

New York City  
Sunday, Nov. 18, 1951

Dear Miss Rebay,

When I woke up this morning I was very depressed, so, impulsively, I went to look at your paintings again to cheer myself up, and when I got to the museum the hostess at the desk gave me your gift, I can't express how moved I was as it means the difference between worrying and acting and not worrying about it this next week.

Now Miss Rebay, it is hard for me to tell you what I feel about your paintings for fear you will think I am trying to flatter you, but what I say is from my true heart. You know that I have never been in the East before, so I haven't seen real non-objective paintings except a few Kandinskys, and while I was prepared for Bauer I did not guess the effect of your work, to me what makes your paintings superior is the rhythm of each brush stroke and also the perfect colour. The lines in Diminuendo and the colours in Black and White (together with Aesthetic) I can hardly believe, I hope that soon you will hang your large painting (name?) to the left of Andante Cantabile to where it can be seen more directly, as it has the three dimensional effect I am so interested in, that Kandinsky describes but never completely accomplishes in his work.

I must admit that to me it is a waste of space to hang so many Scarlett (and even most Moholy-Nagy) but I guess I don't understand them yet.

Mrs. Blasingame told me Friday your message that Fischingers films were completely non-objective. I didn't mean to indicate in my last letter that they were not, as he is certainly the best film maker so far, (especially study in blue), but to me he is handicapped in trying to follow music. In the true non-objective films of the future, non-objectivity of motion, trajectory, and rhythm will be just as important as non-objectivity of form-relation, and this is impossible if the film composer has music in mind rather than his own soul which is nourished by silence and light.

Please get rested and strong soon, as I know your next large painting will be perfection.

Respectfully, your friend  
(signed) Harry E. Smith

P. S. Please forgive my uneven writing, because I am in bed with the flu.  
H.S.