cc: D. Miller

Waintro

Walker

H.C.W.

May 10, 1955

Dear Mr. Waintrob:

Thank you for sending us the photograph of Julian Levi. It was very thoughtful of you and we are glad to have it for our files.

Sincerely,

Alfred H. Barr, Jr.
Director of the Museum Collections

budd studio
321 WEST 56 STREET NEW YORK 19, NEW YORK

April 28, 1955

Mr. Alfred H. Barr Jr.,
The Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street
New York 19, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Barr:

Mr. Julian Levi and thought that you might want a pr

Very truly yours

Sidney J. Waintrob

Mr. Sidney J. Waintrob
Budd Studio
321 West 56th Street
New York 19, New York

AHB:ma

or your files.

trouble of finding
that painting.
I got the watercolor
you I wanted.
WMGS
didn't manage to
elogue for any
extend her
was in the New
high school

budd studio
321 · WEST · 56 · STREET · NEW YORK · 19 · NEW YORK · JU 6-3993

April 28, 1955

Mr. Alfred H. Barr Jr.,
The Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street
New York 19, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Barr:

We recently photographed Mr. Julian Levi and thought that you might want a print for your files.

Very truly yours

Sidney J. Waintrob

Thank ... finding out the ... things. After I ... hospital ... Museum ... ented.

I'm afr... manage to call b... ... day inconve... ...er. Wi... New Year. ...er 248 ... Toros...

Then a Matisse of 1934. The Model ~~and M~~ before the Mirror".

But truthfully, I think I fell into the error of "bargains", and did not wait for an important and fine painting.

With many thanks —
Cordially and sincerely,
Herschel Carey Walker

Thank you for going to the trouble of finding out the best type of lights for lighting paintings. After I telephoned you I called at the Metropolitan Museum & got all the information I wanted.

I'm afraid in my rush that I didn't manage to call back your Secretary & apologise for any inconvenience I may have caused her.

With best wishes for Christmas & the New Year, in which Shirley joins

Hugh Walker

248 Warren Road
Toronto

Then a Matisse of 1934. The Model ~~and M~~ before the Mirror".

But truthfully, I think I fell into the error of "bargains", and did not wait for an important and fine painting.

With many thanks &
Cordially and sincerely,

Hershel Carey Walker

Walker

H. C. W.
320 Park Avenue
New York City 22

painting.
With many thanks —
Cordially and sincerely,
Herschel Carey Walker

Walker

H. C. W.
320 Park Avenue
New York City 22
New York

Saturday, November 5th

Dear Mr. Barr, —

Your kind and cordial letter warms my heart! I will place it in the archives for future happy reference and recollection. It is very good of you to write; please let me assure you of my keen appreciation.

It was, and is, my intention to come in soon to bring the photographs for your records, of three purchases of the last six months. Picasso, 1942, "Still Life and Women before a Window". From Kahnweiler. Often seen on colored post-cards.

A small Picasso of 1932, done at Dinard(?). "The Bathers".

Then a Matisse of 1934. "The Model ~~and M~~ before the Mirror".

But truthfully, I think I fell into the error of "bargains", and did not wait for an important and fine painting.

With many thanks —

Cordially and sincerely,

Herschel Carey Walker

Wallace

cc: Mrs. Borden

11 October 1956

Dear Frank:

Forgive my not answering your letter before this, but I have been desperately busy since I got back.

I think it's possible that there might be a job open such as you mention in your letter. We have quite a number of young artists on our staff.

I am enclosing an application blank which you may wish to fill out and send to Mrs. Borden, our Personnel Director. I am giving her a copy of your letter in case you wish to make an appointment to see her while you are in New York. I am sure you will find her sympathetic and helpful.

Good luck to you.

Sincerely,

Alfred H. Barr, Jr.

Mr. Frank Wallace
Caspian Lake
Greensboro, Vermont

AHB:ma

CASPIAN LAKE
GREENSBORO, VERMONT

Sept. 28, '56

Dear Mr. Barr,

I am sorry I didn't see you here, but hope you had a good trip. I have returned from three years in Vienna and am very much in need of work. Lucien Roy thought there might be something at the Museum for me, even like unpacking and packing pictures. I like the people there and should like to work in this atmosphere. I must earn some money to live. Also I will be in analysis with

Mr. Peter Oliver
South Bedford Road
Mount Kisco, New York

a doctor probably for several years to come.

If you have any ideas or suggestions of openings, I should appreciate it. In Vienna I made wood-cuts, painted some in oil, and made ten tapestries with an Ahlfix machine.

I often saw Dr. Benesch of the Albertina and they now possess ten of my marks in their collection.

Give my best regards to Mrs. Barr and Tony.

Sincerely yours,

Frank Wallace

I will come to New York in about two weeks.

Mr. Peter Oliver
South Bedford Road
Mount Kisco, New York

Peter Oliver

September 7th, 1955

Dear Mr. Oliver:

I should have written you before this to explain to you that Mr. Alfred Barr has been in Europe these past two months so that he could not acknowledge immediately your very kind and helpful letter about the Ashfield portrait of Sir Izaak Walton.

Mr. Barr has now returned, but is ill at home. As soon as he returns to his office, he will be able to pursue the matter of the portrait.

Meanwhile, in behalf of Mr. Barr, may I thank you for your very great help.

Sincerely,

Marie Alexander
Secretary to Mr. Barr

Mr. Peter Oliver
South Bedford Road
Mount Kisco, New York

C
O
P
Y

South Bedford Road
Mount Kisko, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Barr-

The Ashfield crayon portrait of Walton is, I am almost sure, at Yale. It was brought to this country by the late Dr. Samuel Lambert of New York.

I remember well his showing it to me once when we were talking about Walton. He was letting me use some of his collection of the Compleat Angler.

Later, he let me use it as the frontispiece of a bibliography of the Angler that I had written and that, I think, is the only time it has been reproduced. An in my book, or rather for it, to be printed with the picture, he wrote something of how it came into his hands. I haven't a copy of the book with me as I write, but I have several and shall be glad to give you one if you'd care to have it just for the picture.

All the charm of Walton shows out of the picture - which is certainly not the case of the frequently printed Huysman portrait.

If it didn't go to Yale, I should think that any of his several children could tell you where it is (of New York) - young Dr. Sam L., Mrs. Jonathan Bulkeley (sp?) - I forget who the others are.

But I'm almost sure Yale has it. It seems too bad - speaking as a Harvard man. I wish it was mine.

Yours, etc.

Peter Oliver

Alfred H. Barr, Jr., Esq.
New York City

MOUNT KISCO 6-5907

SOUTH BEDFORD ROAD
MOUNT KISCO
NEW YORK

31. VII. 57

Dear Mr Barr -

The Ashfield crayon portrait of Walton is, I am almost sure, at Yale. It was brought to this country by the late Dr Samuel Lambert of New York.

I remember well his showing it to me once when we were talking about Walton. He was letting me use some of his collection of the Compleat Angler.

Later, he let me use it as the frontispiece of a bibliography of the Angler that I had written and that, I think, is the only time it has been reproduced. And in my book, or rather for it, to be printed with the picture, he wrote something of how it

came into his hands. I haven't a copy of my book near me as I write, but I have several ~~I should~~ shall be glad to give you one if you'd care to have it just for the picture.

All the charm of Walton shows out of the picture – which is certainly not the case of the frequently printed Hunyman portrait

If it didn't go to Yale, I should think that any of his several children could tell you where it is – (only) Young of Sam. L., Mrs Jonathan Bulkeley – I forget who the others are.

But I'm almost sure Yale has it. It seems to me – speaking as a Harvard man – I wish it was mine.

Yours etc.

Peter Thacher.

Alfred H Barr Jr Esq
New York City

Donald Stevens · Box 623 · Westport · Connecticut

July 31,1955.

Dear Mr. Barr:

In all probability, your letter to today's Tribune will turn up the portrait: it always amazes me how many people know the most unlikely things. However, if you don't have any luck, I suggest that you write to or place an advertisement in, England's Country Life. Actually, I think a letter would be better because the advertisements remain more or less the same through the years and, even allowing for that magazine's fanatic following, I feel sure that some of its readers may have "had it" as far as the advertisements go. But the Correspondence! In it one learns the most astonishing amount of esoteric information, discovers that an Englishman's memory makes the elephant seem like an absent-minded professor, and reads of coincidences that no self-respecting novelist would dare to employ. I am convinced, for instance, that a large percentage of the readers of Country Life were at Sotheby's that day in July, 1927, remember who bought the portrait, how much it went for, where it is now and everything that has happened to it in the meantime.

Sincerely yours,

Donald Stevens

National Portrait Gallery,

London, W.C.2.

18th July, 1955

Dear Sir,

I have not seen a copy of the 1929 edition of the Compleat Angler, but I think you must have in mind the portrait of Edmund Ashfield about which my predecessors had some correspondence in 1922/23, which was reproduced in Notes and Queries for 15th September, 1923, p.205. We have no later information as to its whereabouts, but I should perhaps add that we entertain considerable doubt as to whether it could represent Walton, as it does not seem compatible with authentic portraits of him.

Yours faithfully,

J.F. Kerslake.

J.F. Kerslake,
Assistant Keeper.

Alfred H. Barr, Jr, Esq.,
The Museum of Modern Art,
New York 19.

K/S

Poughkeepsie, New York

to trac[illegible] interested in Walton and the Angler,

I'm wondering if the Museum of Modern Art is trying to get the

Ashfield portrait for its collection.

Cordially,

Cecil [illegible]
District Fish Manager

BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION
AIR LETTER
AEROGRAMME

LONDON W.C.
15PM
18 JUL
1955
C

POSTAGE POSTAGE
ELIZ R
6d SIXPENCE 6d

CONFIDENTIAL

Alfred H. Barr, Jr., Esq.,
The Museum of Modern Art,
New York 19,
U.S.A.

First fold here

Second fold here

Sender's name and address: J.F. Kerslake, Esq.
National Portrait Gallery,
London, W.C.2.

AN AIR LETTER SHOULD NOT CONTAIN ANY ENCLOSURE; IF IT DOES IT WILL BE SURCHARGED OR SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL.

To open on dotted line

Poughkeepsie, New York

to trac[illegible] interes[illegible] Walton and [illegible]ghe,
I'm wondering if the Museum of Modern Art is trying to get the
Ashfield portrait for its collection.

Cecil W. Wood
District Fish Manager

LOUIS A. WEHLE
COMMISSIONER

JUSTIN T. MAHONEY
DEPUTY COMMISSIONER

JOHN F. GALE
SECRETARY

STATE OF NEW YORK

CONSERVATION DEPARTMENT

ALBANY, NEW YORK

DIVISION OF:
FISH AND GAME
LANDS AND FORESTS
CONSERVATION EDUCATION
WATER POWER AND CONTROL
FINANCE

August 10, 1955

311 Mill Street
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

August 10,1955

Dear Mr. Heacox:

In the absence of Mr. Barr who is now in Europe, I should like to acknowledge your kind letter of August 10th.

We have had good luck on Mr. Barr's enquiry, for Peter Oliver has just written us of the portrait in the collection of Dr. Samuel Lambert. He believes it is now at Yale, but in case it is not, he has been kind enough to send us the names of Dr. Lambert's children, so that we shall be able to trace it in any case.

I don't know the circumstances of Mr. Barr's enquiry, but I am fairly certain the Museum is not contemplating its acquisition.

May I thank you on behalf of Mr. Barr for your letter. With the exception of Mr. Oliver's, yours has been the only helpful reply.

Very sincerely yours,

Marie Alexander
Secretary to Mr. Barr

Mr. Cecil B. Heacox
District Fish Manager
State of New York Conservation Department
311 Mill Street
Poughkeepsie, New York

LOUIS A. WEHLE
COMMISSIONER

JUSTIN T. MAHONEY
DEPUTY COMMISSIONER

JOHN F. DALY
SECRETARY

STATE OF NEW YORK

CONSERVATION DEPARTMENT

~~ALBANY, NEW YORK~~

Divisions of:
FISH AND GAME
LANDS AND FORESTS
CONSERVATION EDUCATION
WATER POWER AND CONTROL
FINANCE
PARKS

311 Mill Street
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

August 10,1955

Mr. Alfred H. Barr, Jr.
Museum of Modern Art
New York, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Barr:

I noticed your query about the Edmund Ashfield portrait of Izaak Walton in last week's Hreald-Tribune. I intended to write the next day but had to be in the field all week. As you probably know , the portrait was in the Dr. Samuel Lambert collection. It was used for the ~~fronyis~~ Bonty's piece in Peter Oliver's " A Chronicle of The Compleat Angler ".

In writing a piece on the 300th anniversary of The Compleat Angler I met Mr. Oliver and found him most charming and cooperative. I feel sure it would be worthwhile to query Mr. Oliver. He travels a great deal but when in this section makes his home at South Bedford Road, Mt. Kisco, N.Y.

If you can't locate Mr. Oliver let me know and I will try to track him down. Being so interested in Walton and the Angler, I'm wondering if the Museum of Modern Art is trying to get the Ashfield portrait for its collection.

Cordially,

Cecil E. Heacox
District Fish Manager

July 12, 1955

Dear Sir:

We should very much appreciate it if you could give us the name of the artist who painted the portrait of Sir Izaak Walton which appeared in the 1929 edition of The Compleat Angler published by the Nonesuch Press. An engraving after this work is reproduced in the frontispiece of the book with the caption: "Engraved after the Portrait in the National Portrait Gallery." The engraver (whose name was given to me by telephone and may be incorrectly spelled) is identified as Sigrist.

Perhaps I should tell you that we are trying to locate a portrait by Edmund Ashfield of Sir Izaak Walton which was sold by Sotheby's in July, 1927, but which has since disappeared. Since Sotheby's can give us no information as to the buyer, I am writing you in the hope that the 1929 engraving might be after this painting. If it is not, we shall proceed to make inquiries through various American periodicals in an attempt to find the painting in this country.

May I thank you in advance for your cooperation.

Sincerely yours,

Alfred H. Barr, Jr.
Director of the Museum Collections

Office of the Director
The National Portrait Gallery
St. Martin's Place
London, W.C. 2
England

AHB:bj

July 12, 1955

Dear Miss Jones:

I enclose a copy of a letter which Mr. Barr asked to have sent out in his name to the magazine ART IN AMERICA. Identical letters were sent today to the SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, ANTIQUES, and the Book Review sections of THE NEW YORK TIMES and THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE.

As you know, Mr. Barr is abroad on a two-month trip, but of course we shall forward to you immediately any answers that he may receive to these notices.

Sincerely,

Betsy Jones
Secretary of the Museum Collections

Miss L. Alice Jones
Secretary to Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss
1537 Twenty-eighth Street
Georgetown
Washington 7, D.C.

BJ:b

1537 TWENTY-EIGHTH STREET
GEORGETOWN, WASHINGTON 7, D.C.

June 30,1955

Dear Mr. Barr:

Mrs. Bliss has asked me to thank you for the trouble you have taken about the Isaac Walton portrait and to say that it would be a great help to her if you could arrange to have the insertions made in the various periodicals you think most appropriate, and send her an account of the expense, having replies sent here however so that I could advise her should the inquiries be successful in locating the present owner. As you are going abroad Mrs. Bliss does not wish to add to your crowded days and asks will the Museum take over.

Very truly yours

L. H. Jones

Secretary to
Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss

Mr. Alfred Barr Jr.
Museum of Modern Art
11 W. 53rd Street
New York 19.

Alfred H. Barr, Jr.

Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss
1537 28th Street, N. W.
Georgetown
Washington, D. C.

AHB:ma

cc: D. Miller

June 28, 1955

Dear Mrs. Bliss:

We have done what we could to try to trace the present owner of the Ashfield Isaac Walton. Miss Letitia Howe of our staff looked through the post-1927 editions of The Compleat Angler and also through the huge art reference files of the New York Public Library. Also, she could find no trace of an Isaac Walton Society. I therefore fear that it might be very hard to trace the picture without pretty elaborate research.

I think that some results might be had by asking such periodicals as Antiques, Art In America, The Saturday Review of Literature and the Book Review sections of the Times and Tribune to insert notices in their editorial columns. We would be glad to do this if you would care to have us do so.

Sincerely,

Alfred H. Barr, Jr.

Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss
1537 28th Street, N. W.
Georgetown
Washington, D. C.

AHB:ma

Editorial Offices
The Saturday Review of Literature
25 West 45 Street
New York, New York

July 12, 1955

To the Editor:

I am trying to ascertain the present owner of Edmund Ashfield's portrait of Sir Izaak Walton. The painting was sold at Sotheby's in July, 1927, but that firm cannot furnish the name of the buyer nor any further information on the subject. All sources of possible information in England have been exhausted. In the hope that the painting may have found its way into an American collection, I am writing now to ask whether it might be possible to insert a notice in your editorial columns requesting information on the painting. The notice might read as follows:

"Would any person having information on the whereabouts of Edmund Ashfield's portrait of Sir Izaak Walton please communicate with the writer. It is known that the portrait was sold at Sotheby's in London in July of 1927.

Alfred H. Barr, Jr.
Museum of Modern Art, New York"

You may wish to shorten the message or reword it in conformity with your usual formula for such notices. I should appreciate it very much, however, if you can find space for it.

Very sincerely yours,

Alfred H. Barr, Jr.
Director of the Museum Collections

Editorial Offices
Book Review Section
THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE
230 West 41 Street
New York, New York

July 12, 1955

To the Editor:

I am trying to ascertain the present owner of Edmund Ashfield's portrait of Sir Izaak Walton. The painting was sold at Sotheby's in July , 1927, but that firm cannot furnish the name of the buyer nor any further information on the subject. All sources of possible information in England have been exhausted. In the hope that the painting may have found its way into an American collection, I am writing now to ask whether it might be possible to insert a notice in your editorial columns requesting information on the painting. The notice might read as follows:

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Alfred H. Barr, Jr.
Museum of Modern Art, New York"

You may wish to shorten the message or reword it in conformity with your usual formula for such notices. I should appreciate it very much, however, if you can find space for it.

Very sincerely yours,

Alfred H. Barr, Jr.
Director of the Museum Collections

Editorial Offices
Book Review Section
NEW YORK TIMES
229 West 43 Street
New York, New York

July 12, 1955

To the Editor:

I am trying to ascertain the present owner of Edmund Ashfield's portrait of Sir Izaak Walton. The painting was sold at Sotheby's in July, 1927, but that firm cannot furnish the name of the buyer nor any further information on the subject. All sources of possible information in England have been exhausted. In the hope that the painting may have found its way into an American collection, I am writing now to ask whether it might be possible to insert a notice in your editorial columns requesting information on the painting. The notice might read as follows:

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Alfred H. Barr, Jr.
Museum of Modern Art, New York"

You may wish to shorten the message or reword it in conformity with your usual formula for such notices. I should appreciate it very much, however, if you can find space for it.

Very sincerely yours,

Alfred H. Barr, Jr.
Director of the Museum Collections

Editorial Offices
Antiques Magazine
40 E. 49 Street
New York 17, New York

July 12, 1955

To the Editor:

I am trying to ascertain the present owner of Edmund Ashfield's portrait of Sir Izaak Walton. The painting was sold at Sotheby's in July, 1927 but that firm cannot furnish the name of the buyer nor any further information on the subject. All sources of possible information in England have been exhausted. In the hope that the painting may have found its way into an American collection, I am writing now to ask whether it might be possible to insert a notice in your editorial columns requesting information on the painting. The notice might read as follows:

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Alfred H. Barr, Jr.
Museum of Modern Art
New York"

You may wish to shorten the message or reword it in conformity with your usual formula for such notices. I should greatly appreciate it, however, if you can find space for it.

Very sincerely yours,

Alfred H. Barr, Jr.
Director of the Museum Collections

Editorial Offices
Art in America
11 Andrews Street
Springfield 9
Massachusetts

July 12, 1955

To the Editor:

I am trying to ascertain the present owner of Edmund Ashfield's portrait of Sir Izaak Walton. The painting was sold at Sotheby's in July, 1927, but that firm cannot furnish the name of the buyer nor any further information on the subject. All sources of possible information in England have been exhausted. In the hope that the painting may have found its way into an American collection, I am writing now to ask whether it might be possible to insert a notice in your editorial columns requesting information on the painting. The notice might read as follows:

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Alfred H. Barr, Jr.
Museum of Modern Art, New York"

You may wish to shorten the message or record it in conformity with your usual formula for such notices. I should greatly appreciate it, however, if you can find space for it.

Very sincerely yours,

Alfred H. Barr, Jr.
Director of the Museum Collections

Warner

El Rancho Hotel

PORT-AU-PRINCE, HAITI

Cable address: ELRANCHO Port-au-Prince

ALBERT D. SILVERA, Proprietor
MAX A. NASCHL, Managing Director

Feb 27

August 24, 1957

Dear Alfred Barr,

We had a lovely Polish fun

Dear Keith:

Marga and I felt very badly about not being able to come down for at least a meal with you and Edna in Norwich. We had a complicated last few days preparing our cottage for tenants and trying to salvage a bad dental job by commuting to St. Johnsbury -- no more St. Johnsburg dentists!

We never dare at hand

I was delighted to have the copy of the Dartmouth Alumni Magazine. Good for President Dickey! Real folksy I call it, and I'm surprised that you should feel so snobbish about togetherness. You ought to see the togetherness here during the last days of the Picasso show. We think it's fine. Anyway, you've got the Connecticut between you and Hanover. Keep it there!

as difficult

artists here

as it is in USA -

S

There are three men so far who look good to us & we must have seen 40 or more men & at least 200 so called

Mr. Keith Warner
Box 141
Norwich, Vermont

Sincerely. And, we have yet to go

thru Peter's stable!

Everything is ready for the tourists

Then you are also invited to the opening Tuesday Sept. Fortunately

Marie - Alfred wanted you to see Mrs. Ne.

knows you're a great togetherness fan.

Yet has been an exciting & fabulous experience

Sincerely Keith

Warner

El Rancho Hotel
PORT-AU-PRINCE, HAITI

ALBERT H. SILVERA, Proprietor
MAX A. NARGIL, Managing Director

Cable address: ELRANCHO PortauPrince

Feb 27.

Dear Alfred Barr,

We met Dewitt Peters & then him
I have very interesting Haitians.
After several days of hard
work, I'm convinced its as difficult
to sort out the good artists here
as it is in USA --
There are three men so far who look
good to us & we must have seen 40 or
more men & at least 200 so called
painting. And, we have yet to go
thru Peters' stable!
Everything is priced for the tourists.
Then you are also graded by the
Hotel that boards you. Quite exciting.
Thanks you so much for your letter to Mr Peters
It has been an entre to a fabulous new experience
Sincerely Keith.

DU

Dear Dewitt:

Though it's years since we have met and talked about your extraordinary work in Haiti, I am taking the liberty of writing a letter to you to introduce my good friends, Keith and Edna Warner. They are ardent and experienced collectors, principally of modern French paintings, but have asked me for suggestions as to how to go about seeing the best work produced by the Haitian school.

Of course you are the person whom they should consult above all others.

I think you will like them. I, myself, am very fond of them and find them good company.

Sincerely,

Alfred H. Barr, Jr.

Mr. Dewitt Peters
Centre d'Art
Port-au-Prince,
Haiti

Warner

Haitian artists your friends would find interesting — Jasmin Joseph, Wilson Brigaud, Philomé Obin + Enguerrand Bourgue — are discussed at some length +

~~MRS.~~ SELDEN RODMAN
VALLEY ROAD
OAKLAND, N. J.

Dec 27/55

Dear Alfred —

I'd have been happier to have had your opinion of the crash and perhaps presumptuous views expressed in my 'Eye of Man' but I welcome your friendly note of Dec 22 in any event.

My 'Renaissance in Haiti' is out of print; but 'Haiti the Black Republic', published last year, brings the story of Haitian art up to date and is in other respects, I believe, the most complete study of Haitian culture available. All of the Haitian artists your friends would find interesting — Jasmin Joseph, Wilson Brigaud, Philomé Obin + Enguerrand Bourgue — are discussed at some length +

1955

AHB:ma

The reserve desk will have them for you by the 17th which will be time enough. We leave here Feb 14 + if we can find time in N.Y. will see you for a moment or two, or a bite or two.

illustrated in black + white. Any advice going beyond the text of this book which your friends might require. I'd be glad to supply (if within my powers) should they wish to get in touch with me.

1955

Through no will of mine, I have not been on speaking terms with Jewett Peters since the time (1949-51) when I initiated the mural painting movement + directed the Cathedral work. I am sure that he can be reached, as always, at the Centre d'Art, and that he will welcome + entertain lavishly anyone visiting Port-au-Prince with ~~your~~ an introduction from you, or from René d'Harnoncourt, who knows him well.

Faithfully yours

Selden Rodman

AHB:ma

The ~~[illegible]~~ clerks will have them for me by the 17th which will be time enough. We leave here Feb 14 + if we can find time in N.Y. will see you for a moment or two, or a bite or two.

cc: D. Miller

22 December 1955

Jan 12

Dear Alfred

Dear Seldon:

I have had a letter from collector friends who plan to fly to Haiti early In February for a couple of months, basing their stay at Port au Prince. He says: "I have heard there were and are good painters in Haiti. Can you offer any advice?"

Could I pass on any advice and also could you tell me if you could let me have Dewitt Peters address? I'd appreciate your help.

A Merry Christmas to you.

Sincerely,

Alfred H. Barr, Jr.

Mr. Seldon Rodman
c/o Colonel Z. Wojciechowski
2049 North Ivar Avenue
Hollywood, California

AHB:ma

Thank you very much. Yes there are good painters in Haiti. Wish I could be going to Haiti. Robinson Holmes are all in Dartmouth's Baker library, but all!! out at present. Seldon must be going to Haiti. The reserve desk will have them for you by the 17th which will be time enough. We leave here Feb 14th if we can find time in Haiti will see you for a moment or two, or a bit or two.

Warner

HOPSON ROAD
NORWICH, VERMONT

Jan 12

Dear Alfred,

Thank you very much for the letter to Peters. We will try to see him.

Rodman's books are all in Dartmouth's Baker library, but all!! out at moment!

Someone else must be going to Haiti.

The reserve desk will have them for me by the 17th which will be time enough.

We leave here Feb 14 & if we can find time in N.Y. will see you for a moment or two, or a bite or two.

Thanks again for your efforts in my behalf.

Sincerely
Keith.

Rodman's latest book "Eye of Man" stirred up a reviewer for "Arts". Prof. Arthur Packard has the Baker copy & won't let it go till he criticizes.

K.

Soldier Rodman

Oakland
8-6293

HOPSON ROAD
NORWICH, VERMONT

about Dewitt Peters

Dec 2 -

Dear Alfred Barr,

We fly to Haiti early in Feb & will go island hopping in & out of Port au Prince until apr 1st.

I have heard there were some good painters in Haiti. Can you offer any advice?

We will have 3-4 weeks to look around & hope to find something worth while.

If you enjoy Winter, now is the time to come to Norwich. Its snowing.

Our best to you both

Sincerely Keith.

Soldier Rodman;
c/o Col. Z. Wojciechowski
2049 No. Ivar ave
Hollywood.

Feb March

Warner

Miss D/ Miller

HOPSON ROAD
NORWICH, VERMONT

Sept 15 22 September 1955

Dear Alfred

Thanks for the information on Vanish

Dear Keith:

Thanks for your letter of September 15th, and I do hope that you and Edna will call when you reach the city after the 25th.

I look forward to seeing you.

Sincerely,

Mr. Keith Warner
Hopson Road
Norwich, Vermont

AHB:ma

Sorry has had a good time cleaning out your trip especially time of the past 50 years "School of Paris".

We did a good job on a small Rouault several years ago. The real problem is a soluble Varnish & we will use one of those you advise.

There was a French Varnish available years ago but its no longer procurable.

Will call you in about ten days. Expect to be in Sept. & didn't want to go

HOPSON ROAD
NORWICH, VERMONT

Sept 15

Dear Alfred -

Thanks for the information on Varnish.

Edna has had a good deal experience cleaning oil painting especially those of the past 50 years "School of Paris".

We did a good job on a small Rouault several years ago. The real problem is a soluble varnish & we will use one of those you advise.

There was a French Varnish available years ago but its no longer procurable -

Will call you in about ten days - Expect to be in N.Y. & didn't want to go

away & leave the Romanet in the local barn called (Eyp Co)

Am sent to you both

Keith

Warner

March 9, 1955

Mar 7.

Dear Alfred.

Any time you two can get away [illegible] spend a few days with us in Norwich. I think you might like it & some of the people here.

The dean of Tuck goes back & forth to N.Y quite often & he flies from N.Y to Hanover Fri or Sat nor stop. On Monday to N.Y he takes the 11 Am plane to Boston 40 minutes has lunch in Boston airport & is in N.Y Boston. N.Y Nor stop by 2.30.

Dear Keith:

You and Edna are very thoughtful indeed to ask us to Norwich, but I am afraid it's just impossible this spring. I have a crucial exhibition which opens in May and two other out-of-town engagements which I can not cancel, so that I am afraid I'll just have to say no and hope that you will let us come another time.

It was a pleasure to see you both here in New York. We greatly enjoyed our evening with you.

Sincerely,

Mr. Keith Warner
Hopson Road
Norwich, Vermont

bern

HOPSON ROAD
NORWICH, VERMONT

Mar 7.

Dear Alfred.

Any time you two can get away, we'd love to have you spend a few days with us in Norwich.

I think you might like Dart mouth & some of the people here.

The Dean of Tuck goes back & forth — to N.Y quite often & he flies from N.Y to Hanover Fri or Sat non stop. For Hanover to N.Y he takes the 11 Am plane to Boston 40 minutes has lunch in Boston airport & is in N.Y Boston-NY non stop by 2.30.

March is not the best month but its so changeable, its never monotonous.

Another idea, is for you to stop off here on your way to your camp. I can drive you up there very easily -

Love best to you both

Keith

Washburn

CARNEGIE INSTITUTE
DEPARTMENT OF FINE ARTS
4400 FORBES STREET
PITTSBURGH 13, PENNSYLVANIA
MAyflower 1-7300

GORDON BAILEY WASHBURN
DIRECTOR

LEON ANTHONY ARKUS
ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

September 24, 1956

Mr. Alfred H. Barr
The Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street
New York 19, New York

Dear Mr. Barr:

Mr. Washburn is in Europe and will not be back in the office until the middle of next month. We would like to acknowledge receipt of your letter of September 20, however, and to let you know that it will be brought to his attention when he returns.

Sincerely yours,

Alice Davis
Secretary

Washburn

CARNEGIE INSTITUTE
DEPARTMENT OF FINE ARTS
4400 FORBES STREET
PITTSBURGH 13, PENNSYLVANIA
MAyflower 1-7300

GORDON BAILEY WASHBURN
DIRECTOR

LEON ANTHONY ARKUS
ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

October 22, 1956

Mr. Alfred H. Barr
The Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street
New York 19, New York

Dear Alfred:

I know you took much trouble to answer my letter and I appreciate no end your thoughtfulness.

I also am grateful for your suggestions for changes in the manuscript. In the next couple months I will see what can be done with such records, if anything; possibly no one will respond. It is natural to be dubious about the idea.

Hoping I will have the pleasure of seeing you one day in New York in the very near future, I remain

Gratefully yours,

Gordon
Director

W:mk

Washburn

CARNEGIE INSTITUTE
DEPARTMENT OF FINE ARTS
4400 FORBES STREET
PITTSBURGH 13, PENNSYLVANIA
Mayflower 1-[illegible]

20 September 1956

Dear Gordon:

I have got back to my desk after four months away and find your letter of over a month ago.

If it's not too late, let me say that I read the van Gogh and Whistler pieces with interest and admiration. I do, however, feel some doubts about the feasibility of albums of pictures with recorded comment. Probably I am old fashioned and have not really caught up with the reluctance of people generally to read rather than to look and listen. Please do not think this is a prejudice on my part. Rather, it is a confession of doubt bred of ignorance about the whole problem of current educational techniques.

I did see some of the kinescopes from your television programs and liked them very much. I think I told you that I thought you were really very effective as a television speaker, but you were enormously aided by motion, changes of scale and a feeling on the part of most of the audience that the event was actually taking place somewhere in the studio.

The record albums would have the advantage of a static and much better reproduction, but the recorded voice would not have the illusion of actuality which television has to a large extent.

I feel I am out of my depth here.

As to the pieces themselves, I find much to admire and what I might like to debate would take too much time in writing. Perhaps there is a bit of proofreading on page 3 of the Whistler, spelling, etc., and I would change the word "fake" to "banal" or "vulgar".

In the van Gogh paper, it might be well to introduce the word "symbolist" as well as "synthetist," since the former has even more to do with the Starry Night as an act of free imagination than the latter which, as you say, refers to a formal or abstract esthetic. On page 7, you do indeed underline the word "symbol" without referring to the poets' movement which so much influenced Gauguin and van Gogh. For the last word on the page, I should use "poetry" or "the imagination" rather than "thought". I find that quite often people who resist the imagination as it appears in painting are often easily persuaded if they are reminded of how accustomed they already are to the free imagination in poetry.

Please do not take these superficial remarks seriously. My best to Ruth and yourself.

Sincerely,

Gordon

Mr. Gordon Washburn
Department of Fine Arts
Carnegie Institute
4400 Forbes Street
Pittsburgh 13, Pennsylvania

CARNEGIE INSTITUTE
DEPARTMENT OF FINE ARTS
4400 FORBES STREET
PITTSBURGH 13, PENNSYLVANIA
MAyflower 1-7300

GORDON BAILEY WASHBURN
DIRECTOR

LEON ANTHONY ARKUS
ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

August 9, 1956

Mr. Alfred H. Barr
Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street
New York 19, New York

Dear Alfred:

I am taking the liberty of troubling you for your advice on a project which interests me. If you do not mind, I will appreciate your telling me what you think of it. I have already written Monroe Wheeler for his assistance, but have not as yet heard from him.

My notion is to produce some art appreciation records for the phonograph. An album with a single record might contain six large reproductions in color. The record itself would contain six ten minute talks on these pictures and the makers, three to a side.

I enclose for your examination two trial manuscripts. Knowing how busy your life is I hesitate to ask your advice on anything, but I hope you will be willing to glance through this material and tell me if this idea has merit and if you believe that the essays should be otherwise than they are. This is the time to set the character of the undertaking, and I am only too willing to change any aspects of it that seem mistaken or less good than they might be. Any comment you are willing to make will be much appreciated.

Warmest greetings.

Cordially yours,

Gordon
Director

W:sw
Enclosure

8-9-56

I. JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER

Portrait of the Artist's Mother: Arrangement in Gray and Black, No. 1
(1871, oil, 57 x 64-1/2)
Owned by the Louvre Museum, Paris

Colored prints after Whistler's portrait of his mother - such as the one before you - are nearly as numerous as the American flag. The painting has become a sacred image, a holy icon, by which American motherhood in its twilight years is reverently commemorated. The big picture itself is like a delicate bas-relief, a classical gravestone. Because we know it so well (as with popular quotations), we have come to see it as a symbol of old age rather than as the masterpiece of a particular artist. Yet Whistler, its maker, must be regarded as something more than a charming sentimentalist, as we shall see when we look at this work more closely. Besides, he was a constructive rebel, a man who in fighting for himself fought for every sincere artist.

Although he was an American, born in the shoe town of Lowell, Massachusetts, James McNeill Whistler spent his entire adult life abroad. Like his famous contemporaries, Henry James and the younger painter, John Singer Sargent, he was an expatriate. Having found his delicate art very nearly unacceptable in a more highly cultivated Europe, he feared to return to America. "America," he once

quipped, "is a country where I can never be a prophet." It would not have occurred to him that Americans might be more receptive to his work than Europeans. How, indeed, could he guess that they would prove themselves more open-minded than the French by their warm response to paintings by his colleagues, the French impressionists? Even the idea of a visit to his native land was rejected. "It has been suggested to me many times," he said, "but you see I find art so absolutely irritating to people that really I hesitate before exasperating another nation."

From this we may savor something of his wry wit (of which Oscar Wilde was jealous), as well as of the low artistic reputation that he suffered during his lifetime. Whistler's art became a serious affront to most of his adopted English countrymen, their hostility culminating in 1877 in the attack upon it by John Ruskin, the leading art critic of England. "The ill-educated conceit of the artist," wrote Ruskin, "nearly approached the aspect of willful imposture. I have seen and heard much of cockney impudence before now, but never expected to have a coxcomb ask 200 guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face."

Whistler won his suit against Ruskin for this libelous line and continued to enact his lifelong role as an enemy of the Philistines. As the avenging

Bohemian, his eccentric get-up included a flat-brimmed hat (from which escaped a few black curls with one white lock), lemon-colored vest, eyeglass, and long beribboned cane. This costume often upset the cockney crowd - and was intended to.

"Do you think genius is hereditary?" asked an awed lady. "I can't tell you, Madame," Whistler replied. "Heaven has granted me no offspring."

Yet looking at this well-known portrait of his mother painted in 1871, we may wonder what there was to complain about. We ourselves have become used to such simplicity, and we are no longer surprised by these measured severities which so troubled exhibition visitors in the early seventies. Lord Leighton, Alma-Taddema, or the popular Frenchman, Gérome, were supplying the Salons and rich houses of the day with exotic, oriental fancies, historical scenes, or allegorical nudes. Such fake works of art were full of bright tints and finely finished detail. They were at an opposite pole to this cool, quiet portrait of an aged lady, conceived in a close harmony of subdued tones.

It has sometimes been asked if political events ever have any bearing on the character of the arts. Their close relationship was never more vividly revealed than by the effect on French painting of Commodore Perry's visit to Japan in 1854

which opened this far-away country to western trade. The newly-imported arts of Japan (notably her cheap colored prints) were a revelation to the painters of Paris - especially to the impressionists. Such great artists as Manet, Monet, Gauguin, Van Gogh, and Degas incorporated the lesson of this exotic civilization into their paintings with immense excitement and gratitude. New concepts of light, of color, and of composition were introduced which owed much of their freshness and freedom to the wood-block prints of Hiroshige and Hokusai.

Whistler reveals his indebtedness to Japan in every aspect of his mother's portrait, although the only Japanese object in the picture is the embroidered curtain. His employment of an extremely diffused light which scarcely makes any shadows, and of a simplified mass against a bold area of flat color, are usages of the Japanese color-print artists. The entire composition which opposes the flowing line of the figure to static background areas of almost geometrical rectitude was a Japanese convention. Even the print on the wall (his own view of Black Lion Wharf on the Thames) reminds us of the little tablets of characters in Japanese prints.

By contrasting actively-flowing curves with motionless rectangles, Whistler successfully suggested life (or life movement) within the strict limits of a two-

dimensional surface. The problem of any picture, compositionally speaking, is one of offering action and rests in a meaningful balance. Such a state of equipoise as this invites the eye to move about, but stops it from idling, racing, or sliding out of the picture. Here a mood of serenity and detachment, a slow-pulsed rhythm, has been established by calculated controls. A central road of ingress opens at the bottom of the canvas where the near edge of the dress falls out of the picture. The movement here is upward, leading us into the gentle arabesque of the old lady's figure. The entire design is a contrivance of weights and balances - a dance pattern for the engaged eye that is both nobly measured and harmonious.

Whistler himself called the work "Arrangement in Gray and Black, No. 1," as if it were a musical composition. He believed that a picture, like a piece of music, must first be judged as an orchestration of tones and forms. Association with the impressionist painters had taught him that colors are virtually independent of objects, according to shifts of light and atmosphere. Colors, then, being variable, may be treated as "colors in themselves" and played with like detached musical notes. "To me," he said, "it is interesting as a portrait of my mother, but what can or ought the public to care about the identity of the portrait."

Back in his Paris days when he shared quarters with Du Maurier (the author of Trilby), Whistler happened one day to mention his Presbyterian parent.

"Your mother?" exclaimed Lamont. "Who would have thought of your having a mother, Jimmy!"

"Yes, indeed, I have a mother," was the reply, "and a very pretty bit of color she is, I can tell you."

For his titles, Whistler often used the terms Arrangement, Symphony, or Nocturne to indicate that the abstract structure of the work was his primary concern. In fact this emphasis on the nonfigurative element made him a pioneer on that frontier towards which all artistry was slowly moving. It naturally exposed him to the jibes of his enemies as well as those of such friends as the poet Swinburne, who wickedly wrote: "Assuredly Phideas thought of other things than 'arrangements' in marble - as certainly as Aeschylus thought of other things than 'arrangements' in metre."

Today we can see that Whistler's contribution lay chiefly in his superior taste, a taste which by reason of its sensitivity and refinement offered some compensation for his basic inability to create form. George Moore, the writer, nearly

understood this when he noted that Whistler "was a man of nerves rather than a man of muscle." It was another way of saying that he was more a decorator than a creator, one whose art was dedicated to the pleasure of the eye as an end in itself.

In this single, pale masterpiece from his hand one may read the artist's whole story, a story, we may safely guess, which is partly his mother's. Of all of Whistler's work this is the one that George Moore liked best. He perceived that, more than in any other portrait from his hand, Whistler was here "absorbed in his model."

The secret of Whistler's fragile art, we may surmise, resides precisely within the fact of his mother's Sabbatarian background, her severe Puritanism. Whistler could escape from this American heritage into Bohemian poses as a defensive measure but he could not attain a fully creative liberation. He deeply loved his mother's Quaker-like austerity and purity, and he here celebrated it. Moreover, he himself could make use of this bloodless Puritan discipline to reject the shoddy taste of the Academicians and to clear his art of all their portentious and heroic elements. Yet, he was more crippled than he was blessed by inhibitive pressures and denials that shrank his art to delicate, sensuous decisions. The greatest

artists are not limited to the production of nuances, however exquisite or intelligent they may be.

Jimmy Whistler's portrait of his mother was bought by the Louvre in 1891 for the sum of $800.00, after having been grudgingly exhibited at the Royal Academy in London in 1872 and shown in Philadelphia in 1881. When a few years ago the picture was brought to the United States for a tour of our American museums, it was insured for $600,000.00. This quaint re-evaluation would have made the little master, who signed himself with a butterfly, smile.

August 9, 1956

II. Vincent Van Gogh (1853-1890)

The Starry Night, 1889 - Oil, 29" x 36-1/4"
Acquired 1941, through the Lillie P. Bliss Bequest, by The Museum of Modern Art, New York City

"Dear Theo,

At the moment that all my money is gone, absolutely gone, I write to you once again.

If you can send anything, be it only fr. 5, do so. There are still ten days in the month left, and how am I to get through them? For I have absolutely nothing left. Even at the baker's, nothing..."

So opens one of the hundreds of letters that Vincent Van Gogh, the Dutch painter, wrote over the course of his lifetime to his brother, Theodore. A reminder of his hopeless financial condition was usually unnecessary. Most of Vincent's letters to him began as thank-you notes. Theo knew that his brother depended upon him and that he lived sparingly. In fact, the artist would subsist for weeks on bread and coffee to save for canvases and paints, his rent or his models.

They wrote each other every week, these brothers, and sometimes much oftener. Vincent believed - even to the day of his death - that his luck might change and the opportunity be given him to pay back this brother who anxiously supported him. But only in the last year of his life was he able to sell a single one of the six hundred pictures that he painted between 1886 (the year of this worried note) and July, 1890 - i.e. four years later - when he shot himself.

"One must work and dare," he wrote Theo early in his career, "I repeat, let us paint as much as we can and be productive, and be ourselves with all our faults and qualities; I say us because the money from you, which I know costs you trouble enough to procure me, gives you the right, when there is some good in my work, to consider half of it your own creation."

Though Vincent, with his tormented and irascible nature, could not live in close proximity to anyone - even to the devoted Theo himself - he intended that this brother of his should share his creative thoughts and acts. Every idea, and almost every brush stroke, was described in a stream of letters that brought Theo into each hour of Vincent's short but intense life. "And if you do not see any results from it, my dear," the painter wrote him, "don't fret about that; your own goodness abides."

So it was that Theo Van Gogh became his "brother's keeper," not only financially but also as his confident and alter ego. Without him, Vincent would probably never have developed his genius and we should have had no masterpieces: no Sunflowers, no Bedroom at Arles, no Starry Night. Bound together by the living tissue of these letters, each life was laced to the other's more closely than those of people who live in the same room.

And when Vincent died, after a year and a half of intermittent mental derangement, Theo himself gave up his life out of worry, sorrow, and exhaustion. As a

poor art dealer's assistant, Theo had largely supported his elder brother ever since Vincent relinquished his youthful hope of becoming an evangelist and had resolved to be an artist.

Although the rebellious sons of clergymen usually reject idealism, Vincent rebelled only at human hypocrisy. Christ had called upon men to leave their worldly attachments and to follow him. So, casting aside even his decent clothes, like one of the young saints, Vincent had attempted to live in equal poverty with the wretched miners in the black country of South Belgium. When rescued by his father, he had nearly lost his life in this service.

Vincent Van Gogh would tolerate neither the customary human compromises that men make nor any self-indulgence. Thereafter, since he could not serve God as an evangelist, he would minister to his fellow men as an artist. This became the primary motive of his art: to reveal the glory of God. So, though we may not immediately guess it, his paintings are always religious works.

The Starry Night (in reproduction before you) is actually a Holy Night, although there is no stable or manger in it, nor any Christ child lying there.

Making excessive demands upon himself, "in a rage of work," as he called it, Vincent kept himself from surrendering to his own miseries and anxieties. "It

does me good to do difficult things," he wrote Theo, as he drove himself for twelve hours or more a day. "But that does not prevent me having a terrible need of - shall I say the word - of religion. Then I go out at night to paint the stars."

It wasn't until June, 1889, that he finally painted this great Starry Night, now in the collection of New York's Museum of Modern Art. He had made other night scenes before, but, being one who liked to paint directly from nature, he was puzzled by the problem of working in the dark. He could stand in the starlight before his easel, his hat ringed with candles, but this was not sufficient.

In the end, it was his friend Gauguin, who - on the ill-fated visit to him in Arles - resolved the difficulty. Gauguin urged him to paint from his imagination and "by heart," as their mutual friend, Emile Bernard, had also been counseling him by letter. These artists perceived that Vincent clung to a native Dutch naturalism in his dependence on his motif, and they were eager to see him free himself, as they had done, from the tyranny of the model. In this they were in opposition to the advice of Theo who disliked their attempts to persuade his brother to paint as a Synthetist - which is to say, more abstractly.

The Starry Night, its "lines distorted like those in old woodcuts" (as Vincent wrote Theo), marks the effectiveness of their pressure, and the reconstruction

of Van Gogh's style in accordance with Gauguin's powerful influence. Vincent's employment of a swirling arabesque that binds the parts is unmistakable evidence of this. "That rhythmic line," Gauguin had said, "that arabesque, is alone permissable which leads the feelings through a capricious maze and brings them thus to the heart."

Only the little cottages in the village stabilize our eyes by their blunt verticals and horizontals. Otherwise we are swept up by the flame-like cypress tree and tossed upon the waves of the hills or into the great winds of this vast apocalyptic sky. The whole spectacle of the subtropical night with its stars hanging in the blue heavens, like the golden apples of the Hesperides, is an invention of the artist. Submitting to the poetic intent, we welcome Vincent's powerful vision as we would a great chorale, one that is projected in deep notes and chords of color instead of harmonic sounds - in blues and in red, in dark greens and yellow.

Vincent painted this famous night-picture, offering us his message of peace and hope, a month after he had entered the hospital for the insane at Saint Rémy in southern France. In the nearby village of Arles, he had mutilated himself by cutting off an ear during the visit from Gauguin, and now the townspeople had forced him to seek refuge in an institution. Since he was only occasionally subject

to mental attacks, he was able to continue with his work and even, as we have seen, to revise his style.

Vincent had mentioned his desire to paint The Starry Night in earlier letters - "a picture," he had declared,"that haunts me always." Moreover he had long since forseen that "color expresses something in itself" such as this ultramarine blue which creates the feeling of infinity. Color he said may be used "to suggest any emotion."

"I am always in hope," he wrote Theo, "of making a discovery there, to express the love of two lovers by a marriage of complimentary colors, their mingling, their opposition, the mysterious vibrations of kindred tones...To express hope by some star, the eagerness of a soul by a sunset radiance. Certainly," he concluded, "there is nothing in that of stereoscopic realism, but is it not something that actually exists?"

Postimpressionists, such as Gauguin, Renoir, and Van Gogh, were interested in a larger field of reality than that of the senses which the impressionists had at first recorded. They were conscious of a compound reality, a truth to nature that included their constructive thoughts and feelings as well as the experiences of their eyes. These feelings, moreover, must be pure and true, uncontaminated by

the hypocrisies of a spoiled middle class. For this reason Vincent, like his friend Gauguin, had rejected his own class in order to become a plain artisan, as close to a peasant or workingman as possible. To be true to himself was a fundamental necessity, and this might be accomplished only on a more primitive level of life - a level of timeless relations with simple things.

The Starry Night is not, as we see, a particular night - a special moment in time, such as an impressionist painter would have offered us. It represents all that is most beautiful in the experience of night - such a miraculous night as Christ himself was born in. Van Gogh sees humanity hidden in its humble little shelters (whose windows, here and there, reveal the consoling lamp), canopied with the great mystery and beauty of the heavens, overhung with the wild wastes of infinity, the incomprehensible wonders of God. Men huddle below; while above, in superhuman reaches, wheel the constellations and the planets in a wilderness of space.

It is actually a painted symbol of night which Vincent offers us, a symbol that combines the actuality of such a scene with his deep-felt ideas about it. The picture itself is a bridge suspended between two real experiences, known to all of us, that of the visible world of the senses and that of the invisible one of thought.

Thus, as we may see, painting, for Vincent Van Gogh, was a means of communion with God through a deep and intense reverence for reality. "The best way to know God," he had written, "is to love many things."

Washburn

CARNEGIE INSTITUTE
DEPARTMENT OF FINE ARTS
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PITTSBURGH 13, PENNSYLVANIA
MAyflower 1-7300

GORDON BAILEY WASHBURN
DIRECTOR

LEON ANTHONY ARKUS
ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

March 30, 1956

Mr. Alfred H. Barr, Jr.
The Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street
New York 19, New York

Dear Alfred:

We are sending away to find out the date of the Battke portrait drawing of Matisse.

Thank you so much for your kind remarks about the fragments of my kinescopes which you saw. I don't think I am in a position as yet to really estimate the public response to them. We have no massive fan mail as a result of them but we do receive a good many complimentary comments. I presume that I can answer your question about the public response a little better after the entire series has been shown in Pittsburgh. I will be glad to let you know if any estimate is possible.

Very sincerely yours,

Gordon
Director

W:ld

Washburn

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PITTSBURGH 13, PENNSYLVANIA
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GORDON BAILEY WASHBURN
DIRECTOR

LEON ANTHONY ARKUS
ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

February 21, 1956

Mr. Alfred Barr, Jr.
Director Museum Collections
Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street
New York 19, New York

Dear Alfred:

I hope it may be possible for you to come for a preview of two television kinescopes which will be screened by Robert Snyder in the projection room of the Museum of Modern Art on Thursday, March 1, at eleven-thirty o'clock. Mr. Snyder, film and television director, has recently made a series of kinescopes at WQED in Pittsburgh, two of which will be shown on this occasion.

The series consists of half hour performances under the title "Looking at Modern Art with Gordon Washburn." The project has been undertaken with a grant of money from the Ford Foundation's Fund for Adult Education. It goes without saying that the project has been experimental since even many of the techniques involved had to be uncovered in the process.

The kinescopes were made one a week with no rehearsals, the time for making them being only Saturdays over a period of twelve weeks. WQED, which has sponsored them, is Pittsburgh's educational television station, the first, I think, which came into being in the country. It is expected that these kinescopes will be used by other educational television stations throughout the country.

Hoping that it may be possible for you to attend the projection, I remain

Cordially yours,

Gordon
Director

Wld

Washburn

CARNEGIE INSTITUTE
DEPARTMENT OF FINE ARTS
4400 FORBES STREET
PITTSBURGH 13, PENNSYLVANIA
MAyflower 1-7300

GORDON BAILEY WASHBURN
DIRECTOR

LEON ANTHONY ARKUS
ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

September 9, 1955

Mr. Alfred H. Barr, Jr.
Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street
New York 19, New York

Dear Alfred:

This is a special letter to invite you and Marga to the opening of the International. I have been talking to Dave Thompson about the possibility and he says he will tell you when he sees you in New York that he wants you to be his special guests on this occasion. He won't put you up at his own house but at a hotel. This is because he is a juror and is going to be entertaining the jury of award. I have leapt at the opportunity his invitation provides to express a particular and very warm hope that you may both come.

If, however, you hate all openings and think it would be more fun to plan for another occasion, don't hesitate to say so, but do let us know when this can be. I am especially anxious to have you see this exhibition which is very superior to the last and which already excites me immensely as it seems so full of dazzlingly good work.

Ruth gets home in about a week, and I long to hear her report of the visits you had together in the summer. You can't know how much I envied you.

With warmest greetings,

As ever,

Gordon
Director

W:ld

Washburn

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DEPARTMENT OF FINE ARTS
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PITTSBURGH 13, PENNSYLVANIA
MAyflower 1-7300

GORDON BAILEY WASHBURN
DIRECTOR

LEON ANTHONY ARKUS
ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

October 24, 1955

Mr. Alfred H. Barr, Jr.
The Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street
New York 19, New York

Dear Alfred:

I am horrified that the opening of the International coincided with your letter asking for Stephan's address, with the result that I have delayed answering it much too long. He is listed under his wife's name in the New York telephone book at 60 East 94th Street, the telephone being AT-9-4190.

I shall be miserable if you don't get up to see the International, but I feel that your first duty is to your health. I hope that this letter finds you in better condition and improved spirits.

Ruth joins me in sending affectionate greetings.

Gordon
Director

W:ld

Washburn

10 October 1955

Dear Gordon:

I am trying to locate Stefan Bourgeois. Could you give me his address and phone number if you happen to have them?

Many thanks,

Sincerely,

Alfred H. Barr, Jr.

Mr. Gordon Washburn
Director
Department of Fine Arts
Carnegie Institute
4400 Forbes Street
Pittsburgh 13, Pennsylvania

AHB:ma

URGENT

CARNEGIE · INSTITUTE
DEPARTMENT · OF · FINE · ARTS
PITTSBURGH · PENNSYLVANIA

January 3, 1955

GORDON BAILEY WASHBURN
DIRECTOR

December 7, 1954

Mr. Alfred H. Barr, Jr.
Director Museum Collections
Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street
New York 19, New York

Dear Alfred:

I have an urgent job you have asked to assist with the choice of a sculptor to do a monument which will be on the facade of the Graduate School of Public Health, a new building about to be erected in Pittsburgh. This request for assistance has come to me from Dr. Thomas Parran, the nationally distinguished medical man who was brought [illegible] years ago to help the University of Pittsburgh to develop a major medical center in this city.

Unfortunately, there is a serious time element to be taken into consideration. The finished sculpture will have to be ready to be put up on the first of July, 1955. In other words, [illegible] months time.

Money for the building and its accessories has been given by the Mellon family, and it was on the advice of [illegible] that Dr. Parran has asked for my council. He hoped that I might be willing to write some of my colleagues, including yourself, on his behalf to ask for recommendations of a sculptor to do the job which is required. It was their feeling and Dr. Parran's that they would wish to follow the advice of such art directors as I might deem it wise to [illegible] There is no political pressure, therefore, to choose a nondescript artist merely to satisfy immediate public favor. Apparently they [illegible] work of great distinction.

I [illegible] time left to commission such a work and to have it executed [illegible] letter to you air mail in the warm hope that you may be willing to reply at your earliest possible moment.

AHB:ma

Dear Gordon:

I should have replied to your letter of December 7 about a sculptor to do a monument for the Graduate School of Public Health weeks ago. I am sorry that the pressure of work has been so great that I've simply not taken time off to contemplate my sins of omission. I hope it's not too late, for it's a magnificent project.

I would suggest:

1. Seymour Lipton
2. David Hare
3. Herbert Ferber
4. David Smith
5. Ibram Lassaw

I am assuming that you prefer Americans, but Lipchitz, though French, is the greatest sculptor in America.

Again, with apologies.

Sincerely,

in my opinion

Alfred H. Barr, Jr.

Mr. Gordon Washburn
Carnegie Institute
Department of Fine Arts
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

URGENT

CARNEGIE · INSTITUTE
DEPARTMENT · OF · FINE · ARTS
PITTSBURGH · PENNSYLVANIA

GORDON · BAILEY · WASHBURN
DIRECTOR

December 7, 1954

Mr. Alfred H. Barr, Jr.
Director Museum Collections
Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street
New York 19, New York

Dear Alfred:

I have at luncheon today been asked to assist with the choice of a sculptor to do a monument which will be on the facade of the Graduate School of Public Health, a new building about to be erected in Pittsburgh. This request for assistance has come to me from Dr. Thomas Parran, the nationally distinguished medical man who was brought to Pittsburgh some years ago to help the University of Pittsburgh to develop a major medical center in this city.

Unfortunately, there is a serious time element to be taken into consideration. The finished sculpture will have to be ready to be put up on the first of July, 1955. In other words, in little over six months time.

Money for the building and its accessories has been given by the Mellon family, and it was on the advice of the Mellons that Dr. Parran has asked for my council. He hoped that I might be willing to write some of my colleagues, including yourself, on his behalf to ask for recommendations of a sculptor to do the job which is required. It was their feeling and Dr. Parran's that they would wish to follow the advice of such art directors as I might deem it wise to apply to. There is no political pressure, therefore, to choose a nondescript artist merely to satisfy immediate public favor. Apparently they wish to commission some work of great distinction.

In view of the limited time left to commission such a work and to have it executed, I am sending this letter to you air mail in the warm hope that you may be willing to reply at your earliest possible moment.

A quite sizeable sculpture is required which will be applied to the surface of the facade of the building where it faces a main street. The building rises on different levels because it is built on a hillside. The entire facade measures 43' wide by 76' high. The area upon which the sculpture will be applied will be light yellowish brick above a granite foundation. The height of this granite base is 18' and the height of the brick surface is 58'. The only other architectural element involved is an immense bay window of curved glass with a limestone coping around it on the exact center of the wall to its base. Fortunately, the design of this window can remain fluid until a sculptor is hired who can advise on its character. In my opinion it would be better if no window were there at all, and indeed its elimination may be accomplished if luck attends us.

I have explained to Dr. Parran and his associates that modern sculpture is often of welded iron or bronze, and that several of the artists whose talents I will recommend to them may well wish to work in such mediums. If not, a stone sculpture would probably have to be inserted into the wall of the building and thus the entire wall would need to be delayed in its construction to give the sculptor sufficient time to accomplish his task. This question, together with the redesign or elimination of the window, will have to be settled by April 30.

It had already occurred to Dr. Parran that a competition of invited sculptors might be a good idea, but we have both concluded that there is not time for such a project. This means that some individual will have to be chosen at the earliest possible moment and that it must be hoped that he can undertake the job with dispatch. All this hurry is utterly detestable, of course, but we have to take things, in this instance, as we find them.

He and the Mellons are quite willing that any sculptor whatsoever should be commissioned whether American or foreign. I have told him myself that I would prefer an American be chosen simply because it is a wonderful opportunity for an American artist to show what he is capable of on an American building. In your recommendations, however, you may feel otherwise and wish to suggest foreigners. Won't you be good enough to list a number of choices, putting them in the order of your preference. It is not to be expected that the sculpture must be allegorical or representational. Evidently, however, Dr. Parran hopes that its motive might in some fashion symbolize the idea of public health. He and the Mellons will, I am sure, be liberal in their attitude about

this aspect of the matter. Personally, I intend to recommend, among others, the following names: Lipschitz, Roszak, Lassaw, and David Smith.

To return to the bow window, I should not like you to think that the building itself is as old-fashioned as this ornament would suggest. Without being a distinguished edifice, it is designed in simple block lines and the bow window is merely a Georgian escrescence which I presume was already put there to make up for the blankness of the facade before a sculpture had been conceived for it. Dr. Parran does not seem to think it impossible that it should come out altogether.

The amount of money which may be available is roughly $25,000 to $50,000 for the completed sculpture before its installation. Perhaps this sum can be enlarged, if necessary. There would seem to be some hope of this.

The so-called sculpture itself need not, of course, be a single form. It could be a number of forms tied together in some fashion with the entire wall taken into account as a background. Obviously, there is no time for even more fluid trends such as the use of carved glass, molded tiles, etc., in an over-all effect as on the facade of the Library of the University of Mexico.

All of us here in Pittsburgh who are concerned with this project will be immensely grateful to you for your advice, and we will gladly let you know how the matter progresses and what decision is reached. Obviously a quick decision is necessary.

Cordially and gratefully yours,

Gordon

Director

W:ld

Watson
letter copy

PETER WATSON

MAX WEBER 11 BARTLEY ROAD · GREAT NECK · LONG ISLAND · NEW YORK

Before the war, the distinguished, sensitive,

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, May 12, 1956
Vol. LI: No. 1313.

Watson
letter copy

PETER WATSON

MAX WEBER · 17 BARTLEY ROAD · GREAT NECK · LONG ISLAND · NEW YORK

Before the war, the distinguished, sensitive, rich, generous and handsome young man who

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, May 12, 1956
Vol. LI: No. 1313.

Watson

letter copy

PETER WATSON

Before the war, the distinguished, sensitive, rich, generous and handsome young man who collected artists and their works around him at his attractive apartment in the Rue du Bac, was something of a legend. Peter Watson with his perfectionism, his beautiful birdlike elegance, his sympathetic involvement in a great many other lives and works, might well, a generation earlier, have provided the model for a Henry James hero. Under his lightness and hospitality, there was an insistent sadness, a capacity for suffering deeply for those he loved, and his passionate crusading for modern art was tinged with a deep pessimism about modern life. He was the most delightful of companions with whom to travel and see things; but he could also be disturbing. His enthusiasm was undermined by his lack of hope for the future of the values about which he cared.

He will be remembered as a most discriminating collector who chose works by some of the best living artists when they were unknown, and supported others through periods of struggling difficulty. It is characteristic of him that although a great collector, he had no "collection." He was unacquisitive, and took no pride in possessions. Everything he did, he did for love of work or of people. Amongst the things he did was to help found, and to pay for, Horizon: a magazine--the last of its kind--which had the aura of entirely personal values. The Institute of Contemporary Art he also helped found and manage. He did as much to help the staff there in their needs, as the artists exhibited.

Peter Watson's death seems like the extinction of the last of a rare, disinterested, pure and quasting human species. No other patron was so individual, so non-institutional: even the word "patron" seems wrong from him--perhaps a better word would be friend. He helped all and everyone--whatever his calling--who asked him, and many who did not. He will be remembered as a person whose love for beautiful things was matched by his love for people simply as themselves. No one asked less for fame; no one is likely to be less easily forgotten by those who knew him.

STEPHEN SPENDER

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, May 12, 1956
Vol. LI: No. 1313.

MAX WEBER · 11 HARTLEY ROAD · GREAT NECK · LONG ISLAND · NEW YORK

April 25. 1956

Dear Alfred:

I want to thank you for the telegram you sent me on the occasion of the celebration of my 75th birthday at the headquarters of the Artists Equity, April 18.

I was deeply moved by your kind words, and I assure you that I too have never forgotten, and never will, my retrospective exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art in 1930, and your most able and friendly part in its organization and presentation.

With best wishes for continued strength and courage in your invaluable contribution to the life and significance of universal Modern Art.

Sincerely

Max Weber

After 3 days, return to
MAJESTIC SHIPPING & FORWARDING CO.,
35 South William St.,
NEW YORK 4, N. Y.

NEW YORK, N.Y. JUL 11 7 30PM 1955

CHUR

UNITED STATES POSTAGE THREE 3 CENTS

Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53 St.
New York NY.

Att. Mr Alfred Barr

Yes - delighted - and
me a card

THE MUSEUM OF

Collection

To: AHB

From: MA

Artists Equity is giving a [redacted] for Ma
Westover Hotel, 72nd Street.

Anton Refregier called to ask if you co
are inviting a number of museum offici

Mr. Refregier would like a reply today,

in ho

y

ad

co-

ew

Calendar

Yes - delighted - send me a card

THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

253 W 72nd

Date 29 March 1956

To: AHB

Re: MAX WEBER celebration

From: MA

Artists Equity is giving a ~~party~~ in honor of for Max Weber on April 13 at 8:30 in the Westover Hotel, 72nd Street.

Anton Refregier called to ask if you could be among those to attend. They are inviting a number of museum officials.

Mr. Refregier would like a reply today, if it is at all possible.

Marie

any time.

Sincerely,

Walter A. Weiss

Walter A. Weiss

WAW:eg

Fall Weiss

Weiss

42 EAST 74TH STREET
NEW YORK 21, N.Y.

RHinelander 4-6362
TRafalgar 9-7827

, 1955

May 12, 1955

Mr. Alfred H. Barr, Jr.
Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street
New York City, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Barr:

Thank you for your courteous and friendly advice on the telephone this morning. I hope when you emerge from the current load we may have an opportunity to sit down together. My office is in the house here and my secretary can make an appointment any time.

Sincerely,

Walter A. Weiss

Walter A. Weiss

WAW:eg

COORDINATION

Weiss

cc: Mr. d'Harnoncourt
D. Miller

February 16, 1955

Dear Mr. Weiss:

I have read your letter to our Coordination Committee which found it very interesting, but concluded that in view of our other responsibilities we would not be able to take part in the psychotherapeutic plan which you propose. Nevertheless, we appreciate your having let us know about it.

Sincerely,

Alfred H. Barr, Jr.

Mr. Walter A. Weiss
President
Institute for Psychotherapy
42 East 74th Street
New York 21, New York

AHB:ma

COORDINATION

42 EAST 14TH STREET
NEW YORK 21, N.Y.

RHinelander 4-6362

February 14, 1955

Mr. Alfred Barr
Museum of Modern Art
West 53rd Street
New York City, N. Y.

We have talked about our low-cost service for artists project. Our feeling is artists have a special need for analysis and we can make an interesting research study, attracting good therapists from the different groups to working together. This combines several top merit objectives, enthusing us greatly.

We have just been granted $25,000, to be matched. Perhaps you would enjoy taking all or part of this opportunity, or can give us a good lead.

INSTITUTE FOR PSYCHOTHERAPY

Walter A. Weiss, President

WAW:eg

Dear Mr. Barr:

This money was given by The Arts Fund, Inc. I would welcome an opportunity to discuss the project with you and will call to make an appointment.

W.A.W.

yellow
Mehrli

yellow wehrli

May 25, 1955

Dear Dr. Wehrli:

Although I believe you have already met Mr. and Mrs. William A. M. Burden, just in case you have not I am sending this letter to introduce them to you. Mr. Burden, as you know, is the President of our Museum and an ardent collector of modern painting. He is very much interested in the exhibition of works from our collection which is coming to the Kunsthaus under your supervision.

I am writing you now, however, to ask you whether it would be possible for you to make arrangements with Mr. E. Bührle so that Mr. and Mrs. Burden may see his magnificent collection. I do not know Mr. Bührle personally or I would write him directly. I hope this will not prove difficult.

With very kind regards to you, I am

Sincerely,

Alfred H. Barr, Jr.

Dr. R. Wehrli
Director
The Kunsthaus
Heimplatz 1
Zürich, Switzerland

New York 19, New York

BJ:b

140 Central Park South
NY 19 NY

Weinstock

July 13, 1955

Dear Mrs. Weinstock:

Thank you for your letter to Mr. Barr of July 8 with its kind offer to lend your painting by Doris Rosenthal to the current exhibition of "Paintings from Private Collections." Unfortunately your letter arrived after Mr. Barr's departure for a two-month trip to Europe. Since it was he alone who made the selection of works to be included in the exhibition and since he could not, of course, make any decision about your picture without first seeing it, I am afraid your offer must be gratefully declined.

Your letter will, of course, be brought to Mr. Barr's attention when he returns in the fall.

Meanwhile, many thanks to you for your generous gesture.

Sincerely,

Betsy Jones
Secretary of the Museum Collections

Mrs. Evelyn Weinstock
250 Central Park South
New York 19, New York

BJ:b

July 8/55

Dear Mr. Barr

I am presenting a painting entitled "Cat" by Doris Rosenthal owned by my husband & I to the Museum for the Summer show. Looking forward to hearing from you -

Sincerely

Evelyn J. Weinstock

250 Central Park South
NY 19 NY

STATENS K
MODERI
Stockholm
Tel. 107411, 1
Porten 2

July 8/55

Dear Pers -

I am the owner of a painting by Doris Rosenthal entitled "Estrelletas" which I would like to loan to your Museum for the Summer show.

Looking forward to hearing from you -

Yours truly

(Mrs) Evelyne J. Winstock

240 Central Park South

NY 19 NY

ion
I

and go from there to several museums in different parts of the USA. About January 1st I shall be back in N.Y. and stay there for about one and a half month.

I should be very happy to meet you personally and to have the opportunity to study the different museumactivities carefully. I hope this would be possible.

Very truly yours

(Bo Wennberg)

Keeper of the Museum of Modern Art

Stockholm

Wennberg

STATENS KONSTSAMLINGAR
MODERNA MUSEET
Stockholm 100
Tel. 107411, 107415
Porten 208104

Stockholm, 3rd October 1958.

Mr. Alfred H. Barr
Director of the Museum Collection
The Museum of Modern Art
NEW YORK 19
N.Y. USA

Dear Sir,

The Museum of Modern Art in Stockholm was opened in May this year as a special section of the National Museum.

In order to develop the activities of this new institution and to get new contacts I am now on my way to the USA. I will arrive in New York some time about October 15th.

I intend to stay at first only for about a week in N.Y. and go from there to several museums in different parts of the USA. About January 1st I shall be back in N.Y. and stay there for about one and a half month.

I should be very happy to meet you personally and to have the opportunity to study the different museumactivities carefully. I hope this would be possible.

Very truly yours

Bo Wennberg

(Bo Wennberg)

Keeper of the Museum of Modern Art

Stockholm

Wennberg

Nationalmuseum
Stockholm
4.II.57

Director Alfred H.Barr,Jr.
The Museum Collection
The Museum of Modern Art
New York 19

Dear Mr. Barr,

I am very glad you did like our Guernica-catalogue. Under separate cover we send you two more copies, and we should be able to send you a few more if you need them for the museum. People outside of the staff will be able to get the catalogue at Wittenborn and Company, 38 East 57th Street, New York 22, N.Y.. This firm has been authorized to sell it in the USA.

Sincerely yours,

(Bo Wennberg)

22

Wennberg

28 January 1957

Dear Mr. Wennberg:

My colleagues and I have very much enjoyed looking through the catalogue of your Guernica exhibition, so much so in fact that I wonder if we may trouble you to send another copy. We would very much appreciate it.

Meanwhile, thank you for the copy which we have received.

Sincerely,

Alfred H. Barr, Jr.
Director of the Museum Collection

Mr. Bo Wennberg
Moderna Museet
Stockholm, Sweden

AHB:ma

Werner

July 5, 1955

Dear Mr. Werner:

Thank you for your letter of June 26 with your publications and bibliography. I am glad to have them and shall not forget them.

Sincerely,

Alfred H. Barr, Jr.
Director of the Museum Collections

Mr. Alfred Werner
Hotel Bryant
Broadway and 54 Street
New York, New York

AHB:bj

Hotel Bryant, Bway & 54th, NYC
June 29

Dr Alfred H Barr
Museum of Modern Art
New York 19, NY

Dear Dr Barr:

Enclosed find a list of some of my articles, and of the books I edited (with introductions, notes etc. etc.)

Please keep the two reprints.

I wish to thank you for having given me so much of your time.

Sincerely yours,

Alfred Werner

Editor

Giotto: Frescoes in the Upper Church of Assisi (H Felix Kraus, New York 1949

Women of Japan: Japanese Color Prints (2 vols., H. Felix Kraus, New York 195

Icons

Medieval Miniatures

Indian Miniatures

Famous Portrait Miniatures (all published by A.A. Wyn, New York, 1950-1951)

Utrillo (Portfolio, De Luxe and Pocket Book Edition, H.N.Abrams, 1952-53)

Dufy (Pocket Book Edition, H.N.Abrams, 1953)

ALFRED WERNER
HOTEL BRYANT, B'WAY & 54 ST.
NEW YORK 19, N.Y.

Please turn →

Some of my articles on art and artists published since 1948

ALFRED WERNER
HOTEL BRYANT, B'WAY & 54 ST.
NEW YORK 19, N.Y.

Scutine, Commentary, May 1948

Yankel Adler, Commentary, September 1948

Modigliani, Tomorrow, April 1951

Hitler's Legacy to German Art, United Nations World, December 1951

12 Apostles of Color, United Nations World, April 1952

Austrian Art, South Atlantic Quarterly, April 1952

The Painting Plague, American Mercury, December 1952

Utrillo, United Nations World, January 1953

Modigliani, Commentary, May 1953

Dufy, United Nations World, July 1953

Pissarro, Commentary, July 1954

Lipchitz, Progressive, August 1954

German Painters under Thirty-Five, American-German Review, December 1955

Utrillo, South Atlantic Quarterly, January 1955

Matisse, Progressive, February 1955

Taft Museum, Art Digest, April 15, 1955

Derain, Antioch Review, summer 1955

Berenson, Progressive, June 1955

Liebermann, American-German Review, ~~December~~ August 1955

Reviews of Books on Art in

Staats-Zeitung, New Leader, Art Digest, Antioch Review, New Republic, Progressive, Saturday Review, NY Times, NY Post, College Art Journal.

aristocratic statement: "Art is by the few and for the few"; he was a foe of amateurism to his very end. While it is difficult to draw a sharp line between the realm of the artist and that of the amateur — still, a line must be drawn somewhere.

At first, the trade papers sided with the worried professionals. When a veteran like the German surrealist Max Ernst publicly declared (tongue in cheek?) that the exhibition, "They Taught Themselves," was the finest show he had seen since coming to America, *Art Digest* sharply rebuked him — what right did he have to mislead the general public? Eventually, however, two magazines decided that it was good business to install a cozy corner for the various businessmen's, doctors', and other amateur clubs, lest their doings get mixed up with the activities of bona fide artists. In one magazine, amateur exhibitions are reviewed exclusively on an amateurs' page. Yet there are inevitable complications. Grandma Moses is now being featured among the professionals. The New York show of the wife of the Iranian ambassador to the Court of St. James was reviewed on the amateurs' page; the critic praised her for stealing time from hostessing. But in the next issue the lady indignantly retorted that she was a professional painter and expected to be treated as such.

The worst offenders are, of course, some of the popular mass-circulation magazines. Until recently, art was scarcely one of their more pressing concerns. In the last few years, however, it has invaded their pages in the form of lush color photographs. But here again the daubs made by famous military men, actors, corporation lawyers, dress designers, boxers, and hostesses outweigh serious art to a large extent. It is true that some of them show an astonishing skill; but none of them betray a trace of exceptional talent, freshness of approach, or boldness of idea. Nobody would look at them twice if they didn't bear a well-known name. A few of them are slick portraits; the majority are landscapes, a subject preferred by amateurs because it is believed to be "easier."

ART IS NOW something that "everybody can do." Everybody has a sister or an uncle who paints. For a couple of dollars you can even buy a sketched-in picture ready for "coloring"; numbers on the sketch refer you to numbered paint pots. This kit guarantees a "genuine" hand-painted picture. It is hard to see why everybody isn't happy. The owners of art shops certainly are — they have never experienced such a boom.

Yet we are farther away from producing masters than we were twenty years ago. Twenty years is a long time. Why hasn't a single man or woman of talent emerged from the tens of thousands who put up easels? A host of copyists are produced,

To Dr Barr
cordially
Alfred Werner

Alfred Werner

The Painting Plague

Self-Expression on Sunday

YEARS AGO the German satirist Erich Kaestner, known here chiefly for his amusing children's tale, *Emil and the Detectives*, published a bitter poem about a certain Herr Schmidt — the equivalent of our John Doe — who fell victim to the machine age. Herr Schmidt's life was one daily round of monotonous work, with the exception of a solitary nocturnal respite when "Ein Stündchen blieb für höhere Interessen" — when there was one little hour left for "higher things." But rack his brains as he might, poor Herr Schmidt could not think what to do with this spare hour. So "in dem Stündchen, das ihm übrigblieb, bracht' er sich um" — so in this one brief hour permitted him by the murderous system, he killed himself.

John Doe would never have been at such a loss: he would have taken up a hobby. If, like the unfortunate Herr Schmidt, he were a member of the urban middle class, the chances are good that he would have gone in for painting — in the past twenty years or so America has become convinced that "everybody can paint."

Of course, there is hardly a country without its "Sunday painters"; but nowhere is painting the hobby of so many men and women as it is in the United States. In Central Europe people collect stamps or play chamber music. In England, only a handful emulate that most famous of all "week-end painters," Winston Churchill, in taking up "painting as a pastime."

France has produced the largest number of "Maîtres Populaires de la Realité" of any country; but "paintitis" as an epidemic, affecting large sections of the population, is virtually nonexistent. No matter that one of the great revolutionaries of French art, Henri Rousseau, was a humble tax collector; that Rimbert

Alfred Werner has published articles in the American Scholar, Antioch Review, Commentary *and other journals. He is the author of a number of books on art and artists, the latest being on Utrillo.*

Am Mercury Dec 1952

and Vivin were postal clerks; Bombois a wrestler and ditchdigger; Peyronnet a worker in a sugar refinery; Bauchant a gardener; and Séraphine a charwoman. For these gifted people were not hobbyists relaxing after hours, but geniuses whom fate had denied a formal education and who struggled mightily against a thousand odds to reach their goal. They have their equivalents — if not in talent, at least in style and outlook — in such American Primitives as Hicks, Pickett, Kane, and other self-taught masters. Chéronnet's remark about the Maîtres Populaires of his country can be applied to our American Primitives: "What is important is that each of these artists saw only one thing: that he was before all else a painter, that is, a man *compelled* to give actual form to his vision of the world."

I HAVE purposely omitted Grandma Moses from my list of American Primitives. This delightful but highly overrated old lady, who admitted with disarming frankness that "if I didn't start painting, I would have raised chickens," belongs to the category of amateurs. She is not one of those unschooled natural artists "compelled" by inward necessity to put paint to canvas, but rather a non-artist "taking up" painting for some sort of "reason." The critics who have praised her work so extravagantly mistake her lack of inhibition, the result of little education, for the brilliant naïveté of the true Primitive.

Had she lived in New York City, the legendary Mrs. Moses might have started out at the Art Students League, taken courses at the nearest "Y," or gone to a private art school. In all likelihood, she would have been trained in the school of old-fashioned realism rather than in that of abstract art; at any rate, her productions would have been "academic" and no different from the work of other spare-time painters.

It is very much to her credit that she sought neither public favor nor artistic fame. Nevertheless, her name is now known from coast to coast and she is praised by the sophisticated and the unsophisticated alike; her work was sent to Europe as representing American art; and her pictures fetch higher prices than those of most of her colleagues.

This success which Grandma Moses' "healthy" pictures have won is perhaps a symptom of our unhealthy times: in a fit of self-hatred, urbanites wax enthusiastic over an elderly lady of limited talent whose life on her upstate farm has spared her any knowledge of the complications and torments, the problems and experiments, of this century.

The enthusiasm would not have outlasted one exhibition, however, if the old lady had not become a vested interest of dealers, collectors, and self-styled patriots. The investments of such men in the "paintitis"

fad transformed what was an innocent hobby for John and Mrs. Doe into a racket adding its mite of confusion to an already confused world.

There was nothing objectionable about Sunday painting as it started out here in the days of the depression. Because of it, there were perhaps fewer suicides and crimes; people forgot their troubles for an hour or so in art studios lavishly supplied by the W.P.A.; and artists without buyers were able to survive by teaching amateurs. In New York City alone, more than 25,000 young men and women turned up weekly at the free classes held in community centers, settlement houses, and other meeting places.

BUT PAINTING for one's own amusement is not the same as painting as an art. Until recently, art was a profession, learned with as much difficulty as the lawyer's or physician's. The Victorians, it is true, regarded a little water-coloring and such as a polite accomplishment with which young spinsters might improve their leisure hours; but it would have been considered absurd on both sides of the Atlantic for a grown-up male to engage in so frivolous a pursuit.

All this changed in the next century. In the thirties, middle-class Americans, employed and unemployed, discovering that their lives were empty, turned with a vengeance to "self-expression." They did not follow the gleam of creativity in the strict solitude of the taciturn and serious-minded Maîtres Populaires of France. Fearing nothing so much as being alone, wanting warmth and companionship in a cold and forbidding world, they came together to learn to paint. In art classes, housewives, mothers, grandmothers, and widows hoped to escape the tedium of metropolitan life and find an outlet for self-expression a little more satisfying than cooking or home decoration. Tired businessmen, physicians, teachers, actors, and writers began new lives at seven-thirty or eight by donning smocks and setting up easels. Before 1930 or so, a housewife or salesman, leaving home with canvas and paint box under arm, would have risked social ostracism; today, if anything, there is something snobbish about it.

Sociologists noted that "the lonely crowd" — the middle-class urbanites of America — had found a new means of "self-improvement." Criminologists introduced painting as a pastime in prisons and reformatories with great success; psychiatrists found that painting was good therapy for the inmates of insane asylums; and in veterans' hospitals painting speeded the recovery of invalids.

Up to about 1940, painting was a pastime somewhat more elevated than collecting bottle caps. There are at least two sociological studies to prove that, prior to about 1933,

"paintitis" had affected relatively few middle-class Americans. In *Middletown: A Study in Contemporary American Culture*, published in 1929, the authors of this work remark that "like music, art seems somehow to drop out of the picture between the time boys and girls sketch in their high-school classes and the time they become immersed in the usual activities of Middletown." In 1932–33 three sociologists — George A. Lundberg, Mirra Komarovsky, and Mary Alice McInerny — did research in Westchester County, New York, collecting material for *Leisure: A Suburban Study*. They found that the arts were a leisure-time activity for only one out of ten residents. At the same time, the authors were pleased to report that most suburbanites were solely "interested in the avocational and recreational aspects of their activities" — commercial and professional motives did not count.

THE GREAT CHANGE took place about 1940. In that year drawings and paintings by employees of the National City Bank were exhibited in the windows of a Wall Street firm; a few lines were devoted to this event in the papers. Two years later the International Ladies Garment Workers Union came up with a show of works by cutters, pressers, sample makers, finishers, and cleaners, all of whom had studied at classes conducted by the union. This show got more publicity, as prizes had been provided for — one-year scholarships to the National Academy and the Art Students League.

The age of innocence was over. Sunday painters gradually invaded such professional magazines as *Art News*, *Art Digest* and the *American Artist*. Dealers flung open their galleries to the amateurs. This in spite of the fact that of some 50,000 professional painters, only forty per cent have gallery outlets for their work; and even this lucky forty per cent don't necessarily make enough from their work to get along. In 1947 Elizabeth McCausland estimated that after twenty years spent in his profession, the average American artist was making about $1,150 a year.

Under these circumstances it is not surprising that for the past twelve years or so artists have been complaining about amateurs stealing the bread out of their mouths. Chichi patrons, glad to forget the "difficult" professional artists, readily sponsor the inferior daubs of movie actresses and grandmothers. The breach made by amateurs in the walls of professional art has led to a general deterioration of standards.

In almost any other country save perhaps England, this eruption of tens of thousands of people into art would have caused a serious moral disturbance. Yet Puritan America was not affected. Children weren't

neglected because mothers flocked *en masse* to studios. Nor did husbands, emulating Gauguin, abandon their families in order to Sunday-paint all week.

WHAT HAPPENED was more in keeping with the spirit of the land. As early as 1892 the editor of the British *Spectator* declared: "All Americans agree . . . that their country is pervaded by a distaste for leisure." The new hobbyists now made the inevitable discovery that they had been indulging in a useless yet costly enterprise — one that paid no dividends. A hobby should be useful! Wherever they went, Benjamin Franklin stood before them with uplifted finger: "He that idly loses five shillings' worth of time, loses five shillings, and might as prudently throw five shillings into the sea." Few of our Sunday painters would have understood Franklin's contemporary, the German philosopher Immanuel Kant, who stuffily defined art as "a disinterested enjoyment of the beautiful." In very few cases had the arts been taken up as a hobby after a lifelong admiration for the great masters. The utilitarian spirit got the better of our week-end painters, with the result that a pleasant avocation turned shrewd and self-seeking.

People who would laugh at the idea of peddling radios patched together by themselves at home send half-baked pictures to gallery owners and expect them to be sold. A friend's being coaxed into buying a canvas is worth more than a judicious critic's praise. And if they can't find anybody to buy their Sunday efforts, they can still use painting as a means of self-aggrandizement. Only a few art dealers refuse amateurs wishing to buy wall space in their galleries for a couple of weeks, nor are critics overly frank about calling an amateur's daub a daub. Both dealers and critics say that it useless to try and fight the amateur.

You don't find shennanigans of this sort taking place in France, where painting is considered a serious occupation requiring years of study, and where even the "Moderns" spend countless hours copying Old Masters in the Louvre before launching out on canvases of their own. One of these Moderns, Matisse, warned that "you must be able to walk with assurance on the ground before you try to negotiate a tightrope." Matisse discontinued an art school he was running when he decided that his students weren't serious enough.

In this country of pioneers the "self-made man" has long been more highly regarded than the scholar, though this attitude seems to be changing somewhat. But, unfortunately, the "self-made artist" is encouraged to aspire beyond his sphere by writers and art teachers everywhere. Churchill decades ago wrote an es-

say, "Painting as a Pastime," in which he warned his fellow-amateurs that they should not expect to become masters, but must content themselves "with a joy-ride in a paint-box." And then, eating his own words, he went on to exhibit his pictures in the Royal Academy! Though not a professional artist, he is far less untutored than the public perhaps supposes, having had the guidance of many well-known artists, including his friend, Sir William Orpen. Nevertheless, Churchill urged laymen to throw caution to the winds and plunge into art without preparation: "There really is not time for the deliberate approach." He described his first trial as follows:

> Splash into the turpentine, wallow into the blue and the white, frantic flourish on the palette — clean no longer — and then several large fiery strokes and slashes of blue on the absolutely cowering canvas. Anyone could see that it could not hit back. No evil fate avenged the jaunty violence. The canvas grinned in helplessness before me. The spell was broken. The sickly inhibitions rolled away. I seized the large brush and fell upon my victim with berserk fury. I have never felt any awe of a canvas since.

In the United States so much has been done to encourage amateurism that you are surprised to find artists still sweating away at their craft in school and studio. One writer linked amateur painting with the grass-roots traditions in American art; it is "a product of our new democracy, a Declaration of Independence for the Arts." She traced this recent rise of Sunday painting to "the assumption that anyone who wanted to could paint independently without formal instruction and without overseas inspiration or guidance," and referred to the American folk artists of the Colonial and Early Revolutionary era. What she failed to say was that these humble artisans who painted portraits of farmers and their families in remote homesteads never considered themselves in the same category with trained artists like Copley, Stuart, or the Peales. Few of these "limners" would have dreamt that some day their daubs would be installed in museums and fetch high prices at public auctions.

The notion that you merely have to learn a few "tricks" ("skills") in order to paint has been spread by hundreds of cynical teachers anxious to exploit the market. Even some of the great old men who themselves had an excellent formal training forty or fifty years ago, now proclaim offhandedly that no lengthy course of instruction is needed by an artist; that, in fact, knowledge would corrupt the kind of "pure" painting now being produced by the non-objective school. "Just express yourself, follow your instincts!" Are they serious? Or is this the progressive education of art schools? The late Alfred Stieglitz once coined the

aristocratic statement: "Art is by the few and for the few"; he was a foe of amateurism to his very end. While it is difficult to draw a sharp line between the realm of the artist and that of the amateur — still, a line must be drawn somewhere.

At first, the trade papers sided with the worried professionals. When a veteran like the German surrealist Max Ernst publicly declared (tongue in cheek?) that the exhibition, "They Taught Themselves," was the finest show he had seen since coming to America, *Art Digest* sharply rebuked him — what right did he have to mislead the general public? Eventually, however, two magazines decided that it was good business to install a cozy corner for the various businessmen's, doctors', and other amateur clubs, lest their doings get mixed up with the activities of bona fide artists. In one magazine, amateur exhibitions are reviewed exclusively on an amateurs' page. Yet there are inevitable complications. Grandma Moses is now being featured among the professionals. The New York show of the wife of the Iranian ambassador to the Court of St. James was reviewed on the amateurs' page; the critic praised her for stealing time from hostessing. But in the next issue the lady indignantly retorted that she was a professional painter and expected to be treated as such.

The worst offenders are, of course, some of the popular mass-circulation magazines. Until recently, art was scarcely one of their more pressing concerns. In the last few years, however, it has invaded their pages in the form of lush color photographs. But here again the daubs made by famous military men, actors, corporation lawyers, dress designers, boxers, and hostesses outweigh serious art to a large extent. It is true that some of them show an astonishing skill; but none of them betray a trace of exceptional talent, freshness of approach, or boldness of idea. Nobody would look at them twice if they didn't bear a well-known name. A few of them are slick portraits; the majority are landscapes, a subject preferred by amateurs because it is believed to be "easier."

ART IS NOW something that "everybody can do." Everybody has a sister or an uncle who paints. For a couple of dollars you can even buy a sketched-in picture ready for "coloring"; numbers on the sketch refer you to numbered paint pots. This kit guarantees a "genuine" hand-painted picture. It is hard to see why everybody isn't happy. The owners of art shops certainly are — they have never experienced such a boom.

Yet we are farther away from producing masters than we were twenty years ago. Twenty years is a long time. Why hasn't a single man or woman of talent emerged from the tens of thousands who put up easels? A host of copyists are produced,

slavishly imitating their teachers, and framing their own pictures as though they were masterpieces.

Some critics had hoped that "paintitis" would make better observers and better critics out of people who together represent the general taste. They remembered, optimistically, what Walt Whitman had said: "To have great poets there must be great audiences too," a sentence that applies to all the arts. But these optimists overlooked the plain fact that the new paint addicts were not genuine enthusiasts, but for the most part self-indulgent philistines interested only in getting "quick results" from paint and canvas. They do not become patrons, for they produce and have eyes for their own pictures only. If they do attend shows, it is primarily to make themselves seen and heard.

Churchill advocated painting as a hobby; it was a way to "restore the psychic equilibrium" of tired twentieth-century men. It was fun when it started, but how many neurotics now belabor the canvas with gritted teeth, their thoughts centered only on success? If they are denied recognition as professionals, they cheekily call themselves "Primitives," though this term is rightly applied only to those who, like that *coeur simple*, Henri Rousseau, never had the benefit of an education. Actually, of course, they are neither Primitives nor Sunday painters; as Manet said, "There are no amateurs, but only those who paint bad pictures." There is nothing reprehensible in John Doe's painting a bad picture and getting fun out of it. A dangerous confusion arises when unscrupulous men who know better seek to palm it off as high art on an unsuspecting public. All standards are debased and basic distinctions blurred when daubs are considered even in the same category with the work of professionals who have given their lives and hearts to a cause they put beyond self.

MEANWHILE, the number of "culture vultures" grows apace. The deplorable result is the death of the genuine amateur (literally, "the lover") and dilettante (literally, one who "takes delight"). What remains is the narcissist who turns the "thing-in-itself" into a "thing-for-himself," who heaps confusion upon confusion from Carmel to Provincetown. This is the emotionally immature pseudo-artist, whose sole God is a fetish called "self-expression," this eternal adolescent, unable either to escape from reality to a world of make-believe, or to strike deep into the substance of everyday life. He is a freak, devoid of any responsibility toward the society upon which he thrusts his tiny creative effusions.

About a century ago Horace Mann said: "We shall perish by the very instruments prepared for our happiness."

IN OUR READERS' OPINION

THE REAL PROBLEM

» I should like to see your October number of the MERCURY in every American home. . . . To me it is of vital significance, especially the editorial, "In the Mercury's Opinion." I congratulate you on your insight into the real problem our nation is facing.

MRS. MARY MAURINE P. ROOT
ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA

WHAT PRICE PRESIDENTS?

» The article that appeared in your October issue by Serge Fliegers entitled "What Price Presidents?" was quite interesting and I would like to offer my congratulations to the author on the painstaking thoroughness with which he has approached the important subject of campaign financing.

Particularly of interest was Mr. Fliegers' discussion of the role played by the Citizens for Eisenhower-Nixon Committee and his statement that "this intrusion of amateurs into politics is one of the healthiest developments we have seen during the past few years."

However, I disagree with the writer where he states: "But as regards electoral financing, these groups only serve to complicate the picture and increase the cost of elections. Efforts are duplicated and overhead costs for headquarters, staff, mailing, and publicity are often tripled." As an independent who has served as second in command of the "State Citizens for Eisenhower" since March 1 of this year, I can sincerely state that up until the convention period we financed and sustained ourselves in our headquarters at the Roosevelt Hotel through the efforts of a splendid group of volunteer workers on our Finance Committee, by getting small contributions through an "Operation Envelope" procedure which brought us from $1.00 to $25.00 per contributor, which was an appeal to the masses, as well as to big business. Furthermore, from the figures we have received from the National Finance Committee, certainly very few large contributions were received. Aside from this, you must understand that at our staff headquarters we had as many as 300 volunteers working daily from March 1 to convention time and since then in our new quarters at the Astor Hotel. I believe that our day and night staff comprised many more than this figure, aside from the "Youth for Eisenhower" which was also under our auspices, with a volunteer group of approximately 2,000 young men and women. This also goes for the entire State of New York where we operated approximately 400 Eisenhower Clubs, comprising a figure of close to 30,000 volunteer workers. . . .

Finally, I would like to endorse heartily the suggestion contained in

the article to establish a permanent Congressional Committee charged with supervising and enforcing legislation governing election practices in this country.

LEONARD GINSBERG,
DIRECTOR, EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE
NEW YORK STATE CITIZENS FOR
EISENHOWER-NIXON,
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

A VITAL MATTER

» Serge Fliegers' article," What Price Presidents?" was splendid. I read it with keen interest. You have contributed a great deal toward public education on a vital matter.

MAX M. KAMPELMAN,
LEGISLATIVE COUNSEL,
UNITED STATES SENATE,
COMMITTEE ON
GOVERNMENT OPERATIONS,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

BASIC PROBLEM

» I have just seen the October issue of your magazine and enjoyed it very much. I was struck by Serge Fliegers' essay on "What Price Presidents?" which I think strikes at a very basic problem of our political system.

Such an investigation — to my knowledge — has not been published by any other magazine or newspaper, and I feel the people should know about it. Especially, I agree with Mr. Fliegers' suggestion that a permanent Commission should be created in Congress to supervise and regulate elections.

Having been active in the Republican Party in both Wyoming and Texas I do not believe the idea of party dues is practicable. In the South the poll tax prevents hundreds of thousands of pe ple from voting. It is excellent psy chology to get campaign contributio from as many people as possible. But i is the big donations which finance cam paigns.

Mr. Fliegers' article shows a tre mendous amount of research and goo thinking. Let's have more like it.

MONTE WARNE
DALLAS, TEXA

FIFTH COLUMNIST DULLES?

» I have been a great admirer an constant reader of THE AMERICAN ME CURY for its entire twenty-nine yea of publication. Many of your artic have been as beacon lights in a night darkness.

Try to imagine, then, my feelin when reading "In the Mercury's Opi ion" in your October issue, Page Column 1, Paragraph 2, Sentence "It was John Foster Dulles who fas ioned the Japanese Peace Treaty, t only constructive development in t Pacific." This sentence is pulverizin not because of what it says but becau of what it leaves unsaid. The combine thinking of your editorial staff, pl the research facilities available to yo must certainly have made it cle that John Foster Dulles is the Ne Deal's "Fifth Column" within t Republican ranks.

M. E. ANDERSON
PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANI

NO RESPECT

» I received THE AMERICAN MERCURY which I am returning to your offic as I know as much about Dean Acheso as you or your AMERICAN MERCURY

To Dr Barr
cordially
Awerner

THAT PUZZLING MAN UTRILLO

By

ALFRED WERNER

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THAT PUZZLING MAN UTRILLO

Alfred Werner

THERE ARE TWO Maurice Utrillos; only one of them is widely known. By now everybody knows the Utrillo who was born on the hill of Montmartre, Paris, seventy years ago, the illegitimate child of an illegitimate child, the model, Suzanne Valadon; the Utrillo who became a dipsomaniac while a mere boy, whose mother tried to divert him from complete drunkenness by placing a paint box in his hands. *Life* and other slick magazines have reported the strange and utterly unpleasant story of the Montmartre drunk, who when not painting was continuously embroiled with the police because of disorderly conduct. His mother came again to his rescue when he was over forty and this time sobered him by abduction to a secluded castle, where complete abstinence was forced upon him. Finally, we have heard too much about another lady, who turned up at the right moment, when Valadon had become too old and too debauched to continue as a "jailer," *la bonne Lucie*, who coaxed the middle-aged and docile gentleman into marriage, introducing him to the pleasures of domestic life and bourgeois respectability.

But little is said or written about the Maurice Utrillo the artist. It is true that his pictures now hang in the galleries of Paris, London, and New York, and that his canvases command fantastic prices on today's market, though critics and art historians, unsure whether they can afford praise for what they consider an interesting freak, prefer to keep silent about him. What has been published about him recently reads on the whole like an elaboration, brought up-to-date, of Francis Carco's Grade B scenario, *La Légende et la vie d'Utrillo*. On the rare occasion that a serious writer stoops to consider Utrillo, the artist, he seems to do so with condescension.

There is a valid reason for the silence of critics. They are often little more than entomologists: to them an artist is of interest only

if and when, like an insect, he can be impaled on a needle, furnished with a label, and safely placed under glass, like a dead beetle. But Utrillo defies all classification. Since about 1901, when he began to paint, a score of isms have come and gone, but none of them, apparently, was as much as noticed by that misanthropic introvert. To make things worse, he has never enlightened anyone about his "goals." Modern artists are, as a rule, only too willing to explain their work, to expound their theories. As recently as the nineteenth century artists were still too modest, or too deeply immersed in their work, to reveal themselves anywhere outside their canvases except in diaries (Delacroix) or letters (Van Gogh). Today, artists write treatises, give interviews, explain themselves on television. But Utrillo's lips have remained sealed throughout the five decades of his career. His "writings" are limited to a curious fragment of an autobiography, mainly extolling the merits of that angel, his mother, and deploring the baseness of his own character, and to a handful of naïve verse. Journalists have never been able to extract from him any coherent statement on art or, for that matter, anything but small talk.

Did the Fourth Estate revenge itself for this non-co-operation by spreading countless false notions about this silent man? The sanity of an artist cannot be gauged by everyday standards. In the case of Utrillo, it is true, there are facts supporting those who for many years have shouted: "He is insane!" Utrillo was confined in mental institutions about a dozen times and once almost managed to kill himself.

But no one has a right to read into an artist's work "insane" characteristics on the basis of biographical data alone. Strangely, there has been little satisfactory research so far throwing light on the relationship, if any, between genius and mental illness or on the traces of lunacy in the work of painters known to have been deranged. Would we ever dare to diagnose *Starry Night* as the work of an insane artist if we did not know that it was by Van Gogh? Were the Expressionists, who gave us distorted "ugly" pictures, all insane? At what point does the work of Meryon or Josephson, both of whom are known to have perished in a state of mental illness, begin to show traces of their affliction?

We know even less about the relationship between genius and alcohol. It is commonly held that art and alcohol are "inseparably

wedded as in the Greek myth Apollo and Dionysos imaged beauty and ecstasy" (James Huneker) and that artists constitute "a small group of geniuses . . . whose spiritual and artistic powers are liberated, at propitious times, by alcohol" (A. C. Jacobsen). It would be nearer to the truth to say that if drinks are often resorted to by artists, their use is due to the same circumstances that drive proletarians into pubs: poverty and lack of attention or security. At any rate, artistic genius cannot be produced through alcohol: it can be distorted or even destroyed by it. In the case of Toulouse-Lautrec, his biographer, Gerstle Mack, believes that evidences of mental exhaustion might be discerned in his hero's last works, produced when the artist was hardly ever sober. In one lithograph of this era the biographer thinks he recognizes quite clearly "indications of abnormality"; it is, indeed, a "feverish, confused nightmare, a jumble of unrelated subjects," unique for its "utter lack of coordination."

But there is the case of Utrillo, which seemingly upsets the theory of alcohol's evil influence upon art held by some writers. The only good pictures Utrillo produced were done prior to his "reformation," i.e., prior to about 1925. Until that year Utrillo was a denizen of Montmartre and rarely sober. Yet, whatever effects alcoholism may have had on his development as a personality, his drunken state apparently did not lessen his grip on his subject. His power to correlate sharply defined color planes in a firm architectural pattern is evident in most of the paintings of this era. With bottle beside his easel, he worked with a patience and devotion reminiscent of the old masters. Doubt or disorder never mar the tight construction of these paintings, particularly those of the glorious "White Period" (1909-1914) and those of the subsequent "manière colorée," when the weight and severity of earlier years gave way to a poetic looseness of handling, a lucidity and transparency reminiscent of Japanese landscapes of the mid-nineteenth century.

The only aspect to provoke suspicion in an unprejudiced observer is the rigid monotony in the choice of theme. Undoubtedly, his pathological misanthropy led Utrillo to devote himself almost exclusively to landscape painting. There are only a few portraits in existence: awkward, childish, endowing the sitter with a dismal ugliness. The artist did better, but not much better, with flowers, which, after all, could not upset his delicate equilibrium by talk and could be arranged and discarded at will. He did well only with landscapes,

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or, more precisely, with the old crumbling walls of Montmartre—exceedingly well.

By contrast, the majority of the paintings Utrillo did in the past quarter of a century, as a "prisoner" of the Chateau St. Bernard or, more recently, as the gentle squire of Le Vesinet, are so uninteresting that they need not be considered here. The motifs chosen by the "dry" Utrillo are exactly those of the "wet," as in his younger years, painted from memory or from picture postcards. But the dynamic force that drove the young, unreformed artist is gone. Many artists gave their best when they were very old—Titian, for instance, Pissarro, and Renoir, and today Matisse and Rouault. But Utrillo's recent daubs, though superficially "pretty," are not worth the money given for them by collectors who buy names. Ten years ago, when Utrillo was only sixty, a New York *Times* reviewer summed up the situation by saying: "If it is a delight to be able to report on an artist's progress, it is, conversely, heart-breaking to note an artist's deterioration." Today, the sad text can remain unchanged.

Here we are only concerned with that part of Utrillo that will remain, with that Utrillo who painted one masterwork after another. There is need for an evaluation of his status. Among French critics, a few attempts have been made to analyze this strange man and to find out what made him tick, but these attempts are not quite successful or convincing. Maurice Raynal, in particular, concedes in one sentence that in Utrillo's best paintings "one can see a carefully thought-out design, that well-knit ordered structure which the Impressionists never achieved." Yet a few lines below he claims that Utrillo "never started out from any well-defined plan." Raynal sums up Utrillo:

> The most plausible explanation of Utrillo's curious gift is perhaps to be found in the theory of some sort of unconscious automatism. If my memory serves me, Utrillo's movements as he painted seemed involuntary, never deliberate. With him the act of painting was as unthinking as that of the pianist who improvises while carrying on a conversation or reading. This automatism in his case seems bound up with a certain animal sensuality, potent and uncontrollable.

But the pianist's effortless improvisation vanishes with the moment, unlike a composition which is the result of planning and labor and is destined to remain. Except for doodling, no graphic effort

is automatic. By Surrealists as well as by Jackson Pollock and his clan claims have been made that art can be produced by the unfettered stroke of a pencil or brush and by other means with no control whatsoever exercised by the conscious mind. But most other artists have contested this heatedly. Chagall, often called one of the fathers of Surrealism, categorically denied that this is a workable method, and psychologists also dismiss automatism as a method of producing anything but the dribblings of psychotic patients. In his introduction to a recent Utrillo portifolio, Raynal talks about the master's "Unconscious" as the active force and adds:

> Perhaps, then, the most satisfying explanation would be to regard Utrillo painting as we regard the work of certain children whose genius confounds even the greatest masters. Unless we prefer to liken poor gentle-natured Maurice to one of those village "innocents" who sometimes have an eerie knack of glimpsing across the twilight of their minds the most fantastic, yet truest aspects of reality.

But Raynal knows only too well that no child and no village idiot has ever produced an *oeuvre*. What the critic should have said might run as follows:

> Personally, I fail to understand Utrillo, with whom I have never had a conversation, although both of us have "met" dozens of times. In all likelihood he has never talked to anyone about his pictures except to his mother, who has long been dead, or to his pets, whom I cannot interview. That a strong intelligence was at play when Utrillo produced the pictures that have made him famous I am not going to deny, even though I would be at a loss if I should try to explain how this drunk was able to produce them.

Alas, Utrillo has never been pictured as what he actually is: a man outside his time, holding out alone against the main stream. Much younger than Matisse and Rouault, slightly younger than Picasso and Braque, he stands alone against the general flight from reality. He was already painting, alone and isolated, when the Fauves, the "Wild Beasts," were starting the destruction by the use of pure, unbroken colors. The Futurists, incorporating the speed and noise of the machine world into their canvases; the Dadaists, with their iconoclastic mockery of all canons of art; the Expressionists, carrying further the spontaneous distortion of the ordinary forms and colors of nature; the Surrealists, believing in the omnipotence of

the dream; and, finally, the adherents of nonfigurative art—all did not exist for this "drunk of Montmartre," who kept on painting the old streets of Paris in a "traditional" way with the relentless fervor of a monomaniac or genius.

"A Realist, then?" But there are many definitions of realism and many different schools of realism since the remote days when Zeuxis painted a bunch of grapes at which birds pecked, or Apelles painted a horse so like a real one that mares neighed upon approaching the picture. Actually, there exists some "selective" or "abstract" tendency even among the representatives of what we may call "photographic" realism. Utrillo is so one-sided, so abstract in his "realism" as to refuse to see anything that does not interest him. For instance, no people look out from his windows; the shutters are always drawn. In many of his paintings no people are seen even in the streets; lamp poles seem to take the place of pedestrians and create an eerie effect in so doing. In some, a few people are visible, but only as color spots, serving as focal points to hold the composition together. In more recent pictures people appear as recognizable human beings, but the artist's misanthropic attitude can still be inferred from the fact that the figures are nearly always moving away from the spectator. Usually they are unattractive females, large-hipped, plump fishwives, reflecting Utrillo's contempt for women.

But no other artist has observed as thoroughly the "life" of houses, the gradations of grey, the transformation of walls by the course of time. Here, unwittingly and unwillingly, in his attempt to achieve the utmost of realism, he submerged his work in an atmosphere of Surrealism. He might deliberately shut out human beings, animals, and modern vehicles, but his fanatical eye would remember a dark spot on a light wall. At the height of his artistic career, in his "White Period," Utrillo, to render the color of the walls as accurately as possible, mixed the zinc white with plaster and applied it with palette knife in heavy impasto, as a mason covers bricks with plaster. In his frenzy of "realism," he would have added, if possible, moss and fungi to recreate the mildewed and weed-grown walls, as the Cubists made their *collages*.

Before him, the Impressionists had tried to look at nature objectively and, fortunately for their art, frequently failed. For the artist's task is to produce something new by joining the materials of nature with the mortar of his mind; the "objectivity" of the camera

is as undesirable a suppression of the individual's will as is "automatism." Two Impressionist colleagues painted the same haystack under the same sunlight and yet produced widely divergent pictures, all attempts at "objectivity" notwithstanding.

It is to the credit of Utrillo that he, who saw as a young man the then celebrated pictures of the Impressionists at the Durand-Ruel Gallery, did not imitate them. Untutored artists often succumb to the first influence they encounter, and Impressionism was a power about 1900. It aimed at a scientifically accurate representation of nature, its philosophy demanding full devotion to optical truth. A painter like Monet was satisfied with being "an eye," with painting light as it hit his retina. Utrillo did not follow Monet, who, yielding to nature, went so far as to dissolve everything into dazzling atmospheric vibrations, to re-create the layers of air between himself and the subject until all feeling of its solidity had vanished.

Utrillo preferred Monet's older colleague, Pissarro, who never forgot that it was the artist's mission to use the life around him as raw material from which to create new things. Impressionism, once considered a revolutionary movement, is now rightly regarded as the last breath, the final phase, of the Renaissance ideal with its intellectual approach to art. Being genuine artists, the great Florentines and Venetians instinctively turned against super-realism, concentrating on good design at the expense of verisimilitude. Design, as we all know, is re-creation, arrived at by an emotionally achieved and yet carefully planned arrangement and even distortion of all that nature reveals to the eye. By selection, the artist creates as he filters the mass of material surrounding him through the fine screen of emotion. This secret of creation was known to all ages except the epochs of artistic decline, when the copying of external appearances was emphasized. Notwithstanding their emphasis on science, the Renaissance theoreticians knew what makes art real art; *vide* Leon Batista Alberti, who said of a certain artist that he "greatly injured his glory because he was more zealous in catching resemblance than in attaining beauty." In our day the still insufficiently estimated American contemporary, Max Weber, knew where to put the stress, when, dismissing cold intellectualism, he condensed his life's experience: "Emotion is as the sunlight to the seed of art, and the seed in time is fruit."

Though often decried as unintelligent, Utrillo also knows the secret of art. He never sacrificed plasticity of form to capture fleeting atmospheric effects. For the sake of good design, he dared to tamper with nature, changing the perspective or omitting details. Or he might, for the sake of interesting design, look down upon the scene from a window, an approach reminiscent of the *perspective plongeante* —the sharp downward view—favored before him by Pissarro. Occasionally, he would go very far in his trend towards abstraction—are there still people who do not realize that every work of art, worthy of being considered one, is "abstract" to a degree? In pictures like *Les Fabriques* and *Rue de Crimée* he reduced houses, chimneys, and windows to geometrical statements, to arrangements of horizontal and vertical lines, filling in the forms with color. In many of his pictures of Montmartre, the flat planes in the foreground are balanced by the hemisphere of the Sacré-Coeur cupola in the background, a contrast of shapes which fascinated Utrillo. As a matter of fact, in some of his best pictures the subject matter is the least glamorous, his choice being the unsung sights of Paris, *les murs miserables, les maisons tragiques*. The artistic appeal of the canvases depends largely on composition and color, the well-balanced relationships of hues and geometrical forms. In some of these paintings the semiabstraction of De Chirico's deserted streets is anticipated, in others even the bold experiment of Piet Mondrian and *De Stijl*.

How a man whose art shows so many facets can be shoved into the category of "neo-Primitifs" together with such second or third-rate folk artists as Dominique Peyronnet and Camille Bombois is hard to understand, but this operation was recently attempted in France. While his paintings speak the *lingua rustica*, the uncouth *argot* of the Parisian *gamin*, they penetrate into deep levels of human consciousness. Utrillo is no equivalent to our lovable, but grossly overrated, Grandma Moses. He is not a mere recorder; out of vistas he has created an imaginary world, as was done by men like Guardi and Canaletto, Piranesi and Hubert Robert, Corot and Meryon, and, in our day, by the Italian, De Chirico, and the American, Edward Hopper.

There are many differences between Hopper and Utrillo, who were born within a year of each other. The American uses thin colors and draws all subjects very carefully. There are fewer complete "misses" in the work of this master, who labors very methodically and in a sober spirit, than exist even in Utrillo's "wet" period, when masterpieces could be followed by inferior daubs. But Hopper and Utrillo have many features in common. When a fellow painter once endeavored to call Hopper's attention to a group of skyscrapers by saying that they would make a wonderful composition, the master dryly replied, "Anything will make a good composition!" and walked on. Utrillo might have made the same comment. Like the Frenchman, Hopper has painted many houses and streets that are uninteresting *per se*, and he has left out the human element; fire hydrants, lamp posts, barber poles, and telegraph masts take the place of people. Buildings are Hopper's "sitters," and he manages to portray them well because he has stripped them bare to their "souls."

Utrillo is the greater of the two because he did not seek out merely the banal; he portrayed the ugly and made it beautiful. Once, showing a canvas to his mother, young Utrillo asked: "Is this ugly?" Suzanne Valadon's reassuring reply was, "It can't be ugly enough!" Her answer indicated how strongly the artist Valadon resented the surface pleasantness which was the only beauty acknowledged by the academies. Utrillo himself would, in all likelihood, agree with a more eloquent painter of an earlier generation, John Constable, who insisted that he never had seen an ugly thing in his life and that, whatever the appearance of an object, a painter could always make it beautiful.

But poor Utrillo does not have the gift of clever talk; that is why people always underestimate him. Of course, a stupid man could not have painted, as Utrillo did so many years ago, the *Place du Tertre* (Tate Gallery, London), *The Berlioz House* (The Art Gallery of Toronto), or *The Philosopher's Tower* (Museum of Fine Arts, Boston), to name a few masterworks that are in public collections. One may say that, with all his shortcomings as a man, he then had the wisdom of Kaspar Hauser, the mysterious foundling of aristocratic birth, or that of the Little Prince in Saint-Exupery's fairyland. At any rate, he had an astonishing feeling for construction and an unerring sense of color relation, denied to many a more verbal colleague. At that time, Utrillo's paintings could be had for a few francs; it took the art world many years to become aware of this unique combination of childlike naïveté with the demoniacal fire that is the unmistakable stamp of genius. Even today the fantastic sums are largely paid for the legend, not for the genius of Utrillo.

Wertheimer

Today he is only a shadow of what he used to be, a frail old man whom his dominating wife, who could have been invented by Strindberg, coaxes to paint or to pose for press photographers. Monsieur Maurice has become a world celebrity and a gold mine. He talks less than ever before, but the good pictures still speak for him, ideal images of a classic beauty, displaying a masculine vigor, even brutality, of expression that will live when all *faiseurs de beauté* are forgotten.

Wertheim

MRS. MAURICE WERTHEIM
43 EAST SEVENTIETH STREET
NEW YORK 21, N.Y.

May 27, 1957.

Mr. Alfred Barr
Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd. Street
New York 19, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Barr:

Due to illness in the house I was unable to attend the Picasso opening the other evening. I heard that it was wonderful and I am more than sorry to have missed it. I was particularly sorry as I did want to thank you personally for having been so kind to my friends from Smith that afternoon. I do so appreciate your kindness to them and the favour you granted me. I had glowing reports from the girls themselves. They were thrilled.

With renewed thanks and looking forward to seeing the exhibition next week,

Very sincerely yours,

Clare B. Wertheim

CBW/mlg

White

March 6, 1957

Dear Mr. White:

Thank you for your letter of February 26.

Although I am not sure that she does own the Monet you ask about, I do know that Mrs. Mellon Bruce bought the Molyneux collection. Her address here in New York is:

2 East 67 Street

Sincerely,

Alfred H. Barr, Jr.

Gabriel White

Mr. Gabriel White
Arts Council of Great Britain
4 St. James's Square
London S.W.1
England

AHB:bj

Was Miss Mellon, then Mrs. Bruce
Now Mrs. Mellon Bruce

Mrs. Bruce Mellon
2 E 69 NYC

THE ARTS COUNCIL OF GREAT BRITAIN

4 St. James's Square,
London,
S.W.1.

26th February, 1957.

Dear Mr. Barr,

I would be most grateful if you could help me. We are organizing an exhibition of paintings by Monet for this year's Edinburgh Festival and for a showing at the Tate Gallery afterwards. Douglas Cooper is selecting the pictures for us, as in the last two years, and he is very anxious to include a picture belonging to Mrs. Mellon - "Madame Monet et Bazille". I am writing to ask whether you could give me this particular Mrs. Mellon's address, as I gather there is more than one. The picture was, I understand, formerly in the Molyneux Collection.

Yours sincerely,

Gabriel White

Assistant Art Director.

Mr. Alfred H. Barr, Jr.,
Director of the Museum Collections,
The Museum of Modern Art,
11 West 53rd Street,
New York, 19,
U.S.A.

BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION
AIR LETTER
AEROGRAMME

LONDON S.W.1
7 15PM
5 FEB
1957

BRITISH MUSEUM
6 - ERA
BIR

POSTAGE POSTAGE
6d SIXPENCE 6d

Mr. Alfred H. Barr, Jr.,
Director of the Museum Collections,
The Museum of Modern Art,
11 West 53rd Street,
New York, 19,
U.S.A.

First fold here

Second fold here

Sender's name and address: Assistant Art Director,
Arts Council of Gt. Britain,
4 St. James's Square,
London, S.W.1.

AN AIR LETTER SHOULD NOT CONTAIN ANY ENCLOSURE; IF IT DOES IT WILL BE SURCHARGED OR SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL.

To open cut here

I have sent these to other members of your staff also.

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART
GERTRUDE V. WHITNEY, FOUNDER

22 WEST 54th STREET NEW YORK 19, N.Y.

December 27, 1956

Dear Alfred:

Our colleagues of the Museum of Modern Art may want to know more about the new organization, Friends of the Whitney Museum of American Art. I hasten to add that we have no designs on your pocket-books!

With all good wishes,

Sincerely yours,

Lloyd

Associate Director

Mr. Alfred H. Barr, Jr.
Museum of Modern Art

I have sent these to other members of your staff also.

AHB:ma

whitney

cc: D. Miller

9 January 1957

Dear Jock:

I was looking through some paintings by Loren MacIver the other day and came across one which I thought Betsy and you might really be interested in. It's called Fishers Island and is a shore scene which at first glance looks like a seascape seen past mountains, but which is actually a closeup of rocks with pebbles in the foreground. The whole picture -- sky, sea, foreground -- is a harmony in various tones of blue. I thought it might be a very handsome addition to the group of American pictures which John Rewald tells me you plan to take to London.

The picture is now at Pierre Matisse's Gallery and is priced at $1,800. As you know, Loren MacIver is generally considered one of the best woman painters of her generation. Her pictures are in many American museums, including two or three here in our own collection. She had a one-man show at the Whitney Museum a couple of years ago.

Pierre Matisse would be glad to send the picture to the Waldorf if you care to look at it there, or possibly, if Betsy feels up to it, she might like to have a look at it in the hospital. Even if you decide not to buy it, I think she might enjoy seeing it.

Sincerely,

Alfred H. Barr, Jr.

Mr. John Hay Whitney
630 Fifth Avenue
New York 20, New York

AHB:ma

Whitney

CLASS OF SERVICE
This is a fast message unless its deferred character is indicated by the proper symbol.

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

W. P. MARSHALL, PRESIDENT

1201

SYMBOLS
DL=Day Letter
NL=Night Letter
LT=International Letter Telegram

The filing time shown in the date line on domestic telegrams is STANDARD TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is STANDARD TIME at point of destination

WUB096 DL PD=RI NEW YORK NY DEC 28 153PME=
ALFRED H BARR JR=THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART=

THANKS FOR YOUR KIND AND THOUGHTFUL MESSAGE ABOUT MY
APPOINTMENT TO THE COURT OF ST. JAMES. AM HONORED OF COURSE
AND BETSEY AND I BOTH DEEPLY AWARE OF IMPORTANCE OF OUR
REPRESENTATION THERE. WE REALLY APPRECIATE YOUR ENCOURAGEMENT=

=JOHN HAY WHITNEY=233P..

KER R WUB096

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

Museum were comforting.

In any case, I want to congratulate you on your appointment and wish you all possible success. Heaven knows, under the present circumstances, we need it.

Sincerely,

Alfred H. Barr, Jr.

Mr. John Hay Whitney
630 Fifth Avenue
New York 20, New York

AHB:=a

21 December 1956

Dear Jock:

There have been so many rumors about your appointment as Ambassador to Great Britain -- particularly counter-rumors that you were going to turn it down -- that I was surprised and a little dismayed when I heard definitely and finally that you were accepting.

As a citizen, I am delighted and, I must say, a bit relieved, but as a member of the Museum staff I am not at all happy to think of your resigning as Chairman of our Board. You may feel that such a remark is merely conventional, since it is quite true that you have not been able, particularly in the past year, to give the Museum a great deal of time, but I wanted to say that just your presence as Chairman was a very reassuring factor in the Museum's administration. We are going to miss you very much, although your remarks at the Trustees' meeting about your continued interest in the Museum were comforting.

In any case, I want to congratulate you on your appointment and wish you all possible success. Heaven knows, under the present circumstances, we need it.

Sincerely,

Alfred H. Barr, Jr.

Mr. John Hay Whitney
630 Fifth Avenue
New York 20, New York

AHB:ma

wick

cc: Miss Pernas
D. Miller

15 July 1957

Dear Mr. Wick:

Miss Frances Pernas of our Publications Department has kindly answered your questions about electrotypes of the Picasso, Dog and Cock, Matisse, Egyptian Curtain, and Vuillard Promenade which you wish to use in your catalogue, "European Masters of Our Time". Please note that the Dog and Cock is now in the collection of Stephen C. Clark, New York.

The electrotypes of the Picasso and Matisse will be sent you directly by the Flowers Electro Company of New York. They will bill the Museum of Fine Arts directly. The electrotype of the Vuillard will be sent from Rochester by the John Smith Company, together with bill.

The progressive proofs of the Picasso are being sent immediately and the Vuillard very soon. However, the progressive proofs of the Matisse are with the Phillips Gallery in Washington and we shall have to write them to send them to you. Miss Pernas asks that I tell you that we are very glad to lend you the proofs for as long as you need them, but that we must have them back when you have finished with them. The cost and inconvenience of replacing them is considerable and we should have to charge a fee of $100 if they were not returned. Perhaps you wouldn't mind asking your printer if, while he is running, he could make up an extra progressive proof of each for us. We would appreciate it if he feels that he can do so.

Our estimate of the cost of the electrotypes is $50 to $60 apiece. They should go out to you within a week's time.

I do hope that our delay has not inconvenienced you. Miss Pernas has acted with all possible speed but she did not see your letter until today.

Very sincerely yours,

Secretary to Mr. Barr

Mr. Peter A. Wick
Editor of Publications
The Museum of Fine Arts
Boston 15, Massachusetts

W. C. Kaufman

letter to England

cc D. Miller

DIENST VOOR SCHONE KUNSTEN DER GEMEENTE 'S-GRAVENHAGE

GEMEENTEMUSEUM

MUSEUM MODERN

MUNICIPAL MUSEUM
Stadhouderslaan 41
THE HAGUE

W/SH

63361/K

The Hague, nove July 5, 1955

Mr. Alfred H. Barr Jr.,
Museum of Modern Art,
11 West 53rd Street,
New York 19.

Dear Mr. Wickman:

I can't apologize sufficiently for not having answered your letter of months ago. I had, as a matter of fact, no one to suggest at the time, but I expect to leave shortly for England so that I may have some suggestions which I will surely send you.

Meanwhile, I hope you will forgive my silence.

t.a.v.

Sincerely,

L. Wijsenbeek

Dr. L.J.M. Wijsenbeek,
Director

Alfred H. Barr, Jr.

Mr. E. K. Wickman
The Commonwealth Fund
1 East 71st Street
New York 21, New York

AHB:ma

Wijsenbeek

DIENST VOOR SCHONE KUNSTEN DER GEMEENTE 'S-GRAVENHAGE

GEMEENTEMUSEUM MUSEUM BREDIUS

MUNICIPAL MUSEUM
Stadhouderslaan 41
THE HAGUE

W/dM

63361/M

The Hague, november 29th 1955.

Mr. Alfred H. Barr Jr.,
Museum of Modern Art,
11 West 53rd Street,
New York 19.

Dear Mr. Barr,

Thank you so much for your kind letter of november 7th. Owing to much work I was not able to accomplish my translation of the paper on American painting. However I hope to finish it before the end of the year. After finishing I will send it directly to you.

With my very best regards,

sincerely yours,

t.a.v.

L. Wijsenbeek

Dr. L.J.F. Wijsenbeek,
Director.

Document to write

cc: D. Miller

Wijenbeek

Sunday 10/55

November 7, 1955

Dear Mr. Barr,

I must excuse myself for not phoning yesterday-morning. My wife [illegible] me into the [illegible] bridge reservation on their (or to be correct [illegible] promise that I would be able to make [illegible] 2. But.... we lost the way and at the [illegible] moment there was no telephone available. At 2.30 at last we arrived but then I thought that you would have [illegible] home. I am sorry that we did not have the opportunity to meet again... although I must confess that I enjoyed our hike thoroughly after the very spending weeks in New York. I put my thoughts about American painting on paper a few months ago for a Dutch monthly. I will try to translate them and send them to you for your consideration. I hope you will find a moment to criticise

Dear Dr. Wijsenbeek:

Thank you for your very nice letter. Miss Miller and I were disappointed not to have luncheon with you. I was afraid that you had had some difficulty in reaching me on the telephone.

However, we both look forward very much to seeing your paper on American painting, particularly if you can give us an outline in English.

I hope you and your wife had a good trip back to Europe. My very best wishes to you both.

Sincerely,

Alfred H. Barr, Jr.

Dr. L. J. F. Wijsenbeek
Gemeentemuseum
Staathonderslaan 41
The Hagee, Holland

AHB:ma

12 RECTORY LANE
SCARSDALE, N.Y.
TEL. SCARSDALE 3-5624

Sunday 10/30 55

Dear Mr. Barr,

I must excuse myself for not phoning yesterday-morning. My wife and my cousin abducted me into the "wilds" of Pound ridge reservation on their (or to be correct: my cousins) promise that I would be able to make a telephone call at 12. But.... we lost the way and at the solemn moment there was no telephone available. At 2.30 at last we arrived but then I thought that you would have returned home. I am sorry that we did not have the opportunity to meet again... although I must confess that I enjoyed our hike thoroughly after the very spending weeks in New York. I put my thoughts about American painting on paper a few months ago for a Dutch monthly. I will try to translate them and send them to you for your consideration. I hope you will find a moment to criticise

them.

Thanking you for your kind reception and with my repeated excuses

I am yours truly,

L. Uyeichek

Wiesenberg

THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

Date October 5, 1955

To: AHB

Re: Visiting fireman

From: MA

Dr. Wiesenberg, Director of the Hague Museum is in town. He saw Mr. d'Harn. yesterday and is most anxious to see you. He suggests Friday in the afternoon.

Would you like to have tea with Dr. Wiesenberg on Friday afternoon? If so, I shall call him and set the time.

Next week looks so hectic that it seemed best to get it over with.

OK B

5 30

Marie

Secretary to Mr. Barr

Thank you,

Mr. Richard G. Wiggin
Assistant Supervisor
Art Education
State Board of Education
Richmond 16, Virginia

A/s

RGW:jan

cc: D. Miller

Wiggin

COMMONWEALTH OF VIRGINIA

STATE BOARD OF EDUCATION
RICHMOND 16

November 7, 1955

November 2, 1955

Dr. Alfred H. Barr
Director of Museum Collections
Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street
New York 19, New York

Dear Dr. Barr:

In your new bulletin, PAINTINGS FROM PRIVATE COLLECTIONS, a twenty-fifth anniversary exhibition, I noted a reproduction of Jack Levine's ELECTION NIGHT. Could you tell me if you have reproductions of this painting for sale? If you do, I would like the address of one.

Thank you,

Richard G. Wiggin
Assistant Supervisor
Art Education

ROW:jsn

Dear Mr. Wiggin:

I am afraid that the only reproduction available of the Jack Levine'"Election Night" is a black and white photograph. If this would be of any help, you could order an 8 x 10" glossy print directly from Miss Pearl Moeller of our staff.

Very sincerely yours,

Marie Alexander
Secretary to Mr. Barr

Mr. Richard G. Wiggin
Assistant Supervisor
Art Education
State Board of Education
Richmond 16, Virginia

A/s

COMMONWEALTH OF VIRGINIA

STATE BOARD OF EDUCATION
RICHMOND, 16

November 2, 1955

Dr. Alfred H. Barr
Director of Museum Collections
Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street
New York, New York

Dear Dr. Barr:

In your new bulletin, PAINTINGS FROM PRIVATE COLLECTIONS, a twenty-fifth anniversary exhibition, I noted a reproduction of Jack Levine's ELECTION NIGHT. Could you tell me if you have reproductions of this painting for sale? If you do, I would like to purchase one.

Thank you,

Richard G. Wiggin

Richard G. Wiggin
Assistant Supervisor
Art Education

RGW:jsh

Willard

WILLARD
GALLERY
23 WEST 56 • PLAZA 7-3830
NEW YORK CITY 19 N. Y.

July 6,1955

Dear Alfred;

You were most thoughtful to send me two copies of the letter which you recieved from Andre Masson. It so happened that Mark arrived back from Europe on the 27th, and I was able to show him the letter almost immediatly. He was very pleased. I hope you have a wonderful summer in Europe.

Sincerely,

Marian

Mr Alfred Barr,Jr.
Museum of Modern Art
II West 53rd Street
New York I9, N.Y.

cc: D. Miller

Willard

June 27, 1955

Dear Marian:

Here are two copies of a completely unsolicited letter from André Masson. I thought you'd like to keep one and send the other on to Mark Tobey.

I hope you and Dan are having a good rest.

Sincerely,

Alfred H. Barr, Jr.

Mrs. Marian Willard
Locust Valley,
New York

AHB:ma

Mrs. Marian T. Williams
Art Dept
Randolph-Macon Women's Coll
Lynchburg, Va

SOU

UNITED STATES 2 CENTS POSTAL CARD

THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

Dr. Mary F. Williams
Art Dept
Randolph-Macon Woman's Coll.
Lynchburg, Va

1955

"Canada's National Magazine" which I shall take pleasure in adding to my file of such "spoofs" of modern art.

In exchange, here is a courtesy pass for your next visit to New York. I hope you will find all floors open, but I should warn you that the top floor closes at the end of each exhibition, whereas the second floor with the permanent collection is less variable. In any case, by the time you return, there will be a complete change of program.

Sincerely,

Alfred H. Barr, Jr.
Director of the Museum Collections

Mr. Douglas S. Wilson
Editor
Babson's Canadian Reports
Toronto 1, Canada

AHB:ma

October 12, 1957

Williams

Dear Mr. Barr, I shall appreciate it very much if you will be so kind as to straighten us out on the pronunciation of Guernica. Perhaps returning this card with some notation would save your time. Many thanks

Mary F. Williams

1) gher or ~~guear~~?

2) guer-nilca (no) or guer-ni-ka (not quite)?

3) nee or ~~nih~~?

"Canada's National Magazine" which I shall take pleasure in adding to my file of such "spoofs" of modern art.

In exchange, here is a courtesy pass for your next visit to New York. I hope you will find all floors open, but I should warn you that the top floor closes at the end of each exhibition, whereas the second floor with the permanent collection is less variable. In any case, by the time you return, there will be a complete change of program.

Sincerely,

Alfred H. Barr, Jr.
Director of the Museum Collections

Mr. Douglas S. Wilson
Editor
Babson's Canadian Reports
Toronto 1, Canada

AHB:ma

cc: D. Miller

wilson

22 September 1955

Dear Mr. Wilson:

Thank you for sending me the cover of "Canada's National Magazine" which I shall take pleasure in adding to my file of such "spoofs" of modern art.

In exchange, here is a courtesy pass for your next visit to New York. I hope you will find all floors open, but I should warn you that the top floor closes at the end of each exhibition, whereas the second floor with the permanent collection is less variable. In any case, by the time you return, there will be a complete change of program.

Sincerely,

Alfred H. Barr, Jr.
Director of the Museum Collections

Mr. Douglas S. Wilson
Editor
Babson's Canadian Reports
Toronto 1, Canada

AHB:ma

Babson's Canadian Reports
Limited

DEVOTED TO PROTECTING CAPITAL AND INCREASING INCOME

HARBOUR COMMISSION BUILDING,

Toronto 1, Canada

September 15/55

Dear Mr. Barr:

I enclose a cover painted by James Hill for Maclean's Magazine of about a year or two ago. This publication bills itself - with considerable truth - as "Canada's National Magazine" and might be compared with the Saturday Evening Post in the United States - although the cover art is of a considerably higher level, in my opinion.

I saw your name mentioned in the reference to the cover story in the July 15th issue of Forbes', re Bulls in Bohemia and it came to my mind that you might not have seen this Maclean's cover; also, that you might find it amusing.

Just as a guess, I would say that the lower left painting - suggesting a charging bull - is more or less based on the work of Jack Bush, a young Canadian artist who has had several very successful one-man shows in Canada.

I was recently able to spend a week in New York - my first visit since 1953 - and was able to pay my usual enjoyable visit to your institution. However, I was not able to see it all, for a considerable portion of the top floor was closed off. Although there is no obligation, if this cover portrait does supply you with any amusement, then, I would very much appreciate a courtesy pass to get into the institution for another time to see the whole of the top floor. I will be returning to New York some time in the late fall.

Yours truly,

Douglas S Wilson

Editor,
Babson's Canadian Reports

Winston

(from W. C2)

The Madison

MADISON AVENUE AT 58TH STREET
NEW YORK 22, N.Y.

TELEPHONE ELDORADO 5-5000
CABLE ADDRESS: MADISOTEL

Dear Mr Barr,

We thought you might be interested in the enclosed catalogue.

It was mighty fine to see you again last evening and we will hope to see you in Detroit

Our greetings

Lydia K. Winston

November 13, 1957

cc: D. Miller

Winston

14 November 1957

Dear Mrs. Winston:

I am delighted to have the new catalogue of your collection. It is very handsome indeed and makes my mouth water. I am going to arrange to come out to you in Detroit, but I am not sure that I can do so on this hurried trip.

It was a great pleasure to see you both Tuesday. I am glad you liked our new Boccioni.

Sincerely,

Alfred H. Barr, Jr.

Mrs. Harry Lewis Winston
483 Aspen Road
Birmingham, Michigan

Dear Mr. Barr,— Winston

We are delighted to know that you and Mrs. Barr will be in our area, that you can have dinner with us next Saturday evening — November 23rd at Seven fifteen o'clock.

(1957)

We look forward with great pleasure to a visit with you both.

Aline and Eero Saarinen can be with us also on the 23rd.

With our cordial greetings to you and Mrs. Barr

Sincerely,

Aline Louis

November eighteenth

Dear Mr. Barr,

Thank you for your advice. If when this letter arrives at your office you are away or unavailable perhaps your secretary might refer it to Mr. Ritchie if he is available and

winston

Saw in Paris

BERKELEY
7, Avenue Matignon
Rond-Point des Champs-Elysées
PARIS (VIII)
TEL. BALZAC 02-24
Adr. Telég. BERKELEYER PARIS 45

June 17, 1956.

Dear Mr Barr:

We have just returned from Venice and the Biennale and are about to sail for America. We leave on the Queen Elizabeth on Thursday June 21st arriving in New York on June 26th. We leave late the same afternoon on the Detroiter for Detroit.

We are wondering if it would be possible to spend 30 minutes with you that afternoon (26). We have a perplexing problem relative to the acquisition of an important piece of sculpture concerning which we should like your advice.

If when this letter arrives at your office you are away or unavailable perhaps your secretary might refer it to Mr. Ritchie if he is available and

we could see him. In any case this would save us a special trip to New York. If we are not asking too much, we would appreciate an immediate response which might reach us before departure from Paris or perhaps better a radio message toward to the Queen Elizabeth at our expense of course.

With send you our kindest regards.

Sincerely

Lydia & Harry F. Winston

Mr. Alfred Barr,
New York City.

Winston
June 20-
6 30 PM

HOTEL VENDÔME
1, PLACE VENDÔME
PARIS (1er)
TÉLÉGR. VENDÔMOTEL
TÉLÉPH. OPÉRA 48-24
(LIGNES GROUPÉES)

Sum

Dear Mr. Barr:

On last Saturday we wrote an air mail note to you at the Modern Museum - New York. We told you we were in Paris - planning to leave for New York tomorrow the 21st on the Queen Elizabeth at noon and asking you if it was possible to see you on arrival in New York for a few minutes. We asked that you cable or Radio the ship at our expense so that it would eliminate the necessity of a special trip to New York from Detroit.

We wanted your advice on an important piece of sculpture that we have the opportunity of acquiring.

Today we learned you were in Paris.

Would it be possible

(over)

to spend a short time with you this Evening or tomorrow morning.

We are at the Berkeley Hotel One Mat. gnon and we shall call you about 7 30 P.M.

We would appreciate it very much if a meeting for a few minutes could be arranged.

With kindest personal regards from Mrs Winston and me.

Sincerely

Harry L. Winston

If we unable to reach you to-night we shall call in the morning at about 9 am.

cc: Mr. Soby
D. Miller

Winston

Winston

BERKELEY
7, Avenue Matignon
(Rond-Point des Champs-Elysées)
PARIS (VIII)
TÉL. BALZAC 02-24
Adr. Télég. BERKELEYEB PARIS 45

June 21/56

Secretary -
Mr. Alfred Barr
Newyork City

Dear Madame:

On Saturday of last week we wrote requesting an appointment with Mr. Alfred Barr or in his absence Mr. Ritchie. Fortunately we had the good luck of meeting Mr. Barr in Paris. Consequently such appointment is unnecessary in Newyork.

Thank you much for your kindness.

Sincerely
Harry L. Winston

cc: Mr. Soby
D. Miller

Winston

THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART 11 WEST 53 STREET NEW YORK 19 N.Y.

TO Tyrrell Travel Service, Inc. DATE March 16, 1955

PURCHASE ORDER № 59855

PLEASE PUT ORDER NUMBER ON INVOICE
INVOICE BEARING ORDER NUMBER SHOULD BE MAILED DIRECTLY TO ASST. TREASURER'S OFFICE

March 29, 1955

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Winston:

That was a most delightful and exciting visit to your house. I enjoyed meeting you and seeing your pictures enormously -- indeed perhaps too much, since I was three-quarters of an hour late to dinner at my brother's. (Had it not been for your excellent Chauffeur, I would have been even later.)

It was really a great surprise to see a collection so fresh and unconventional in its contents. You can't imagine how boring it is to enter one house after another adorned exclusively with Utrillos, Modiglianis and Dufys.

Thank you for a very good time -- and do let me know what futher treasures you acquire,

Sincerely,

Alfred H. Barr, Jr.

	UNIT PRICE	TOTAL
March 19		
fare	33.76	
roomette	10.07	
		43.83
Pittsburgh via Capital Airlines	16.72	16.72
Tuesday, March 22		
		60.55

ORDERED BY A. H. Barr, Jr.

AUTHORIZED BY Chief

FOR Loan Collections Exhib.
Budget

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lewis Winston
483 Aspen Road
Birmingham, Michigan

P. S. Looking over my notes I cannot remember having seen the Balla Bullet. How could I have missed it* and do you by any chance have a photograph you can send me, since I have heard of this picture often but have never seen it or a reproduction of it.

*or it miss me

WINSTON

THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART 11 WEST 53 STREET NEW YORK 19 N.Y.

TO Pyramid Travel Service, Inc.
67 Wall Street
New York City

DATE March 18, 1955

PURCHASE ORDER № 59855

PLEASE PUT ORDER NUMBER ON INVOICE
INVOICE BEARING ORDER NUMBER SHOULD BE MAILED DIRECTLY TO ASST. TREASURER'S OFFICE.

	UNIT PRICE	TOTAL
Train fare: New York to Detroit via the Wolverine March 19 — fare	33.76	
roomette	10.07	
		43.83
Plane fare: Detroit to Pittsburgh via Capital Airlines Tuesday, March 22	16.72	16.72
		60.55

ORDERED BY A. H. Barr, Jr.

AUTHORIZED BY [illegible]

FOR Charge to Trustee Collections Exhib. Budget.

February 8, 1955

Dear Fraulein Winter:

Of course I remember very well our meeting in Badgastein in 1931 and our talks about Regensburg. This made it all the pleasanter to meet Dr. Boll whose visit to the Museum I enjoyed. He will bring you my most cordial greetings.

Sincerely,

Alfred H. Barr, Jr.

Fraulein Gretal Winter
Stahlzwingerweg 10
Regensburg, Germany

AHB:ma

wittgens

20 July 1957

CABLEGRAM TO: PINACOTECA BRERA MILANO ITALY

COMMOSSE CONDOGLIANZE PER FERNANDA WITTGENS GRANDE ANIMATRICE

DIRETTRICE AMMIREVOLE E CORDIALE AMICA

ALFRED BARR
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

CABLEGRAM TO: MADAME EUGENIE KUPKA
7 ~~4~~ RUE LEMAITRE
PUTEAUX-SUR-SEINE FRANCE

PROFONDES CONDOLEANCES POUR FRANK KUPKA EXTRAORDINAIRE PIONNIER

DE LA PEINTURE ABSTRAITE ET AMI GENEREUX AMICALEMENT

ALFRED BARR
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

Charge Museum Collections.

Wittgens

La Sovrintendenza alle Gallerie della Lombardia, gravemente colpita dalla scomparsa della Prof. Dott. Fernanda Wittgens, ringrazia vivamente per la partecipazione al proprio lutto.

of Modern Art. I will try, together with Dr.Russoli, to make a review of it and have it published in "Lineagrafica" (a Milanese review), which I hope I shall be able to offer you before long.

Unfortunately, art in Italy is suffering from a financial crisis, and the difficulties which stand in our way are stillmore serious than during the war. But we have got to keep up in spite of everything and to never get discouraged.

I am looking forward to meeting my friends of the Museum of Modern Art next summer, when they come here for the biennal show.

In these days I cannot help thinking of the nice time I enjoyed exactly two years ago in your society!

All my best wishes for 1956 to you and your wife!

Very sincerely yours

Fernanda Wittgens

Wittgens

PINACOTECA DI BRERA
MILANO
IL DIRETTORE

Milan, January 11th, 1956

My dear Friend,

I feel guilty indeed for never having written you in the whole 1955! But, perhaps you will forgive me a little when you know that I was rather seriously ill. As a matter of fact, from May till November I was compelled to work but a few hours a day on account of a nasty diabetes.

Now I am much better and I greatly wish to tell you how deeply grateful I am for your presenting me with the fine book on the Museum of Modern Art. I will try, together with Dr.Russoli, to make a review of it and have it published in "Lineagrafica" (a Milanese review), which I hope I shall be able to offer you before long.

Unfortunately, art in Italy is suffering from a financial crisis, and the difficulties which stand in our way are stillmore serious than during the war. But we have got to keep up in spite of everything and to never get discouraged.

I am looking forward to meeting my friends of the Museum of Modern Art next summer, when they come here for the biennal show.

In these days I cannot help thinking of the nice time I enjoyed exactly two years ago in your society!

All my best wishes for 1956 to you and your wife!

Very sincerely yours

Fernanda Wittgens

Witt Kower

cc: D. Miller

January 31, 1956

Columbia University
in the City of New York
[NEW YORK 27, N. Y.]
DEPARTMENT OF FINE ARTS AND ARCHAEOLOGY

Dear Dr. Wittkower:

Forgive my not answering your letter before this. It was addressed to my home and was delayed. In any case, I regret to say my delay is unimportant, since we have no lecture fund and quite rarely hold lectures. Otherwise we would certainly consider your suggestion about Mr. Davey very seriously.

I am returning his curriculum vitae to you, thinking it might be useful elsewhere.

My kindest regards to you.

Sincerely,

Alfred H. Barr, Jr.

Professor Rudolf Wittkower
Columbia University
Department of Fine Arts and Archaeology
New York 27, New York

AHB:ma

Wittlin

Columbia University
in the City of New York
[NEW YORK 27, N. Y.]
DEPARTMENT OF FINE ARTS AND ARCHAEOLOGY

7 January 1956

Dear Mr. Barr:

I hope you will forgive me if I approach you in the following matter. My assistant in London (who is holding what you would call an instructorship in the University) is working on Degas as a Ph.D. thesis. He is, of course, anxious to study the collections in the United States. My problem at present is to find a possibility for him to come over here for a few months on an invitation. Somebody mentioned to me (I think it was Harry Bober that the Museum of Modern Art might be interested and also in a position to extend such an invitation. Davey would, of course, like to lecture on Degas and other aspects of 19th and 20th century art.

It is hardly necessary for me to say that I think very highly of his work. He is by the way a resourceful and accomplished lecturer. For your information I enclose his Curriculum Vitae. I want to mention that I am approaching at the same time Harvard University where to my knowledge funds for such cases are sometimes available. If you have any other suggestion, I should be grateful for your advice.

With all good wishes for the New Year,

Sincerely yours,

R. Wittkower

Sincerely,

Alfred H. Barr, Jr.

Mr. Tadeusz A. Wittlin
449 West 56th Street
Apartment 3-C
New York 19, New York

AHB:ma

Wittlin

20 February 1956

Dear Mr. Wittlin:

I am glad to send you the addressed of the following:

M. Constantin Brancusi: 11 Impasse Ronsin, Paris 15
Jacques Lipchitz: 168 Warburton Avenue
Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y.
M. Georges Braque, 6 rue du Douanier, Paris 14
M. Marc Chagall, "Les Collines", Vence (A.M.) France
Jacob Epstein: c/o Dr. Irving Epstein,
221 Middle Neck Road
Great Neck, Long Island, N.Y.
Pablo Picasso: c/0 Galerie Louise Léiris
29 bis, rue d'Astorg
Paris 8

It is possible that Mr. Klaus Perls of the Perls Galleries, 12 Madison Avenue at 79th Street, will have an address for Maurice de Vlaminck. We have "La Tourillière", Rueil-la-Gadelière (E. et L.), France, dating from 1950.

I am sorry, but I do not have the other addresses which you request.

Sincerely,

Alfred H. Barr, Jr.

Mr. Tadeusz A. Wittlin
449 West 56th Street
Apartment 3-C
New York 19, New York

AHB:ma

Tadeusz A. Wittlin
449 West 56 Street Apt. 3C
New York 19, New York
Tel: Plaza 7-1640

February 16th,1956.

Dear Mr. Barr,

I am a professional writer,a member of the P.E.N.Club American Center and an author of several books,the last one "A Reluctant Traveler in Russia"published by Rinehard and Company,New York,on the Herald Tribune list as one of the outstanding books in America,and translated into six languages.

I am presently engaged in writing a new book about Art in the first half of the twentieth century.This requires extensive research work in which I am busily engaged.Thus far, I have consulted approximately two hundred books,gathering accurate material with which I can do a good literary job on this subject.However,there is still some information which is necessary through personal contact and therefore, I am taking the liberty of asking you for the address of the following:

1. Constantin Brancusi 2. George Beaque 3.Marc Chagall
4. Jean Cocteau 5. Jacob Epstein 6.Foujita
7. Jacques Lipchitz 8.Emmanuele Modigliani
9. Margheritta Modigliani 10.Pablo Picasso 11.Andre Salmon
12.Maurice de Vlaminck 13.Ortis de Zarate 14.Madame Zborowska.

I regret any inconvenience and additional work this may cause you but it would mean so much to me and would be helpful to me.

I would like to thank you for your helpfulness in this direction.

Yours Truly

Tadeusz A Wittlin

Pantheon Books Inc.
333 Sixth Avenue
New York 14, New York

AHB:ma

Alfred - this photograph has never been returned to me. Unless you remember receiving it in some unusual way, I'll call them and enquire about it.

Marie

November 26, 1954

oct 5, 1955
book not gone to press,

cover,

a large photograph of Matisse's "La Danse", the Museum of Modern Western Art, Moscow. I hope that you will handle it very carefully, since it is a unique copy. Will you return it to me when you have finished with it.

I'm very glad to be able to help you out and look forward to the publication of Sir Kenneth's book.

Sincerely,

Alfred H. Barr, Jr.

Mr. Kurt Wolff
Pantheon Books Inc.
333 Sixth Avenue
New York 14, New York

AHB:ma

November 26, 1954

Dear Mr. Wolff:

I am ~~mailing out to you, under separate cover,~~ holding for you a large photograph of Matisse's "La Danse", the Museum of Modern Western Art, Moscow. I hope that you will handle it very carefully, since it is a unique copy. Will you return it to me when you have finished with it.

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Sincerely,

Alfred H. Barr, Jr.

Mr. Kurt Wolff
Pantheon Books Inc.
333 Sixth Avenue
New York 14, New York

AHB:ma

November 26, 1954

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Sincerely,

Alfred H. Barr, Jr.

Mr. Kurt Wolff
Pantheon Books Inc.
333 Sixth Avenue
New York 14, New York

AHB:ma

reply for me to sign asking Wolf to handle carefully

PANTHEON BOOKS INC.

333 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 14, N. Y.

KURT WOLFF

November 12, 1954

AL 52304

Mr. Alfred H. Barr, Jr.
Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street
New York, 19, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Barr:

We are preparing a book by Sir Kenneth Clark, THE NUDE, A STUDY IN IDEAL FORM, to be published in the Bollingen Series.

In this book Sir Kenneth would like to show the Matisse "La Danse" from the Museum of Modern Western Art in Moscow, which is reproduced in your book on Matisse on page 362.

Would you be good enough to lend us the photograph?

Thanking you in advance for your kind cooperation in this matter, I am

Most sincerely yours,

KW:cr

Yes - but cut corrugated board to protect - 1" margin all round and paste on - don't use rubber cement (ask F.P.)