tournés en arrière dans un sens opposé à leur marche. Au temps des ides vous voyez les marchands avec une désinvolture qui frise parfois l'inconvenance se déshabiller et se précipiter au nom de la beauté tout nus dans la rue, pour danser des rondes. Il n'existe guère de marchand

qui n'ait fait préalablement un stage comme danseuse aux Folies Bergère. Ils dansent avec perfection comme les étoiles de l'opéra sur les pointes des pieds, sur ces pieds beaux comme les pieds alexandrins de Racine.

Stein von Menschenhand geformt

Als ich meine ersten konkreten Reliefs ausstellte, erklärte ich in einem kleinen Manifest die Kunst des Bürgers für sanktionierten Irrsinn. Besonders diese nackten Männer, Frauen und Kinder aus Stein oder Bronze, die auf Plätzen, in Gärten und an Waldrändern aufgestellt sind und die unermüdlich tanzen, nach Faltern jagen, Pfeile abschiessen, Äpfel anbieten, Flöte blasen, sind der vollkommene Ausdruck einer unsinnigen Welt. Diese irrsinnigen Gebilde dürfen nicht mehr die Natur verunreinigen. Wie in den Zeiten der ersten Christen muss heute das Wesentliche bekannt werden. Unmittelbar muss heute der Künstler sein Werk erstehen lassen. Heute kommt es nicht mehr auf Spitzfindigkeiten an. Meine Reliefs und Skulpturen fügen sich natürlich in die Natur ein. Bei näherer Betrachtung jedoch lassen sie erkennen, dass sie von Menschenhand geformt sind, darum nannte ich einige unter ihnen "Stein von Menschenhand geformt." [Abbildung 12]

Der Keim einer neuen Plastik

Ein kleines Bruchstück einer meiner Plastiken, an der mich eine Rundung, ein Gegensatz reizt, ist oft der Keim einer neuen Plastik. Ich verstärke die Rundung oder den Gegensatz. Neue Formen sind dadurch bedingt. Unter den neuen Formen wachsen zwei besonders stark. Ich lasse diese zwei weiter wachsen, bis die ursprünglichen Formen nebensächlich und beinahe ausdruckslos geworden sind. Schliesslich unterdrücke ich eine der nebensächlichen ausdruckslosen, damit die übrigen wieder sichtbarer werden. Die Arbeit an einer Plastik dauert oft Monate, Jahre. Ich arbeite an ihr, bis hinreichend von meinem Leben in diesen Körper geflossen ist. Jeder dieser Körper hat einen geistigen Inhalt, aber erst nach vollendeter Arbeit deute und benenne ich ihn. So erhielten meine Arbeiten Namen wie: "Schwarzer Wolkenpfeil und weisse Punkte," "Pflanzenwappen," "Arabische Acht," "Pflanzenpendel in Ruhe," "Blätter nach dem Gesetz des Zufalls geordnet." [Abbildung 13a, b, 15a, b]

Art concret

nous ne voulons pas copier la nature. nous ne voulons pas reproduire, nous voulons produire. nous voulons produire comme une plante qui produit un fruit et ne pas reproduire. nous voulons produire directement et non par truchement.

comme il n'y a pas la moindre trace d'abstraction dans cet art nous le nommons: art concret.

les oeuvres de l'art concret ne devraient plus être signées par leurs auteurs. ces peintures, ces sculptures, ces objets, devraient rester anonymes dans le grand atelier de la nature comme les nuages, les montagnes, les mers, les animaux, les hommes. oui! les hommes devraient rentrer dans la nature! les artistes devraient travailler en communauté comme les artistes du moyen-âge. en 1915 o. van rees, c. van rees, freundlich, s. taeuber et moi-même avons fait une tentative de ce genre.

j'écrivais en 1915: "ces oeuvres sont construites avec des lignes, des surfaces, des formes et des couleurs qui cherchent à atteindre par delà l'humain, l'infini et l'éternel. elles renient notre égoïsme . . . les mains de nos frères, au lieu de nous servir comme nos propres mains, sont devenues des mains ennemies. au lieu de l'anonymat, il y a la célébrité et le chef-d'oeuvre; la sagesse est morte . . . reproduire c'est imiter, jouer la comédie, danser sur la corde raide. . . ."

la renaissance a exalté orgueilleusement la raison humaine. les temps nouveaux, avec leur science et leur technique, ont fait de l'homme un mégalo-mane. la confusion atroce de notre époque est la conséquence de cette sur-estimation de la raison.

l'évolution de la peinture traditionnelle vers l'art concret, à partir de cézanne en passant par les cubistes, a maintes fois été expliquée, et ces explications historiques ont embrouillé le problème. brusquement, "selon les lois du hasard," vers l'année 1914, l'esprit humain a subi une transformation: un problème éthique s'est posé à lui. la plupart de ces oeuvres ne furent exposées que vers 1920. ce fut alors une éclosion de toutes les couleurs et de toutes les formes du monde. ces peintures, ces sculptures, ces objets, se virent dépouillés de tout élément conventionnel. dans tous les pays surgirent des adeptes de cet art nouveau. — l'art concret influença l'architecture, l'ameublement, le cinéma, la typographie.

certains "objets surréalistes" sont également des oeuvres concrètes. dépourvus de tout contenu descriptif, ils me semblent très importants dans l'évolution de l'art concret, car, par l'allusion, ils savent introduire dans cet art l'émotion psychique qui le fait vivre.

l'art concret veut transformer le monde. il veut rendre l'existence plus

supportable. il veut sauver l'homme de la folie la plus dangereuse: la vanité. il veut simplifier la vie de l'homme. il veut l'identifier avec la nature. la raison déracine l'homme et lui fait mener une existence tragique. l'art concret est un art élémentaire, naturel, sain, qui fait pousser dans la tête et le coeur les étoiles de la paix, de l'amour et de la poésie. où entre l'art concret, sort la mélancolie, traînant ses valises grises remplies de soupirs noirs. [illustrations 18, 27, 28 a, b, c]

Konkrete Kunst

1909 besuchte mich der russische Maler Rossiné in der Schweiz und zeigte mir Zeichnungen, in denen er mit farbigen Punkten und Kurven seine innere Welt auf eine niegesehene Art dargestellt hatte. Es waren keine Abstraktionen von Landschaften, Menschen, Gegenständen, wie dies in den kubistischen Bildern zu sehen ist. Ich zeigte ihm Leinwände bedeckt mit einem schwarzen Gewebe, mit einem Netz wunderlicher Schriften, Runen, Linien, Flecken. Dies war das Resultat monatelanger, qualvoller Arbeit. Meine Kollegen schüttelten den Kopf und beurteilten meine Arbeiten als verunglückte Skizzen. Rossiné dagegen war sehr von meiner Arbeit eingenommen. Seine Arbeiten und meine Arbeiten waren, glaube ich, konkrete Kunst. Meine ersten konkreten Bilder, die erhalten geblieben sind, stammen aus dem Jahre 1915. Zwei solcher Arbeiten befinden sich in der Sammlung M. Hagenbach in Basel. Eine ähnliche Arbeit ist in der kleinen Anthologie *cabaret voltaire* aus dem Jahre 1916 abgebildet. Diese Arbeiten sind Klebearbeiten aus verschiedenen Materialien, Papier, Stoff, Schnur, Stein, Holz.

Die Welt der Erinnerung und des Traumes

Gegen Ende ihres Lebens war Sophie Taeuber von einem wundersamen Licht verklärt, als wisse sie von ihrem nahen Ziel. Stets kannte sie den rechten Weg, wie ein Wanderer, der von einem hohen Turm aus die Wege des Landes überblickt hatte. Sie strömte Kräfte aus, welche die Welt des Tages verwandelten. So strahlte einmal eine blühende Landschaft aus ihr, die eine gleichgültige Gegend, in der wir uns zufällig aufhielten, durchdrang, sodass sich diese prächtig und duftend entfaltete. Sie lebte stets mit der wirklichen Welt des Traumes verbunden. Nur Märchen von vollendeter Schönheit könnten den Glanz und das Licht ihres Wesens widerspiegeln.

In der Welt des Traumes und der Erinnerung wuchert undurchdringliches Dunkel und blüht reines Licht. Diese Dunkelheit und dieses Licht bedeuten jedoch nicht Tag und Nacht wie unser irdischer Tag, sondern sind eins mit dem Unendlichen. Wie Flammen und Wogen durchziehen die Toten und die Lebenden diese Welt. Sie ziehen unbeschwert durch die Räume und die Zeiten. Sie lösen Ebenbilder aus sich aus, die sich wie Echos vervielfältigen, sich freundlich zu ihnen gesellen oder sie feindlich verfolgen. Verwirrende Leiden und Freuden erwachsen daraus. Sie vertauschen ihre Gestalt mit der eines anderen. Sie vermummen sich. Tote begegnen sich wieder als Lebende, und Lebende ruhen seit langer Zeit im Grabe. Treffen wir diese Toten in unserer unwirklichen Welt des Tages an, so lachen sie und tun, als sei nichts dergleichen geschehen, und erzählen uns von nichtigen Geschäften. Auch wir Menschen des Tages werden in jener Welt mit dem Unendlichen eins.

Sie malte die Seele des Traumes, die unsichtbare Wirklichkeit. Sie zeichnete lichte, geometrische Botschaften. Sie zeichnete Linien, die in grundlose Tiefen loten. Sie zeichnete ernste Linien, lachende Linien, weissglühende Linien, verwirbelte Linientänze, zackige Wirbel, Blitzgitter. Sie liess Linien wild um Linienbündel flackern, bis Linien und Linienbündel zu Blumenbränden aufflammten. Sie liess Linien um erstarrte Punkte wirbeln, plötzlich anhalten, sich hold besinnen und sich zu Formen zusammenschliessen, aus denen es glitzert wie ein Frühlingstag. Sie hat das goldene Strahlengebein der Sterne gemalt. Sie liess Punkte schamhaft erröten. Sie liess Punkte zu Beeren, zu riesigen Früchten, zu Sonnen anwachsen. Sie liess Punkte zu Asche zerfallen. Sie hat Perlen in weisse Beete gesät und daraus Monde gezogen. Sie hat Bahnen für selige Flüge gezeichnet. Sie hat das Leben der geschlossenen, nach innen singenden Augen gemalt. Sie hat den Umriss der Stille gezeichnet.

Meistens begegne ich Sophie unter den Olivenbäumen des Mittelmeeres. Da spast sie, wendet sich um, hüpfte davon, schlägt mit den Armen wie ein Vogel mit den Flügeln, wendet sich wieder um und kommt auf mich zu. Ein anderes Mal bietet sie mir eine grosse Traube an, deren Beeren weinende Augen sind. Mit klaren Blicken begegnet sie meinen verwirrten Blicken. Sie hatte Träume, von denen sie mir nie sprechen wollte. Sie verbarg sie mir hinter übertriebenen, poltrigen Spässen. Sie ging dann im Kreise umher und ahmte einen stummen, jedoch eifrig blasenden Trompeter nach und liess sich um keinen Preis bestimmen, mir ihren Traum zu erzählen.

Träume ich, wenn ich Sophie hell und still im Grunde der weissen Blütenblätter eines weissen lauterer Sternes erblicke? Träume ich, wenn ich Sophie sprechen höre und wir uns unterhalten? Träume ich, wenn ich Sophie als Tote holdselig lebend sehe? Die Erinnerung und der Traum fliessen ineinander wie mächtige Ströme. Was in ihnen geschieht, hat ewigen Bestand. Was



22: *Design in Paper.*

23: *Taeuber-Arp and Arp, Duet Design.*





24: *Torn and Colored Paper.*

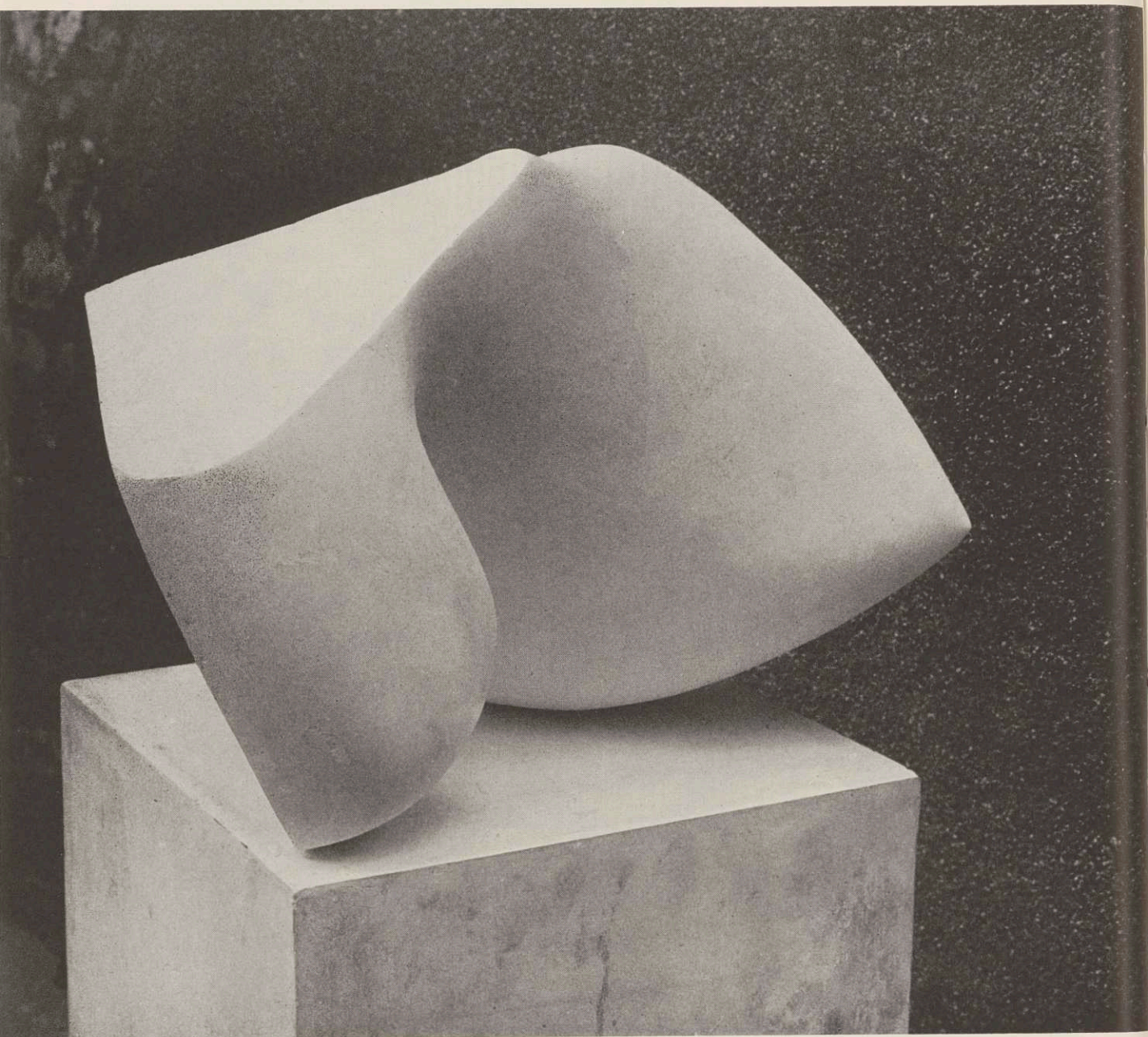


25: *Torn Paper Design.*



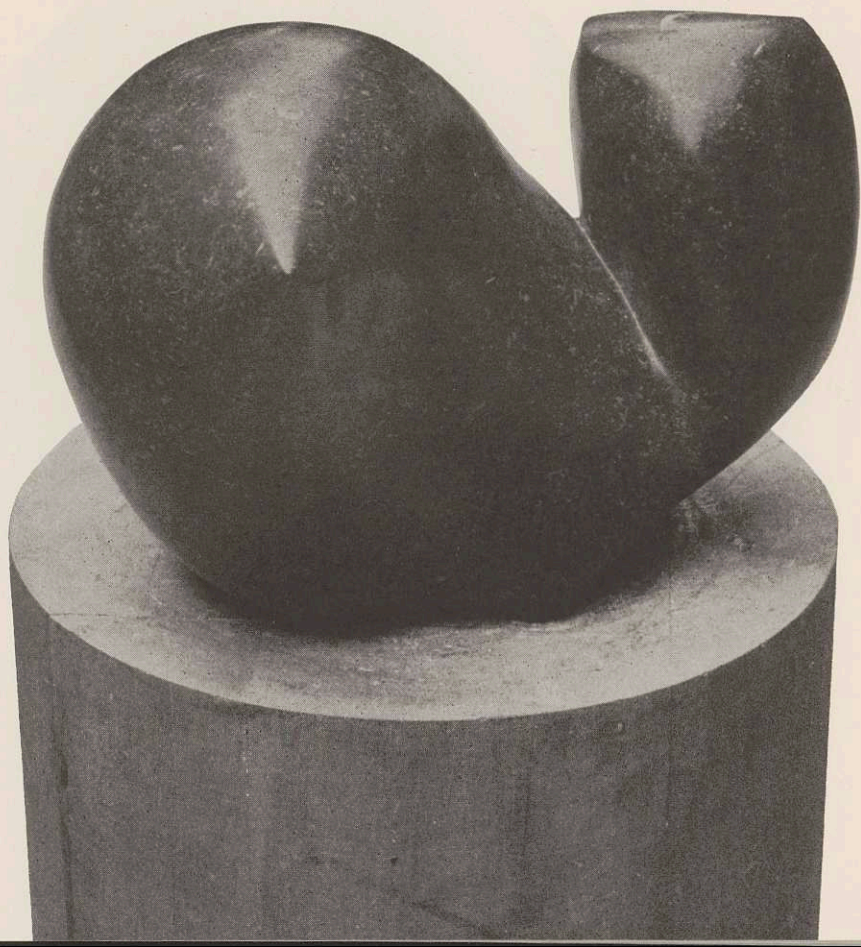
26: *Drawing and Torn and Colored Papers.*



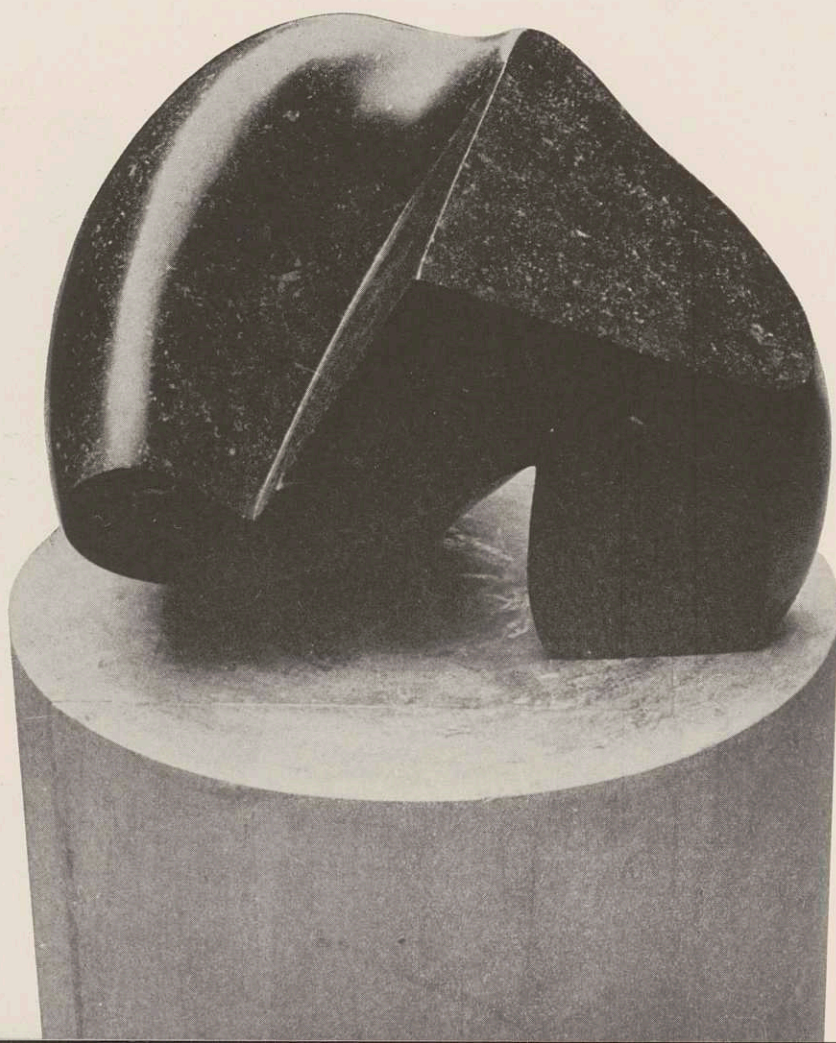


27: *Interregnum.* (plaster version)

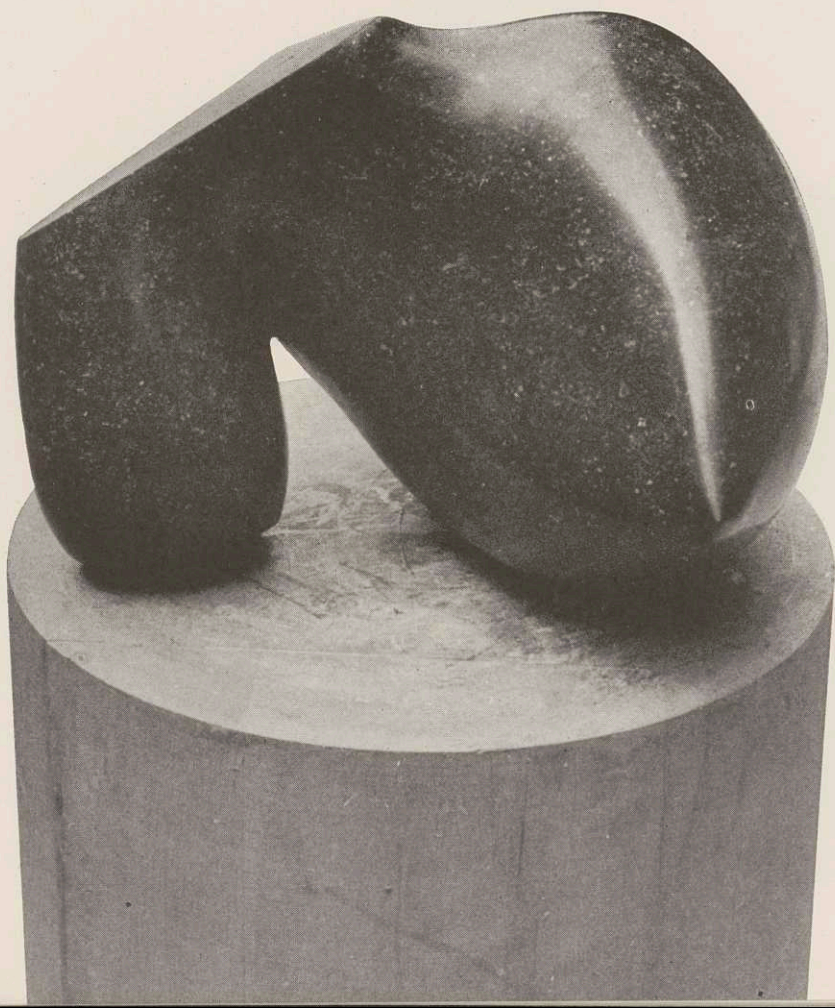
28 a, b, c: *Interregnum*. (granite version)



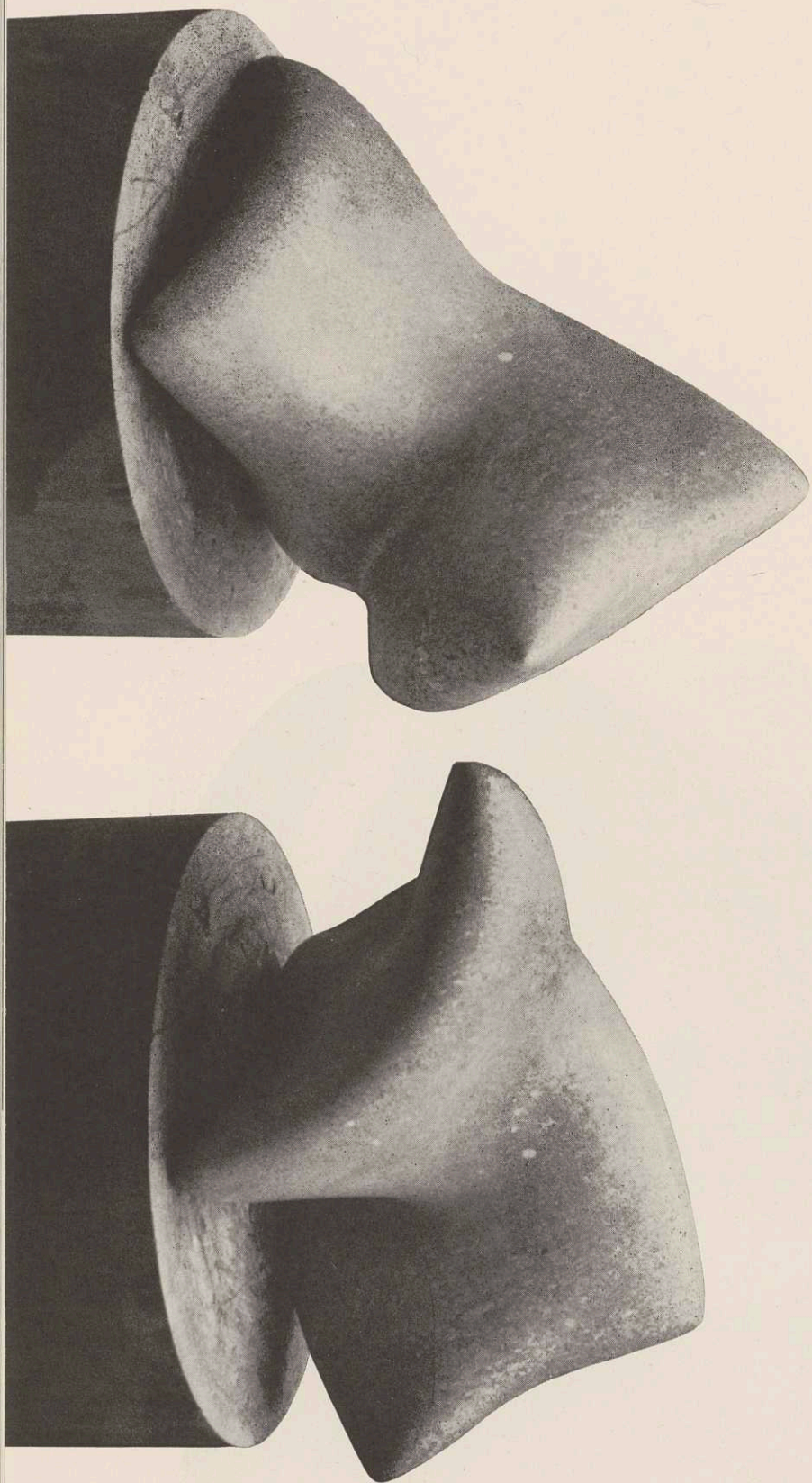
28 b:



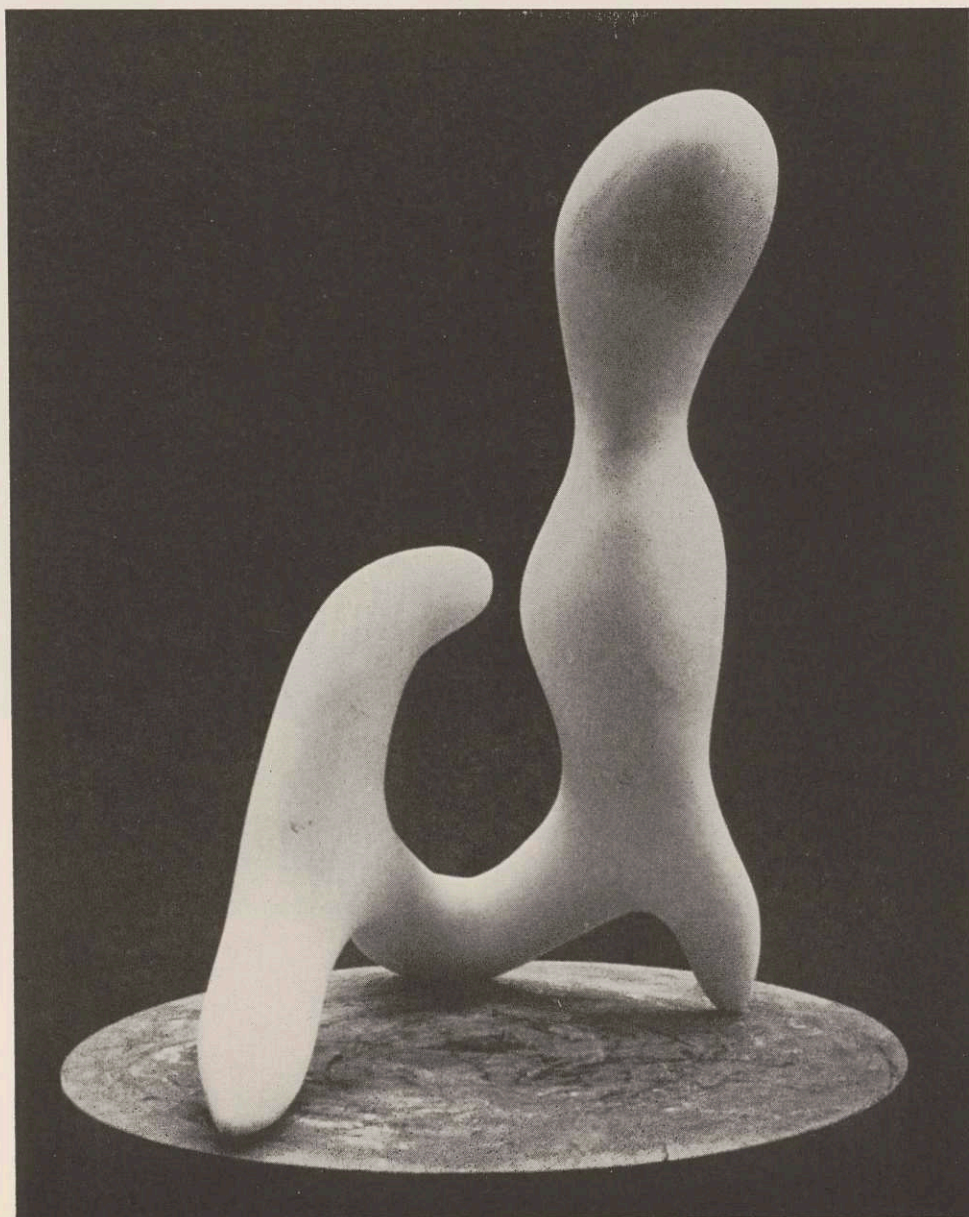
28 c:

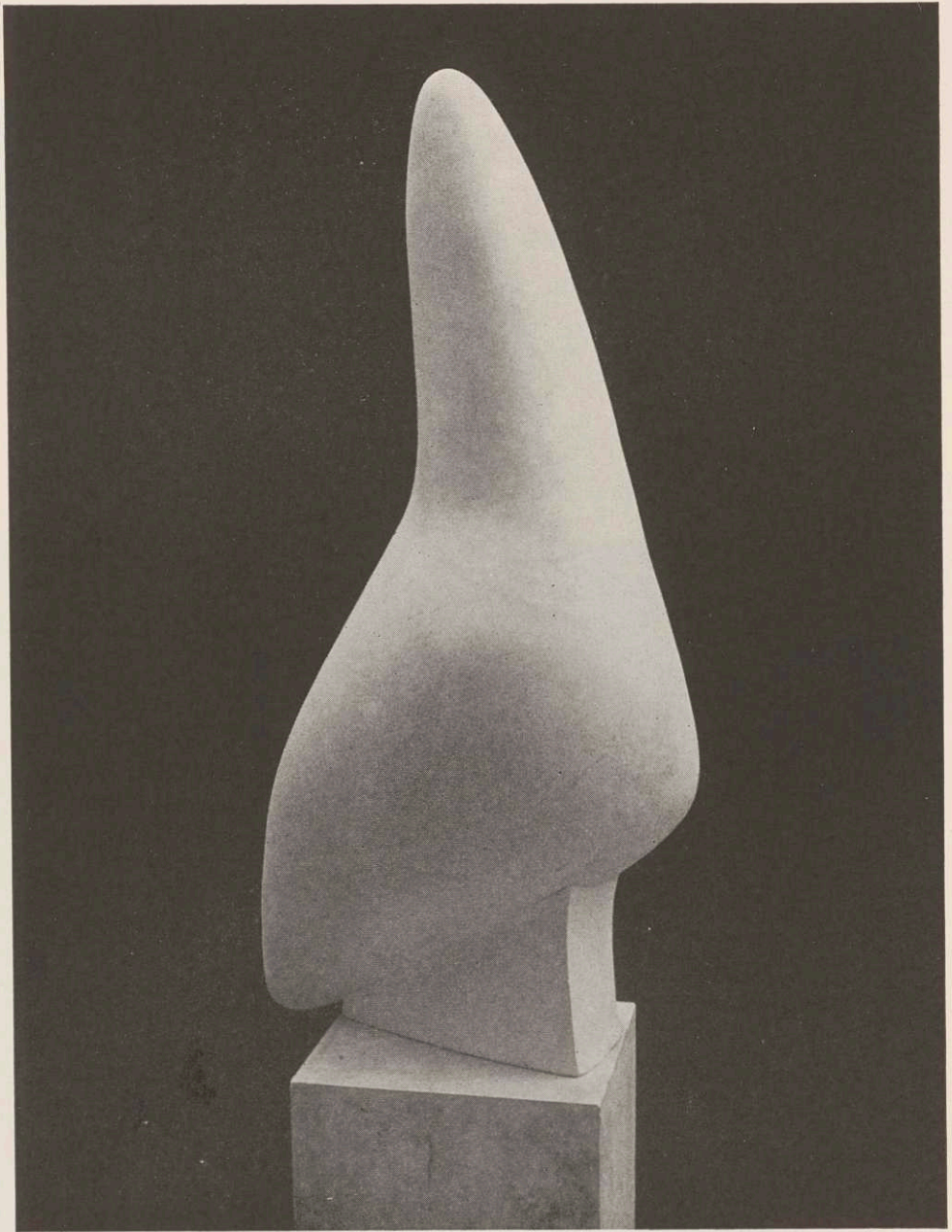


29 a, b: Lunar Armor.



30: *Alu with Claws.*





31: *Amphora.*

dagegen in der unwirklichen Welt des Tages geschieht, ist voller grober Tücken und vergänglich. Sophie handelte darum in dieser Welt streng und entschieden. Sie verlor sich nie in den Fallen der Unwirklichkeit. Die Welt der Erinnerung und des Traumes ist die wirkliche Welt. Sie ist der Kunst verwandt, die am Rande der irdischen Unwirklichkeit geformt wird. [Abbildung 19]

So schloss sich der Kreis

In den Jahren 1908 bis 1910 unternahm ich die ersten Versuche, die ererbten Kunstformen, die ererbten Vorurteile zu überwinden. Dies war eine qualvolle Zeit. Ich lebte einsam, zwischen Weggis und Greppen, in der Schweiz, am Fusse des Rigi. Im Winter sah ich monatelang keinen Menschen. Ich las, zeichnete und schaute aus dem Fenster meines kleinen Zimmers in die von Schneewolken verhangenen Berge. Es war eine abstrakte Landschaft, die mich dort umgab. Ich hatte Musse zum philosophieren. Im Dezember 1915 begegnete ich in Zürich Sophie Taeuber, die sich schon damals von der traditionellen Kunst befreit hatte. Wir unterdrückten in unseren Arbeiten zunächst das Spielerische, Geschmackvolle. Auch das Persönliche empfanden wir als lästig und unnütz, da es ja in einer starren, leblosen Welt gewachsen war. Wir suchten nach neuen Materialien, die nicht durch eine Tradition belastet waren. Einzeln und gemeinsam stickten, woben, malten, klebten wir nun geometrische, statische Bilder. Unpersönliche, strenge Bauten aus Flächen und Farben entstanden. Jeder Zufall wurde ausgeschaltet. Keine Flecken, keine Risse, keine Fasern, keine Ungenauigkeiten sollte die Klarheit unserer Arbeit stören. Für unsere Papierbilder wurde sogar die Schere, mit der wir zuerst diese Arbeiten ausschnitten, verworfen, da sie zu leicht das Leben der Hand verriet. Wir bedienten uns fortan der Papierschneidemaschine. In den gemeinsamen, grossen Stickereien, Webereien, Malereien, Klebarbeiten versuchten wir uns demütig dem reinen Glanz der Wirklichkeit zu nähern. Ich möchte diese Arbeiten die Kunst der Stille nennen. Sie wendet sich von der Aussenwelt der Stille, dem inneren Sein, der Wirklichkeit zu. Aus Rechtecken und Quadraten errichteten wir dem tiefsten Leid und der höchsten Freude Strahlenbauten. Unsere Arbeiten sollten die Welt vereinfachen, verwandeln, verschönern. Unsere Kunst jedoch störte die Herrschaften in ihren überladenen Narrenställen nicht, woselbst sie sich ausgiebig an ihren Originalölgemälden weideten. Zu verschiedenen Zeiten unseres Lebens haben Sophie Taeuber und ich gemeinsam Arbeiten geschaffen. Zuerst in Zürich in den Jahren 1917 bis 1919, in Strassburg 1926 bis 1928, mit Theo van Does-

burg gelegentlich des Umbaues der Aubette, ferner im ersten Kriegsjahr in Meudon, 1939, von welchen ich mehrere in meinem Gedichtband "le siège de l'air," 1946, abgebildet habe, und schliesslich, 1941, in Grasse gemeinsam mit Sonja Delaunay und Alberto Magnelli. Mehr noch als in meiner Jugend glaube ich heute, dass eine Rückkehr zu einer wesentlichen Ordnung, zu einer Harmonie notwendig sei, um die Welt aus der grenzenlosen Verwirrung zu retten.

Ich entwickelte die Klebearbeit weiter, indem ich die Anordnung willenlos, automatisch ausführte. Ich nannte dies "nach dem Gesetz des Zufalls" arbeiten. Das "Gesetz des Zufalls," welches alle Gesetze in sich begreift und unfasslich ist, wie der Urgrund aus dem alles Leben steigt, kann nur unter völliger Hingabe an das Unbewusste erlebt werden. Ich behauptete, wer dieses Gesetz befolge, erschaffe reines Leben.

Um 1930 entstanden die mit der Hand aus Papier gerissenen Bilder. Das Menschenwerk erschien mir nun noch geringer als Stückwerk. Eine Absonderung schien es mir zu sein. Alles ist ungefähr, weniger als ungefähr, denn bei genauerem, schärferem Betrachten ist das vollkommenste Bild ein warziges, filziges Ungefähr, ein getrockneter Brei, eine wüste Mondkraterlandschaft. Welche Anmassung verbirgt sich in der Vollendung. Wozu sich um Genauigkeit, Reinheit bemühen, da sie doch nie erreicht werden kann. Der Zerfall, der gleich nach der Beendigung einer Arbeit einsetzt, wurde nun von mir willkommen geheissen. Der schmutzige Mensch weist mit seinen schmutzigen Fingern auf eine Feinheit im Bilde tupfend hin. Diese Stelle ist fortan gekennzeichnet durch Schweiss und Fett. Erregt bricht er in Begeisterung vor einem Bilde aus und bespritzt es dabei mit Speichel. Ein zartes Papierbild oder eine Wasserfarbenmalerei ist verloren. Staub und Insekten sind ebenfalls eifrige Zerstörer. Das Licht bleicht die Farben. Die Sonne, die Wärme erzeugen Blasen, lösen das Papier, lassen die Farbe rissig werden, lösen die Farbe ab. Die Feuchtigkeit erzeugt Schimmel. Die Arbeit zerfällt, stirbt. Das Sterben des Bildes brachte mich nun nicht mehr zur Verzweiflung. Ich hatte mich mit dem Vergehen, mit seinem Tod abgefunden und ihn in das Bild miteinbezogen. Der Tod aber wuchs und frass das Bild und das Leben auf. Dieser Auflösung hätte die Verneinung jeder Handlung folgen müssen. Gestalt war zu Ungestalt geworden, das Endliche zu Unendlichem, das Einzelne zu Ganzem.

Es war Sophie Taeuber, die mir durch das Beispiel ihrer klaren Arbeit und ihres klaren Lebens den rechten Weg, den Weg zur Schönheit zeigte. In dieser Welt besteht Oben und Unten, Helligkeit und Dunkelheit, Ewigkeit und Vergänglichkeit in vollendetem Gleichgewicht. So schloss sich der Kreis. [Abbildungen 20-26]

Arp was born in the Alsatian city of Strassburg in 1887. Situated at the foot of the Vosges Mountains and the Black Forest, this beautiful mediaeval city has for centuries been subject to a curious interplay of French and Alemannic elements. This is clearly reflected in both language and political development. Arp belonged to the harried and menaced generation that had been forced to bear the miseries that resulted from the neurosis for power and technical ingenuity being divorced from imagination. There were a few — the young Arp among them — who boldly stood up against everything that was spiritually bankrupt and hypocritical. They kidded and parodied the complexity of daily existence and, with fanatical energy, endeavored — with success — to stimulate both a new and more elementary mode of living and creative expression through art. They renounced the false educational clichés that asserted universal progress. Culture was to be found among the primitives, among the “barbarous” in the eyes of an over-organized and mechanical civilization. They were convinced that those elementary forces that are the fruit of “thought sprung from fantasy,” as Vico formulated it in the 18th century, could liberate mankind and art from the sterility of mere virtuosity, from, among so much else, the excrescence of man’s intellectual and materialistic desire to be the all-important nucleus of the uni-

verse. The time had come for the constructive forces of the imagination to take up arms against the rule of common sense. Vico’s struggle with the world of Descartes was continued with increasing vehemence.

What else were the first Dadaists up against, if it was not the festering rational world, its spurious moral standards and its bloated beauty cult founded on outworn classical recipes? “*We must destroy in order that the lousy materialists may in the ruins recognize what is essential. . . . Dada wanted to destroy the rationalist swindle for man, and to incorporate him again humbly in nature. Dada wanted to change the perceptible world of man today into a pious, senseless world without reason.*”¹

Behind the seemingly nihilistic and destructive Dada actions lay a firm belief in those concealed properties without which there can be no organic beauty, no human grace. It was high time indeed that Hugo Ball’s *vox humana* made itself heard to remonstrate against the stifling process of mechanization. From 1916–18 an inspired medley of painters, poets, dancers and *diseuses* gathered in Zurich to form the almost legendary *Cabaret Voltaire*,² anxiously seeking for the “*buried face of the time, its personality and origin, the cause of its affliction and its resuscitation.*”³ Somewhere in his

1. From Arp’s diary, *Transition*, 1932.

2. Arp, Tristan Tzara, Richard Hülsenbeck, Hugo Ball, Emmy Hennings and Marcel Janco.

3. Written by Hugo Ball, who had come to

"*Flucht aus der Zeit*," Hugo Ball says that art should be no more than "a motive, a method" towards such an end: it should be torn down, the Dadaists thought, from its high marble pedestal, and made to flow anonymously and freely from the vastness of pre-conscious life. Unfortunately, few persons today are willing, or dare, to penetrate the mockery and the voluntary shabbiness of Dadaism, to acknowledge the immense constructive forces that lay behind. To Hugo Ball Dada was a "fool's play founded on nothing at all, yet involving all higher problems."

This was the Dada of the Cabaret Voltaire, situated in one of the narrow Gothic streets of ancient Zurich. This was the young Arp in his heyday. During this period, his creative activity was marked by a definite urge towards the absolute, the direct; towards simplicity and, finally, towards anonymity: "*les oeuvres d'art devraient rester anonymes dans le grand atelier de la nature, comme les nuages, les montagnes, les mers, les animaux, les hommes. Oui! les hommes devraient rentrer dans la nature, les artistes devraient travailler en communauté comme les artistes du moyen-âge.*" In his wooden and cardboard reliefs of this period, the simple objects of everyday life are given back their original magic by means of witty transformation. In a truly romantic sense, the tragic discordance between corporeal insignificance and the vastness of the universe becomes apparent in Arp's extreme proportional contrasts, and

throughout his poetry. The sublime act of creation is reduced to a ludicrous bagatelle. Absolute relaxation of the mind is opposed to the cramped, hyperbolic pathos of the then contemporary German Expressionism, and the subsequent parodies of the politically active Dadaists in the same country. The essential difference of attitude between the Dadaism of the *Cabaret Voltaire* and that which flourished in Germany should be kept in mind: while the latter never became more than the hallmark of an economic inflation and was almost completely concerned with left-wing politics, the former, led by artists of great sensibility, directed the far more subtle attack on the parallel inflation of the mind.⁴

Apart from what in him was revolutionary and satirical, the young Arp possessed much that was quiet and contemplative. It was during this period that he became absorbed in the mystical writings of Lao-tse and Jacob Boehme. We find Arp making *collages* of grey, silver and black bits of paper.⁵ The extreme architectural severity and almost religious asceticism of these com-

Zurich protesting against German militarism in 1916 and soon became one of the leaders of the Zurich Dada movement, together with Arp, Hülsebeck and Tzara.

4. Kurt Schwitters and Max Ernst should be mentioned here as the only German Dadaists of the same mettle as those in Zurich. Schwitters, who called his art *Merz* (1919), was even strongly attacked in his own country for his creative and non-political attitude.

5. It should be remembered that Picasso and Braque were making *collages* as early as 1911-12, though with quite a different stress.

positions contrast gracefully with the calligraphic craftsmanship and "beauty" that "decorate" the world of other artists. The "object-reliefs" of the same period, full of unexpected associations, are the product of Arp the jester. The same may be said of his poetry, in which there abound absurdities mockingly expressed in inflated mannerisms of speech, in imaginative deformations of words, in puns and grotesque irrational images. The realities and banalities of everyday life are, for him, part and parcel of poetry.

A mere glance at the titles⁶ of Arp's works illustrates to what an extent he was preoccupied with odd "configurations," as he called them, of beings and objects, of bottles, mouths, neckties, navels, moustaches, leaves, anchors and heads, etc. How are we to explain his marked tendency, especially typical of the early period, to break man's body down into sundry parts? There can be no doubt that it springs from a desire to place man on the level of the innumerable things that surround him, "*pour elles, il n'y a pas de quartier de noblesse*," Picasso has said. For Arp, man is not the crown of creation, but simple, lost, transient, like a leaf in the wind. Everywhere in his work a kind of romantic irony disrupts man's bombastic self-satisfaction, reducing him to the humble scale of his surroundings. Precisely the same

tendency is present in Arp's poems, "The Pyramid's Petticoat," "The Cloud Pump," etc. Arp starts by throwing everything conceivable into a vast bag which is thoroughly shaken in order to upset all logical order and to annihilate any rigid hierarchy of values. He subsequently conjures up a transformed world, full of ingenious and paradoxical ties between bodies and ideas, an irrational world where everything is fraternally compatible with everything else. New life is imparted to the basic unit of speech, the *word*, and its power to evoke images and associations. Consecutive description (the result of a mechanical conception of time) is as foreign to Arp's poetry as perspective (the result of an analogous conception of space) is foreign to his art.

As early as 1908, Arp had been interested in the problem of deformation and in the deliverance of art from servile imitation. During a long stay in Weggis⁷ (Switzerland) in 1909-12, Arp, together with some Swiss artists, founded the "*Moderner Bund*." The group arranged meetings and exhibitions in Zurich and Lucerne, through which they hoped to launch their ideas. However, the most decisive influence upon Arp was his coming into contact with the well-known "*Blaue Reiter*," a group founded in Munich (1912) by Kandinsky and Franz Marc. Even today Arp regards Kandinsky's inspiring personality, next to Ball's ascetic fervor, as one of the crucial experiences of his life. The

6. *Tête moustache et bouteille; Soulier, lèvres, nombril; Têtes et cravattes; Tête et feuille; Le gant; La moustache sans fin; Le corpusculus; Objets placés comme l'écriture; Objets placés d'après la loi du hasard; Configurations*, etc.

7. Where he first met Paul Klee.

friendship that developed between them was only ended with Kandinsky's death in Paris in 1944.

Of all the products of Arp's creative activity, his *engravings* have been most seriously neglected in appreciation. So freely do they accompany the text of early Dada publications (his own books and those of fellow poets),⁸ so strong is the visual structure which the engravings impart to the book as such, transcending the limits of mere typography — that the term "illumination" is once again adequate. These illuminations clearly show how profoundly Kandinsky's wood-engravings⁹ stimulated Arp, and to what extent he succeeded in transcribing them into a language completely his own. While Kandinsky's early wood-engravings are explosive, full of the spontaneity of flaming handwriting, those of Arp flow endlessly, despite their firm structural composition. The silent and lyrical nature of Arp stands out clearly from the dramatic passion of Kandinsky. To the rhythmical flow of lines Arp adds an interplay of essential forms, a strong proportioning of black-and-white masses. From now on he tends more and more towards what can perhaps be adequately described as *structural growth*, surely the most characteristic quality in Arp's art.

Hugo Ball, his Dada days over, turned towards religion, opposed to a civilization's commitment to

"progress," wanting to foster instead a world more spiritual and mystical, as the romantic mind of Novalis had done before him. Arp, however, (who had moved to Paris-Meudon in 1926, where he collaborated enthusiastically with the Surrealists for four years) turned from irony as his primary mode of expression to what he calls "*concretions*," bold transmutations of natural and of human growth into a plastic language of universal simplicity. While the "*reliefs*" of Arp's earliest period are infused with a weird atmosphere of the incidental and fragmentary, with the "shock" of new proportions, the totally plastic works that ensued seem to belong immediately to nature itself. Their elementary plastic language is somehow permeated with the primary forces of growth, movement and change. Arp never resorts to a mere copying of nature; he acquired a mode of expression analogous to that of nature itself: "*Art is a fruit that grows out of man like the fruit out of a plant or the child out of its mother. But whereas the fruit of a plant acquires completely independent forms and never resembles a balloon or a president in a cutaway suit, the artistic fruit of man generally shows a ridiculous resemblance to the appearance of other things. Reason tells man to stand above nature and to be the measure of all things. Reason has divorced man from nature.*"

"Owing to reason, man has become a tragic and hideous figure."

"I love nature, but never nature's surrogate."

8. Tristan Tzara, Richard Hülsenbeck, Benjamin Péret, etc.

9. In "*Über das Geistige in der Kunst*" (1912; revised English translation, New York 1947), "*Klänge*" (1913).

Already, in the first three-dimensional pieces of sculpture of the early Meudon period, Arp began to introduce a new kind of monumentality in which *création naturelle* and *création humaine* are amalgamated. Turning away from the daemonic quality of extreme proportional contrasts, he arrived at a synthesis. Paradox and irony are absorbed in favor of a more complete participation of human values, with life and nature. His sharp structural bias, far from becoming an end in itself, even stresses, through contrast, the structural growth of his earlier period. He desired "to inject into the vain and bestial world and its retinue, the machine, something peaceful and vegetative."

Earlier Arp had started out from the material itself, trying to bring to the surface plastically its autonomous and latent forces. Later he began, as it were, to choose and direct his materials quite freely, more and more confident of the existence of higher human values. The sudden death of Arp's wife, Sophie Täuber, the integrity and stern consistency of whose works (1915-43) had confirmed and inspired him throughout his creative struggle, should be mentioned here, because it hastened a development already in progress. Instead of *papiers collés*, Arp now concentrated on *papiers déchirés*, introducing for the first time a transitory element. The vulnerability of materials to time is anticipated, and made an intrinsic component of the work. This attitude towards time, which also interests Picasso as ques-

tions of simultaneity and movement, is brought to direct expression in the work of Arp.

In 1943, Arp made several wood and marble reliefs which were of a marked angularity, as though of something shattered. The flowing interplay of positive mass-forms and the negative space-forms is maintained, although we are conscious of the kind of felt vacuum that follows shock. This interlude of dispersed angularity recalls the severe early collages, as well as the nervous *papiers déchirés* of later date, in which transient things and death are directly absorbed.

No doubt the most specifically stressed quality in Arp's art is the interpenetration of natural growth fantastically transformed, plus clear mathematical structure. The floating cell-like forms — primary units of growth — are distilled, reshaped into consciousness as they pass through the artist. Arp's proximity to elementary worlds, such as those of the child and of pre-history, is inherent, as it is with Klee and Miro, and never affected.

In contrast to Arp's weird and dormant forms, which seem to belong to other stratas of consciousness, those of Brancusi have something mediterranean that emerges with incredible splendor from the material in which they are conceived. They should be visualized out in the open, immensely enlarged, as great symbols of enlightenment. Arp's forms are fraternally tied to the flowers, leaves and stones of the world; Brancusi's are full of

the vastness of the seas, mountains and sky.

"The Tower" (1942-45) should be mentioned here, as it shows once more how Arp allows organic and architectural elements to oscillate. There is an endless interplay of forms and proportions between one mass and the next. Convertible and loose-jointed, the component parts, although entirely individual, form when put together a surprising entity that has no beginning and no end.

The synthesis which Arp has succeeded in establishing between the natural and the consciously structural, between chance and law, has caused artists belonging to the most divergent modern groups to acknowledge his achievement.

To Mondrian, whose works are the result of a more mathematical and architectural mind, "*les formes neutres de Arp, qui tombent sur un fond neutre en dehors de toute détermination*"¹⁰ meant a confirmation of his own elementary and universal "neoplastic" compositions. Every trace of figurative representation, every particular form, is eliminated here in favor of a rectangular juxtaposition of straight lines and pure

colors, "*la nouvelle culture des rapports purs.*"

The surrealist Max Ernst, whose paintings often have a marked literary content and are as complex as his vision of reality (which is magically haunted, subliminal and scientific at the same time), underlines on the other hand Arp's hypnotic language. "*He attracts and reflects the most secret, the most revealing rays of the universe. . . . His forms carry us back to forgotten paradises. They teach us to understand the language spoken by the universe itself.*"¹¹

That two artists so diametrically opposed as Mondrian and Ernst should join in recognition of Arp is surely very significant, and can only be explained by the fact that Arp's art is one of the purest creative achievements of our time. This is largely due to a rare sensitivity, which enables him to penetrate and to disclose the mysteries of the natural world in forms so elementary and structurally precise that they seem to belong to the origins of existence. His art spans aeons, reflecting what is constant and constantly changing.

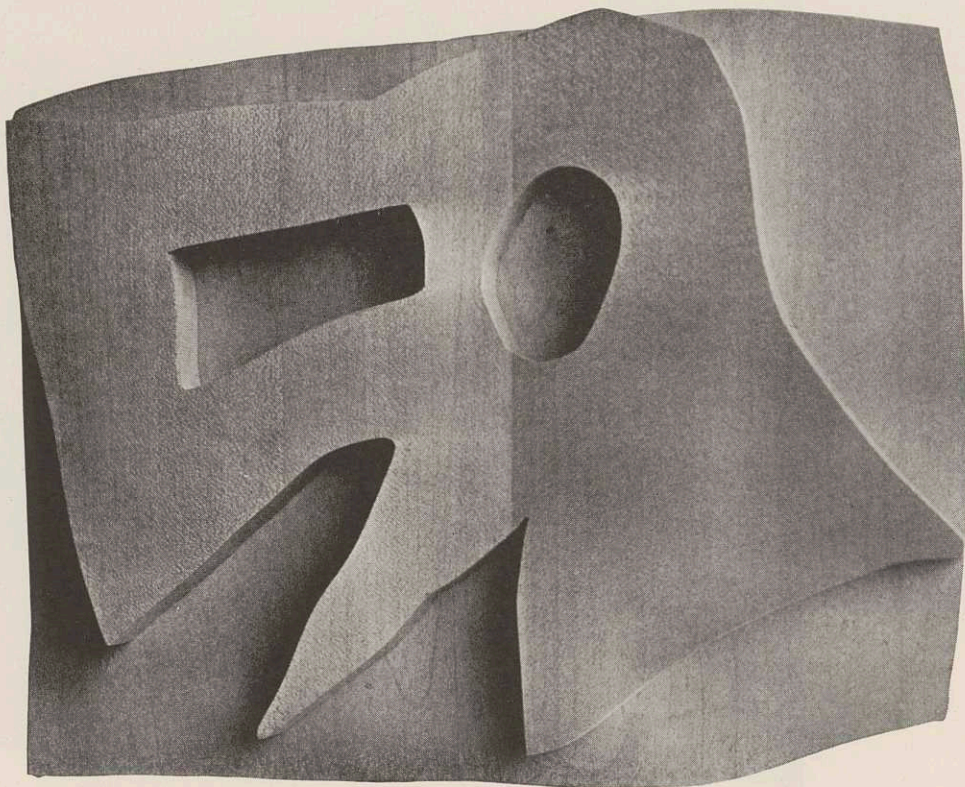
Translated by A. E. van Eyck

10. Piet Mondrian, *L'Art nouveau et la vie nouvelle*, 1931. Arp's collaboration upon the magazine *De Stijl* (founded by Théo van Doesburg), one of the most inspiring buttresses of the whole movement, as well as the collective achievement in the *Aubette* (Strassburg, 1926),

for which van Doesburg, Arp and Sophie Täuber-Arp executed the murals, show how excellently these two very different modes of expression can be combined.

11. Max Ernst, *Arp, Art of This Century Exhibition*, New York, 1944.

32: *Bird Mask.*



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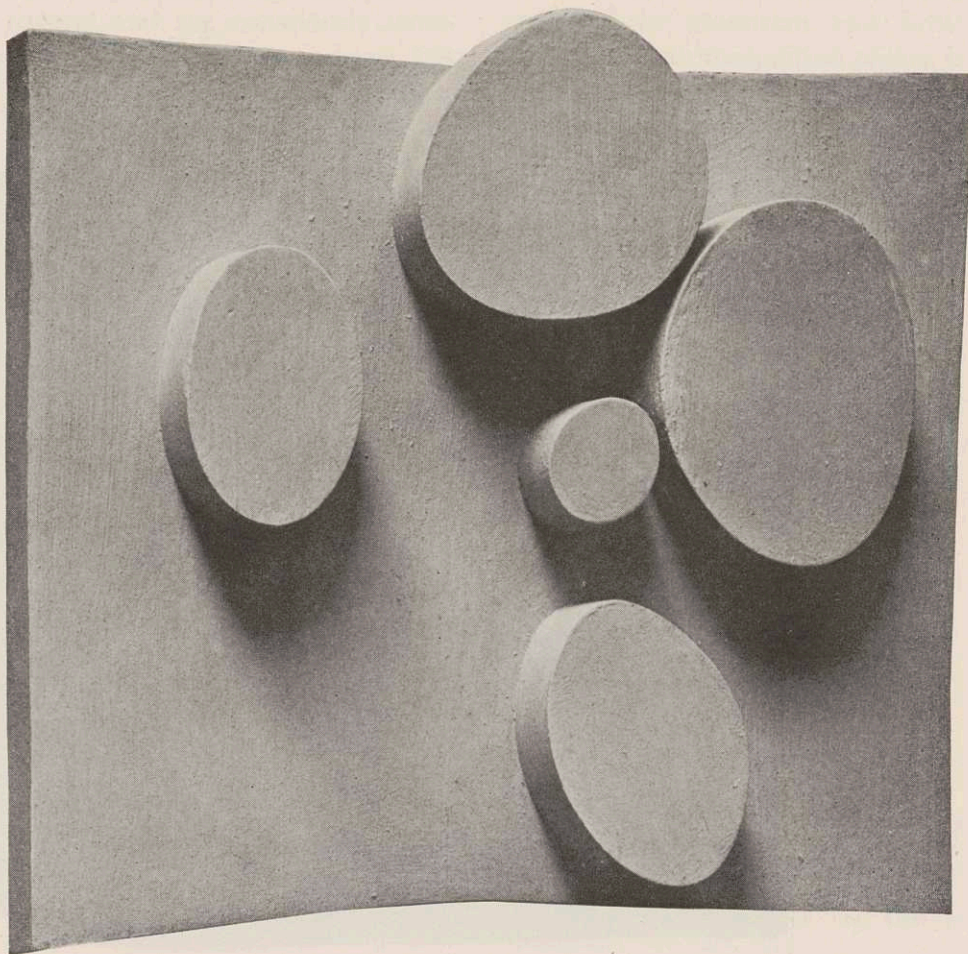
The book is a small volume of about 100 pages. It is a collection of essays on the history of the book. The essays are written by a number of leading scholars in the field. The book is a valuable contribution to the history of the book. It is a must-read for anyone interested in the history of the book.

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33: Objects Placed According to the Laws of Chance.

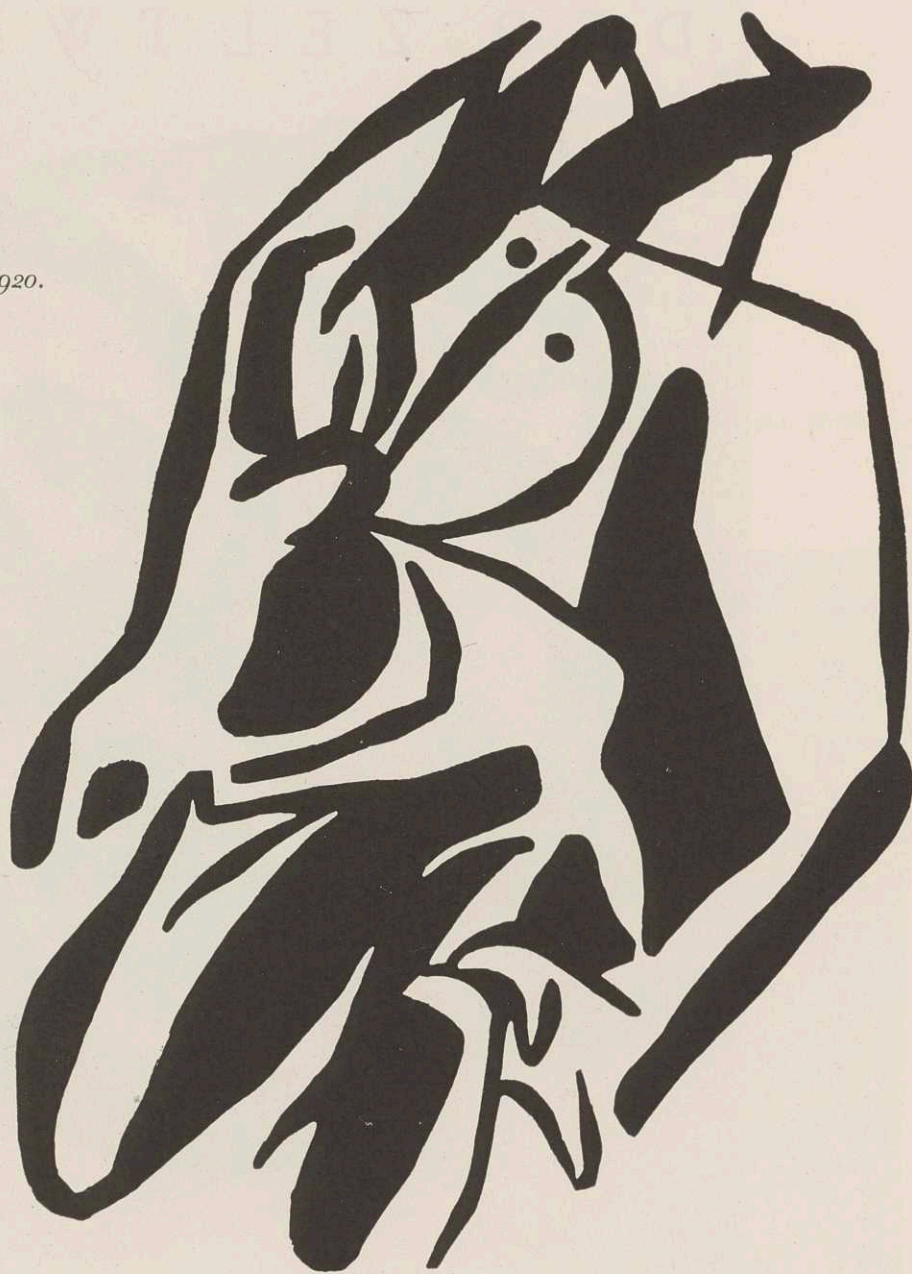


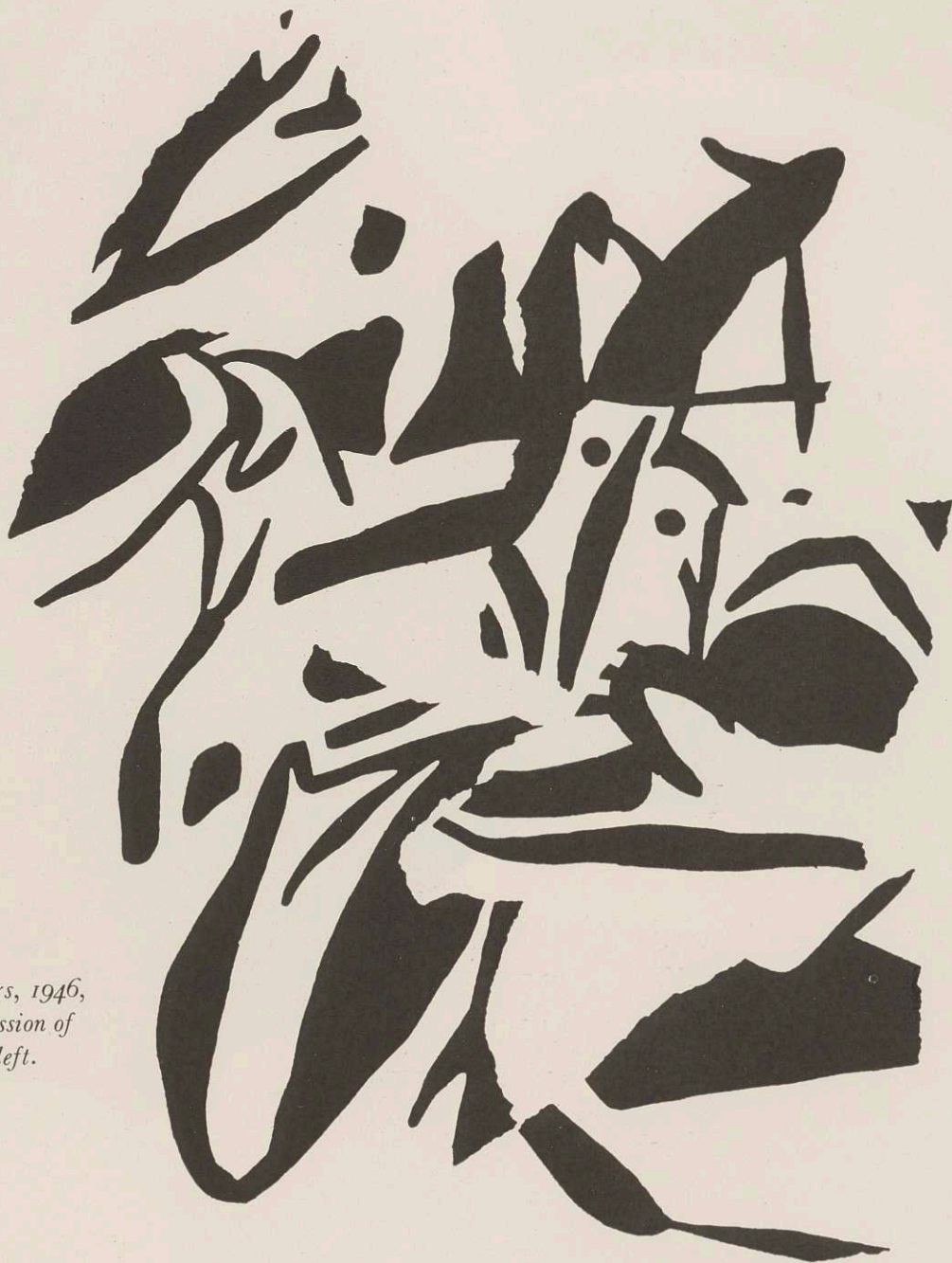
DER ZELTWEG



34: *Woodcut.*

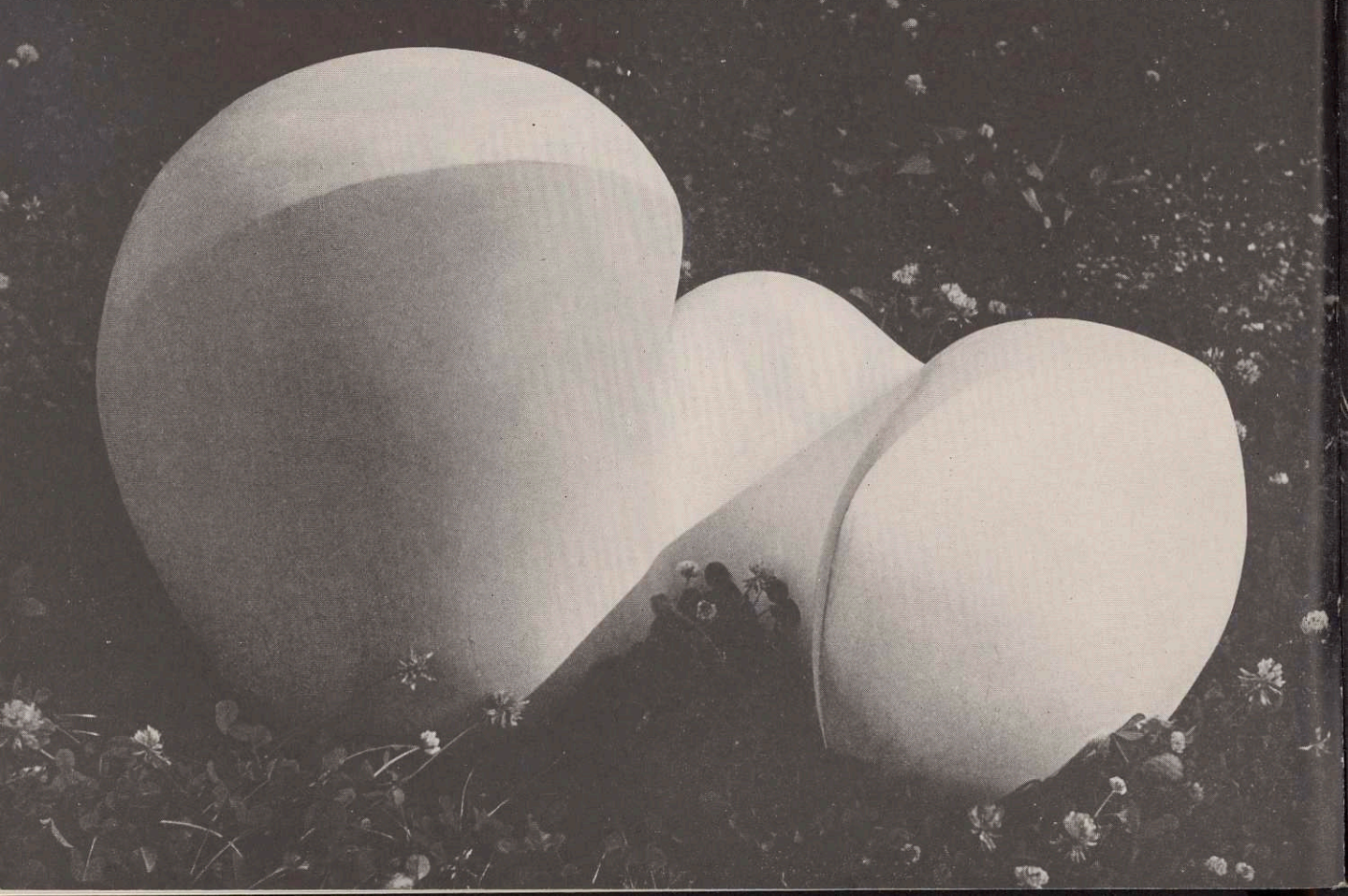
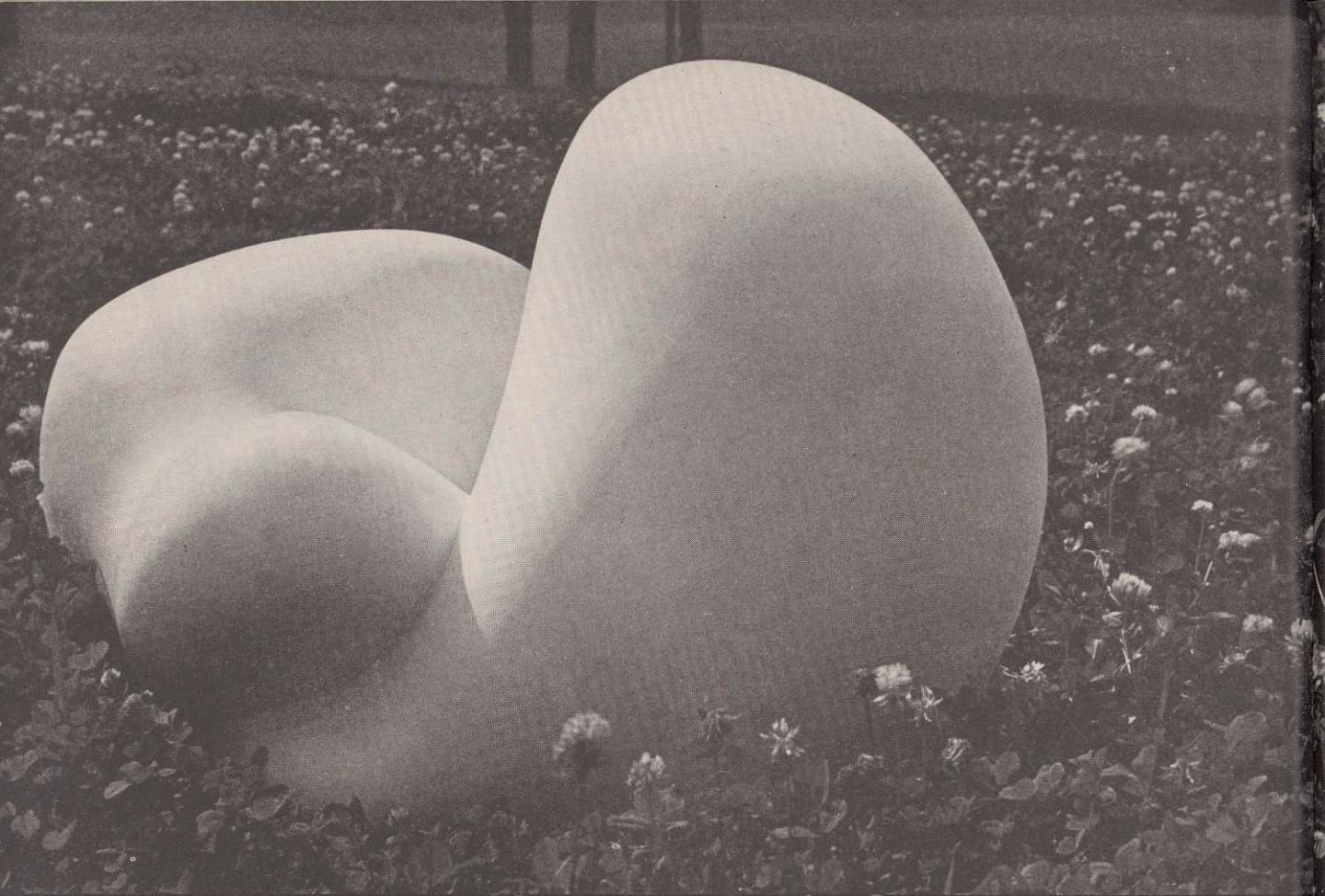
35: *Woodcut, 1920.*

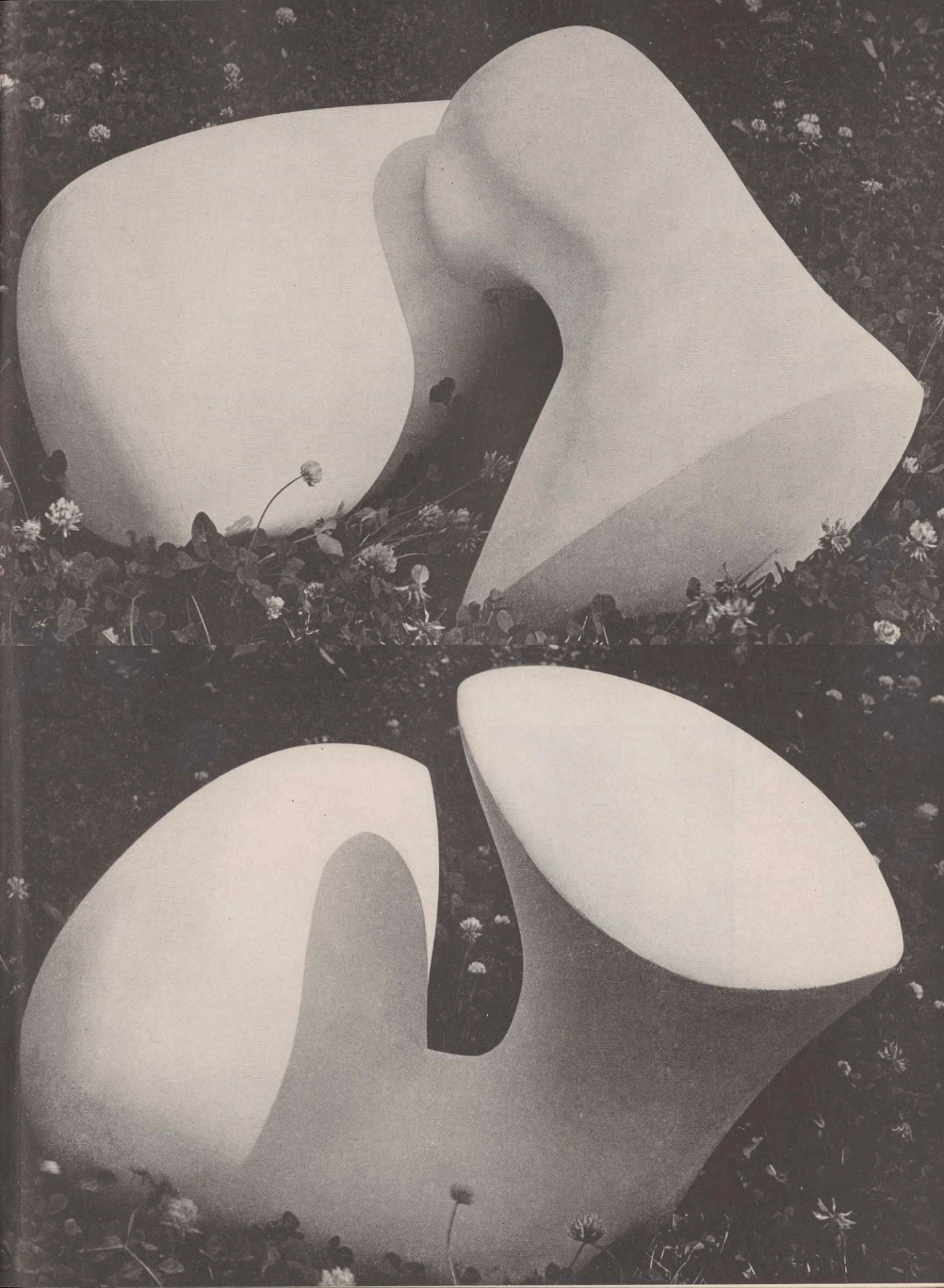


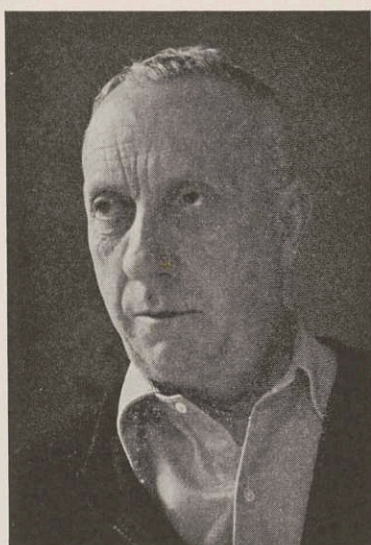


36: *Torn Papers*, 1946,
using impression of
woodcut at left.

37 a, b, c, d: *Human Concretion*. (following pages)







Jean Arp was born at Strassburg on September 16, 1887.

In 1904 he came to Paris, where he was troubled and moved by his first contacts with modern painting.

In 1909 he went to Switzerland, settled at Weggis and worked for several years in great solitude. He was obsessed by a need for perfection and the absolute, which impelled him to seek an art divested of all individual dynamism.

Arp was at Zurich in 1915. This was the period of "papiers collés" and accidental "objects," rudimentary, irrational, useless, broken, found at random, which mark the first symptoms of the Dada spirit. Dada was active in Zurich from 1915 to 1921, and he was one of its promoters. In 1917 Arp started work on his "Reliefs," which, plastically speaking, are situated between the "Object" and the sculpture proper

of his late works. At the same time he published several books of poems which for him are equal in importance to his plastic works. He often likes to pick up poems of his youth and introduce new passages which amplify the original text and change its meaning.

Arp settled in Meudon in 1926. At this period he met the surrealists, took part in their exhibitions and contributed to their magazines.

1930 to 1948. Arp's creative sensibility impelled him to seek a direct, concrete art without imitative or symbolic trickery, and inspired purely sculptural works which identify themselves with natural forms, without description or imitation. He has always been attracted by the idea of collective work; he has occasionally realized collective projects with certain friends, and particularly with Sophie Taeuber.

Bibliography by Bernard Karpel

The largest portion of the bibliography constitutes a demonstration in print of the creative productivity of a distinguished poet and accomplished master of several arts. The references have been arranged into sections titled:

Books by Arp
Articles and Poems by Arp
Collective Statements
Graphic Work of Arp
Illustration by Arp
Articles on Arp

Obviously, the first three sections deal with the *literary* work of Arp, his poetical and critical effort. While certain correlations of texts have been made in the bibliography, the unavailability of specific publications has not permitted a detailed comparison of particular titles. Owing to frequent republication and equally frequent modification of phraseology, such textual comparison is essential for complete accuracy. The published texts are frequently difficult to describe since, in the early dada period, they were published without the consent or editorial supervision of the poet. Their titles and form are to be accepted, by Arp's explicit direction, with caution. The compiler hopes that this first record of Arp's oeuvre will facilitate the task of literary collation that lies beyond the scope of the present bibliography.*

While the references on the graphic and illustrative work of the artist are presumed to be inclusive, there has been no attempt to compile a catalogue raisonné of Arp's achievement in this and other media. Commentary on Arp, including references to specific exhibitions, works and publications, is represented only in part by this selected section of the bibliography. A complete record of articles on Arp is available at the Museum of Modern Art Library, New York.

The compiler acknowledges with gratitude the cooperation of Margrit Hagenbach (Meudon) and Hans Bolliger (Zurich) who supplied documentation for material not otherwise accessible, and interpretive notes based on their intimate knowledge of the career of Arp.

Abbreviations:

†: item has been included in this anthology
[]: data supplied by compiler
bibl: see item so numbered in the bibliography; ed: editor; il: illustration(s); incl: including; n.d.: not dated; no, nr: number(s); p: page(s); por: portrait(s)

Typical Entry:

Baron, Jacques Arp 6il Cahiers de Belgique
1no6:221-4 July 1928.

Explanation:

An article by Jacques Baron
titled *Arp* and containing 6 illustrations
of his work will be found in *Cahiers
de Belgique*, volume 1 number 6, on
pages 221 to 224, in the issue dated July 1928.

* "Die Dadaisten hatten sich für eine anonyme kollektive Kunst eingesetzt und Arp's Ideal wäre auch heute noch anonym, wie die Natur, zu produzieren. Eine Bibliographie, die sich bemüht möglichst vollständig zu sein, dient nun allerdings nicht der Anonymität" (Hagenbach).

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1. Le Blanc aux pieds de nègre. Paris, Editions de la revue Fontaine, 1945 (Collection l'Âge d'or. 11).
Partly published in *Les Quatre Vents* no 3:42-5 1945. See also bibl 53.
2. Gedichte: Weiss du schwarz du. Fünf Klebebilder von Max Ernst. [26]p Zürich, Pra Verlag, 1930.
"Die Gedichte . . . wurden im Jahre 1922 geschrieben. Die Klebebilder . . . sind aus dem Jahre 1929." Parts also published in *Marie* no2-3:5 July 8 1926, *De Stijl* no73-4:5-10 1926, no85-6:103-6 1927-8; *Der Sturm* 15nr2 1924, 16nr10: 145-6 1925, *Individualität* 3:236 July 1928, *Les Quatre Vents* no8:23 1947.
3. Die Kunstismen, herausgegeben von El Lissitzky und Hans Arp. 11p plus 48 plates. Erlenbach-Zürich, München und Leipzig, Eugen Rentsch Verlag, 1925.
Lettered on cover: *Kunstism 1914-1924*. Text also in French and English.
4. Konfiguration. Paris, Poesie & co., 1930.
See also bibl 37,61.
5. Muscheln und Schirme. [30]p incl 4il Meudon-Val-Fleury, Privately printed, 1939.
"Zeichnungen von Sophie Taeuber, typographie von Jan Tschichold, imprimé en Tchécoslovaquie." Extracts translated in *Les Quatre Vents* no8 1947 (bibl 57,60).
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Arp's name is included without clarification, his participation being limited to advice to Neitzel on the choice of illustrations (Hagenbach).
7. 1924, 1925, 1926, 1943: Gedichte. 25p Bern-Bümpliz, Benteli A.-G., 1944.
Drawing by Sophie Taeuber-Arp. Edition of 250 copies.
8. Poèmes sans prénoms. 3 dessins, Sophie Taeuber-Arp. 26p incl il Grasse, Privately printed, 1941.
"Imprimerie moderne, Cannes." Limited edition of 150 copies with cover and 3 drawings by Sophie Taeuber-Arp. 10 copies issued with colored drawing by Taeuber-Arp.
9. Der Pyramidenrock. [70]p Erlenbach-Zürich und München, Eugen Rentsch Verlag [1924].
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10. Rire de coquille. [12]p incl il Amsterdam, Vordemberge-Gildewart, 1944.
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11. [Die Schwalbenhode. Gedichte mit 6 Originalholzschnitten des Verfassers. Berlin, Der Malik-Verlag, 1920]
Although announced for publication, never issued as book. Most of the poems which appeared under this title (bibl 78) subsequently issued as "Der Vogel selb-dritt" (bibl 17). Extracts no.1-5 appeared in bibl 155, also partly printed in bibl 40, 156.
12. Sciure de gamme. Collection "Un Divertissement," 1938.
Also published in bibl 13.
13. Le Siège de l'air. Poèmes 1915-1945, avec huit duo-dessins par Arp et Taeuber-Arp, et un avant-propos par Alain Gheerbrant. 8il 140p Paris, Vville, 1946 (Collection Le Quadrangle. 1).
"Crecux comme un oeuf," A. Gheerbrant, p7-9. Sections titled: "1915 Chair de rêve," "1917-1935," "1936 Taches dans le vide," "1937," "1938 Sciure de gammes," "1938 Les pigeons quadrangulaires," "1939 Ce que chantent les violons dans leur lit de lard," "1939-1942," "Profil fil et espace," "1944 Les saisons de l'horloge de la fraise des animaux veloutés et du berceau," "1945." Printed by Grou Rade-nez, Paris, in edition of 1000 copies.
14. Des taches dans le vide. [6]p Paris, Librairie Tschann (1937) (Les feuillets de "Sagesse," collection anthologique no. 32).
Also published in bibl 13; Kamena 5 nr3-4:70 1937 (extracts translated by Brzekowski).
15. Tres novelas ejemplares (Arcachón, 1931). 2il(por)83p Santiago [Chile], Editorial Zig-Zag, 1935.
Cover-title: *Tres inmensas novelas*. Portrait of Arp by Modigliani, portrait of

Huidobro by Arp, cover by Huidobro.
See also bibl 16.

16. Trois nouvelles exemplaires [par] Hans Arp et Vincente Huidobro. Traduit de l'espagnol par Rilka Walter. 51p [Paris] Fontaine, 1945 (Collection L'Âge d'or. 20).
First published as "Tres novelas ejemplares" (1935). Extract published in *Les Quatre Vents* no4 1946 (bibl 75).
17. Der Vogel selbdritt. [Berlin, Privately printed, 1920].
Imprint of Otto V. Holten. Most of the poems which appeared under the title "Die Schwalbenhode" (bibl 78) subsequently issued in this edition.
18. Weisst du schwarz du. See bibl 2.
19. Die Wolkenpumpe. 22p Hannover, Paul Steegemann, 1920 (Die Silbergäule, bd.52-53).
Read at the 9. dada soirée, salle Kaufleuten, Apr 9 1919. First published extracts in *Dada* 4-5 (Anthologie Dada, édition allemande): [20] May 15 1919. Extracts also published in *Der Zeltweg* Nov 1919; *Die Schammade* (Dadameter) p5-6 Feb 1920, with cover and illustrations by Arp; *Littérature* 2no14:23-4 June 1920 (translation by Breton and Tzara); *Proverbe* no6 (Invention no1): 2 July 1 1921. See also bibl 185.

Articles and Poems by Arp:

20. A fleurs des fleurs. 1il Plastique no4: 18-19 1939.
21. Abstract art, concrete art. p29-31 In *Art of this century*. 1942 (bibl 174).
French text partly published in bibl 26, 140, 155.
22. L'Air est une racine. 4il Le Surréalisme au Service de la Révolution 1no6:33 May 15 1933.
23. Aisément à travers le tunnel de la matière. p[1-9] In Drouin, Galerie, Paris. Magnelli. Paris, René Drouin, éditeur, 1947.
"Poème en guise de préface" (Hagenbach).
† Alte Freunde (p94).
Translation p51. Partly published in bibl 56, 208.
24. Arabische Sprichwörter. Merz nr6:56 Oct 1923.

25. Arpt the trapdrummer. *Der Sturm* 14nr7:108-9 1923.
26. Art concret. p11-12 In Basel. Kunsthalle. *Konkrete Kunst*. 1944 (bibl 140).
Extract of text published in bibl 21.
- 26a. Art concret. 1il *Réalités Nouvelles* no1: 10 1947.
Extract of essay fully published in translation as "Abstract art, concrete art" (bibl 174).
- 26b. [Art concret] In 10 *Origin*. (bibl 104).
An untitled foreword, extracted from essay partly published in *Réalités Nouvelles* (bibl 26a).
- † Art concret (p113-15).
Translation p70,72. Variant text of bibl 26.
- † L'Art est un fruit (p93-4).
Translation p51. Published as part of bibl 69a.
27. Die Augen sprechen miteinander wie Flammen auf Wellen. *Abstrakt* † *Konkret* no6:4 1945.
28. [. . . Aus Karaffen bläst der schwarzgefärbte Weltgeist . . .] Merz nr2:29 Apr 1923.
Quoted in text of article on dada by Bonset (Theo van Doesburg). From bibl 19.
† Bavarder (p92).
Translation p49. Published as part of bibl 69a.
29. Bagarre de fruits. L'Usage de la Parole 1no1:6 Dec 1939.
Three poems: *Quelles sont ces manières de tête de mort* (fragment inédit). — *Eh' bien voilà* (published in bibl 8, 13). — *La langue ne vaut rien pour parler* (published in bibl 8, 13).
30. Befiederte Steine. *Der Sturm* 14nr11: 165-7 1923.
Four poems.
31. Beiträge für "Enquête": La poésie indispensable. *Cahiers G.L.M.* no9:59-60 1939.
32. Bestiaire sans prénom. p227-8 In Breton, André. *Anthologie de l'humour noir*. Paris, Editions du Sagittaire, 1940.
33. Das bezungte Brett, 4. Merz nr6:50 1923.
34. Die Blumensphinx. *Der Sturm* 15nr2: 87-8 1924.

Cacadou supérieur.

Advertisements and translations referred to "Die Wolkenpumpe, cacadou supérieur" (bibl 19).

35. Cadaquez. Le Phare de Neuilly no3-4: 127 n.d.
Six poems.
Ce que chantent les violons dans leur lits de lard. See bibl 13.
36. Černě zily. Blok 1no2-3:40 1945.
Translation by Kundera.
Chair de rêve. See bibl 13.
37. Configuration. p22 In Breton, André. De l'humour noir. Paris, Ed. G.L.M., 1937.
Also published in Le Phare de Neuilly no3-4:126, Orbes no4:33-7 Winter 1932-33.
38. Le Cor enchanté. L'Usage de la Parole 1no2:27-8 Feb 1940.
Translation by Arp and Hugnet of selections from "Des Knaben Wunderhorn" by Brentano & Arnim.
39. Cot cot cot. Les Quatre Vents no8:23 1947.
Selection from "Weisst du schwarz du" (bibl 2) translated by Arp.
40. La Couille d'hirondelle (extrait). 391 no14:7 Nov 1920.
Translated by Tristan Tzara from bibl 78.
- † Dadaland (p86-8,90).
Translation p40,45-7. Partly published in bibl 87.
41. Déclaration. p[2] In Dada intirol au grandair der Sängerkrieg (bibl 156).
Tzara discovered the word "dada" Feb 8 1916.
42. Diese Arbeiten sind Bauten aus Linien, Flächen, Formen, Farben. See bibl 197.
- † De plus en plus je m'éloignais de l'esthétique (p90-1).
Translation p47-8. New, unpublished text.
43. Devant la chambre les fileuses les lions. The Little Review p22 Spring 1924.
44. Einzahl, Mehrzahl, Rübezahl. G nr3: 48-9 June 1924.
Extracts, with commentary by Hans Richter. Also published in Fraenger, Wilhelm. Deutscher Humor aus 5 Jahrhunderten. Band II:425-30 München, R. Piper Verlag, 1925. "Es war der erste

Entwurf für das Buch, das dann unter dem Titel 'Pyramidenrock' erschienen ist" (Hagenbach). See bibl 9.

45. Der entthronte Tag. Cahiers Alsaciens et Lorrains 6no8-9:115 1931.
"Corr. à Tagesgerippe" (bibl 84).
46. Die Etablierung der Eulalia. 2. Merz nr6:50 Oct 1923.
47. Die fahneflüchtigen Engel stürzen verhetzt herein. 2il Manomètre no8 Dec 1925.
Also published in bibl 7.
- † Fils de la lumière (p92-3).
Translation p49-50. Published as part of bibl 69a.
- 47a. [Gedächtnisausstellung Kurt Schwitters] 1948.
Commentary in announcement of memorial exhibit held by the Galerie d'Art Moderne, Basel, Feb 1948.
48. Die gestiefelte[n] Sterne. De Stijl no79-84: 72-6 1927.
1. Für Wilhelm Fraenger. — 2. Für Sophie Taeuber Arp. — 3. Für C. Giedion Welcker. — 4. Für Theo van Doesburg.
No. 1,2,4,7 published in bibl 209.
49. Gedichte. Individualität 3:236 July 1928.
"3 Gedichte, Fragmente und Varianten für 'Weisst du schwarz du'" (bibl 2).
50. Gedichte. Konkretion no1:5 Sept 15 1935.
51. Gedichte. Red 1no2:37-8; no9:283 1928.
52. Gedichte. Der Sturm 15nr2:88-92 1924.
"Das lichtscheue Paradies. — Weisst du schwarz du (andere Fassung). — Das leyderne Gebet — Eins ums andere."
53. Le Grand sadique à tout casser. p36 In La Conquête du monde par l'image. Paris, Éditions de la Main à Plume, 1942.
Subsequently published in bibl 1.
54. Die Hasenkaserne. Merz nr4:45 July 1923.
- † Die heilige Stille (p83).
Translation p37. New, unpublished text.
55. Histoire arabesque. Vrille no1:[82-3] July 25 1945.
Also published in bibl 13, p49-50.
- † L'Homme aime ce qui est vain et mort (p93).
Translation p50. Published as part of 69a.

- L'Homme qui a perdu son squelette. See bibl 81.
Ich bin der grosse derdiedas. See bibl 70.
56. Ich bin in Strassburg geboren . . .
Cahiers Alsaciens et Lorrains 6no8-9:
116 1931.
Complete text published in Vertigral
1932 (bibl 208).
57. Il chante, il chante. (Zurich, 1922). Les
Quatre Vents no8:22-4 1947.
Three poems translated by Arp from
"Muscheln und Schirme" (bibl 5).
Im Glashocker singt eine süsse Stimme.
See bibl 83.
- † In dem Höcker aus Glas singt eine süsse
Stimme (p15,17).
Translation p14,16. See also bibl 83.
58. Introduction. p[1-2] In Ernst, Max.
Histoire naturelle. Paris, 1926.
Partly published in La Révolution Sur-
réaliste 2no7 (bibl 86).
- † Introduction à l'Histoire naturelle de
Max Ernst (p84-6).
Translation p38-9. Full text, partly pub-
lished in bibl 58.
- 58a. [Introduction] In Allendy, Colette, Ga-
lerie. Tapisseries et broderies abstraites.
p[1-2] Paris, 1948.
Prefatory note for exhibition catalog,
written jointly with Camille Bryen.
59. Jadro Jaskolcze. Plon 6nr39:2 1938.
Five poems.
60. Je suis un cheval. (Meudon, 1934). Les
Quatre Vents no8:24-5 1947.
Translated by Arp from "Muscheln und
Schirme" (bibl 5).
- † Kaspar ist tot (p10).
Translation p10.
- † Der Keim einer neuen Plastik (p113).
Translation p70. New, unpublished text.
61. Konfiguration. (Zurich 1918). Vertigral
[no1]:1-3 July 1932.
Also published in Transition no22:8-9
Feb 1933, Konkretion no2:47 Oct 15
1935.
- † Konkrete Kunst (p115).
Translation p72,74. New, unpublished
text.
Das leyderne Gebet — Eins ums andere.
See bibl 52.
62. Das lichtscheue Paradies, 1-8. De Stijl
7no75-6:45-6; no77:79-80; no78:93-4
1926-7; 7no85-6:103-6 1927-8.
Extracts published in Der Sturm 15nr2
1924; L'Esprit Nouveau no1:27 1926?
Transition no7:130-1 Oct 1927 (trans-
lated by Eugene Jolas).
63. Liedertafel. De Stijl 6no10-11:148
1924-5.
- 63a. Luft en er en rod p13 In Tivlens pla-
geaand, surrealistisk anthologie . . .
udvalgt af Claude Serbanne . . .
Aarhus, Forlag W.T.C.(?), 1947.
- † Der Magier (p95-6).
Translation p52. New, unpublished text.
- † Ein magischer Schatz (p95).
Translation p52. Partly published in
bibl 56,208.
64. Man Ray. In Six, Librairie, Paris. Expo-
sition dada Man Ray du 3 au 31 décem-
bre 1921.
65. Manifeste du crocodarium dada. Litté-
rature 2no13:12 May 1920.
"Von Tristan Tzara geschrieben und mit
Arp's Namen signiert" (Hagenbach).
66. Manchas en el vacío. Total 2:25 July
1938.
67. Marmelsteinbälge, Schneetlehem. Oeso-
phage 1:2 Mar 1925.
Four poems dated 1918,1921,1924.
Le monde du souvenir et du rêve. See
bibl 95,146.
- † Das Maass aller Dinge (p81).
Translation p35. New, unpublished text.
- † Monte Carlo (p18).
Translation p19. Published in bibl 13.
68. Nabel, Tische, Beine.I,II,III. il0 2no19:
121 Feb 15 1929.
- † Die Nabelflasche (p91-2).
Translation p49. New, unpublished text.
69. Notes from a diary. Transition no21:
190-4 Mar 1932.
Translated from the German by Eugene
Jolas. Brief extracts published in French
and English in Continuity no2:[7-8]
1945.
- † Oben und Unten (p82).
Translation p36. First published in bibl
197.
- 69a. L'Oeuf de Kiesler et la salle des su-
perstitutions. Cahiers d'Art 22:281,283,286
1947.

- Perroquet supérieur. See bibl 19.
- Les Pigeons quadrangulaires. See bibl 13.
- † Pavillon de Breteuil (p96).
Translation p69. Also published in bibl 21.
70. [Poema] Iman Apr 1931.
Two poems translated by L. Vargas: "Yo soy el gran él la lo (Ich bin der grosse derdiedas), El saca de su negro ataud."
71. Poema, 4. 3il D'Ací i d'Allà 22no179: [48-9] Dec 1934.
"Perolquè és que el substitura" . . . p48.
—"El fuets peten" . . . p49.
72. [Poèmes] 2il Abstrakt † Konkret no6:2-3 1945.
"Vite une tranche de terre, Tu étais clair et calme, Les roses et les étoiles" in the Bulletin de la Galerie des Eaux Vives, Zurich, accompanied by 2 woodcuts.
73. [Poèmes] 1il Bifur no5:69-72 Apr 1930.
Four poems dated Zurich 1916, Rome 1922, Paris 1929.
La Pompe des nuages. See bibl 19.
[Préface. Zurich 1915] See bibl 197.
Profil fil et espace. See bibl 13.
- † Quelques lignes de Plotin (p94).
Translation p51. New, unpublished text.
- † Rosen schreiten auf Strassen aus Porzellan (p13).
Translation p12. Published in bibl 5.
Les Roses et les étoiles. See bibl 72.
- † Les Saisons de l'horloge de la fraise des animaux veloutés et du berceau (p21).
Translation p20. Published in bibl 13.
74. Les Saisons leurs astérisques et leur pions. Plastique no4:20-1 1939.
Also published in "Le Siège de l'air," p64 (bibl 13).
75. Sauvez vos yeux. Les Quatre Vents no4: 30-8 1946.
From "Trois nouvelles exemplaires" (bibl 16).
76. Schneetlehem. The Little Review p27 Spring-Summer 1926.
See also bibl 67.
77. Schnurrmilch. De Stijl 7:9-10 1926.
- † Die Schönheit versank nicht unter den Trümmern der Jahrhunderte (p31).
Translation p35. New, unpublished text.
78. Die Schwalbenhode.
Extracts appeared in Dada Almanach (bibl 154) p114-16, 145-6; Dada Au Grand Air (bibl 156); Manomètre 2 Oct 1922; Mecano no4-5:6 1923; 391 no14: 7 Nov 1920 (bibl 40). See also note bibl 11.
79. s'Fatagagaliéd. p[2] In Dada intirol au grand air der Sängerkrieg (bibl 101).
Signed: Arp and Max Ernst (Fatagaga).
80. Le Siège du ciel. Le Phare de Neuilly no2:13-16 n.d.
Translation by Georges Hugnet.
The skeleton of the day. See bibl 84.
Sophie Taeuber-Arp. See bibl 193.
- † Siehe Abbildung (p95).
Translation p52.
- † So schloss sich der Kreis (p117-8).
Translation p76-7. New, unpublished text.
- † Sophie (p29,31).
Translation p28,30.
81. Le Squelette en vacances. Plastique no5:2-3 1939.
Chapter 4 of "L'Homme qui a perdu son squelette; roman par Arp, Carrington, Duchamp, Eluard, Hugnet, Prassinos et Ernst."
- † Stein von Menschenhand geformt (p113).
Translation p69-70. New, unpublished text.
- 81a. Le Style éléphant contre le style bidet. 14 Rue du Dragon no1:14[1933?].
82. Sur un tableau de Fernandez, ou Histoire arabesque. Climat Parisien Dec 19 1935.
See also bibl 55.
- †83. A sweet voice sings in the hump of glass. 2il Possibilities 1:16 Winter 1947-48.
"Meudon 1936." Translation, by Ralph Manheim, of "Im Glashocker singt eine süsse Stimme." Illustrations: p15,17. Also published in bibl 50.
84. Das Tagesgerippe. Transition no21:150-2 Mar 1932.
See also bibl 45,184. Translation by Eugene Jolas in Transition no26:9-12 1937.
- † Ein Teil der Wirklichkeit (p83).
Translation p36-7. New, unpublished text.

85. Tension de sol. In Allendy, Collette, Galerie, Paris. George L.-K. Morris, novembre 1947.
"Prose poétique en guise d'introduction" (Hagenbach).
- 85a. [Testimonianze] p4-5 In Guggenheim, Peggy & Alfieri, Bruno. La collezione Peggy Guggenheim. Venezia [Istituto tipografico editoriale] 1948.
86. [Texte surréaliste] La Révolution Surréaliste 2no7:23 June 15 1926.
Extract from the preface to Ernst (bibl 58).
87. Tibiis canere (Zurich, 1915-20). iil XX^e Siècle 1no1:41-4 Mar 1938.
Reproduces Janco's painting "Cabaret Voltaire."
 Tu étais claire et calme. See bibl 72.
- † Träumer (p83-4).
Translation p37-8. New, unpublished text.
88. Die Traumkanzel. Der Sturm 15nr3:168-9 1924.
- † Trug, Schein, Kunststück (p82).
Translation p35-6. New, unpublished text.
89. L'Usage de la parole. p101 In Guggenheim, Peggy. Art of this century (bibl 174).
Extract in English.
- † Veines noires (p23).
Translation p22. Published in bibl 13.
90. [Die Vierjahreseiten . . .] Merz nr6: rear cover 1923.
- † Violettes rouges (p25,27).
Translation p24,26. Published in bibl 13.
91. Vite une tranche de terre. See bibl 72.
Also published in "Le Siège de l'air" p77 (bibl 13).
92. Von der letzten Malerei. Der Sturm 4nr188-9:140 Dec 1913.
93. Von Zeichnungen aus der Kokoschka-Mappe. Der Sturm 4no190-1:151 Dec 1913.
94. Wee onze goede Kaspar is dood. Mecano no4-5:12 1923.
Translation by Van Doesburg.
- †95. Die Welt der Erinnerung und des Traumes (p115-7).
Translation p75-6. Published in bibl 146, and a portion in Zürich. Kunsthaus. Katalog der Allianz. p[6] Oct 1947.
- † Wirklichkeit (p82).
Translation p36. First published in bibl 197.
96. Der Würfel. Der Sturm 14nr12:184,186 1923.
By Arp and Kurt Schwitters.
97. Zwei Maler, II. p55-7 In Debrunner, Hugo. Wir entdecken Kandinsky. Zurich, Origo-Verlag, 1947.
A commentary, largely by Arp, on Wassily Kandinsky.

Collective Statements:

Although Arp's name is attached to these announcements, he played no active part in preparing them (Hagenbach).

98. Dada soulève tout. 2p Paris, Au Sans Pareil, 1921.
Printed announcement, dated Jan 12 1921, signed by Varèse, Tzara, Soupault, Arp and others.
99. Hands off love. La Révolution Surréaliste 3no9:1-6 Oct 1 1927.
"Surrealist manifesto" in French on Charlie Chaplin signed by French artists and writers. Modified version, in English, published in Transition no6 omits Arp's name.
100. Manifest Proletkunst. Merz nr2:24-5 Apr 1923.
Signed by Arp, Doesburg, Schwitters, Spengemann and Tzara.
101. Permettez! 4p Paris, 1927.
Printed letter, dated Oct 23 1927, addressed to officials of Ardennes and Charleville protesting the memorial to Rimbaud. Signed by Maxim Alexandre, Aragon, Arp, Breton, Desnos, Eluard, Ernst and others.

Graphic Work of Arp:

102. 7 Arpaden. 7 prints in-folio Hannover, Merzverlag [1923].
Lithographs issued as Merz nr5 "Arp Mappe, Zweite mappe des Merzverlages" in 50 numbered copies. Illustrations also published, in miniature, in G nr3:48 June 1924.

103. 11 configurations: 11 gravures originales. (bibl 142).
Woodcuts representing work from 1917-42. Of an edition of 200, there were 20 issued in box with reproduction of an original woodblock, 40 numbered copies with original woodcut, and 160 trade copies.
104. 10 origin. [4]p plus prints in folio. Zurich, Allianz-Verlag, 1942.
Edition of 100 folios, containing one signed print by each of ten artists, including Arp, Bill, Domela, and others. Text by Arp (extracts from "Art concret"), and others.
105. 23 gravures de Arp, Calder, Chirico, Erni (etc.) précédées d'un texte de Anatole Jakovski. 111 Paris, G. Orobitz et cie., 1935.
Includes one original by Arp. "Cet album . . . constitue l'édition de luxe de l'ouvrage d'Anatole Jakovski 24 essais."
106. ARP, JEAN. *Le Siège de l'air*. Paris, Vrille, 1946.
"30 exemplaires sur velin . . . contenant une gravure de Arp et deux épreuves sur chine et sur japon et un papier déchiré original . . . 70 exemplaires sur velin . . . contenant la gravure de l'auteur." For trade edition of 900 copies, see bibl 13.
107. BRETON, ANDRÉ. *Le surréalisme en 1947*, Paris, Pierre à Feu, Maeght, éditeur, 1947.
De luxe edition, numbered and signed, included 2 original woodcuts by Arp. See bibl 146 for contents note.
- 107a. *Abstrakt + Konkret* no6:[10] 1945.
Original woodcut, also cover.
108. *Cabaret Voltaire*. Édité par Hugo Ball. 1916.
No. 1-10 of edition de luxe issued with original woodcut by Arp, in hand-colored and signed series of 50 numbered copies. Also cover design by Arp. For contents note see bibl 150.
109. Dada. Zurich, Paris, 1917-[19].
No.2, Dec 1917, issued with signed woodcut in edition de luxe; no.3, Dec 1918, issued in numbered copies with an original Arp print; nos.4-5, May 15 1919, issued 38 numbered de luxe copies containing an original woodcut. Reproductions of woodcuts in nos.1,2,3,4,5.
110. Dada Augrandair. Paris, 1921.
Two woodcuts by Arp. For details see bibl 156.
111. *La Révolution Surréaliste*. 2no6:25 Mar 1 1926.
Original woodcut by Arp.
- 111a. XX^e Siècle. no4: [following p39] Christmas 1938.
Original engraving.
112. Wolfsberg, Kunstsalon, Zurich. *Ausstellungskatalog "Die neue Kunst."* 1918.
Two original woodcuts by Arp.

Illustration by Arp:

- 112a. ARP, JEAN. *Le Siège de l'air*. See bibl 106.
113. ARP, JEAN & HUIDOBRO, VINCENTE. *Tres novelas ejemplares*. See bibl 15.
114. BHAGAVAD-GITA. *Le chant du bienheureux*, édition d'art orné par Hans Arp. 1211 St. Armand (Cher), Édition de la Librairie de l'art indépendant, 1914?
"C'est le premier livre illustré par Arp et les dessins sont encore figuratifs" (Hagenbach).
115. DER BLAUE REITER. Herausgeber: Kandinski, Franz Marc. p69,74,103,105 München; R. Piper & Co. Verlag, 1912.
Initials, and reproduction.
116. BRZEKOWSKI, JAN. *Kilométrage de la peinture contemporaine 1908-1930*. Paris, Librairie Fischbacher, 1931.
Cover consists of two drawings by Arp.
117. BRZEKOWSKI, JAN. *Nuits végétales*, avec un papier déchiré et interprété par Arp. Paris, Editions G.L.M., 1938.
Edition of 220, including 20 de luxe numbered copies.
118. BRZEKOWSKI, JAN. *W. drugiej osobie*. gil 1933.
Drawings, including cover design.
119. BRZEKOWSKI, JAN-GRENKAMP-KORNFELD. *Pri l'moderna arto*. Budapest, Literature mondo, 1913.
Cover by Arp.
120. BUGHER, JEANNE, GALERIE, PARIS. [Carte d'invitation]. May 1939.
"Couverture: 7 dessins de Arp."
121. HUELSENBECK, RICHARD. *Phantastische Gebete*. Verse. Mit 7 Holzschnitten von Arp. Zurich, Collection Dada, 1916.

122. HUELSENBECK, RICHARD. Schaleben, schalabai, schalamerzomai. Verse. Mit 4 Zeichnungen von H. Arp. Zurich, Collection Dada, 1916.
123. HUGNET, GEORGES. Les chevaliers d'industrie. 511 L'Usage de la Parole 1903:37-8 Arp 1940.
Drawings by Arp.
124. HUGNET, GEORGES. La Sphère de sable. Illustrations de Jean Arp. 23p incl il Paris, Aux dépens de Robert-J. Godet, 1943. (Collection "Pour mes amis." II). Edition of 199 copies, including 3 on China and 20 on Lafuma paper "sous couverture-relief, composé par Arp, et auxquels on a ajouté une suite des illustrations sur vélin." Some poems previously published under same title in *Giration* July 1939, and in *La Conquête du Monde par l'Image* p28-9 Paris, La Main à Plume, 1942.
125. JOLAS, EUGENE. Mots déluges. Paris, Editions Laporte, 1933.
- 125a. MESENS, E.-L.-T. Hans Arp. 111 Variétés 1908:422 D 15 1928.
126. MODERNER BUND. Zweite Ausstellung, Kunsthau Zürich 1912, I. Heft. [Zürich, 1912].
"Es sind dies wohl die ersten Buchillustrationen und der erste veröffentlichte Holzschnitt von Arp" (Hagenbach). 50 numbered copies in an edition of 200. Includes woodcut, 6 initials and vignettes by Arp.
127. PERET, BENJAMIN. Le Passager du transatlantique. 411 Paris, Collection Dada, Au Sans Pareil, 1921?
Edition of 50 copies, 3 on China paper, with 4 drawings.
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129. TZARA, TRISTAN. De nos oiseaux; poèmes. Dessins par Arp. Paris, Editions Kra, 1923.
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150 copies, "achevé d'imprimer en juin 1920 par V. Holten." Cuts destroyed. Prints accompanying the Cinéma calendrier also published in Dada no3:10 Dec 1918.
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Printed by J. Heuberger. Issued in a regular, numbered, and Holland paper edition.
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Edition of 750. "Les vingt-cinq poèmes ont été publiés pour la première fois en 1918 collection dada Zurich avec des bois de Hans Arp. Le dernier poème du présent recueil date de 1917 et inédit . . ." The drawings, however, are new.
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Text by Breton, Char, etc. Illustrations by Arp, Dali, Tanguy and others.
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Arp a founder and represented on editorial committee.
- 135a. ABSTRAKT + KONKRET no6 1945.
Issue edited by Jean Arp and Max Bill. Special number of the Galerie des Eaux Vives, Zurich, for Sophie Taeuber-Arp memorial exhibition, with contributions by Arp: poems (bibl 72), graphic work

- (bibl 107a), essay (bibl 149a). *Biographical résumé.*
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- ALLENDY, GALERIE, PARIS. See bibl 85.
137. ART OF THIS CENTURY, GALLERY, NEW YORK. Arp, February 1944 [4]p 1944.
Catalog of exhibition listing 26 works, with note by Max Ernst.
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138. BALL, HUGO. Die Flucht aus der Zeit. p77-79,85,90,95,98,122,151,153,157,167,169 München, Verlag Duncker & Humblot, 1927.
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140. BASEL. KUNSTHALLE. Konkrete Kunst. 11l p11-12,58,61 1944.
Catalog of exhibition held Mar 18-Apr 16 1944, including statement by Jean Arp "Art concret," p11-12. Brief biography; list of 20 works by Arp.
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Also published in: Huyghe, René, ed. Histoire de l'art contemporain: la peinture. p342 Paris, Alcan, 1935.
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- 144a. BILLE, EJLER. Hans Arp; udtalelse af Hans Arp. 7il (por) p169-75 In his: Picasso surrealisme, abstrakt kunst. København, Forlaget Helios, 1945.
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Exhibition "for Kunstnerforbundet i Oslo," held Sept. 16-Oct. 2, arranged by Bjerke-Petersen, Hans Arp, and Taeuber-Arp. List of 6 works, brief biography and bibliography.
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- 147a. BRUGUIÈRE, P. G. Arp. 5il Cahiers d'Art 22: 267-71 1947.
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On "Le Siège de l'air."
149. BRZEKOWSKI, JAN. Hans Arp. 2p plus 10pl Łódź, Collection "a.r." 1936.
- 149a. BUFFET-PICABIA, GABRIELLE. Jean Arp. Abstrakt + Konkret 1106:7-9 1945.
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150. CABARET VOLTAIRE. Recueil littéraire et artistique. Edité par Hugo Ball. p13,15, 29,32 3il (por) Zurich [Buchdruckerei Jul. Heuberger] 1916.
Cover by Arp. Includes portrait of Arp by Modigliani, two illustrations, and catalog of the Cabaret Voltaire exhibition with 5 works by Arp. See also bibl 108.
151. CROXLEY, HUBERT. Hans Arp. 6il Cahiers d'Art 3105-6:229-30 1928.
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154. DADA ALMANACH. Im Auftrag des Zentralamts der Deutschen Dada-Bewegung, herausgegeben von Richard Huelsenbeck, mit Bildern. 160p Berlin, Erich Reiss Verlag, 1920.
See bibl 78, 202.
155. DADA AUSSTELLUNG. Dada-Vorfrühling: Gemälde, Skulpturen, Zeichnungen, Fluidoskeptrik, Vulgärdilettantismus. 4p [1920]
Catalog of exhibition listing 3 works by Arp; extract from "Die Schwalbenhode."
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Title partly inverted to read: Der Sängerkrieg Intirol [i.e. Dada Au Grand Air - Der Sängerkrieg in Tirol]. Includes "s'Fatagagalied" (bibl 79), "Déclaration" (bibl 41), "Die Schwalbenhode" (bibl 78) and extract from "Einzahl, Mehrzahl, Rübezahl" (bibl 44).
157. DADAISTEN GEGEN WEIMAR. [2]p [Cologne, 1919].
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A survey of Arp's artistic development, including his dada period.
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Includes quotation from diary (1931); biographical appendix, p152; illustrations, p87,89,91-3,97. Also published as: Moderne Plastik: Elemente der Wirklichkeit, Masse und Auflockerung (1937).
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Additional illustrations in no2,no3.
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Extracts from "Die gestiefelten Sterne" and biographical notice.
210. WILENSKI, REGINALD HOWARD. Modern French painters p261,263,267,294 New York, Reynal & Hitchcock [1940].

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- d.m.a. 6. **On My Way**, by Jean (Hans) Arp. Essays and Poems, 1912-1947 in French, German, English. Edited by Robert Motherwell. Translated from the French and German by Ralph Manheim, with 2 woodcuts especially done by the artist for this publication and printed in color, contribution by Carola Giedion-Welcker. Bibliography by B. Karpel. 148 pp., 2 original woodcuts, 48 ill., 1948. \$4.50.
- d.m.a. 7. **Beyond Painting**, by Max Ernst, with other texts by A. Breton, N. Calas, P. Eluard, G. Ribemont-Dessaignes, T. Tzara and others. Edited by Robert Motherwell. Bibliography by B. Karpel. 220 pp., 140 ill., 1948. \$6.00.
- d.m.a. 8. **Dada: An Anthology**, texts by Arp, H. Ball, A. Breton, G. Buffet-Picabia, A. Craven, P. Eluard, G. Hugnet, R. Hülsenbeck, G. Ribemont-Dessaignes, H. Richter, K. Schwitters, T. Tzara and others. Edited by Robert Motherwell. Translated from the French and German by Ralph Manheim and others. (First publication in English of most of the material.) 1949.

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