Vasily Kandinsky

SOUNDS

translated from German
by Tony Frazer

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(this address not for correspondence)

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Klänge was first published by Piper Verlag in Munich in late 1912 or early 1913. The exact date of publication is unclear.
A mass of hills in all the colours one can imagine or would even wish to imagine. All varying sizes, but shapes always the same, i.e. just one: Fat at the bottom, bulging at the sides, flat-round on top. Simple everyday hills, then, just as one always imagines but never sees.
Amongst the hills winds a narrow path, plain white, i.e. neither bluish, nor yellowish, tending neither towards blue, nor towards yellow.
Dressed in a long, uncreased black coat that comes right down to his heels, a man walks upon this path. His face is pale, but on his cheeks there are two red spots. His lips are just as red. He has a large drum hanging round his neck and is drumming.
The man walks very strangely. Sometimes he runs and strikes his drum with feverish, irregular blows. Sometimes he walks slowly, perhaps lost in thought, and drums almost mechanically in a long drawn-out tempo: one… one… one… sometimes he just stands still and drums like the soft, white, furry toy rabbit that we all love so much. But this standing around doesn’t last very long. Then the man’s running all over again and striking his drum with feverish, irregular blows.
He lies there, the man in black, as if totally exhausted, stretched out on the white path, amongst the hills with all their colours. His drum lies beside him and also the two drumsticks.
He’s standing up again. He’s going to start running all over again.
I saw all this from up here and I beg you to watch it from up here too.
Blue, Blue rose up, rose up, and fell. 
Spiky, Thin whistled and tried to barge its way in, but didn’t get through. 
On every corner there was a din. 
Fat Brown got caught, apparently for all eternity. 
   Apparently. Apparently. 
Wider: you should stretch your arms out. 
   Wider, wider.
And you should cover your face with a red cloth.  
And perhaps it hasn't been delayed at all: it's just you who's delayed.  
White jump after white jump.  
And after this white jump still another white jump.  
And in this white jump a white jump. In every white jump a white jump.  
It's really not good at all, that you don't see the gloom: it's already right there in the gloom.  
That's where it all really begins.........................There's been a crash