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‘THE IMPACT OF MACHINES’

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WITH NOTES AND 36 ILLUSTRATIONS

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"I was looking down the glens, when I saw a funny beast blowing off his perspiration; an' I ran down, an' I tried to stop him, but he just gave an awfu' skirl an' disappeared into a hole."—Once a Week. c. 1845.

"Her whistle shrieks like a thousand fiends
   Let loose upon the night."

—Henry Chappell—Life on the Iron Road, 1922.

Before the nineteenth century the sun was a benign sort of man who kept people warm. Another man lived in the moon. People saw puffing faces in the clouds which blew their ships along. From creaming waves the mind created malignant demons, who as a matter of deliberate choice dashed ships to destruction on black and beetling cliffs. In the woods lay monsters with power to strike, yet impalpable as the shadows.

People make human things they fear and things they do not understand. A hurricane is one thing, but a vindictive old man of the wind is another. He has feelings one can understand, sensibilities one can appeal to. His moods will change. He will not always want to hurricanify. The terrifying power of the hurricane is understandable or at least less frightening when the hurricane is a man. Bigger, stronger, more wilful, more passionate, more terrible in anger than a man; yet still a man. Better a God than an ungovernable natural phenomenon.
THE IMPACT OF MACHINES

EXHIBITION COMMITTEE
ARTHUR ELTON
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NOTE: Practically all the exhibits in sections 1 to 6 have been lent by ARTHUR ELTON from his private collection. For others the Committee are indebted to Roland Penrose and Stuart Legg. Several of the exhibits in sections 6 and 7 are for sale. Prices on application.

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Thus may the pre-nineteenth century anthropomorphism be partly interpreted. But the wind could be a God only so long as the laws of gases, of flight and meteorology went unstudied. The world could only be peopled by monsters before swift transport and inquisitive exploration.

Till the nineteenth century people feared natural forces. Science was still philosophy; machines were still tools, extensions of one’s arms and legs. The means used to make machines work were muscles under the control of their owner, or the simple power of wind and water.

But for generations people had been accumulating new knowledge. Printing led to the use of spectacles. Spectacles led to microscopes and telescopes. Microscopes led to physiology. Telescopes led to the stars and undermined the privileges of the man in the moon.

The increasing use of metals led to more and deeper mines. Deep mines needed better pumps. Better pumps meant stronger machinery: the power of steam replaced the man in the treadmill.

The single craftsman gave way to groups of men working together. Groups of men were hired and put to work in mills. Mills demanded machinery to drive machines. Water and wind were insufficient. James Watt, Trevithick and many others, working to improve Newcomen’s steam pump, found means to separate the steam engine from the pump rods and to make it turn wheels and drive machinery. Towns, huddling near crossroads or near ports and rivers grew congested. The individual craftsman could no longer supply the want of their inhabitants. Factories and mills were multiplied.

The Chariot of industry advanced at a walking pace through the Middle Ages; it trotted in the eighteenth century: in the nineteenth century it went forward at a gallop.
For generations crude horse and bullock railways had served the coal mines. The first steam locomotive to run on rails were built by Trevithick in 1804. By 1845 the land was gouged with cuttings. Embankments raised weals on the face of the country. By 1845, Puffing Billy had been re-christened with the Names of the Gods and the Stars. Vulcan, Eolus, North Star, and Jupiter belched smoke and sparks.

The Gods had moved house. They left the clouds and forests and waves to live in the machine. Above all machines the locomotive seemed to have life and vitality. It had appetites, for it ate coke. It had free will, for it moved without human agency. It was an animal. It was human. It was a demon.

One of the earliest pictures of a locomotive shows it overshadowed by the dignity of the miner. But this was soon to be changed: in the imagination men were soon to grow insignificant by the machine.

From the first people looked on locomotives as having some of the qualities of life. One inventor, Brunton, made a ‘Mechanical Traveller’ to be pushed along by legs. And by the middle of the 19th century there were signs that some people regarded man himself as a kind of inferior locomotive. An American engine-driver wrote thus in an epitaph which he composed for himself before he died after an accident.

“My engine is now cold and still,
No water does my boiler fill.

My valves are now thrown open wide,
My flanges all refuse to glide.
My clacks—alas! though once so strong,
Refuse their aid in the busy throng;
No more I feel each urging breath,
My steam is now condensed in death;
Life’s railway o’er, each station passed,
In death I’m stopped, at rest at last.

Formerly romance had flourished among woods and trees. Courtiers and their ladies dressed as shepherds and shepherdesses. In the 19th century Romance left Arcady for a railway station. What must have been crude, noisy, dirty machines were idealised. They became filled with nobility and grandeur. They were dainty, commodious and pretty. How glamorous Bourne makes the entrance to the Box Tunnel. The Flying Carpet became the Flying Drawing Room on wheels.
An early writer described his first journey thus:

“Although the whole passage between Liverpool and Manchester is a series of enchantments, surpassing any in the Arabian Nights... yet there are epochs in the transit which are peculiarly exciting... At the instant of starting, or rather before, the automaton belches forth an explosion of steam, and seems for a second or two quiescent. But quickly the explosions are reiterated, with shorter and shorter intervals, till they become too rapid to be counted, though still distinct. These belchings or explosions more nearly resemble the pantings of a lion or tiger, than any sound that has ever vibrated on my ear. During the ascent they become slower and slower, till the automaton actually labours like an animal out of breath, from the tremendous efforts to gain the highest point of elevation... With the slow motion of the mighty and animated machine, the breathing becomes more laborious, the growl more distinct, till at length the animal appears exhausted and groans like the tiger, when overpowered in combat by the buffalo. ... A man may travel from the Pole to the equator, from the Straits of Mallaca to the Isthmus of Darien, and he will see nothing so astonishing as this. The projections or transits of the train through the tunnels or arches are very electrifying. The deafening peal of thunder, the sudden emersion in gloom, and the clash of reverberated sound in confined space combine to produce a momentary shudder or idea of destruction—a thrill of annihilation which is instantly dispelled on emerging into the cheerful light.”

Locomotives and trains, railway stations and railway architecture were dramatised in the artist’s imagination, till the whole landscape was subordinated to them.

The drawings of the engineers themselves shew a biological twist. Their early drawings are like the work of the human and animal anatomists of the 18th and 19th century. You might almost confuse a 19th century drawing of the inside of a locomotive with a drawing of the inside of a man.

But railways had more than romantic or anatomical interest. They took on a demoniac character. The railway scandals of the ’45 and the ruin of thousands of shareholders, brought a crop of drawings shewing locomotives in the form of devils. Their head lamps became eyes, their smoke boxes grew a mouth which tore human beings limb from limb.
The placid grandeur of the Great Exhibition was one thing, but Cruikshank's drawing of a world crawling with ant-like people shews another side of the picture, the fear and helplessness people felt before the advance of the machine.

Thus it is that nearly all 19th century books and pictures of railways are instinct with an emotion which makes them vivid fine creations of the imagination, instead of mere records of fact.

To-day, every boy knows how a locomotive or how a motor car works. Understanding has again driven out the Gods. To-day artists are looking to machines of a dream world, machines with a life of their own divorced from functionalism, self-animating, self-sufficient. The Gods have been driven back into the unconscious.

Arthur ELTON
“DO NOT LEAN
OUT OF THE WINDOW!”

The following texts are presented not in any sense as a picture of the development of Machinery itself, but to suggest rapidly some of the varying situations of MAN in this country in having to adapt himself rapidly to a world altered by the INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION, and in particular to THE IMPACT OF MACHINES on everyday life.

H.J.

1. 1797

LUVAH & Vala trembling and shrinking beheld the great Work master
Build we a Bower for heaven’s darling in the grizly deep:
Build we the Mundane Shell around the Rock of Albion.”
The Bands of Heaven flew thro’ the air singing & shouting to Urizen.
Some fix’d the anvil, some the loom erected, some the plow
And harrow form’d & fram’d the harness of silver & ivory,
The golden compasses, the quadrant, & the rule & balance.
They erected the furnaces, they form’d the anvils of gold beaten in mills
Where winter beats incessant, fixing them firm on their base.
The bellows began to blow, & the Lions of Urizen stood round the anvil
And the leopards cover’d with skins of beasts tended the roaring fires,
Sublime, distinct, their lineaments divine of human beauty.

(BLAKE—Vala: Night the Second.)

2. c.1835

WE were introduced to the little engine which was to drag us along the rails. She (for they make these curious little fire horses all mares) consisted of a boiler, a stove, a small platform, a bench, and behind the bench a barrel containing enough water to prevent her being thirsty for 15 miles—the whole not bigger than a common fire engine. She goes upon ten wheels, which are her feet, and are moved by bright steel legs called pistons; these are propelled by steam, and in proportion as more steam is applied to the upper extremities (the hip joints, I suppose) of these pistons, the faster they move the wheels, and when it is desirable to diminish the speed, the steam (which unless suffered to escape would burst the boiler) evaporates through a safety-valve into the air. The reins, bit, and bridle of this wonderful beast is a small steel handle, which applies or withdraws the steam for the legs or pistons, so that a child might manage it . . . There is a chimney to the stove, but as they burn coke there is none of that dreadful black smoke which accompanies the progress of a steam vessel. This snorting little animal, which I felt rather inclined to pat, was then harnessed to our carriage, and Mr. Stephenson having taken me on the bench of the engine with him, we started at about 10 miles an hour. You can’t imagine how strange it seemed to be journeying on thus, without any visible cause of progress other than the magical machine with the flying white breath and rhythmical, unvarying pace, between these rocky walls, which are already clothed with moss and ferns and grasses, and when I reflected that these great masses of stone had been cut asunder to allow our passage thus far below the surface of the earth, I felt as if no fairy vale was half so wonderful as what I saw.

(Letter by FANNY KEMBLE—
From Steele’s History of the L.N.W.R.)
3. 1844

If we cross Blackstone Edge or penetrate it with the railroad, we enter upon that classic soil on which English manufacture has achieved its masterwork and from which all labour movements emanate, namely South Lancashire with its central city Manchester. Again we have beautiful hill country, sloping gently from the watershed westwards towards the Irish Sea, with the charming green valleys of the Ribble, the Irwell, the Mersey, and their tributaries, a country which, a hundred years ago chiefly swamp land, thinly populated, is now sown with towns and villages, and is the most densely populated strip of country in England. In Lancashire, and especially in Manchester, English manufacture finds at once its starting point and its centre. The Manchester Exchange is the thermometer for all the fluctuations of trade. The modern art of manufacture has reached its perfection in Manchester. In the cotton industry of South Lancashire, the application of the forces of Nature, the superseding of hand labour by machinery (especially by the power-loom and the self-acting mule), and the division of labour, are seen at the highest point; and, if we recognise in these three elements that which is characteristic of modern manufacture, we must confess at once that the cotton industry has remained in advance of all other branches of industry from the beginning down to the present day. The effects of modern manufacture upon the working-class must necessarily develop here most freely and perfectly, and the manufacturing proletariat present itself in its fullest classic perfection. The degradation to which the application of steam-power, machinery and the division of labour reduce the working-man and the attempts of the proletariat to rise above this abasement, must likewise be carried to the highest point and with the fullest consciousness.


4. 1863

Notwithstanding the losses and suffering occasioned by strikes, Mr. Nasmyth holds the opinion that they have on the whole produced much more good than evil. They have served to stimulate invention in an extraordinary degree. Some of the most important labour-saving processes now in common use are directly traceable to them. In the case of many of our most potent self-acting tools and machines, manufacturers could not be induced to adopt them until compelled to do so by strikes. This was the case with the self-acting mule, the wool-combing machine, the planing machine, the slotting machine, Nasmyth's steam arm, and many others. Thus even in the mechanical world, there may be "a soul of goodness in things evil".

Mr. Nasmyth retired from business in December, 1856. He had the moral courage to come out of the groove which he had so laboriously made for himself, and to leave a large and prosperous business, saying, "I have now enough of this world's goods; let younger men have their chance." He settled down at his rural retreat in Kent, but not to lead a life of idle ease. Industry had become his habit, and active occupation was necessary to his happiness. He fell back upon the cultivation of those artistic tastes which are the heritage of his family. When a boy at the High School of Edinburgh, he was so skilful in making pen and ink illustrations on the margins of the classics, that he thus often purchased from his monitors exemption from the lessons of the day. Nor had he ceased to cultivate the art during his residence at Patricroft, but was accustomed to fall back upon it for relaxation and enjoyment amid the exploits of trade. That he possesses remarkable fertility of imagination, and great skill in architectural and landscape drawing, as well as in the much more difficult art of delineating the human figure, will be obvious to anyone who has seen his works,—more particularly his "City of St. Ann's", "The Fairies", and "Everybody for ever!" which last was exhibited in Pall Mall, among the recent collection of works of Art by amateurs and others, for the relief of the Lancashire distress.

(SAMUEL SMILES: Industrial Biography Ch. XV.)

5. 1865

You have despised Nature; that is to say, all the deep and sacred sensations of natural scenery. The French revolutionists made stables of the cathedrals of France; you have made

(continued on page 41)
VACUUM SUGAR APPARATUS
Great Exhibition 1851
(Photo by Fox-Talbot, Coll. Elton)

MAX ERNST
La Femme Chancellante (1923)
Marcel Duchamp

The Bride stripped naked by her bachelors even
THE LIGHTHOUSE OF THE BRIDE

by André Breton

The number of his excursions into the domain of plastic forms is put by Marcel Duchamp at about thirty-five, and even then he is including a series of more or less spontaneous gestures which insufficiently wide-awake criticism would not allow itself to recognise; I am thinking, for example, of the act of signing a large unimportant decorative picture in a restaurant, and in general, of what constitutes the clearest part (what might indeed be the utterly shining part) of his activity for the last twenty years: the various speculations into which he has been led by those ‘ready-mades’ (manufactured objects promoted to the dignity of ‘objets d’art’ by the artist’s choosing them) through which, further and further and with contempt for all other help, he has been proud to express himself . . .

The Coffee-mill (end of 1911), which marks the starting point of the absolutely personal orientation which we are dealing with, takes on, next to the Cubist guitars, the airs of an infernal machine. Apart from this, the years 1911-1913 mark already the whole scope of Duchamp’s dissent which is as brilliantly proclaimed in the subject as in the ‘facture’ of his drawings and paintings: notice that the largest part of his pictorial work properly called is included within these limits (Sad Young Man in a Train, Nude descending a Staircase, The King and Queen surrounded by rapid nudes, The King and Queen crossed by rapid nudes, The Virgin, The passage from the virgin to the bride, The Bride.) It is in effect at the end of 1912 that he undergoes the great intellectual crisis which leads him progressively to renounce this form of expression. It appears to him viciated. The exercise of drawing and painting looks like a dupe’s game to him: it ends in the imbecile glorification of the hand and of nothing else. It is the hand that is guilty of everything, how can one accept being the slave of one’s own hand? It is inadmissible that drawing, that painting should still be to-day where writing was before Gutenberg. Delight in colour, based on pleasure in smell, is as wretched as delight in line, based on manual pleasure. In these conditions the only issue is to unlearn painting and drawing. Since that time Duchamp has never gone back on this, and this consideration should, it seems to me, be sufficient to make us take an altogether special interest in the gigantic undertaking to which, with such a negation as this laid down, he nevertheless gave his forces for ten years . . . An undertaking without equivalent in contemporary history, which was to find its realisation in the great ‘verre’ (object painted on transparent glass) entitled The bride stripped naked by her bachelors even, and which remains unfinished in New York, a work in which it is impossible not to see at least the trophy of a fabulous chase over virgin country, to the borders of eroticism, of philosophic speculation, of the competitive spirit of sport, of the latest elements of science, of lyricism and of humour.
From 1913 to 1923, the date when this work was finally abandoned, the paintings on canvas or on glass which come inside the list of Duchamp's works are nothing but researches and fragmentary tests of execution for the various parts of The bride stripped naked. This is the case with The chocolate-grinder, Slide-bar, Nine manny moulds (1913), The chocolate-grinder (1914) and also with the painting on glass Look at it closely with one eye for nearly an hour (1918) which is a variant on the Oculist witnesses which belongs to the main story . . .

(Part of a passage from Duchamp's own notes.)

"The Bride stripped naked by the bachelors.—

The bachelors having to serve as an architectonic base to the Bride, she becomes a sort of apotheosis of virginity. Steam-engine with foundations in masonry. Fixed firmly on this base of brick—the bachelor-machine, fat and lewd (to be developed).—At the point (still going up) where this eroticism (which should be one of the great cogs of the bachelor-machine) makes itself clear, this tormented cog gives birth to the desire-part of the machine. This desire-part then changes its mechanical state which from being run on steam goes over to the internal combustion motor. This desire-motor is the last part of the bachelor-machine. So far from being in direct contact with the Bride, the desire-motor is separated from her by an air- (or water-) cooler. This cooler is there (graphically) to show that the Bride, instead of being simply a non-sensual icicle, refuses hotly (not chastely) the blunt offer of the bachelors: . . . In spite of this cooler, there is no solution of continuity between the bachelor-machine and the Bride. But the connections will be electric and will thus express the stripping naked: alternating effect. If necessary a short-circuit.

. . . Basically the Bride is a motor. But before being a motor which transmits its timid-power she is that timid-power itself. This timid-power is a sort of motorine, spirit of love, which distributed to the very feeble cylinders, in range of the sparks of its constant life, produces the expansion of this virgin who has arrived at the final point of her desire. (Here the desire-revolution will hold a smaller place than in the bachelor-machine. It is simply the string which ties up the bouquet). The whole of the graphic effect lies in this cinematic expansion . . . Controlled by the electric stripping naked, it is the halo of the Bride, the sum of her splendid vibrations: graphically there is no question of symbolising by an exalted painting this point of happy-desire of the Bride; simply, more clearly, in the whole of this expansion, the painting will be an inventory of the elements of this expansion, elements of the sexual life imagined by the Bride. In this expansion the Bride presents herself naked in two aspects: the first, that of the bride stripped naked by the bachelors, the second, that of the imaginative wish of the Bride. On the coupling of these two shapes of pure virginity, on their collision, hangs the whole expansion, higher sum and crown of the picture. There develop: 1. the expansion as stripping naked by the bachelors: 2. the expansion as imaginative stripping naked of the wishing Bride: 3. the two graphic developments thus obtained, find the reconciliation which would be the 'expansion irrespective of cause'."

It is, I think, unnecessary for me to insist on the absolute newness of such a conception. No work of art up to this day appears to me to make such a just distribution of the rational and the irrational as does The Bride stripped naked. Everything, as we have seen, up to its impeccable dialectic working out, assures it of a preponderant place among the most striking works of the 20th century. What Marcel Duchamp, in a sub-title which appears among his notes, has called a delay in glass: 'a delay in every possible sense, a delay in glass as one might say a poem in prose or a spittoon in silver’, has not
finished filing everything that artistic routine may still be tempted to label in error ‘advances’. It is miraculous to see the way in which he keeps intact the whole of his power of anticipation. It must be kept standing brilliantly, for the vessels of the future, over a civilisation which is at an end.

Translated by H. J.

POEM

by CHARLES MADGE

The walls of the maelstrom are painted with trees
And Napoleon’s charger draws up at the filling-station,
Asking the way. Round they go, terribly late
To a wonderful ballet, invention of hope, for despair.

The bright eyes may flicker an instant, and then
For pennies comes a gipsy boy balancing on his toes.
But the animals haven’t finished going up and going down
In the panoramic, breathless Noah’s Ark merry-go-round.

Angel, hold on. The moon is adrift,
The meridian oscillates visibly. Quick, a theodolite!
Hark, the big guns go off! Look, the pretty fireworks
Making faces at heaps of people on a black heath.
A Note on Locomotive Names

by Stuart Legg

No locomotive superintendent ever refers to an engine save by its number. But a hundred tons of shining mobile steel bearing only a number is, in the public eye, merely a machine for getting you places. The same machine carrying a name (and preferably an honoured name) is a dramatic, living personality. “Over 100 years have now passed,” writes Mr. W. A. Stanier, Chief Mechanical Engineer of the L.M.S., “since the interest of the general public in the steam locomotive was born, but the passing of time seems only to have increased the public’s enthusiasm.” If this be true there can be little doubt that it is in great part attributable to the fact that nearly all express passenger engines running on British lines carry names. To-day princesses stagger over Beattock Summit in the dawn with their 600-ton cargoes of sleeping business men for Glasgow, glory-covered regiments thunder through the Menai Bridge hauling the Irish Mail to Holyhead, dominions and colonies clatter to Manchester with refrigerated fish, admirals steam proudly into Dover with their boat expresses, monarchs envelop their admirers with steam from their sniffling-valves as they pull out of Paddington with holiday-makers for Newquay, the whistles of derby winners scream through Finsbury Park as they gather speed for Edinburgh, the inhabitants of Camelot romp through Clapham Junction with the Bournemouth Belle. And because of these things the railways do better business. The custom of naming engines is a masterstroke of public relations.

But it goes deeper. Engine names are a commentary on railway history. If you look at the Great Western locomotive lists from 1837 onwards you can watch the machine age getting under way. At first the namers of engines could not escape the conception of a relationship between gods and machines. The classical dictionary was ransacked. But in their new guise the gods lost their omnipotence. Gooch, the G.W.R. locomotive superintendent, while allowing that AEOLUS, APOLLO and NEPTUNE were good runners, had little to say in favour of the rest. VULCAN, he reported, developed serious wear and tear, BACCHUS showed severe strain on his valve gearing, VENUS was “the worst engine delivered,” PERSEUS burst his boiler and killed three men, while MARS, after only three years’ service as a goods engine, had his driving-wheels removed for the purpose of “transporting the equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington from the sculptor’s studio in Harrow Road to Hyde Park.” A final snook was cocked at the classics when the workshops misread “Laocoon” on a blueprint and turned out a new engine called LAGOON.

(Continued on page 21)
44 Howland Street, where Rimbaud lived with Verlaine (see Notes)

Child's Wall-Drawing (Lancashire)
The only Sculpture for which Freud has posed—by O. NEMON

FREUD and the Sculptor NEMON discussing Balinese Sculpture
DADAIST PAINTING

KURT SCHWITTERS
Le eere

Useful Object

SURREALIST SCULPTURE

HENRY MOORE
String sculpture
Meanwhile two of the more legitimate gods of the new age, Robert Stephenson and Isambard Brunel, were restoring order by designing a new batch of locomotives for the Great Western. Of the first of these Brunel wrote: “it would be a beautifull ornament in the most elegant drawing room.” This was the famous North Star, bearing Stephenson’s favourite engine name. “Another Star,” said Brunel to Stephenson, “would make us comparatively easy, particularly the Directors, who consider the Stars double Stars. Can you by extra exertions deliver us one in March?” So came Morning Star, Dog Star, Red Star, Shooting Star and many more, adding a new poetry as well as a new efficiency to railway practice.

As the century advanced the romantic period claimed its engines. Ivanhoe, Robin Hood, Rob Roy, Waverley, Red Gauntlet, to mention but a few, sped westward at the head of broad-gauge expresses. Most famous of these was Lord of the Isles, the stories of whose speed records are still told in the railway world. And it cannot be without significance that Lord of the Isles, after drawing international attention to himself at the Great Exhibition, crashed in 1852 at Aynho, derailing himself, breaking his buffer beam and smashing the station platform. The romantic period was at an end.

Thereafter, names branched out in a hundred more sober directions. Nineteenth century soldiers and statesmen engraved on locomotive name-plates reflected the march of imperialism. Birds, beasts and flowers; cities, counties, battles and famous engineers roared through tunnels and over bridges. From this maelstrom of Victorian culture five names stand out: Hades (stolid goods engine), Slaughter (named after a Bristol engineer and promptly changed to Avonside by a horrified railway director), Tre Pol and Pen, Pershore Plum and Sir Edward Elgar, who, together with the L.M.S. Artists’ Rifleman constitutes the only traceable reference to aesthetics in engine names. (4-4-0 No. 3411 Stanley Baldwin has, I believe, recently been withdrawn from service.)

Locomotives have mirrored railway history, but they have also had an important effect on those named after them. In 1921 Sir Gilbert Claughton was appointed a director of the L.N.W.R. and served in a distinguished capacity on the board of that railway. But long before his appointment he had become a world celebrity, for in 1913 Mr. Bowen Cooke, engineer to the company, had produced an express engine named after him. The ‘Claughton’ class were the most successful engines of their day; they are still spoken of with respect by locomotive men the world over. With them a name has gone down to posterity. And this process must be happening to-day. There is a modern L.M.S. engine called E. Tootal Broadhurst. Another name, and with it another man, will presumably go down to posterity.

To-day there is a tendency towards reaction in locomotive naming. The grandeur and the poetry of a mighty public excitement are no longer appearing on the curved plates above the great driving-wheels. Coronations, Jubilees and public schools are two a penny. Perhaps this is only a sign that the day of the railways is slowly closing. But even so it is a little hard that a splendid 4-6-0 weighing 130 tons and exerting a tractive effort of 33,000 pounds should be dubbed The Girl Guide.
TROIS POEMES

par E. L. T. MESSENS

LE MIEUX EST L’ENNEMI DU BIEN

Maintenant c’est à notre tour
Espionne au masque de cuir
Dont la chair embaumé
Comme une aube boulangerie

Souvenir
J'ai occulté ton corps
J'ai mis l'ordre pas assez jardin sec
O! seins à boire
Et eau à endiguer
O! épaules en mouvement
Perdue pas assez jardin sec
Souvenir espion gardé d’une espionne perdue
Malgré le goût de sang que j’ai gardé
O! sang pas assez jardin sec

Sang obscur et pourtant . . .

Espionne au masque de cuir
Ecoute tête écouteuse qui n’écoute pas
LA MAGIE pas assez jardin sec
N’HABITE PAS assez jardin sec
LES PALACES pas assez jardin sec
Elle est simple comme un œuf
Légère comme un mirliton
Discrète comme un dé à coudre
Mais elle s’impose
Comme une lampe allumée en plein jour

Ne sois plus ce tas de méduses
Vieux stock
Impossible à liquider

Car il y a
Mieux que les pas maladroit
Dans de bons souliers
Mieux que l’obstiné retour
Aux ordres du maniaque
Mieux que le malaise social pas assez
Dans le malaise social jardin sec
Mieux que la sardine
Faisant rendre gorge à la rose
Mieux que la géographie pas assez
A un doigt jardin sec

Il y contre toi LE MATIN
LE MIDI
et LE SOIR
Il y a tes yeux dans les miens
Pas assez
Et ta main jardin sec

Il y a pour moi LE MATIN
LE MIDI
et LE SOIR
Dans ma main il y a tes yeux
Je te tueraï
Pas assez

Ah! dans ma main
Il y a MA main.

27
“L’ART DU PORTRAIT” IMPLIQUE TOUJOURS CERTAINES CONCESSIONS A LA CARICATURE

Détrompez-vous
Ne vous y trompez pas

Je suis ici pour le plaisir
Pour le grand genre
Pour tout pour le tuyau pour la fourrure
Pour réparer vos souliers
Pour satisfaire votre moindre caprice
Pour le frisson collectif qui ne vient pas

Je suis le remplaçant du chef d’orchestre des névropathes
Le voyageur de commerce international
Le célèbre inventeur de la noix à sectionner les dents cariées

Regardez-vous
Soyez fier de votre personne

Moi—je suis pour le restant de mes jours
Langham Place un dimanche
A dix heures du soir

Et merde pour la bonne Bergère
Qui ne vaut
Ni la paix
Ni la guerre.
Yves Tanguy

“A l’oreille des voyantes”
LE MARI ARIDE

Ma statue adorée
Le sol si dur à l’ordinaire
Et l’aile suspendue à un cri
Miraculeusement font place
À un sol mou
À une chanson fade et perpétuelle

Je t’ai tellement aimée
Que mon tailleur lui-même
Ne me reconnaît plus

Je t’ai tellement voulue
Que le lampiste ne passe plus
Par notre maison

Je t’ai construite sauvagement
Et sans arrière-pensée

Maintenant que le cadran
Marque toutes les heures une heure de moins
Que d’avantage en avantage
L’on perd à qui mieux mieux
Je suis pour toi pour tous
Le sac au dos
Le maréchal sans honte
Le colibri sans amertume
Le triangle ne trouvant pas où se placer
La brute inavouée
Le moralisateur sans gloire

Et crois
Ma chère statue de gomme
A l’affection sans rives
De ton époux définitif
Ton vrai mari aride.

FEMMES agenouillées lavant à la tombée du jour au bord d’une mare.—Jeunesse! Entre nos mains le linge vert pomme de l’homme et de la femme, la belle colonne torse qu’il n’est plus que de développer sur l’herbe sombre qui parfume pour mesurer ce qui se cajole, ce qui s’enflamme, ce qui se glace sous le volant d’une cloche entre minuit et minuit. Si d’ici se retirent les appara-ences humaines, c’est pour faire place à ces figures dérivées d’elles qui pour quelques heures rempliront seules les roses du vent. Des pierres pour les fixer avant que ne passe le géomètre du rêve; il voyage sur la Grande Roue, tenant le bouquet des cerfs-volants!

Les digitales.—Nous avons ouvert sur les talus un fabuleux magasin de gants pour le servir, lui et les gens de son escorte. Ce sont des gants pour endormir ce qu’on voit, pour toucher ce qu’on ne voit pas. A leur contact des housses glissent sur les meubles, qui glissent à leur tour sur la mousse. C’est de notre couleur qu’il a fait sa liqueur, celle qui fait battre le cœur de ce qui n’a jamais été et s’apprend de toutes pièces à vivre pour lui.

Une salamandre.—Sous ma pierre je l’entends, moi qu’on nomme sourd dans ces régions de l’Ouest où s’érige sa tour. Il vient à pas de loup me tendre l’eau dans la capsule du gland des chênes. Sur son épaule il m’a ménagé une place jaune de l’étoffe qui habille le héros d’un roman intitulé “Mystères”. Aussi, dans le feu, de toutes mes langues, l’ai-je aidé à faire parler les choses qui, comme moi, se cachaient.

Madame de l’Aluette.—Je l’aime. Ses bras font descendre le long de mon corps les cygnes de l’eau troublante au sillage triangulaire. Il est couronné de fèves dans mon rêve et notre lit est le soleil qui se lève quand il pleut. La coupe où plus rien n’entre de réel est de la substance même de ses lèvres.

Le chat de Man.—Il me convient de parler de lui sur un ton plus familier. J’ai scruté ses étranges prunelles rondes, d’un bleu si pâle, dans une cage qui nous enferme à Paris. Ils sont d’ardoise mince et usée avec des empreintes très anciennes comme ce qu’on aperçoit du ciel, vautré dans la fougère. Hors cela, je crois que le porte vers les choses douces, luisantes et neuves un appétit mental très moderne, pareil au mien. Tout ce qui n’est pas notre délectation commune est l’affaire de l’histoire, mais je n’entends pas l’histoire, n’ayant rien du serpent puisque je n’ai même pas de queue.

Lentilles et prismes.—Tournons, virons en son honneur sur nos innombrables pieds nickelés. Plus haut sur la mer! Tout au fond des gisements! Un prince de la lumière fait son entrée, tenant en laisse un lion coiffé à la frégate.

Moi.—Yves Tanguy, le peintre des épouvantables élegances aériennes, souterraines et maritimes, l’homme en qui je vois la parure morale de ce temps: mon adorable ami.

ANDRÉ BRETON.
Avril 1938
One evening every evening this evening like any other
Close to the hermaphrodite night
Looming up scarcely belated
The lamps and their venison are sacrificed
But in the cinereous eye of the lynxes and the owls
The vast interminable sun
The heart-break of seasons
The family crow
The power of seeing by earth enfolded.

There are stars sharply drawn on cold water
They are more sombre than the night
And so timely like an end the dawn
All illusions awake in the memory
All leaves in the shadow of perfumes.

And the daughters of hands try in vain to drowse me
To arch their bodies to unfold the anemones of their breasts
I take nothing from these nets of flesh and tremors
From the ends of the earth to the twilight of today
Nothing can withstand my desolate images.

By way of wings the silence with its frosted plains
Which the least desire splinters
The revolving night discovers them
And throws them back to the horizon.

We had resolved no shape should be delineated
But as the finger of chance appointed at the command of a
broken-down machine.

Translated by George Reavey.
GUGGENHEIM JEUNE
30 CORK STREET, LONDON W.1

YVES TANGUY

CATALOGUE

1. L'ennui et la tranquillité (1938)
2. Le soleil dans son écrin (1937)
3. Toilette de l'air (1937)
4. Le jardin sombre (1928)  coll. A. Breton—Paris
5. Le regard d'ambre (1929)  coll. A. Breton—Paris
6. Palais promontoire (1930)
7. Lumière lente (1931)
8. J'avais déjà cet âge que j'ai (1938)
9. Les mouvements et les actes (1937)
10. Les oreilles d'un sourd (1938)  coll. Man Ray—Paris
11. Le faux pois de senteur (1937)
12. Sans titre (1929)
15. Le ruban des excès (1931)  coll. Vtesse de Noailles—Paris
16. Demain (1938)
17. Dangers des courants (1938)
18. " " " (1938)
19. " " " (1938)
22. Rendez-vous (1937)
23. Ni rides ni vents (1937)
25. Le marchand de sable (1937) objet  coll. A. Breton—Paris

objets, aquarelles, dessins, eauxfortes.

Qu'est-ce que le surréalisme?

* C'est l'apparition d’Yves Tanguy coiffé du paradisier grand émeraude.

André Breton
YVES TANGUY

Born at Paris in 1900.

Recent one-man exhibitions:
— Hollywood, 1936.

Works by Tanguy have also been shown in the following recent exhibitions:
— Fantastic Art, Dada and Surrealism, Museum of Modern Art, New York, 1936.
— Idem, Art Institute, Milwaukee, 1937.
— Idem, University Art Gallery, Minneapolis, 1937.
— Surrealist Exhibitions at Tokio, Osaka, Nagoya (Japan), 1936-7.
— Trois peintres surréalistes, Palais des Beaux-Arts, Brussels, 1937.
— Realism and Surrealism, Gloucester, 1938.
— Surrealistiche Tentoonstelling, Amsterdam, 1938.

Pictures by Tanguy figure in the following collections:
ENGLAND:
 Roland A. Penrose, P. Norman Dawson, E. L. T. Mesens.

FRANCE:
 Vicomte et Vicomtesse Charles de Noailles, Marquise de Polignac, Mmes Valentine Hugo,
 Grindel, Simone Kahn, MM. André Breton, Paul Eluard, Man Ray, Charles Ratton,
 James Ducellier, Jehan Mayoux.

BELGIUM:
 M. Fernand C. Graindorge.

SWITZERLAND:
 Prof. Jung.

U.S.A.:

What is Surrealism?

* It is the appearance of Yves Tanguy, crowned with the
 big emerald bird of paradise.

André Breton
RAPPEL À L’ORDRE

by DOUGLAS LORD

[The following note was addressed to us some months back on the occasion of a Bond Street exhibition of so-called ‘realism’—when for the hundred and first time good sober English want of imagination had been announced as the saviour of European painting. We regret that ‘circumstances outside our control’ made it impossible for us to publish it at that time, but as still further announcements of the sort and other ‘realistic’ saviours continue to appear, we make no apology for publishing it now.]

To judge from the excited praise lavished on an exhibition called “Cross-Section of English Painting 1938” it would seem that England has again produced some artistic geniuses. In The Spectator, Mr. Anthony Blunt wrote: “In the heaven of painting there are many studios, and, though it is unlikely that he (William Coldstream) will have to share one with Picasso, he will be in company no less distinguished. And even now he has his consolation: the future belongs to him, but Picasso belongs to the past”. Rule Britannia! Britain shows the world! Three blind mice . . . but the critics all follow! The School of 1938 is the School of Realism so they say: the counterblast to Super-Realism apparently (so démodé, my dear!) and launched under official patronage. Messrs. Graham Bell, Coldstream and Pasmore see everything colourless and through a fog: but for the poor smoke-sodden London art critics that represents the height of “Realism”.

Nearly twenty years ago Mr. Clive Bell, Bloomsbury’s town-crier, was writing: “. . . at last we have in England a painter whom Europe may have to take seriously. Nothing of this sort has happened since Constable, so naturally one is excited.” He meant Duncan Grant. Mr. Bell has proved seriously mistaken: but his new foals show even less signs of growing wings than the original mare. Naturally they have been suckled on Sickert, Manet, Courbet, Degas, Vuillard, all the rest of the 19th century artists and Cézanne in particular. Mr. Coldstream, the so-called chef d’école, in his determination to delete contours, appears to try the effect of leaving his pictures out in the rain. Mr. Pasmore parades his knowledge of the world by painting a “Parisian Café” which “if all the painting were as good as that of the girl standing up on the left side . . . would be a masterpiece.” So of course it was bought by The Contemporary Art Society. Mr. Graham Bell—“no relation of mine, alas” sighs the art critic—is invested with the honour of being “cast for the rôle of Pissarro”, in other words, that of the theorist: so he paints a Bloomsbury café and a pseudo-Cézanne “Provençal Landscape”. Of the entourage Devas is a slick society portrait painter with no feeling for paint, Pitchforth imitates Foujita, while Rowntree copies Bonvin. Truly an inspired and inspiring group of young men.

Meanwhile on another front the racketeers boost Christopher Wood, a shamelessly eclectic, mannered, insensitive and precocious dilettante, whose supposedly ‘delicious naïveté’ one would have thought too obviously artificial to deceive anyone.

Once upon a time there was a group called the Camden Town Group: but in those days Mr. Bell had no time for English painting, as he was too busy raving about Picasso, Matisse and Derain. Yet despite his opinion that the School of 1938 makes “the upper room at the Louvre (look) no more than a regrettable incident” it is only fair to say that Bevan or Gilman or Gore were infinitely better painters than their present-day equivalents and incidentally far more of “Realists”. Once upon a time Mr. Bell wrote of Duncan Grant: “(his) ancestors are Piero della Francesca, Gainsborough and the Elizabethan poets.” Now he writes of a group of school girls that they are the descendants of “Racine, Miss Austen, Mozart and Matisse”. Times change, so do Bells. English painting goes on however.
A DETERMINATION NOT TO DREAM

IN "Peterborough's" column of the Daily Telegraph ('London Day by Day') for June 8th appeared a reproduction of Paul Nash's Landscape from a Dream (reproduced in the May number of the London Bulletin). Discussing the likelihood of the picture's finding 'a home in the Tate Gallery' the columnist says:

Mr. Nash disclaims the idea that it portrays an authentic dream. It is merely a landscape treated in a special way . . .
Mr. Nash has been described as a surrealist. This eccentricity is not of his own designation. He is content to be an acclimatised Dorset man.

Passing over the facts that Nash was an exhibiting member of the Committee of the International Surrealist Exhibition of 1936, has signed surrealist manifestoes, written articles such as 'Swanage, or Seaside Surrealism' and so on, it is worth while to note the curious opposition of dreams and Dorsetshire. It must after all be disturbing to think that one can't stop oneself dreaming. But we know of humanity's efforts to forget their dreams. A parallel symptom evidently is the columnist's almost desperate attempt to free a picture, a gallery, even a county, from 'authentic' dreams.

H. J.

THE BATTLE OF GLOUCESTER

The exhibition open last month at the Guildhall, Gloucester, has been a great success. It has justified those who persuaded the local committee in the face of stormy opposition that to show Surrealist painting would not necessarily be a waste of the city funds. But, as a gesture to the reactionaries the exhibition had to be called 'Realism and Surrealism', making a contrast which was both false and confusing. The paintings exhibited under the heading 'Realism' showed nothing but abstract, impressionist or Slado-academic tendencies, since today there exists no truly realist school. Apart from this inevitable confusion Messrs. Hugh Willoughby, Alfred Thornton, and E. E. Pullié are to be congratulated on winning the day.

R. P.

NOTES

We reproduce two pictures by Wolfgang Paalen, following his recent extremely interesting exhibition at Renou & Colle in Paris, to the catalogue of which, an introduction was contributed by Andre Breton.

RIMBAUD IN LONDON

On p. 20 we reproduce two photographs by Roland Penrose of no. 44 Howland Street (off Charlotte Street—between Soho and Bloomsbury)—one of the houses in which Rimbaud lived during his visits to London in the early '70's. This house is about to be pulled down. While we have no wish to attempt to 'preserve' semi-slum property on sentimental grounds, we think it worth while pointing out that the blue L.C.C. plaque on the front of the house says simply that it was here that the French poet Paul Verlaine wrote Romances sans Paroles in 1872-3, i.e. the period when Rimbaud was writing Les Illuminations.

We wish to draw the attention of readers to the admirable article by Herbert Read called "The Significance of Paul Delvaux" which appeared in The Listener of June 23rd., and which was illustrated by Delvaux's "The Water Nymphs" and Piero di Cosimo's "Death of Procirs".

A committee has been formed to try and arrange an Exhibition in London in October of Picasso's monumental picture "Gernica", painted last year for the Spanish Government Pavilion at the Paris Exhibition. If, as seems at the moment probable, the exhibition can be arranged, it will include as many as possible of the studies (paintings, drawings and so on) for "Gernica" and also works produced by Picasso at the same time and which are related to it.

Following the success at Gloucester, the Canadian National Exhibition committee have taken over the Surrealist section of that exhibition, and are making it one of the chief features of their annual exhibition in Toronto in August. There is likely to be a very big attendance.
MAN RAY

Aerographie

MAX ERNST

La Mariée Anatomie

WOLFGANG PAALEN

Pays Médusé (1938)
FRANCIS PICABIA

Le Saint des Saints (1917)

WOLFGANG PALEN

Combat des Princes Saturniens (1938)
This long vendetta
no time will placate
millions born teeming
flood altar with blood
burn thunder clamate
the sunbull malignant
pawing and chaffing
beating proud timbrel
impatient of bud
sword bloodsore and death

race-courses of the cathedrals of the earth. Your one conception of pleasure is to drive railroad carriages round their aisles, and eat off their altars. You have put a railroad-bridge over the falls of Schaffhausen. You have tunelled the cliffs of Lucerne by Tell’s chapel; you have destroyed the Clarens shore of the Lake of Geneva; there is not a quiet valley in England that you have not filled with bellowing fire; there is not a particle left of English land which you have not trampled coal ashes into . . .

(RUSKIN—Sesame and Lilies I).

6. 1871

Just then a shriek was heard to issue from a female throat, and a stout elderly woman was observed in the act of dashing wildly across the line in the midst of moving engines, trucks and vans. Even in these unwonted circumstances no one who knew her could have mistaken Mrs. Durby’s ponderous person for a moment. She had come upon the station at the wrong side, and, in defiance of all printed regulations to the contrary—none of which she could read, being short sighted—she had made a bold venture to gain her desired position by the most direct route. This involved crossing a part of the line where there were several sidings and branch lines, on which a good deal of pushing of trucks and carriages to and fro—that is “shunting”—was going on.

Like a reckless warrior, who by a bold and sudden push sometimes gains single-handed the centre of an enemy’s position before he is discovered and assailed on every side, straight forward Mrs. Durby ran into the very midst of a brisk traffic before any one discovered her. Suddenly a passenger train came up with the usual caution in such circumstances, nevertheless at a smart rattling pace, for “usual caution” does not take into account or provide for the apparition of stout elderly females on the line. The driver of the passenger engine saw her, shut off steam, shouted, applied the brakes and whistled furiously.

We have already hinted that the weather was not fine. Mrs. Durby’s umbrella being up, hid the approaching train. As for screaming steam-whistles, the worthy woman had come to regard intermittent whistling as a normal condition of railways, which like the crying of cross
babies, meant little or nothing, and had only to be endured. She paid no attention to the alarm. In despair the driver reversed his engine; fire flew from the wheels, and the engine was brought to a stand, but not until the buffers were within three feet of the nurse's shoulder. At that moment she became aware of her danger, uttered a shriek, as we have said, that would have done credit to the whistle of a small engine, and bending her head with her umbrella before her, rushed frantically away on another line of rails. She did not observe, poor soul, that a goods train was coming straight down that line towards her—partly because her mental vision was turned in terror to the rear, and partly because the umbrella obscured all in advance. In vain the driver of the goods train repeated the warnings and actions of the passenger engine. His had more speed and was heavier; besides, Mrs. Durby charged it at the full rate of five miles an hour, with the umbrella steadily in front, and a brown paper parcel swinging wildly on her arm, as if her sole desire on earth was to meet that goods engine in single combat and beat its brains out at the first blow . . .

(R. M. BALLANTINE—The Iron Horse.)
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