

natural play of the free hand. Suddenly, however, constructivism is no longer good enough. The photograph is the only medium which does justice to the over-objective demands made. What attitude is one to adopt towards such art, which is harsh and tender, mystical and material, attractive and confusing, like the world in which we live? Perhaps we could say it was lacking in intellect, indeed inimical to intellect, if it were not for revelations such as the wonderful cosmic riddle **Proun 1919** (page 50.)

Translated by E. T. Scheffauer.

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E L L I S S I T Z K Y

