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MAY 1938—2

One Shilling

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AND GOUACHES

4—28 MAY

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PAINTINGS  
AND COLLAGES

5—31 MAY

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DRAWINGS  
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GUGGENHEIM JEUNE

GEER  
V A N V E L D E

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5—27 MAY

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No 2 — MAY 1938

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# LONDON BULLETIN

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WITH NOTES AND EIGHT PAGES OF ILLUSTRATIONS

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RP  
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## FREUD AT VIENNA

"On the eve of the publication of this work<sup>1</sup>, we learn with deep misgiving of the arrest at Vienna of Sigmund Freud. So an entire life of shining understanding, of exclusive devotion to the cause of human emancipation in the widest sense in which it has ever been understood, is practically bound to end in the infection of a prison, in the tormenting humiliations of one of Hitler's concentration camps. This great master—the spirit in whom that cry of Goethe's for 'More Light' is really and truly incarnate—he from whom so many of us take our finest reasons for existence and action—Freud fallen at the age of eighty-two into the grip of ruffians, finding himself singled out for their irresponsible and animal fury. We are all aware, and we can't pretend not to recognise that, with a daily increasing despair of being heard, other appeals cross above our heads—as many of them on behalf of peoples who ask nothing except to be left free as on behalf of the most trustworthy of men, suddenly accused of monstrous crimes. Nevertheless, we like to hope that the picture of a Freud, already ill for a long time although always marvellously lucid, of a Freud forced at that age to undergo the worst outrages, will provoke an awakening of conscience all over the world, will bring about a wave of indignation, will be strong enough to put an end to a shame which will reflect on the whole of civilisation.

*André Breton.*

*The following day.* Vienna, March 17 (By telephone). 'It is announced this afternoon, that contrary to the rumour which had been spread, Professor Freud, the founder of Psycho-analysis, has not been arrested. He is leading a retired life in his home at Vienna.'

*March 18.* — Freud has not been arrested but simply 'Kept under watch'. All over the world the mind must be on guard, must concentrate to see that his existence is unviolated, a symbolic guard of honour must be organised round his person to secure his complete and immediate release and assure a peaceful and glorious end, wherever he may wish, to a life of inspiration which we hold as dear to us as our own.

A.B."

---

<sup>1</sup> This note on Freud at Vienna forms a last-minute preface to the seventh 'Cahier G.L.M.' just published and which consists of a series of texts and reproductions of pictures relating to dreams, collected and presented by André Breton. This collection continues the work on dreams begun by Breton in *Nadja* and in *Les Vases Communicants* and includes quotations from Paracelsus, Durer, Pushkin, Eluard and Breton himself.



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## JOAN MIRO EXHIBITION

### CATALOGUE

1. BLUE (1925)  
*Formerly Collections "Le Centaure" Brussels—George Willems, Brussels—F. C Graindorge, Liège.*
2. BEIGE (1925)  
*Formerly Collections Paul Eluard, Paris — George Willems, Brussels — Marcel Cuvelier, Brussels.*
3. STATUE (1925) Oil.
4. COMPOSITION (1927) Oil.
5. COMPOSITION (1933) Oil.  
*Formerly Collection Christian Zervos.  
Lent by Mr. R. A. Penrose.*
6. COMPOSITION (1933) Gouache.  
*Lent by Mr. Douglas Cooper.*
7. THE LOVERS (1934) Pastel.
8. FIGURE (1934) Pencil Drawing.
9. TWO WOMEN (1935) Oil.
10. FIGURE AT THE WINDOW (1935) Gouache.  
*Lent by Mr. Douglas Cooper.*
11. BIRD, SHOOTING STAR, AND LANDSCAPE (1935) Gouache.
12. FIGURE (1935) Gouache.
13. WOMAN (1935) Gouache.
14. SIGNS AND FIGURATIONS (1935) Gouache.
15. FIGURE (1935) Gouache.
16. STAR, PLANT, MOON, WOMAN, AND LANDSCAPE (1935) Gouache.
17. CATALAN PEASANT RESTING (1936) Oil.  
*Lent by Mr. Douglas Cooper.*
18. FIGURES (1937) Ink Drawing.
19. COMPOSITION (1937) Gouache.
20. COMPOSITION (1937) Gouache.
21. COMPOSITION (1937) Gouache.  
*Lent by Mr. Douglas Cooper.*

Most of the Exhibits are for sale. Prices may be had on application.



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## JOAN MIRO

*Preying sun my head's prisoner,  
Steal away the hill, steal away the forest.  
The sky is more than ever lovely.  
The grapes' dragon-flies  
Impose a symmetry of forms  
I can dispense with easily.*

*Clouds of the peeping day,  
Heartless and unauthorised clouds,  
The straw fires of my gaze,  
Consume their seeds.*

*When all is said, to clothe itself with dawn,  
The sky must be as pure as the night.*

PAUL ELUARD.

(translated by G.R.)\*

\* From "Thorns of Thunder"—Europa Press London.

---

La cigale, qui ouvre sur les champs du midi des yeux grands comme des soucoupes, accompagne seule de son chant cruel ce voyageur toujours d'autant plus pressé qu'il ne sait où il va. Elle est le génie infixable, délicieux et inquiétant qui se porte en avant de Miró, qui l'introduit auprès des puissances supérieures auxquelles les grands Primitifs ont eu quelque peu affaire. Elle est peut-être, à elle seule, le talisman nécessaire, l'indispensable fétiche que Miró a emporté dans son voyage pour ne pas se perdre. C'est à elle qu'il doit de savoir que la terre ne tire vers le ciel que de malheureuses cornes d'escargot, que l'air est une fenêtre ouverte sur une fusée ou sur une grande paire de moustaches, que pour parler révérencieusement il faut dire: "Ouvrez la parenthèse, la vie, fermez la parenthèse", que les coeurs, littéralement:

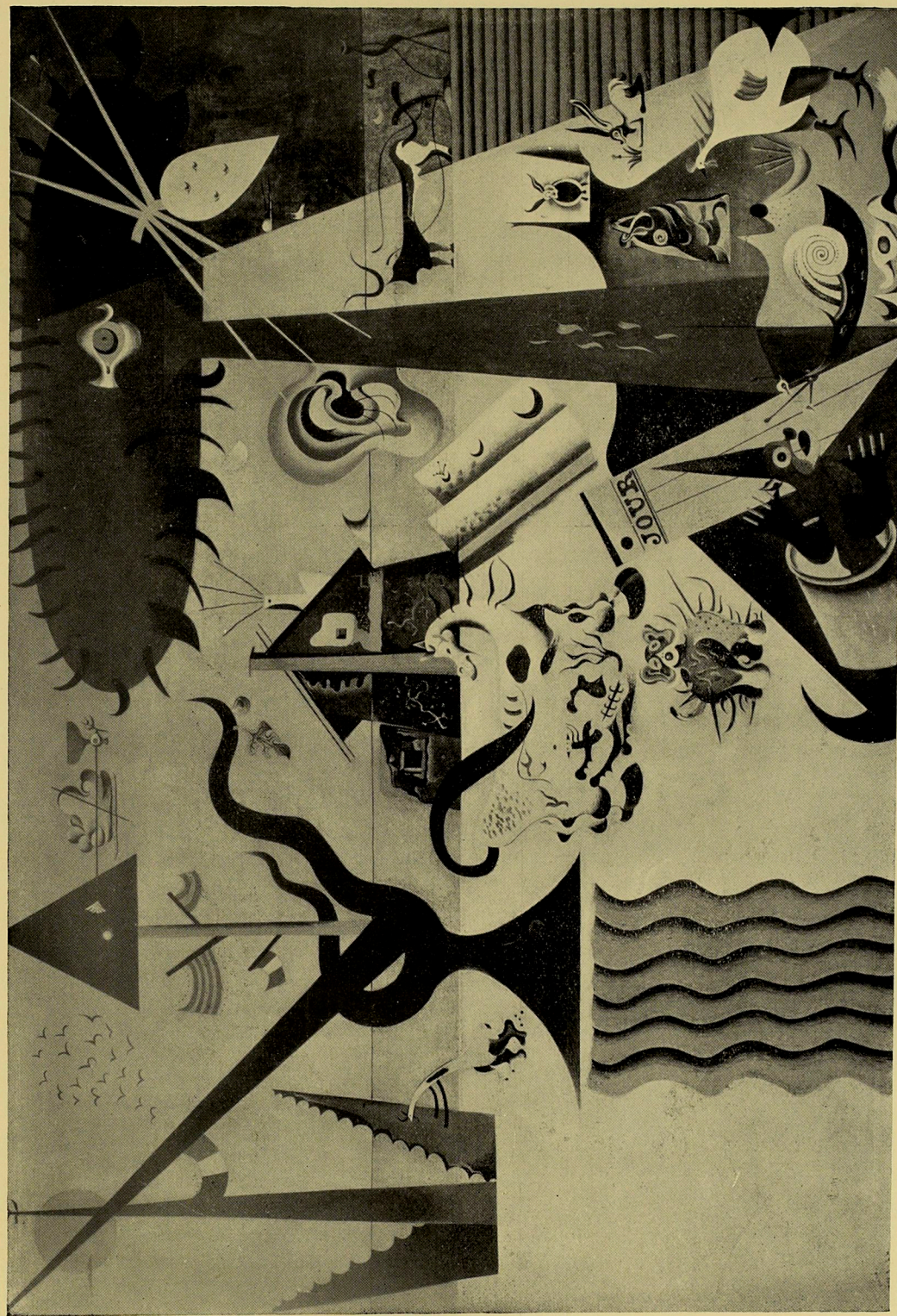
*Nos coeurs pendent ensemble au même grenadier.*

que la bouche du fumeur n'est qu'une partie de la fumée et que le spectre solaire, prometteur de la peinture, s'annonce, comme un autre spectre, par un bruit de chaînes.\*

André BRETON.

\* From "Le surréalisme et la peinture"—Ed. N.R.F. Librairie Gallimard—Paris 1928.





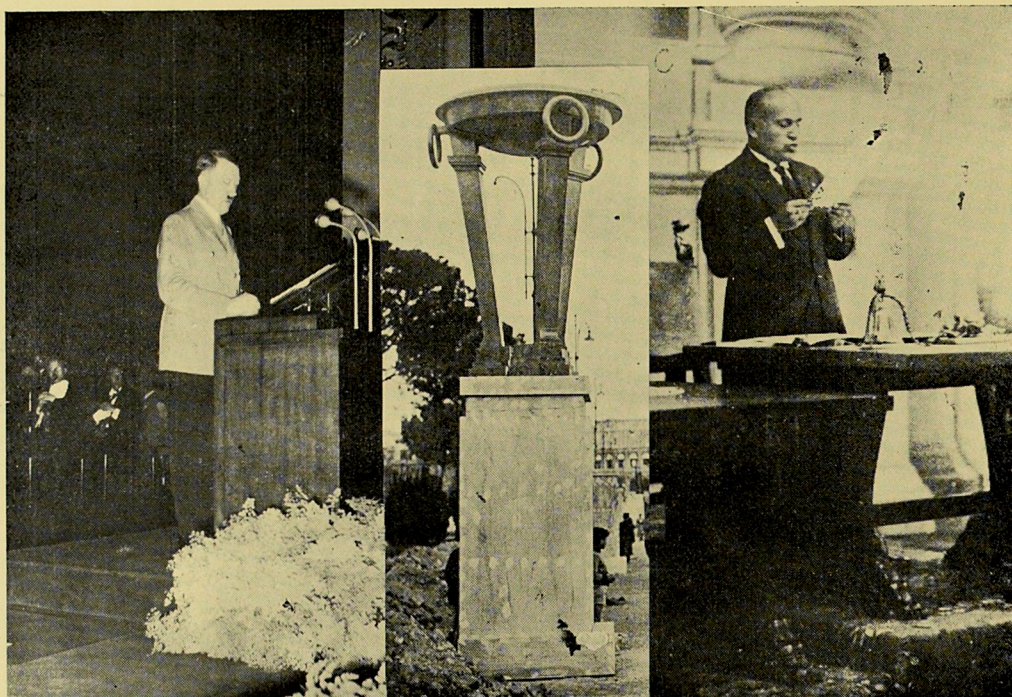
JOAN MIRÓ

(Miss Valerie Cooper Collection)

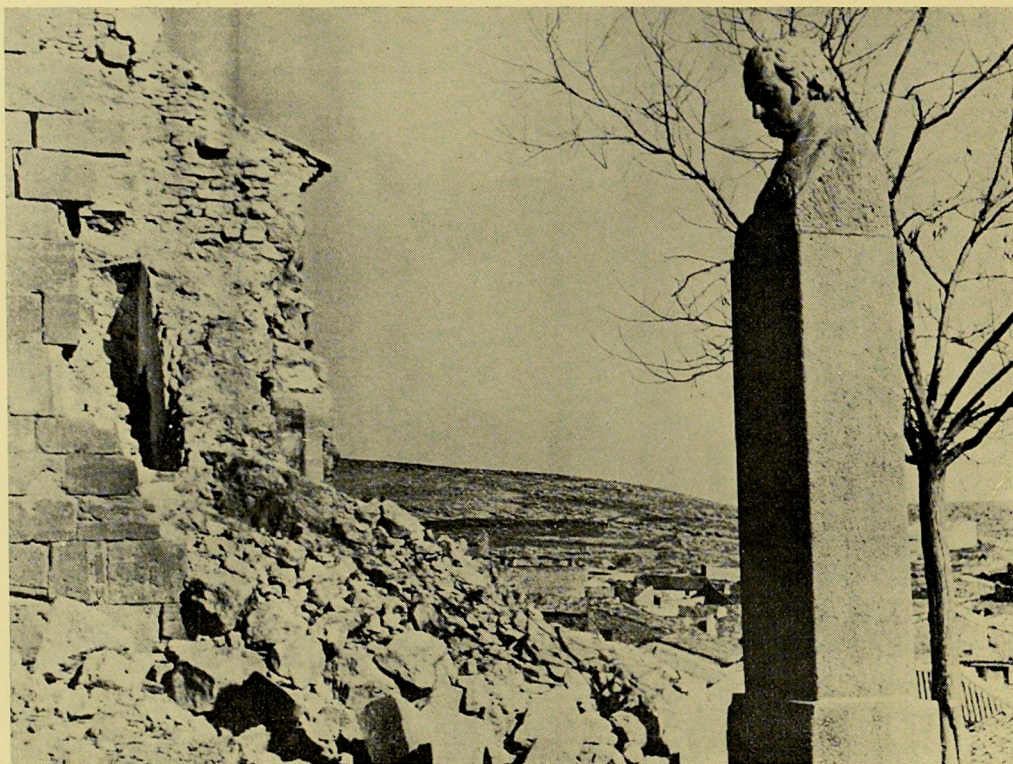
The ploughed land (1923-24)



## WORDS AND DEEDS



Simultaneously with the barking of speeches on culture, "peace", and the virtues of dictatorship, and as one of them prepares to swing incense over the other . . .



. . . orders are being given for the massacre of whole towns and populations. This photograph shows the ruins of Belchite, the town in which Goya was born. By some miracle, his statue has survived this agony and seems to meditate sadly on the devastated landscape.



## POEM

by

Hugh Sykes Davies

*It doesn't look like a finger it looks like a feather of broken glass*  
*It doesn't look like something to eat it looks like something eaten*  
*It doesn't look like an empty chair it looks like an old woman searching in a*  
*heap of stones*

*It doesn't look like a heap of stones it looks like an estuary where the drifting*  
*filth is swept to and fro on the tide*

*It doesn't look like a finger it looks like a feather with broken teeth*  
*The spaces between the stones are made of stone*

*It doesn't look like a revolver it looks like a convolvulus*  
*It doesn't look like a living convolvulus it looks like a dead one*

KEEP YOUR FILTHY HANDS OFF MY FRIENDS USE THEM ON  
YOUR BITCHES OR

YOURSELVES BUT KEEP THEM OFF MY FRIENDS

*The faces between the stones are made of bone*

*It doesn't look like an eye it looks like a bowl of rotten fruit*

*It doesn't look like my mother in the garden it looks like my father when he*  
*came up from the sea covered with shells and tangle*

*It doesn't look like a feather it looks like a finger with broken wings*

*It doesn't look like the old woman's mouth it looks like a handful of broken*  
*feathers or a revolver buried in cinders*

*The faces beneath the stones are made of stone*

*It doesn't look like a broken cup it looks like a cut lip*

*It doesn't look like yours it looks like mine*

BUT IT IS YOURS NOW

SOON IT WILL LOOK LIKE YOURS

AND ANYTHING YOU SEE WILL BE USED AGAINST YOU



## PROSE POEM

by

Humphrey Jennings

As the sun declined the snow at our feet reflected the most delicate peach-blossom.

As it sank the peaks to the right assumed more definite, darker and more gigantic forms.

The hat was over the forehead, the mouth and chin buried in the brown velvet collar of the greatcoat. I looked at him wondering if my grandfather's eyes had been like those.

While the luminary was vanishing the horizon glowed like copper from a smelting furnace.

When it had disappeared the ragged edges of the mist shone like the inequalities of a volcano.

Down goes the window and out go the old gentleman's head and shoulders, and there they stay for I suppose nearly nine minutes.

Such a sight, such a chaos of elemental and artificial lights I never saw nor expect to see. In some pictures I have recognised similar effects. Such are *The Fleeting Hues of Ice* and *The Fire* which we fear to touch.

1937.

---

### POEME EN PROSE Par HUMPHREY JENNINGS

Lorsque le soleil déclina la neige à nos pieds reflétait les fleurs de pêcher les plus délicates.

Lorsqu'il se coucha les sommets à la droite accusaient des formes plus définies, plus sombres et plus gigantesques.

Le chapeau était sur le front, la bouche et le menton enfouis dans le col de velours brun du grand manteau. Je le regardai en m'interrogeant si les yeux de mon grand-père étaient comme ceux-là.

Pendant que le foyer s'évanouissait l'horizon s'embrasait comme le cuivre du haut fourneau.

Quand il eut disparu les bords rapés de la brume brillaient comme les inégalités d'un volcan.

Chute de la fenêtre et le vieux, tête et épaules, se penche. Il reste ainsi pour—j'imagine—quelque neuf minutes.

Jamais je n'ai vu, jamais je ne verrai une telle splendeur, un tel chaos de lumières élémentaires et artificielles. Dans certaines peintures j'ai reconnu des effets similaires. Tels sont *Les teintes fuyantes de la glace* et *Le feu* auquel nous n'osons pas toucher.

(traduction par e. l. t. M.)



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FIRST FLOOR GALLERY

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## JOHN PIPER

### CATALOGUE

#### PAINTINGS

- |                                     |                             |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. INVENTION NEAR A PORT. (1938)    | 8. NEWS FROM HARBOUR (1938) |
| 2. THREE GROUPS BY THE SHORE (1938) | 9. DEFENCE WORK (1938)      |
|                                     | 10. SEA BUILDINGS (1938)    |
| 3. BUILDING ON THE BEACH (1938)     | 11. TWO GROUPS (1937)       |
| 4. BALANCING (1937)                 | 12. TWO FIGURES (1934)      |
| 5. LIGHTHOUSE APPROACH (1937)       | 13. SHORE TARGET (1937)     |
| 6. SCREEN FOR THE SEA (1938)        | 14. DIVISIONS (1935)        |
| 7. SHUTTERED WORLD (1936)           | 15. DIVISIONS (1935)        |

#### COLLAGES and DRAWINGS

- |  |                                  |
|--|----------------------------------|
| 16. CARDIGANSHIRE BEACH  | 23. ST. ANNE'S HEAD              |
| 17. GALE (WALES)   | 24. ABERAYON BEACH               |
| 18. GRONGAR HILL   | 25. BEACH; SOUTH WALES           |
| 19. WELSH HARBOUR  | 26. FARMS ON A HILL; SOUTH WALES |
| 20. ABERAYRON  | 27. DUNGENESS LIGHTHOUSE         |
| 21. FARM ON SAND DUNES   | 28. DUNGENESS                    |
| 22. FARM BY THE SEA  | 29. RYE HARBOUR                  |
|  | 30. NONCONFORMIST RECORD         |
| 31. Scenes from "TRIAL OF A JUDGE", by Stephen Spender, produced by Rupert Doone for the Group Theatre. Scenery designed and painted by John Piper. March 1938. (Photographs). |                                  |



## JOHN PIPER

Although John Piper's work is well known in London galleries and by reproductions in periodicals, this is his first one-man exhibition.

For some time, his name has been associated with the Abstract Movement, and under this aegis his pictures have appeared in New York and Paris. But, probably, it is as a member of The London Group and the Society of 7 and 5 that he is best known to the public at large.

The first remarkable feature of this exhibition, from the spectator's point of view, is that so-called 'abstractions' and pictures of a representational kind are shewn side by side. Beyond this even, both are given nearly similar titles. This is not, as some may suspect, a new perversity; rather, it is a concession on the artist's part. He would like it to be evident, that although the solution of his equation is in 'abstract' terms, the features of his design retain the influence of association. They are not resolved beyond the reach of a normal, sensitive, nostalgia.

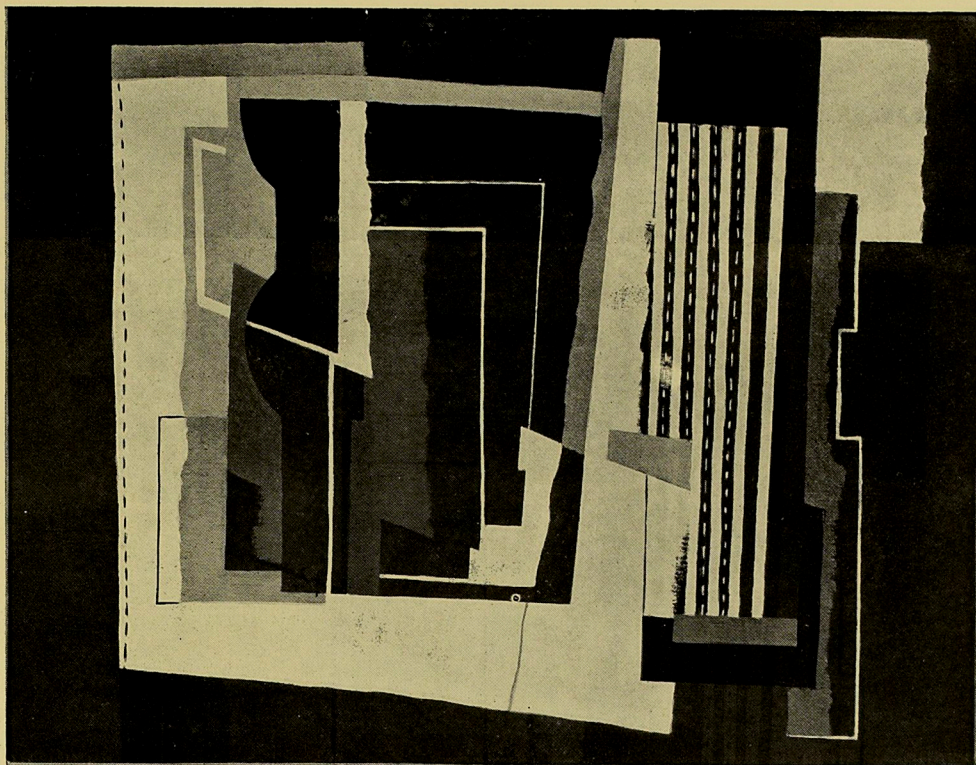
His other method is no less interesting. Here, images are recognisable forms, but expressed by very unusual means. In place of the medium of paint, pieces of coloured paper are employed, either pasted over, or revealed underneath through openings in the upper layers. An odd variety of material is used for these 'collages'. The exquisitely tinted Ingres papers, pieces of blotting paper, and the waste, printed sheets from lithographic presses. This paper arabesque is cunningly re-inforced by agile strokes of pen-and-ink.

So much for, literally, the scissors and paste of the affair: — an ingenious method. But it is the mind and hand directing which have made out of a rather tricky technique a series of pictures with a vivid and valid reality. These have been designed and executed, in front of Nature, with an astonishing accuracy of visual aim, prompted by a very sensitive perception. And this arbitrary, rash, use of opposing colours and tones discloses, also, a subtle understanding of the atmospheric drama of such coast scenes.

I submit that this is the work of a curiously gifted artist who has fully justified the means he has used for his purpose.

PAUL NASH

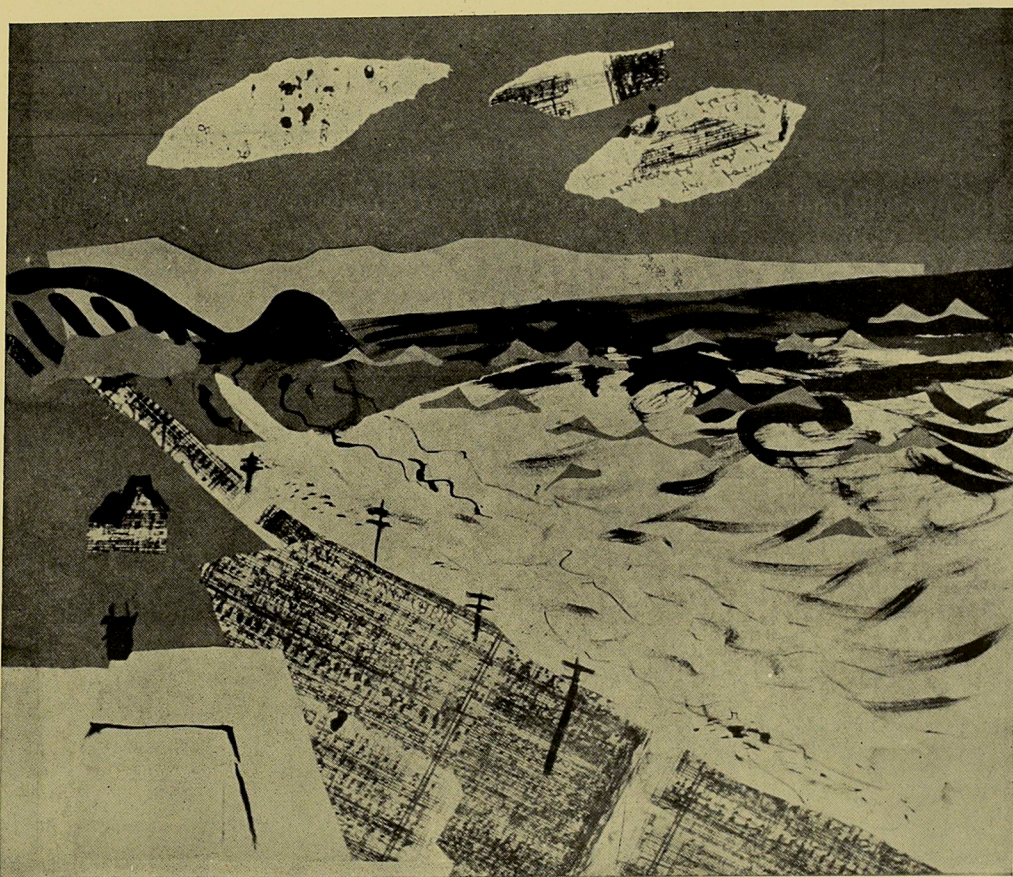




JOHN PIPER

(Anthony West collection)

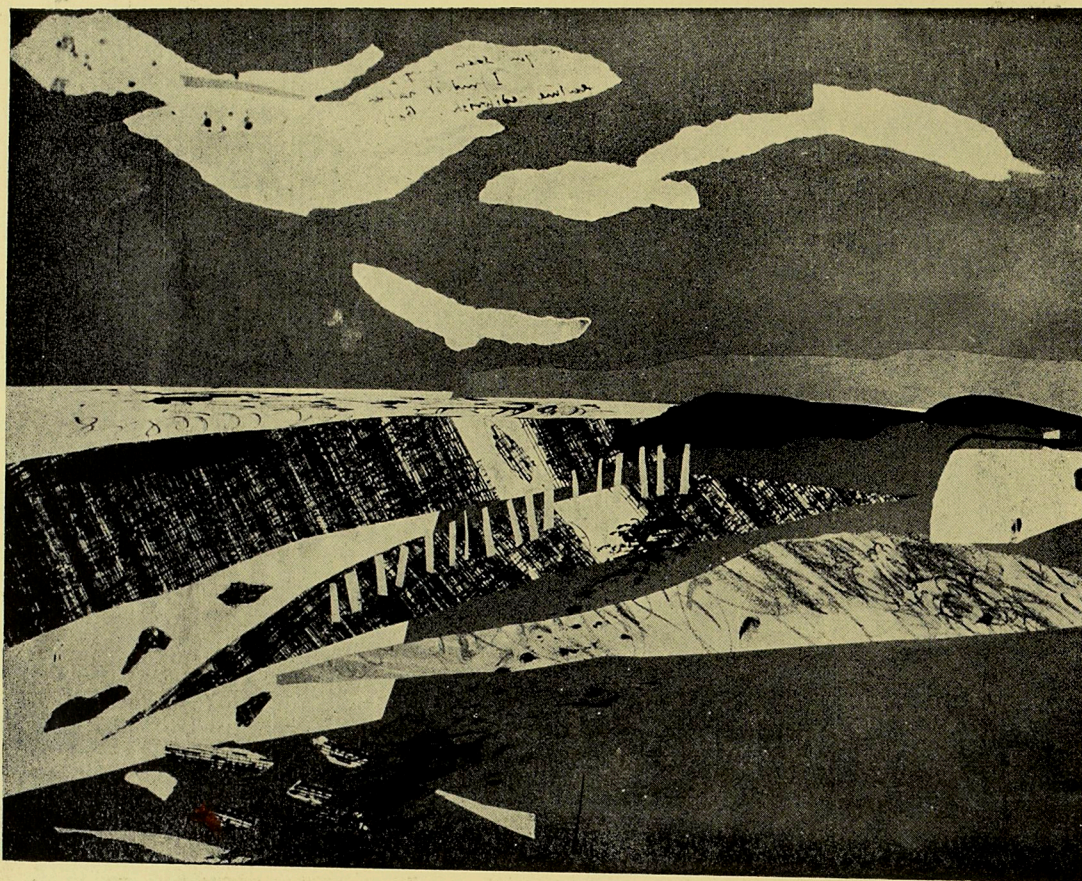
White, Red and Blue (1936)



JOHN PIPER

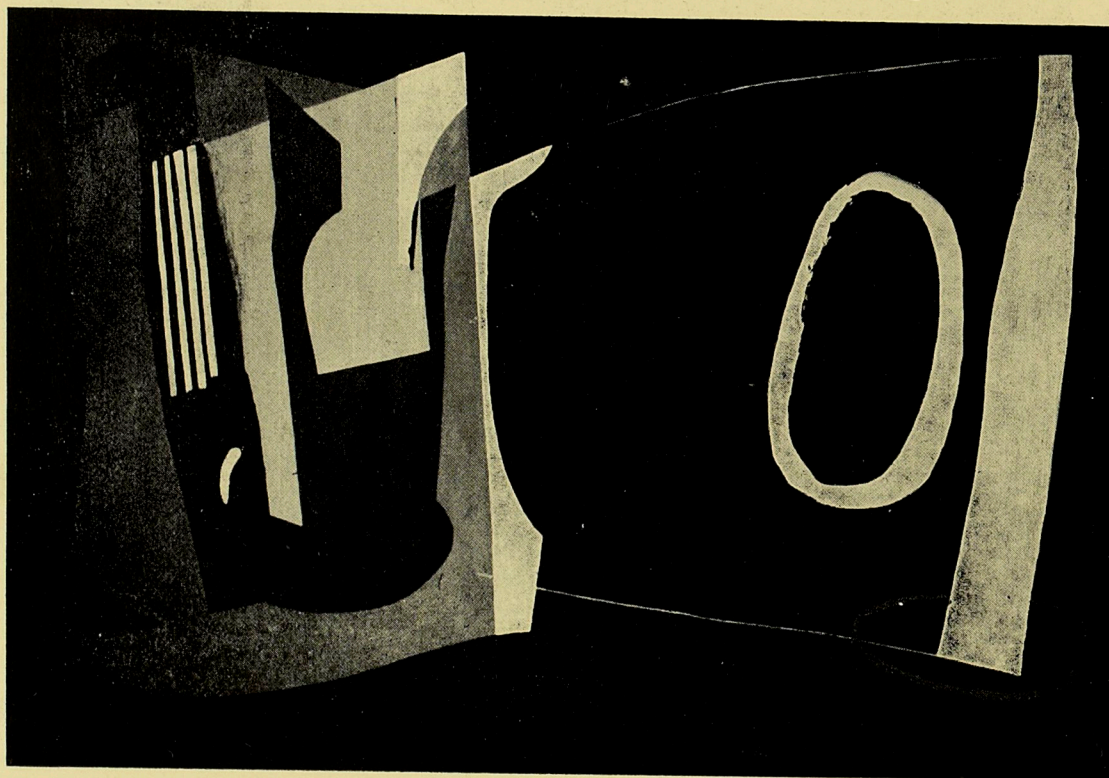
Gale (Collage)





JOHN PIPER

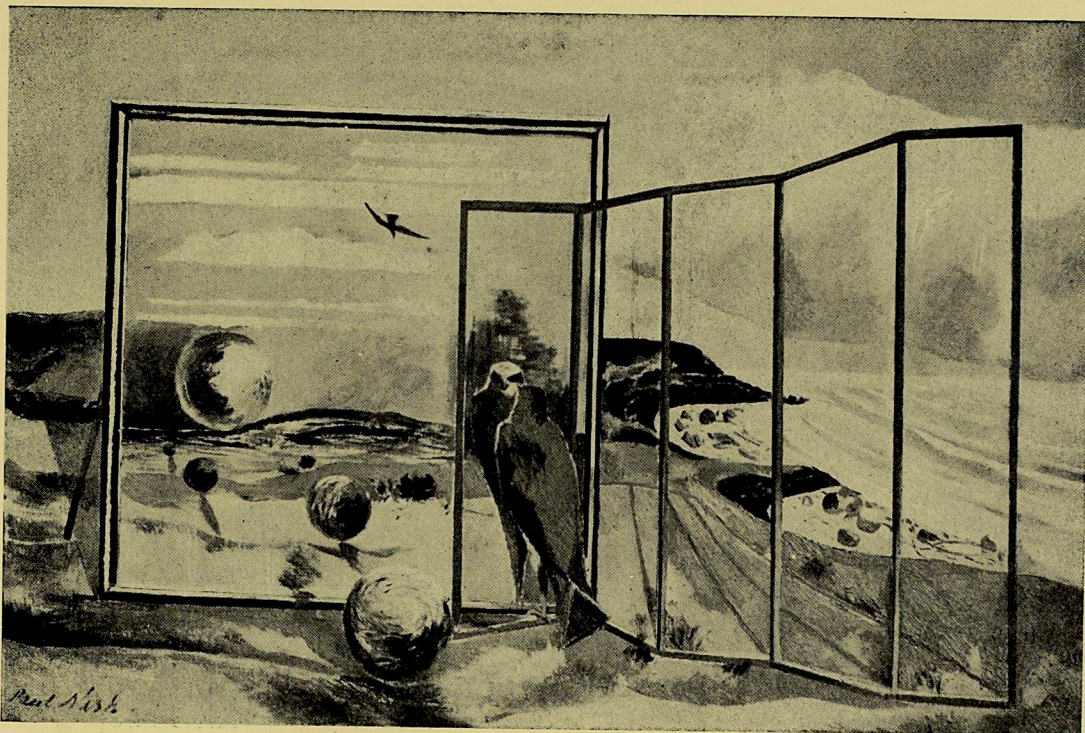
Cardiganshire beach



JOHN PIPER

Screen for the Sea





PAUL NASH

Landscape of a dream



GEER VAN VELDE

The Fortune Teller





GEER VAN VELDE

The Man with the Pipe



GEER VAN VELDE

(George Reavey collection)

Bridal Group



# GUGGENHEIM JEUNE

30 CORK STREET, LONDON W.1

## GEER VAN VELDE

### CATALOGUE

- |                               |                                    |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. Promenade des Anglais      | 24. Nature Morte, meridionale      |
| 2. L'anniversaire             | 25. La Dame au Balcon              |
| 3. Minuit 36-37               | 26. La Silencieuse                 |
| 4. Femme                      | <i>collection B.C.</i>             |
| 5. Paysage                    | 27. Composition                    |
| 6. Nature Morte               | 28. Composition                    |
| 7. Rencontre dans la ville    | 29. Etrange visite                 |
| 8. Femme                      | 30. Masse                          |
| 9. Nature Morte               | 31. Des fleurs au clair de la Lune |
| 10. A la fenêtre              | 32. Composition figurale           |
| 11. Fête foraine              | 33. Concentration feminine         |
| 12. Dans le midi              | 34. Jazz Band                      |
| 13. Aventure                  | 35. Silence                        |
| 14. Diseuse de bonne aventure | 36. L'Invitation                   |
| 15. Couple                    | 37. La Ville Lumière               |
| 16. Mme. L. de la S.          | 38. Kermesse                       |
| 17. Femme                     | 39. l'Hiver                        |
| 18. Composition               | 40. Portrait de Mr. M. H.          |
| 19. Corbeille de fleurs       | 41. Portrait de Mr. E. K.          |
| 20. Eclairs à l'horizon       | 42. Coup de vent                   |
| 21. L'imprévu                 | 43. Chartres                       |
| <i>collection S.B.</i>        | 44. Méditation                     |
| 22. Le Musicien               | 45. Après le diner                 |
| 23. Hiob                      |                                    |

### GEER VAN VELDE

Born the third of four April 5th 1898 at Lisse near Leyden. Tulips and Rembrandt. 1911 apprenticed to a house-painter. Wanderings in Holland and Brabant, rubbing colours in order to buy them. Since 1925 in Paris. 1927 South of France. 1931 Brittany. Exhibitions; 1925 at the Hague, 1926-30 in Paris with Independants. 1933 with his brother Bram Van Velde at the Hague, 1937 at the Hague, Pictures in Amsterdam in the Stedelijk and the Regnault collection, at the Hague in the Stedelijk and the Kramers collection, in private collections in Brabant, France, Germany, U.S.A. and even England.

Believes painting should mind its own business, *i.e.* colour. *I.e.* no more say Picasso than Fabritius, Vermeer. Or inversely.

Samuel BECKETT





## THE PAINTER VAN VELDE

*Frigid yellow on steel markets  
and man must work  
made no more time  
new ways new eyes  
while peach-bloom falls in clouds of snow*

*Red orange green blue night  
fields of tulips set in water  
eyes from Leyden guiding  
eyes opened when need blasts  
white rose purple violet jet*

*Behind each eye the god lies  
before each eye the god runs  
in each eye the latch broken  
on each eye the open cage  
How man must work  
if two women shall not lie  
if one woman shall not lie*

*if linen and lemon shall climb  
to the ground of the sea  
trembling in yellow shafts*

*What is behind him is seen  
by what he holds with his eyes  
what is before him is seen  
by what he holds from his eyes  
The rock was shattered to work against time  
to construct his light*

*Out of mothering waters  
wet red  
winged yellow that cries  
green enemy  
the blue no eye has bleached  
out of time  
the blue his turned eye has seen*

Brian COFFEY

11-4-38

## GEER VAN VELDE

An exhibition of Geer van Velde's paintings at the Guggenheim Jeune Gallery—the first outside Holland—should be a matter for congratulation. His oils, gouaches, pastels, water-colours, drawings, speak for themselves. Their passion is too authentic not to make converts. Since the age of thirteen (he was born on the 5th April 1898) he has lived for painting. That is his vocation. Twenty years of work under the most difficult circumstances, independently of group activities or of any kind of publicity, have only confirmed it. But work of such range, variety and importance, cannot be forever concealed from the public; and it is time that it should receive a wider recognition. Although he has an exceptionally fine draughtsman, Geer van Velde is essentially a colourist in his painting. *A noir, E blanc, I rouge, U vert, O bleu, voyelles*. From his pure colour-vowels he builds up a rhythmical whole, a consonance of living colours. And these resolve themselves into an intense image, be it landscape, figure or still-life. In his world there is no shadow, no grey waste, no plastic form, no classical perspective. There is no reasoned abstraction of humanity from its own estate. There is, instead, a recreation of humanity in a purely human atmosphere. No literature, no Pieter Breughel, but life as colour. In his world the familiar immediate object ceases to exist, and the new reality appears unfamiliar and disquieting. In it man is affirmed as a being-in-himself, as a *psyche* triumphantly annihilating objective reality. But even this triumph is too premature and immediate; it is merely another mask beyond which lurk the terrors of the immeasurable *Ungrund*, the dark, irrational and inexpressible abyss. Such are the perspectives, the depths, miraculously expressed in terms of pure colour rather than in those of symbol or dream image. There is a certain psychological affinity with Rembrandt. But the world of Geer van Velde, like our own, is several degrees more *in extremis*, more desperate, more at war with itself, more divorced from simple humanity. The painter to-day cannot state humanity because no integral image of it survives. He has first of all to *reinstate* the notion of it and then he has to attempt to re-integrate its image pictorially, a painful process. The result is often alarming in its evocation of daemons struggling for sway over human destiny. In the case of Geer van Velde, the motive of desire is already dead because life has been lived unsparingly. In its place there is a timeless nostalgia, a sort of disembodied all-pervading harmony more akin to Chinese than to western European philosophy. It is a world of potential rather than of actual motion. In this sense, Geer van Velde's work is the antithesis of Picasso's dynamic expressionism. The content and bulk of his work is already original, impressive and memorable. But his genius has undoubtedly further revelations in store for us. The painting traditions of Holland and of Europe will be all the richer for his activity.

GEORGE REAVEY



## LA POESIE

### COURS NATUREL par PAUL ELUARD\*

"La simplicité même écrire  
Pour aujourd'hui la main est là.  
P.E."

La simplicité ne procède que d'immenses et complexes bouleversements.

Ici, la poésie, roulant ses flots, culbute les ouvrages d'art et son limon les couvre. Les glorieuses cascades, les gracieux reflets, les jeux divers des mots cèdent au fleuve qui monte. A la place des pointes et des lignes brisées, voici la surface liquide. Plus un vivant pour crier faux, plus de fusées perdues. Il n'y a plus de langue jeune ou vieille, captive de ses voisines; la facilité de l'expression ou sa difficulté ne sont plus de tout puissants moteurs: les obstacles leur sont extérieurs, le choix se propose de lui-même.

La poésie de Paul Eluard sent le monde achevé. Ce que la terre a de plus beau et de plus faux, de plus vaste et de plus précaire s'y confond dans l'image d'une clarté parfaite, prouvée par sa propre évidence.

Chacun des mots—auquel le sens physique a été rendu—accroche l'attention pour, aussitôt, la libérer au bénéfice du suivant, fourbi, éclairé mais enrichi de toutes ses possibilités. L'on pense à une lampe servant l'objet auquel on l'applique en même temps que tous les autres que l'on n'eût pas vus sans elle. Le mot se marque, ses résonnances ondulent longtemps. Mots chauds ou mots humides, mots de pierre ou de lierre, mots brillants ou médiocres suffisant à l'usage, mots de vie ils parlent et révèlent ce qu'aux mains des habiles, des coeurs fermés, des têtes d'os ils ont toujours caché. La chose fait signe au mot; il vient; neutre? éclatant? ajusté en tous cas à la place qui d'avance lui est faite et propre à montrer l'apparence et le fond.

La pensée d'Eluard, avouée par ses mots, révèle à son tour le véritable état du monde dans ce qu'il a de plus secret et, partant, de plus digne d'être connu. Les images distinctes remplacent les signalements arbitraires et confus. Le poète interroge, regarde et découvre. Le charme des paroles doit se reprendre au sens premier: recette à préparer le bonheur, plan pour le joindre. Le poème n'est plus boniment de funambule, délire d'exhibitionniste, le théâtre est fermé, les vieux défauts n'ont plus de maléfice.

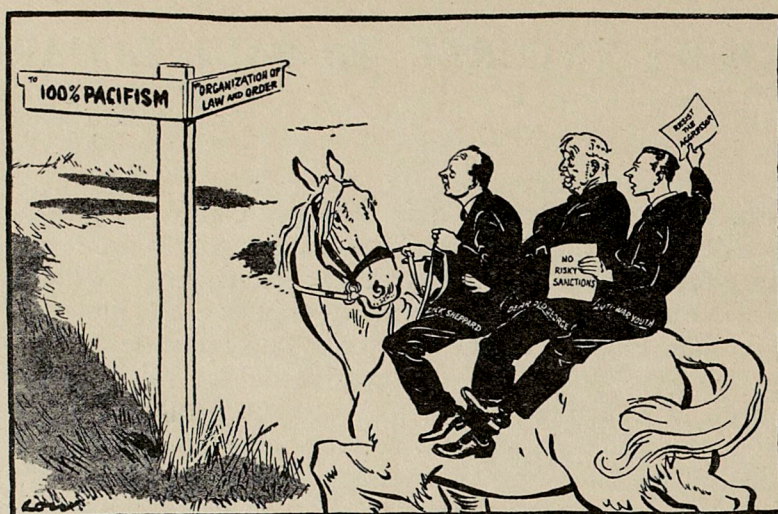
L'enchanteur reverdissant refait la poésie naturelle à l'homme et objet d'elle-même aussi bien que du monde entier. Il nous porte au village extrait de sa gangue, le village enfin éveillé. Reconstitués, bien ordonnés suivant leur fin heureuse d'abris, les murs de cailloux se dressent; sur le chemin de terre, lentes, voici les jambes de chair bistre de la promeneuse, ses pieds de poussière; et ses doigts complaisants nous attendent dans l'air couleur d'eau fraîche.

Le poème est un être qui nous présente à nos semblables et nous ligue avec eux. Sous le signe d'une idée fixe et commune, nous découvrons le mécanisme des pensées, efficace, gagnant et ses résultats d'à tout coup. Séparés de nous par un espace que l'on ne franchit plus d'un bond, l'arbitraire et les expériences non fondées d'une littérature où Nick Carter a tout dit nous affrontent sans le moindre espoir.

Jean SCUTENAIRE.

\* Editions du Sagittaire—Paris.





DAVID LOW

With kind permission of the  
Artist and "Evening Standard"

## SIDELIGHTS ON THE MAGRITTE EXHIBITION

Among a mass of inaccuracies we find that two leading newspapers have even neglected to spell Magritte's name correctly. The *Daily Telegraph* refers to him as "M. Maigrutte" and the *Observer* as "René Margitte". The following extracts from the press may be of interest:

*Sunday Times*. "... it must be confessed that after the first shock of his truly exciting inventiveness has worn off (and even the conjunction of a human eye and a slice of ham cannot be permanently shocking) his lack of inventiveness as a painter becomes painfully obvious."

*Daily Telegraph*. "The quality of the painting itself is of a bleak photographic kind which robs the subject of possible poetic mystery, while the range of the artist's images, with its recurrent portrayal of the bowler-hat as an object of still life is not sympathetic."

*Observer*. "'The Endless Chain' which represents three men, in Greek, Baroque and Modern dress, on a horse, seems neither a very heterogeneous nor, indeed, a very distinguished idea." . . . . "Altogether one should be extremely wary of criticising anything with which one is not in full sympathy, I have a feeling that all this is at root a kind of pictorial and intellectual facetiousness . . . ."

*Scotsman*. "Painters like René Magritte seem to have a hankering for poetic illustration. They would probably like to illustrate Dante as Blake and Rossetti did, or Shakespeare as Delacroix did. But all that has been done. They therefore pursue an Art with marked and dismal affinities with that of lunatics, savages and six-year-olds. I do not propose to describe these pictures. Many of them are quite wonderfully disgusting. They had this effect upon me. Almost they persuaded me to be a Nazi. Goebbels, at any rate, will not tolerate such stuff."

*Sheffield Daily Independent*. "The thing which disturbs me is the general sense of pessimism and lack of any joy of life which the modern cults in art display."

In contrast to these pronouncements from those who are delegated to keep the public in touch with all that is new, we are glad to publish the unsolicited appreciations of two unjaded poets who escape the pitfalls of both pessimism and optimism, as well as the following extract from *Reynolds News* by their correspondent William Walwyn: "It is an old story, old as art. Symbols can be comical and terrifying. Shelley and Byron sat down to invent symbols of horror. Shelley ran from the room crying that he had imagined a woman with eyes for nipples. M. Magritte

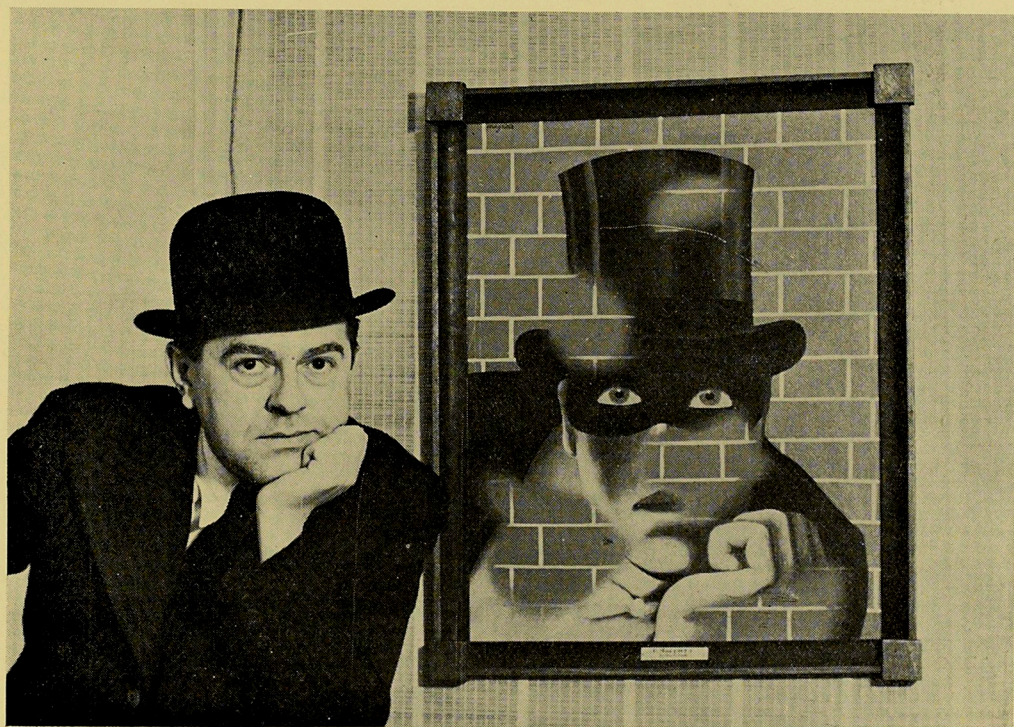
(Continued on page 23)





RENÉ MAGRITTE

The Endless Chain



The Painter and the Barbarian





PABLO PICASSO

Profil au chignon (1903)



# THE LONDON GALLERY LTD

28 CORK STREET LONDON W.1

SECOND FLOOR EXHIBITION

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## PABLO PICASSO

### CATALOGUE

1. Arlequin et danseuse (1903) pen and ink drawing
  2. Profil au chignon (1903) coloured ink drawing
  3. Femme et enfant (1904) charcoal drawing
  4. Femme au bras levé (1904) pen and ink drawing
  5. Tête d'homme (1906) pen and ink drawing
  6. Personnage (1913) pencil and papier collé
  7. La tranche de citron (1913) oil and collage
  8. Tête (1913) papier collé  
*Reproduced in "Le surréalisme et la Peinture" by A. Breton*
  9. Le pichet blanc (1914) papier collé
  10. Arlequin (1914) pencil drawing
  11. Femme nue (I) (1921) pencil drawing
  12. Femme nue (II) (1921) pencil drawing
  13. Narcisse (1933) pen and sepia wash
  14. Portrait de Nusch (1937) drawing on a paper napkin  
*Lent by Roland A. Penrose, London*
- 

### PICASSO ET LES PAPIERS COLLÉS

"Moi, je n'ai pas la crainte de l'art et je n'ai aucun préjugé touchant la matière des peintres.

Les mosaïstes peignent avec des marbres ou des bois de couleur. On a mentionné un peintre italien qui peignait avec des matières fécales; sous la Révolution française quelqu'un peignit avec du sang. On peut peindre avec ce qu'on voudra, avec des pipes, des timbres-postes, des cartes postales ou à jouer, des candélabres, des morceaux de toile cirée, des faux-cols.

Il me suffit à moi, de voir le travail; il faut qu'on voie le travail, c'est par la quantité de travail fournie par l'artiste que l'on mesure la valeur d'une oeuvre d'art.

Contrastes délicats, les lignes parallèles, un métier d'ouvrier, quelquefois l'object même, parfois une indication, parfois une énumération qui s'individualise, moins de douceur que de grossièreté. On ne choisit pas dans le moderne, de même qu'on accepte la mode sans la discuter.

Peinture . . . Un art étonnant et dont la profondeur est sans limites."

GUILLAUME APOLLINAIRE

(From the Magazine "Montjoie"—14th March 1913)



# THE LONDON GALLERY LTD

28 CORK STREET LONDON W.1

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## PICTURES ON THE STAIRCASE

EILEEN AGAR

- |                   |     |
|-------------------|-----|
| 1. The dry Garden | Oil |
| 2. Paradox        | Oil |

VICTOR BRAUNER

- |                          |     |
|--------------------------|-----|
| 3. Racines éblouissantes | Oil |
|--------------------------|-----|

OSCAR DOMINGUEZ

- |                |     |
|----------------|-----|
| 4. Le Chasseur | Oil |
|----------------|-----|

JEAN HELION

- |                |     |
|----------------|-----|
| 5. Composition | Oil |
|----------------|-----|

WOLFGANG PAALEN

- |                       |     |
|-----------------------|-----|
| 6. Composition (1936) | Oil |
|-----------------------|-----|

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## NOTES

At the beginning of June the London Gallery will hold an exhibition of paintings and watercolours by Paul Delvaux. The first number of the London Bulletin published a reproduction of "The Call of the Night", one of this painter's outstanding works. The exhibition of Paul Delvaux's paintings in June should prove an event of great importance, as the spontaneous poetry of his work is expressed in painting of exceptionally rich quality.

At the same time the Guggenheim Jeune Gallery will exhibit the work of a Danish woman painter, Rita Kern-Larsen, who has for some time been one of the leading personalities in the Surrealist movement in Denmark.

André Breton was recently invited to go to Mexico and U.S.A., in order to give a series of lectures on Surrealism.

A Surrealist Exhibition will open in

Gloucester at the end of May.

The English Surrealist group has been invited to exhibit in Brazil at the Municipal Theatre of Sao Paolo. Works will be exhibited by John Banting, James Cant, Geoffrey Graham, W. S. Haile, Charles Howard, Roland Penrose, Erik Smith and Julian Trevelyan.

In May there will be a Surrealist exhibition in Amsterdam. It is being organised by Georges Hugnet, who has written a preface for the catalogue, which will also have a cover design by Max Ernst.

On the 26th of April Humphrey Jennings gave the first of a series of broadcasts on "The Poet and the Public."

His talk was notable for its clear and subtle defence of the human values of poetry as against the purely aesthetic types of poetry. We would urge our readers to watch the B.B.C. programmes and to listen to his future talks.



(Continued from page 18)

has painted a woman's face with that symbol reversed. They do shock. The critic of the *Scotsman* went home to write that he was half persuaded to be a Nazi and that at least Goebells would not allow this sort of thing. It is well enough to explore the borderline between perception and imagination. I could wish the Surrealists did it more energetically, but it seems to me they stay on the threshold and are content to have shocked the *Scotsman*.

### RENÉ MAGRITTE

Ever since his beautifully timed cannon cleft corridors of hope through the padded cells of Chirico, René Magritte has refreshed me with season after season of lucid and attractive poetic statements. I would emphasise lucid because it is only too easy to rely on a supposed vagueness of the subconscious and the poetic atmosphere in order to foist any insignificant piece of gibberish on a public which is three parts blind.

Magritte succeeds in being practically as lucid and as wise as Shakespeare. In the present exhibition one recognises with delight,

*The heaven that leads men to this hell*

*Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burned*

*Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,*

in fact the flawless pieces of the puzzle are there, but somewhat lonely.

It is to be hoped that he will develop the rich territory of the "Free Union" and in due course present us with the complete sonnets in paint.

Frederick BROCKWAY

April 1938

### "THE ENDLESS CHAIN"

Against a calm but ominous sky a powerful horse is bearing three men. They might be Apollo, Faust, and Faust's ghostly progeny, modern man. They might be the images of the classical, the Renaissance and the modern worlds. They are mounted like statues on a quivering beast, staring grimly ahead of them into an inscrutable and limitless expanse.

It is the world we know—the world we are—faced with the world we are becoming. It is a moment of self-consciousness which it is not the privilege of every age to realize. It is a moment when the horizon is illimitable, eternity is present, and fate is the pulsation of our hearts. It is a moment when

despair is overcome by an act of human will, when pictorial statement is deliberate and the poetic image is austere. It is a moment of impassioned lucidity between birth and death. It is a moment of affirmation—of faith in the poetic principle, that vital force overriding all the restrictions of complacency. It is a war-horse trampling down every form of finality in a ceaseless battle of love for that which will have to be created. It is naked level country, the sound of columns rising in the void. It is, in fact, dynamic destiny once more shaping our lives.

Here man is again an actor—a tragic character fighting against the day of retribution. He is caught in the web of fate and is no longer an individual. The drama plotted in the secret recesses of his soul will exceed all others in pity and horror, for, here, man is the master and slave of his ruthless efficiency.

Magritte's is an image clear, cold and incisive. It is an image so precise that many will no doubt find it obscure. His brief statement is neither complimentary nor reassuring; it is simply abreast of the dialectical development of western thought. It situates western man once more in his historical landscape; it depicts his struggle to re-assert the supremacy of his inspiration over the conglomerated forms of brute nature. Its astonishing completeness is the result of painful analysis. It is an adequate rendering of a poetic image in paint. As a form of pictorial representation, it revives the great tradition of Early Renaissance painting. As a record of a supreme moment of self-awareness it is an heroic act.

George REAVEY

### "THE ENDLESS CHAIN"

to E. L. T. Mesens

While the tranquil sky is full of foreboding,  
On the smooth ground hooves pound.

Would Apollo propound his doom?

Or treacherous Faust astound

The gloom of the spaces with implacable  
loom,

Hound his hard ghost, to-day's tyrant and  
victim,

Under his mind's dome to expire;

Or expound a plot swift unravelling.

As hooves pound on the smooth ground?

George REAVEY

27.3.38



### THE TRANSPARENT MIRROR\*

If our sense of vision can be said to resemble the images recorded on a sensitised plate, the canvas on which a painter works is again the sensitised plate which receives images of the infinitely complicated storehouse of his mind, where a process of developing, analysing, transforming is continually in progress.

In the early work of Paul Nash this process was relatively simple, the landscape which he saw was interpreted rapidly in accordance with his esthetic requirements. The period of incubation between the preliminary vision and its arrival on the canvas was short and the elements in consequence had not yet become permeated with unexpected associations. But in the last eight or ten years the process has been amplified. The outside world which forms long avenues of sensations as it penetrates the dark and fertile regions of the subconscious, reappears again carrying with it unexpected echoes, enriched with new meanings.

A landscape contains a mirror—the eye. The painted canvas is again a mirror. A bird watches itself in a glass, waiting for the image to move, so as to know which is really alive, itself or the image. This is just what has happened with the images of Paul Nash; they have moved, asserting their independent life. What were before stones lying scattered on the downs are now actors in a nocturnal landscape trailing paper clouds to a rhythm which is both prehistoric and essentially modern. A circle of monoliths unites land, sea and sky. The café mirrors lead down a long path into a forest. The solid tower contains a deeper perspective than the sunset shore on which it stands. One reality leads into another with the assurance that both exist instantaneously and in the same place.

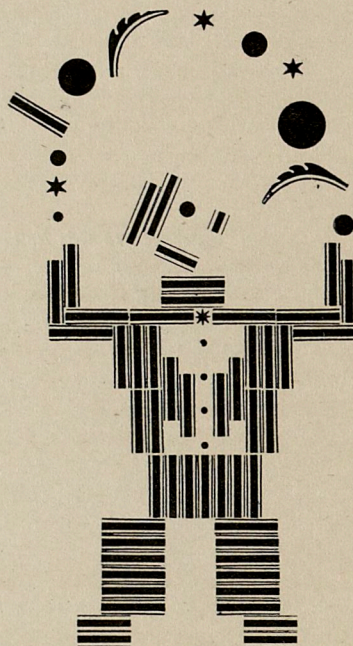
Paul Nash with admirable subtilty blends and mixes, animating what was before considered dead, melting down elements so that they become transparent, and in that transparency constructing the new life, the new world behind the mirror. Developing on his own lines he joins hands with the Surrealists, with whom it is obvious that a mutual understanding exists.

Roland PENROSE

\* Exhibition of paintings, water colours, drawings and objects by Paul Nash. Leicester Galleries 19 May—8 June.

### NOTE

In the first number of the "London Bulletin" we omitted to state that the photographs of "The General View of the Surrealist Exhibition in Paris" and of the "Mannequin by Salvador Dali" are by Raoul Ubac, that that of "E.L. T. Mesens and Henry Moore" is by Thea Struve, and those of Norine's dresses are by Martin.



*This issue of the London  
Bulletin was*

PRINTED

at

*The Bradley Press*

*49 Broadwick Street London W.1*

*Gerrard 6615*



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RITA KERNN — LARSEN

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