

LIVING ART IN ENGLAND

AND
OTHER
CONTRIBUTIONS
(DOUBLE NUMBER)

LONDON BULLETIN

(NUMERO DOUBLE)

TEXTES
DIVERS
ET

L'ART VIVANT EN ANGLETERRE

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JANUARY — FEBRUARY 1939

3/-

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LE MASQUE DE CHAIR

par MARCEL MARIEN

Beau soleil qui se lève sur ton visage
beau visage qui se lève entre mes larmes
tu es le miroir qui permet
de me voir
lorsque je ferme les yeux

de nos regards détrônés
de nos mains désunies
de nos ciels expropriés
je me souviens

aumône de la lune jetée dans la sébille des nuits
aumône des pauvres aux opulents

j'avais tant besoin de tes lèvres errantes
de tes patries insoupçonnées
pour qu'on ignore ta présence
pour que le vent construise les avalanches
comme la neige l'hiver

d'une carrière de nuages
monte maintenant un regard plein de chiffres
un regard de femme échappant
aux pièges de l'infini

la chaux du ciel la laine du papillon
solitude aux bras d'alcool

ta voix défaite scintille près des cheveux
de ceux
pour qui dire la vérité
toute la vérité
c'est toujours mentir
ceux pour qui le ciel ne dépasse jamais les toits

tu joue avec la tristesse comme
l'arbre avec la foudre
tu te baignes dans mes mains
tes jambes veinées de ciel sont là
pour m'emporter
pour m'enlever de mon corps
et n'en laisser que les gestes
et tu es libre de toi-même
et tu ranimes ta propre vie
vague éphémère progéniture du vent
comme les oiseaux las d'un ciel ferme
sans cimes sans profondeurs
fuis à ta poursuite
et ne te rejoins jamais

Mais où donc court cette eau filante
cette eau sans origine
cette eau qui n'a pas su
faire taire la démente de ses reflets

le sol monte identique aux marées
avec des houles creusant la tombe
de ceux
qui ne mourront pas
de ceux qui ne savent pas
qu'il puisse s'agir dans la vie de la mort

disparaître
éternité appauvrie d'un instant

lorsque tes sens seront mes organes
nous ferons la criée au désert
où la silence se répand comme
une traînée de poudre
où le silence remplit la corne d'abondance
des mendiants qui s'en vont
perdant leurs mains par le trou de leurs poches
où les caresses mentales sculptent
la lénifiante écaille des poitrines
où l'air épouse le corps des formes

sur une plage décharnée de son sable
dans une nuit assoiffée de ténèbres
là où la fleur suffit pour créer le jardin
là où les sourires angéliques de la sainte
ont pour miroir la trompe d'un éléphant
là où les derniers outrages sont
le fin mot
de la liberté
éternité à reculons

le ciel ouvert se coiffe d'une peau
de bête
l'horizon de loin la caresse
et le coeur lent des rivières gémit
comme un oiseau de nuit
envergure du silence plus un bruit
la main aux maigres doigts s'effeuille

.

Les cils s'étirent
les cils se déplient
sur ce qu'il reste du souvenir
des yeux
des yeux fixes dans le vent de
marbre voilés par un suaire intérieur

gourmands de ce qu'ils ne peuvent voir
savants de ce qu'ils ne peuvent savoir
embarcation jumelle
allégeant l'obscurité d'une école pendant la nuit

calme très calme paupière
vogue vers tes soeurs hésitantes
creuse ton berceau sous
le sépale et l'enclume
bois enivre-toi du givre de ton propre horizon

je lave de tes lèvres les mensonges
je débarrasse tes yeux des infinis qui les tentent
des murs qui les instruisent
je te donne les forces qui me manquent
je te pare d'yeux qui n'attirent plus de songes
de lèvres qui ne savent plus tromper

lèvres jointes sur le couteau des larmes
lèvres sans danger
lèvres sans secrets
portes sans gonds
de maisons hantées
plantes colorées dans la boue d'un baiser
lèvres qui sombrent
lèvres qu'élèvent les mirages

.
Parmi nos ombres effacées
nos temples abhorrés
nos sacrifices convenus
de trésors non amassés
la cuve noire des ventres mortuaires
allume les torches de cire
la jante de la terre
et déchire le silence qui
l'enserre
ô basalte éboulé des trouvères
roman qui s'achève par une hécatombe de mots

n'est-il de paix valide
n'est-il de chant dispos
pour écarter du flot la bague qui la tranche
n'est-il de brise inaperçue
pour relever les arbres abattus
naît-il une nouvelle ère
de montres inactives
naît-il la vie enfin
derrière l'hymen
de tes yeux

Marcel Mariën.

IN WHAT SENSE "LIVING"?

by

HERBERT READ

LESS than three years ago, in an Epilogue added to the third impression of *Art Now*, I could still bravely assert that art was more vital and experimental than at any time since the Renaissance. I was already struggling against a certain sense of defeat which the political events of the previous two years had induced. The contrast between 1931-2, when my book was written, and the present year of grace is still more depressing. It is not merely that the triumph of fascism has everywhere carried along with it the exultant forces of philistinism, so that over more than half of Europe art, in any vital sense, can no longer be said to exist; but even in those countries which are still professedly democratic, a wave of indifference has swept over the art world, and the individual artist only survives by chance—a chance that rarely has any connection with the public appreciation of his work. It is only in the United States, where a vast scheme of state-aided projects keeps the majority of artists above the starvation level, that art can in any sense be said to flourish. To what extent such artificial aid is stimulating a really organic relationship between the artist and the public is not very evident, and the two or three European artists of my acquaintance who have gone to America during the last two or three years do not seem to have discovered a land overflowing with milk and honey.

Meanwhile we ourselves are invaded. One of the objects of the present exhibition is to demonstrate the extent to which England, and more particularly London, has become what Paris has always been—an international art centre. It is not only that a considerable number of exiled artists from Germany, Austria and Czecho-Slovakia have found a refuge here; but there has been a voluntary influx even from Paris. In so far as such artists come to London hoping to find better material conditions, they are deceived. They will not find it easier to sell their work here, but infinitely more difficult. But if they feel, however obscurely, that they will find a better atmosphere for work, a greater potentiality for a renaissance of some kind, then I think they may be right. But I do not rate that potentiality any higher than this: that England is a great mass of dough which will only be moved by the addition of a foreign leaven.

In such a situation there have not been lacking English artists who, in the company of exactly those elements in the commercial world that have least

use for art, have looked upon this invasion with a certain uneasiness. So many more competitors, and some of them dangerous competitors, in a market which at the best of times is not adequate for our own needs—such is their not unnatural reaction. But natural as it may be, it is not a reasonable reaction. Art has its own economic laws, and they do not correspond to the laws which govern the production and distribution of commercial goods. Art has always benefited from competition. What matters in the art world is not the ratio between producers and consumers, but the generation of an atmosphere of interest and excitement. When artists begin to influence one another; when they form into rival schools and groups; when they unite to challenge the public—then the public begins to respond. This kind of ferment is not set up by a solemn convention of Little Englanders. The whole history of art proves that it tends to happen when some political upheaval disturbs the isolation and composure of national groups; when, as a result, artists widely different in their origin and upbringing are thrown together and compelled to emulate each other in the creation of a new common culture.

We should, therefore, welcome these exiles to our shores, and try to persuade the Home Office that though doctors may vie with photographers and the *Daily Mail* to keep the foreigner out, we as artists look a little further ahead than most professions, and see security in variety. Admittedly we do not see how, during the process of fermentation, we are all going to live; but we will take the chance because the alternative is the still worse if slower death from inanition. And our own professional interests apart, we should declare what again is the simple truth: that even security is of no value unless at the same time we can live and work in an atmosphere of liberty. Athens, and not Sparta, was the home of Greek art.

"Il me semble que nous entrons dans le *noir*"—Flaubert's gloomy foreboding, on the eve of the Franco-Prussian war, of a century of vast inter-racial conflicts, is now a reality in the midst of which we try to live; and as Flaubert foresaw, it is an epoch which has no use for the artist, unless it is to paint camouflage for its guns. This does not mean that the artist must admit defeat. He must make a distinction between his talent, which is an individual possession, and his circumstances, which he shares with other men. About our circumstances, the fate of our whole civilization, he can hardly have an illusion left. Exhaustion of religion, decline of the birth-rate, dissociation of capital and labour, distrust of originality in art—all the symptoms of decline are with us, and history does not lead us to suppose that at this late stage any collective effort can reverse the process. Probably the wisest course would be to accelerate it, to tune down our instruments and play *diminuendo*. I do not mean that art should become consciously decadent—I am thinking rather of our imperial and economic policies. Art should rather enter into its monastic phase. Once we are sure that we can no longer rely on the support of a civilization—which, in plainer terms, is the patronage of the Church and State and Oligarchy—then it only remains for artists to support themselves and one another. Art must now enter into its individual phase—even its hermetic phase—and though economic circumstances

and mutual sympathy may drive artists to the formation of something actually like monasteries, the art will still be individualistic, not done to evoke or express the collective unconscious, but as personal fantasy.

In this way art will survive a darker age. But let us give up, as the most childish of illusions, the hope that art—our art—can ever recover its social relevance. It may be that for a few decades a spartan economy will have a certain use for the utilitarian artist—not merely to camouflage its guns, but to build its barracks and hangars, to design its posters and pocket-handkerchiefs. But do not let us imagine that the full current of art can be turned into these channels. I have tried to show the extent to which that outlet can be used in my book on “Art and Industry”, but not even an American “industrial stylister” could imagine that all which is implied in the art of Delacroix, Cézanne and Picasso can be metamorphosed into a streamlined calculating-machine. That is simply to leave out what it is not unduly sentimental to call humanity.

Someone will say that I have forgotten Russia. Unfortunately it is not true. It merely did not occur to me to dissociate Russia, in this respect, from the other forces which work for the triumph of philistinism. Now that the only two Russian politicians who have shown any glimmering of an understanding of the social significance of art have been discarded—Trotsky in exile, Bukharin presumably shot—there is no one strong enough to protect art and to find a place for it in an economy which becomes increasingly utilitarian and militaristic. Art is no longer allowed to be individual and spontaneous; it, too, must contribute to the collective effort. Great art has been produced under similar circumstances, but only when, as in the Middle Ages, the collective effort had a spiritual aim. When the aim is materialistic—and slogans apart, the whole energies of the U.S.S.R. are bent on increasing the general level of industrial production—then art is an irrelevance. It does not matter whether your army is industrial or military; it is an army just the same, and the only art an army ever had use for was a brass band in the canteen.

If the general trend of these remarks is merely to show how precariously art lives in England, the Exhibition for which they serve as an introduction shows that nevertheless art still is alive. Considering how circumstances war against the artist, the wonder is that he has the courage, not merely to persevere, but to carry human consciousness a little farther in its adventure. War, darkness, despair—even these the artist will meet, willing to intercede between their cruelty and the shrinking soul of humanity. Part of the world's trouble—perhaps its fundamental failing—has been its inability to bridge the abyss between dream and reality. We have attempted for so long to live on the level of rational consciousness, letting the instinctive life fester in darkness and neglect, that now a monster of fantastic dimensions rises in our despite, threatening the fragile foundations of our civilization. There are only two ways of avoiding this impending fate—the way of religion and the way of art. One we have perverted and the other we have ignored, and no power can now save the imperial façade. We shall be lucky to carry a few fragments into the future, in the hands of these our artists.

HERBERT READ.

Ε. Λ. Τ. Mesens presents

LIVING ART
IN
ENGLAND

Ε. Λ. Τ. Mesens présente

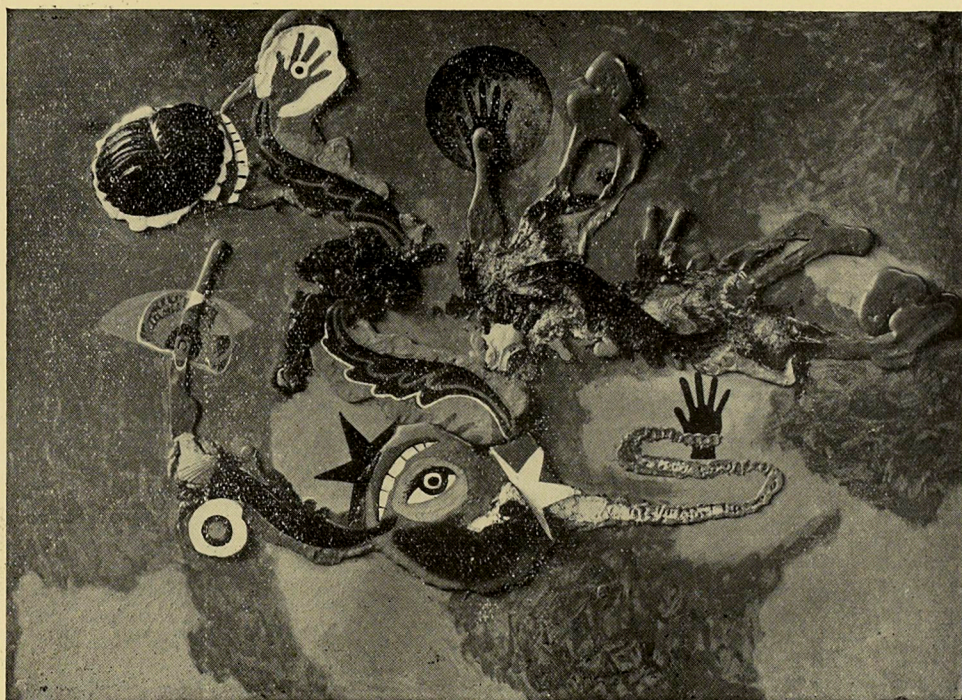
L'ART VIVANT
EN
ANGLETERRE



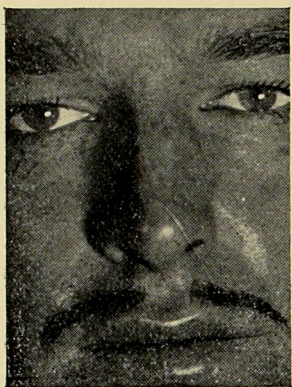
EILEEN AGAR

SURREALIST

Born 1901 in Buenos Aires—reborn in the rue Schoelcher—has a foreign eye but an English finger and is Irish. Will exhibit at the London Gallery in 1939.



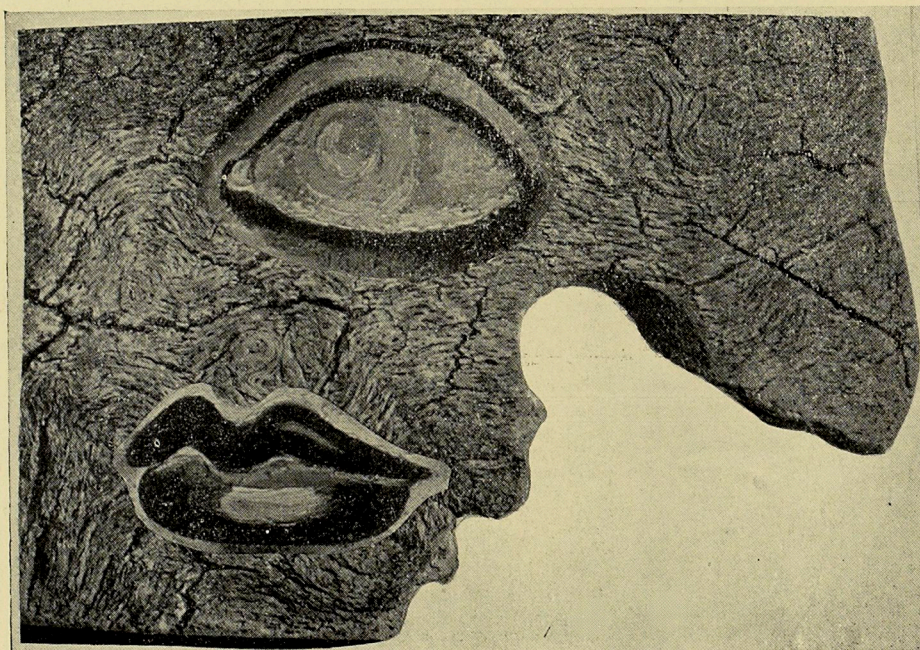
The Light Years



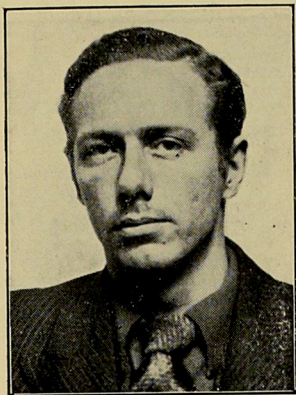
JOHN BANTING

SURREALIST

Born 1902 in London—says “My life history is better forgotten”.



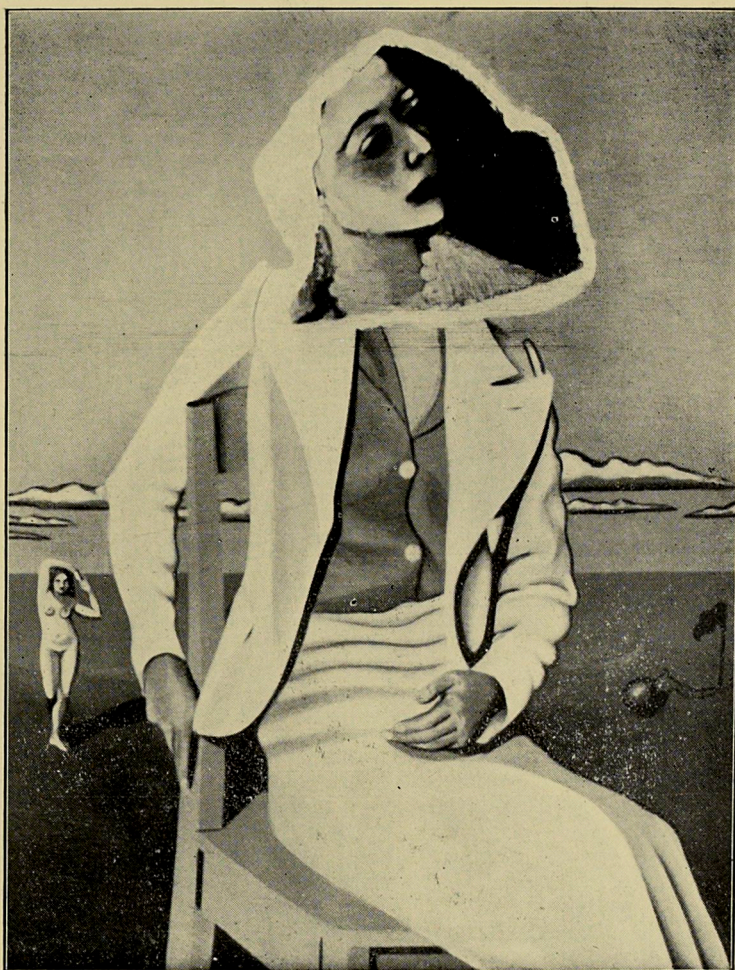
Doctor Love (1939)



JAMES CANT

SURREALIST

Born 1911 in Melbourne, Australia—worked mainly in Sydney—designed décor for ballets “Coppelia” and “Faust”—also worked in Spain, France and Belgium—lives in London since 1932.



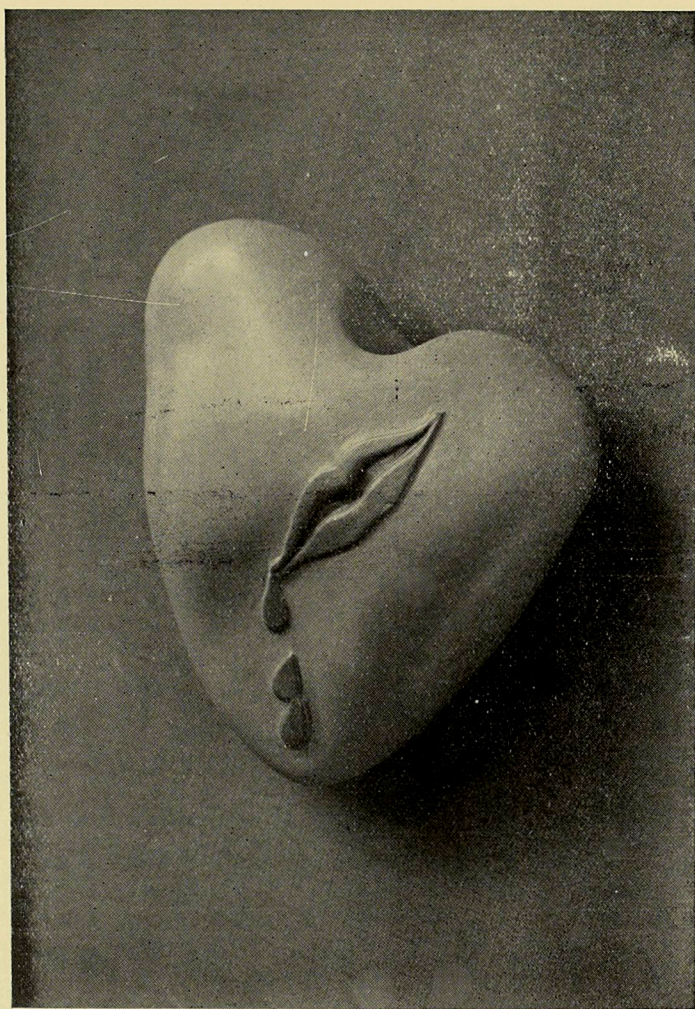
Clair de lune (1938)



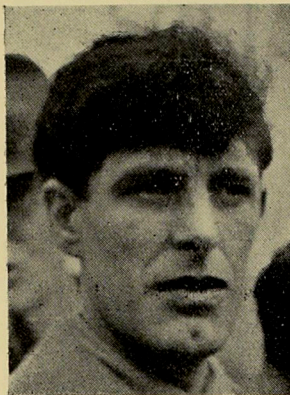
ITHELL COLQUHOUN

INDEPENDENT

Born 1906 in Assam, India—says: “I learnt to draw at the Slade School, I have not yet learnt to paint. I am teaching myself to carve and to write. Sometimes I copy nature, sometimes imagination: they are equally useful. My life is uneventful but I sometimes have an interesting dream”. Will exhibit at the London Gallery during 1939.



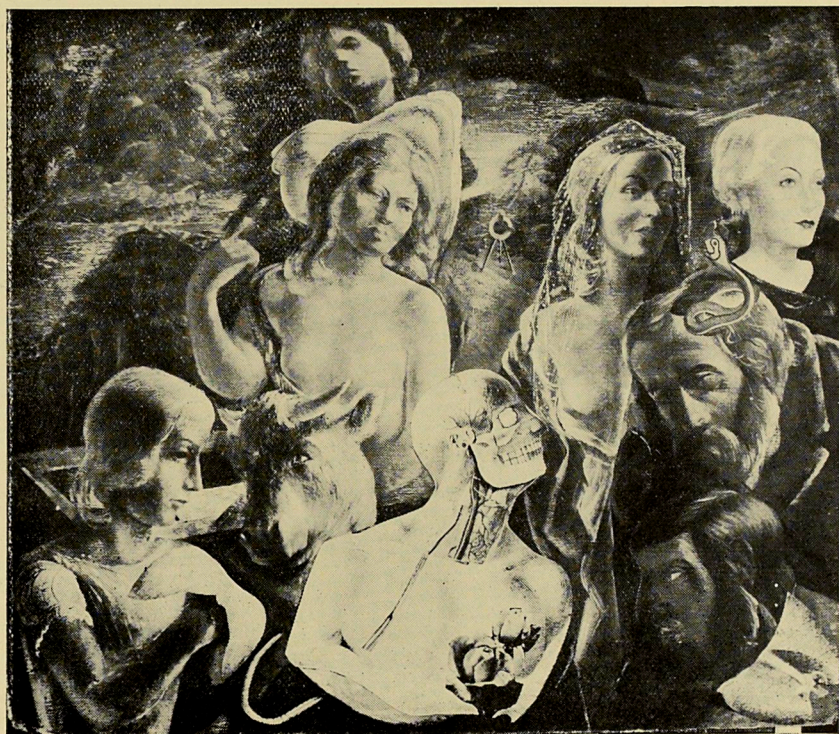
Heart (Object)



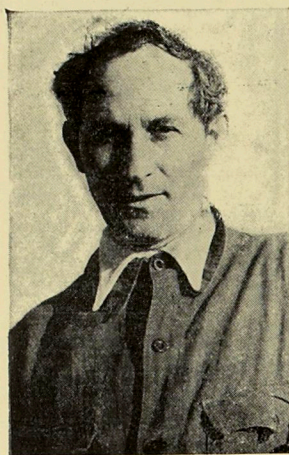
P. NORMAN DAWSON

URREALIST

Born 1903—studied at R.C.A. London, in Paris, Rome, Florence—finalist Rome Scholarship 1927, travelling scholar and associate of R.C.A. 1925, examiner U.E.I. 1936-9. Exhibited with Surrealists since 1935. Lives in London—will exhibit at the London Gallery in 1939.



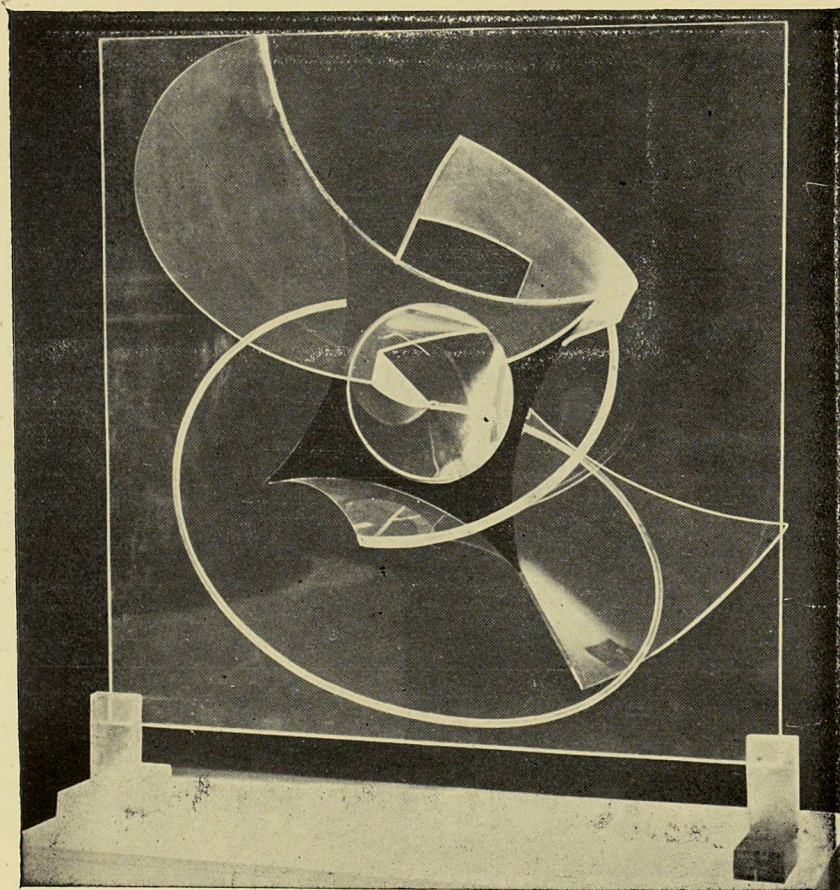
Blue Mouth of Paradise (1937)



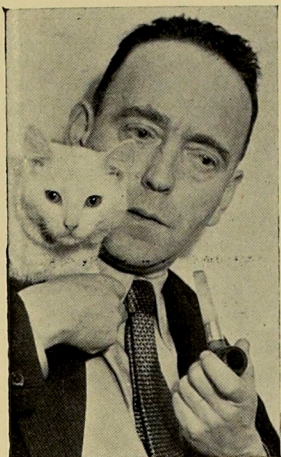
NAUM GABO

CONSTRUCTIVIST

Born 1890 at Briansk (Central Russia)—educated at Kursk and Munich. Studied engineering and mathematics till 1914—went to Moscow in 1917—a founder of the Constructivist School—left Moscow for Berlin 1921—designed with Pevsner the ballet “La Chatte” 1927—exhibited in Berlin, Paris, New York, Hartford, Chicago, and the London Gallery in Jan. 1938.



Construction (1938)



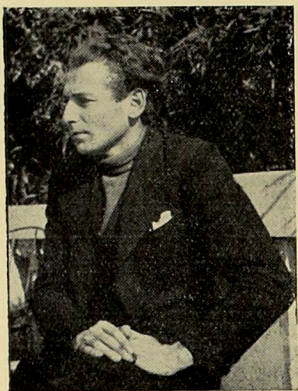
JOHN HEARTFIELD

Born in Berlin 1891. Studied painting in Munich and Berlin. With Richard Huelsenbeck, Wieland Herzfelde and George Grosz one of the founders of Berlin Dadaist group. In 1917 invented "montage"—which gave rise to "photomontage" now much employed in publicity and political satire. Emigrated from Germany to Czechoslovakia in 1933—a refugee in England since recent events in 1938.



The peaceable fish of prey (Montage)

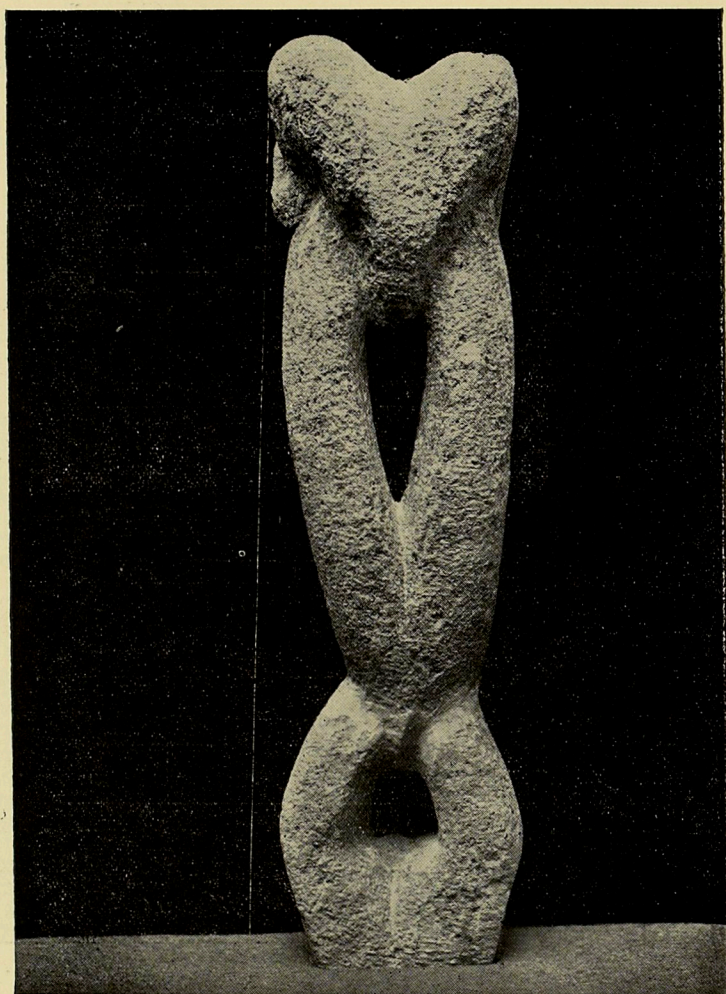
Coll. E. L. T. Mesens



HENGHES

INDEPENDENT

Born 1906 at Hamburg—lived in U.S.A. 1924-32, in France 1933, in Italy 1934-37, in Switzerland 1937, in England since Nov. 1937—attended no art school—exhibited sculpture at Baltimore U.S.A., Genoa, Milan, Turin, New York, Washington, Paris, and London. Forthcoming exhibition April at Guggenheim jeune gallery.



"X"

Coll. ALBERTO SARTORIS (Lausanne)

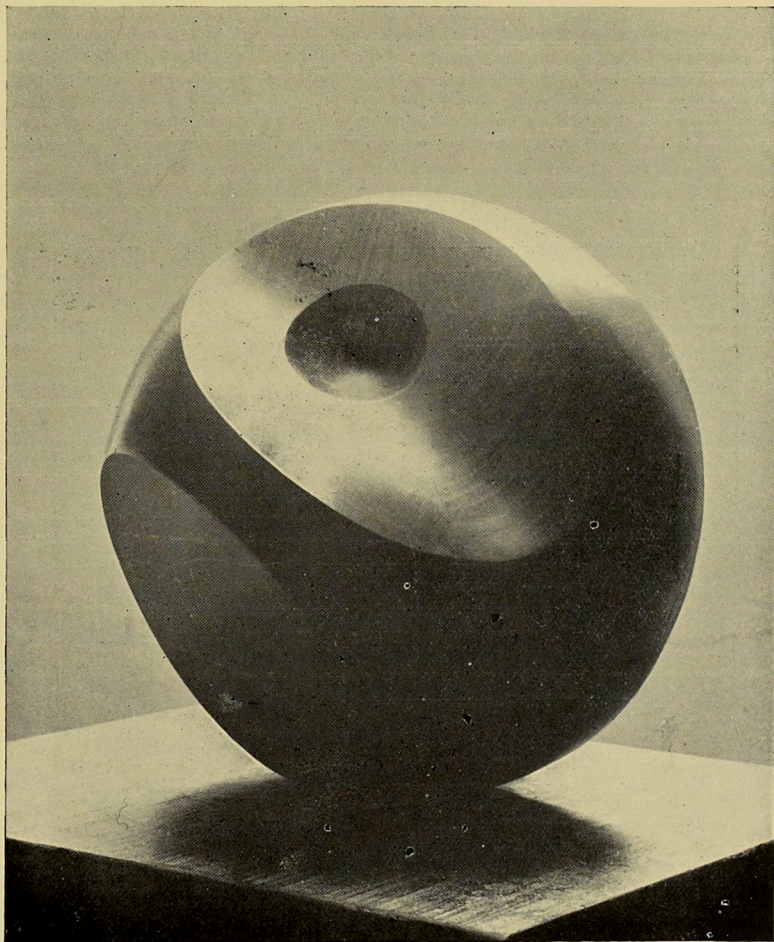


Photo Paul Laib

BARBARA HEPWORTH

CONSTRUCTIVIST

Born 1903 at Wakefield, Yorkshire—Studied at Leeds School of Art, Royal College of Art, in Florence and Rome—member of "Unit One" 1933, "Abstraction—Création" group 1933-34 and "Seven and Five" Society 1930-1936.



Helicoids in Sphere (1938), Teak



FRANCES HODGKINS

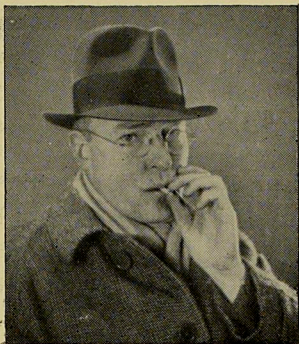
INDEPENDENT

Born 1871 at Dunedin, New Zealand. Worked in Paris 1908-14 and after the War in London and Manchester—travelled in Spain and Italy—recent exhibitions at Alex. Reid & Lefevre and Leicester Galleries.



Still Life (Watercolour)

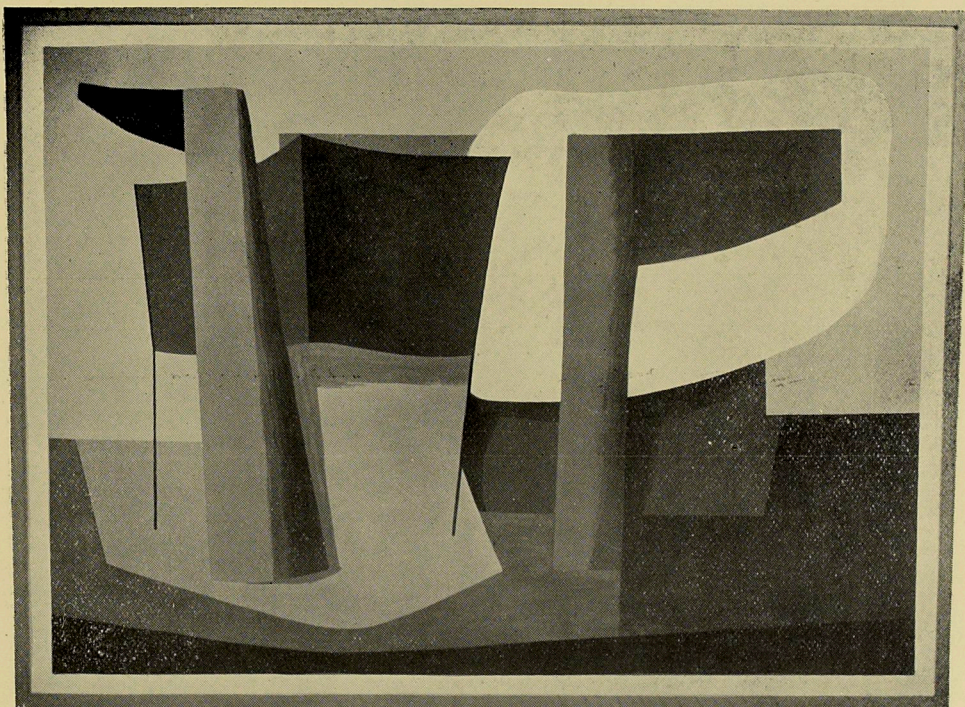
By kind permission of Alex Reid & Lefebvre Ltd.



CHARLES HOWARD

INDEPENDENT

Born 1899 in New Jersey U.S.A.—spent early years in California, went to New York 1921, came to London 1933—allied to the Surrealist movement.



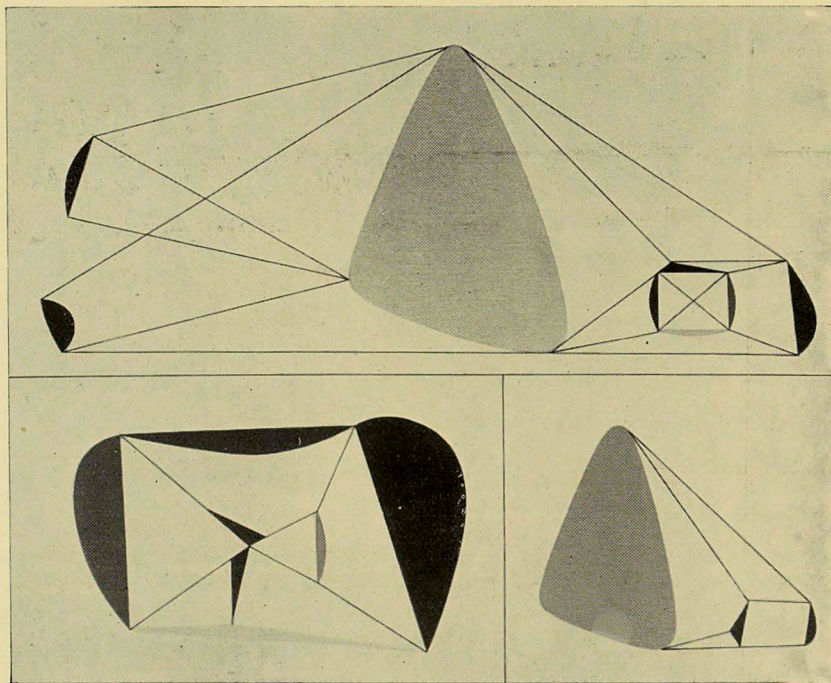
Display (1934)



ARTHUR JACKSON

CONSTRUCTIVIST

Born 1911 at Rotherham, Yorkshire—member of the “Seven and Five” Society—exhibited with the Constructivists in England and U.S.A.



Painting (1937)

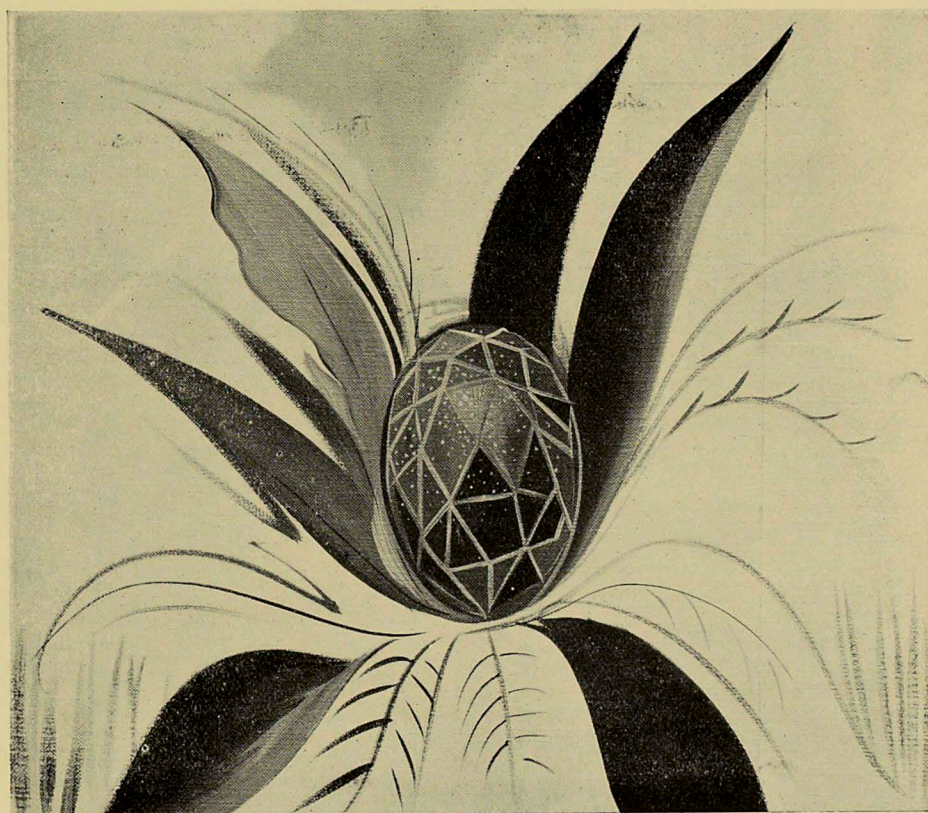
Coll. J. L. MARTIN



HUMPHREY JENNINGS

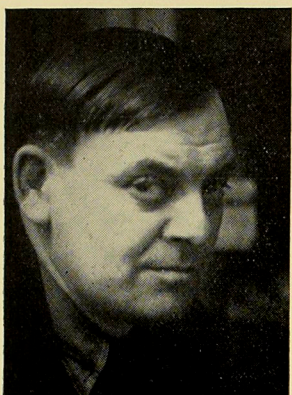
SURREALIST

Born 1907 in Suffolk—spent many years at Cambridge occupied with critical writing, research on poetry, and work in the theatre—lived in London since 1933 working in the cinema, particularly in colour films—has painted pictures and taken photographs since 1929. Radio 1938. Exhibited with the Surrealists in London, Paris, Amsterdam and at the London Gallery in Oct. 1938.



The Origin of Colour (1937)

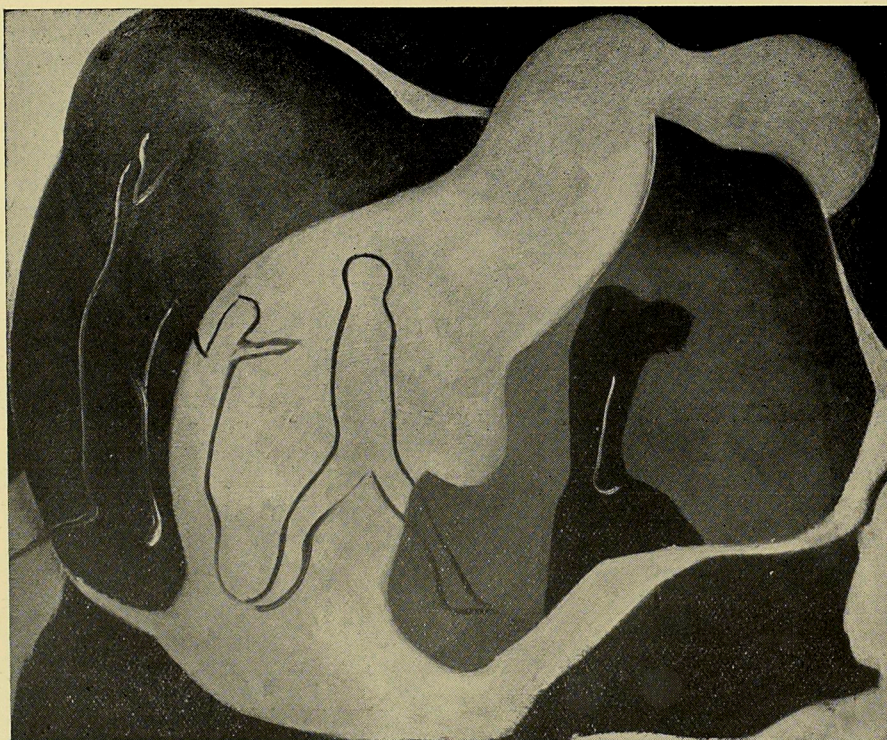
photo Cross Brothers



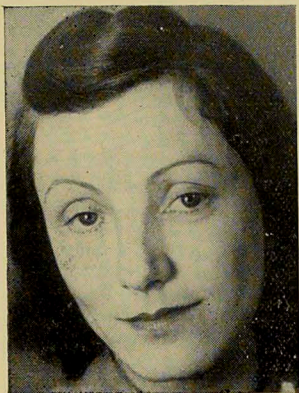
WILLIAM JOHNSTON

INDEPENDENT

Born 1897 at Dunholm, Scotland—studied at Edinburgh College of Art, Life Class Royal Scottish Academy, in Paris, Spain, Italy, and Holland—worked in U.S.A.—author of “Creative Art in England”—member of National Society of Painters & Sculptors. Exhibited in Paris, London, U.S.A., Scotland.



Conception



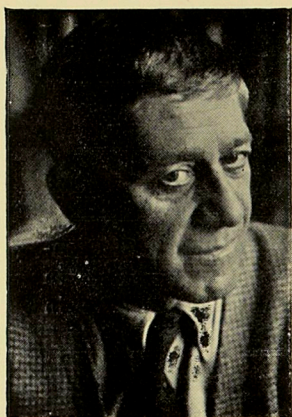
RITA KERNN-LARSEN

MEMBER OF THE SCANDINAVIAN
SURREALIST GROUP.

Born 1904 at Hillerød, Denmark—studied at Copenhagen Academy and after with Fernand Léger in Paris, 1930-31, exhibited with the Surrealists in Copenhagen, Oslo, Lund, London and Paris.



Painting (1938)



OSKAR KOKOSCHKA

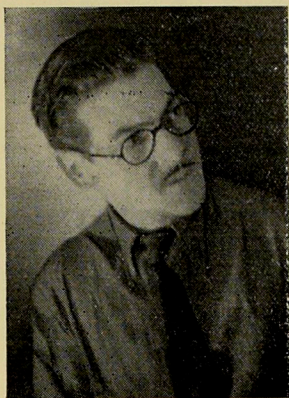
EXPRESSIONIST

Born 1886 at Pöchlarn—first exhibition in 1908 closed by order of the Government—afterwards appointed Professor at the Preussische Akademie and at Dresden—travels a great deal: Paris, Morocco etc.—recently lived in Prague—works acquired by many of the important museums of Europe and America. One of the masters of Expressionism—his influence in Germany, Austria, and Czechoslovakia has been enormous.



Composition (1938)

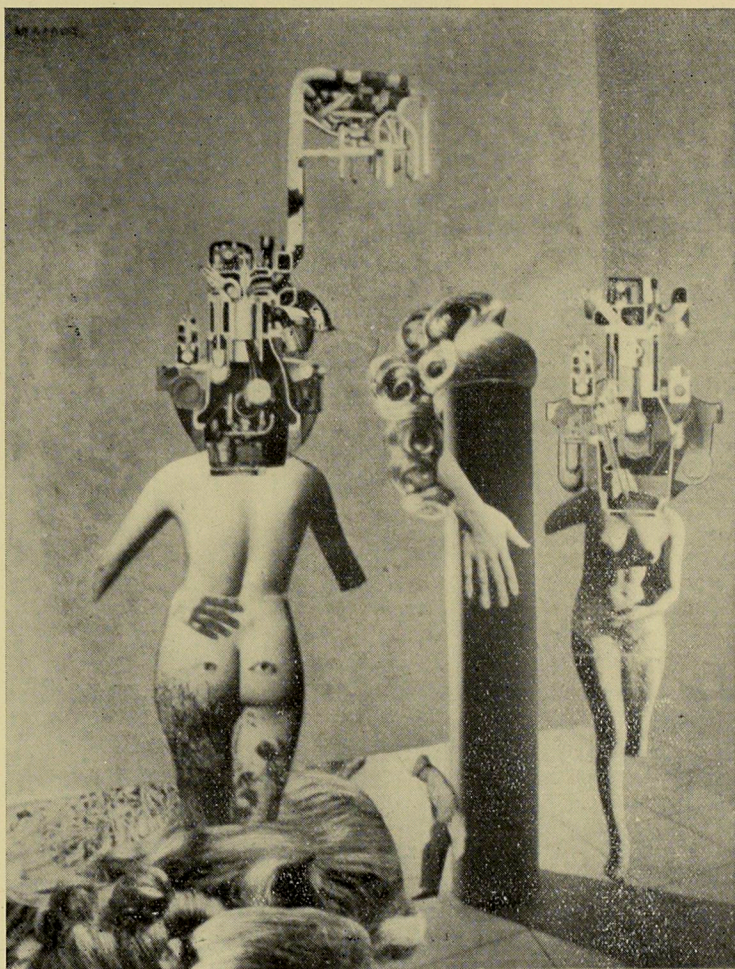
Photo Calmann Gallery



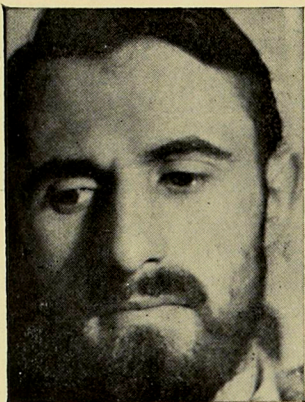
CONROY MADDOX

SURREALIST

Born 1912 at Ledbury, Herefordshire—no Art school training—became interested in Surrealism in 1930.



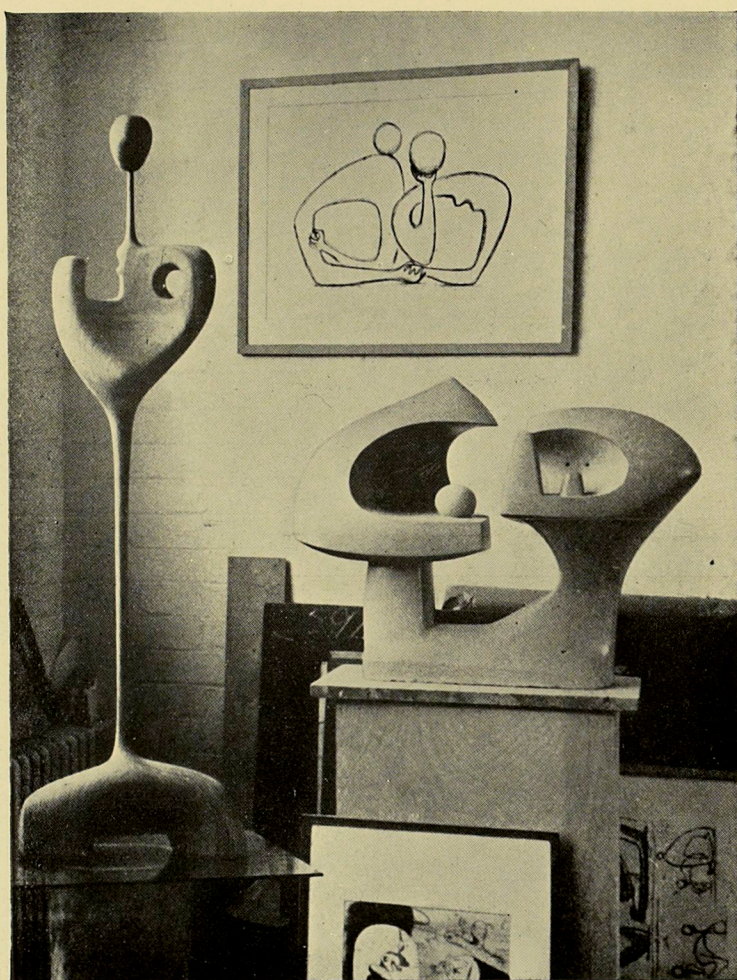
The Apparatus of Longing (1938)



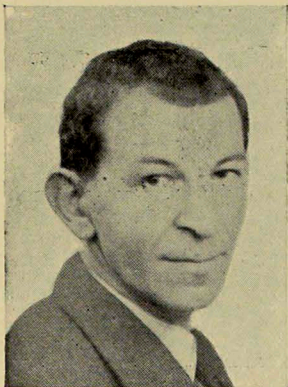
F. E. McWILLIAM

INDEPENDENT

Born 1909 at Banbridge, Co. Down, Ireland—studied drawing at the Slade School and afterwards worked in Paris—started sculpture in 1933—now lives near London—exhibited with English Surrealist group—will exhibit at the London Gallery in 1939.



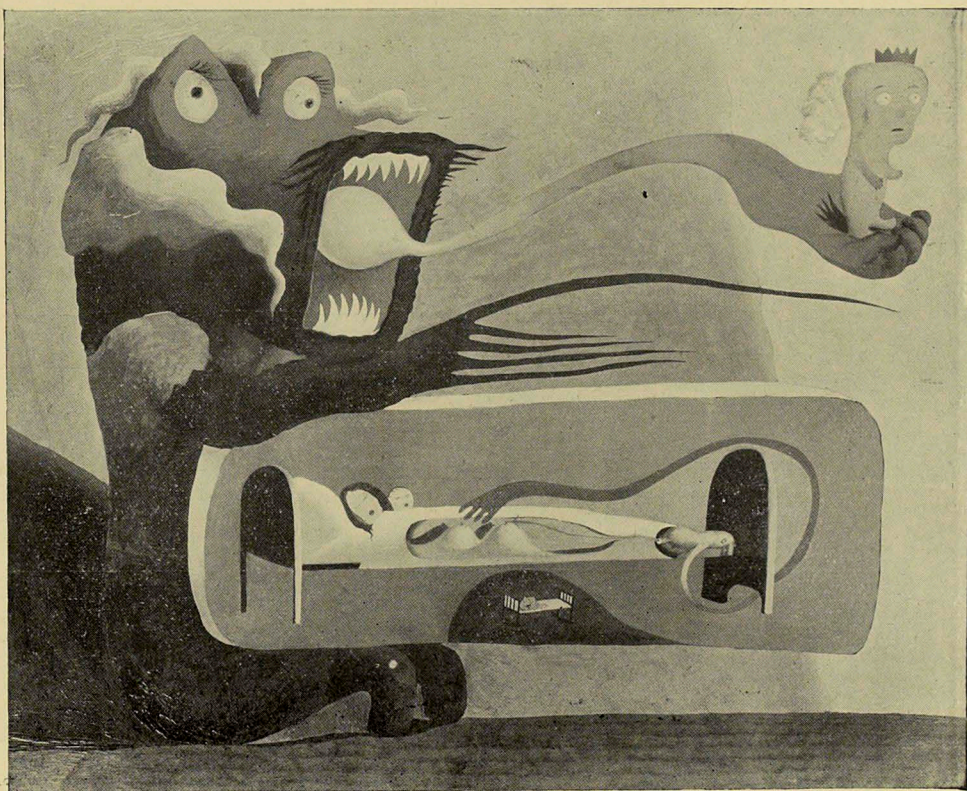
In the sculptor's studio



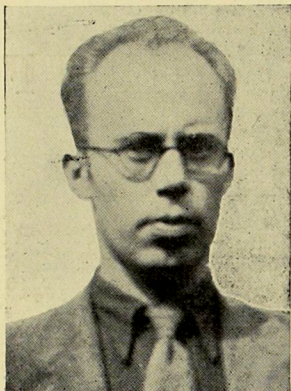
REUBEN MEDNIKOFF

SURREALIST

Born 1906 in London—studied at St. Martin's School of Art, London—joined Dr. Pailthorpe in 1935 in psychological research and is assisting her in the compilation of a book—exhibited with the Surrealist group since 1936 in London, New York, Toronto, etc.



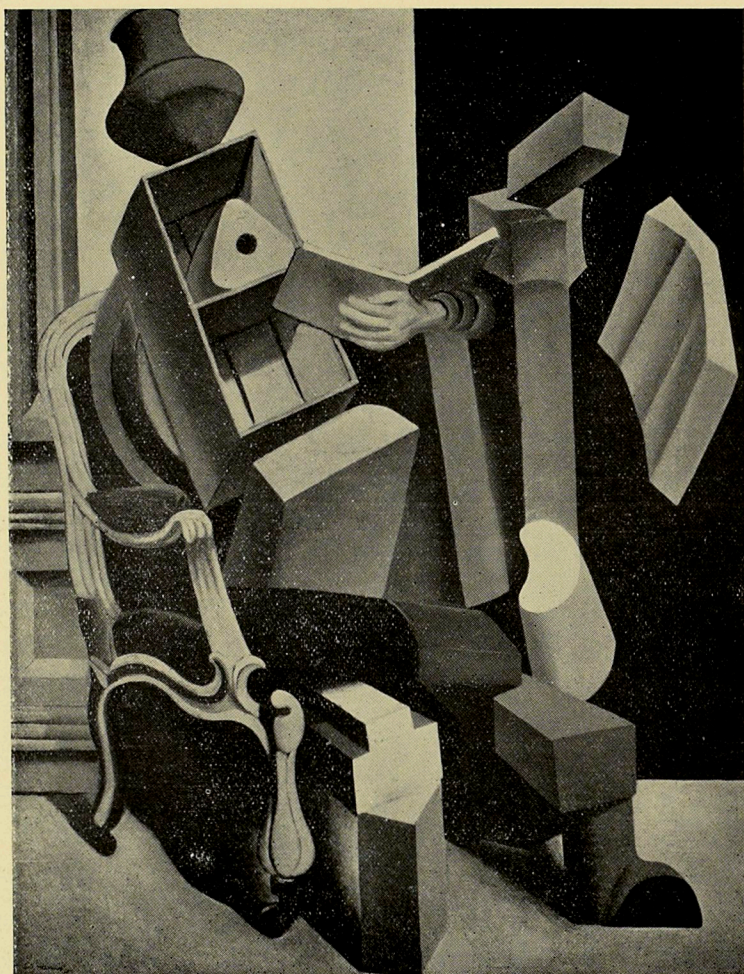
The King of the Castle



JOHN MELVILLE

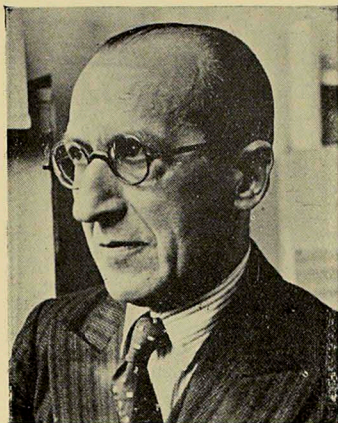
SURREALIST

Born 1902 in London—started painting surrealist work in 1930—exhibited in London 1932 and 1936 and with the Surrealist group at Gloucester 1937.



The End of a Day

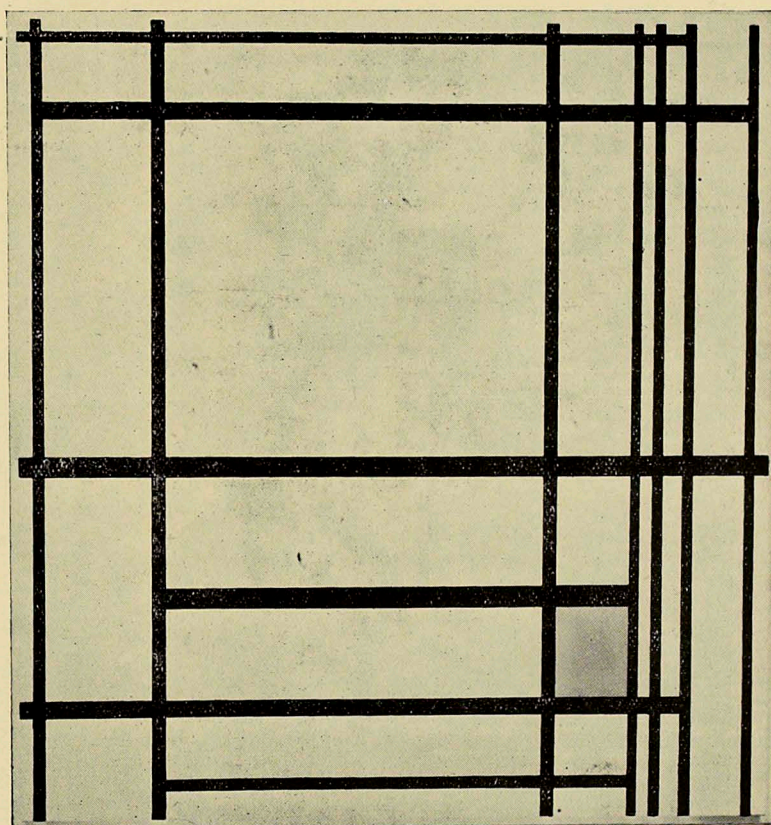
photo Cross Brothers



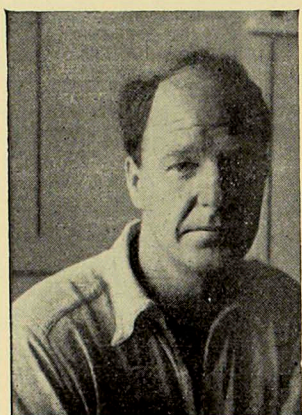
PIET MONDRIAN

CONSTRUCTIVIST

Born 1872 at Amersfoort, Holland—studied at the Amsterdam academy and worked in Paris. Founder with Theo van Doesburg of the review and movement “De Styl”—veritable head of the abstractivist and constructivist schools, he has exercised a great influence on painting in Holland and Germany and in recent years in England.



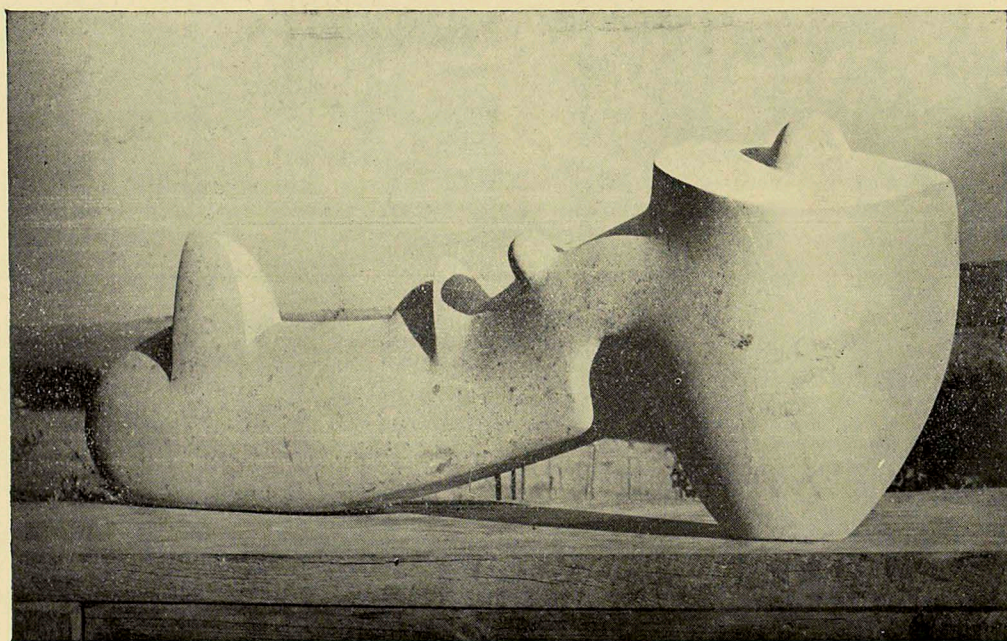
Composition 38



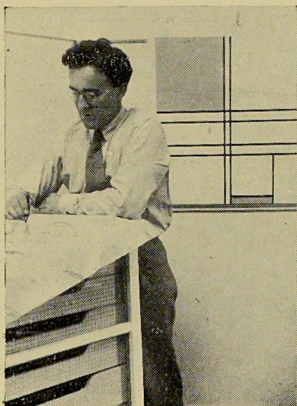
HENRY MOORE

SURREALIST

Born 1898 at Castleford, Yorkshire—studied at Leeds School of Art and the Royal College of Art 1919-24—exhibited in London, Venice, Zurich, Paris, New York, Amsterdam, Toronto, etc.—represented in the Tate Gallery, the Museum of Modern Art, and other public and private collections.



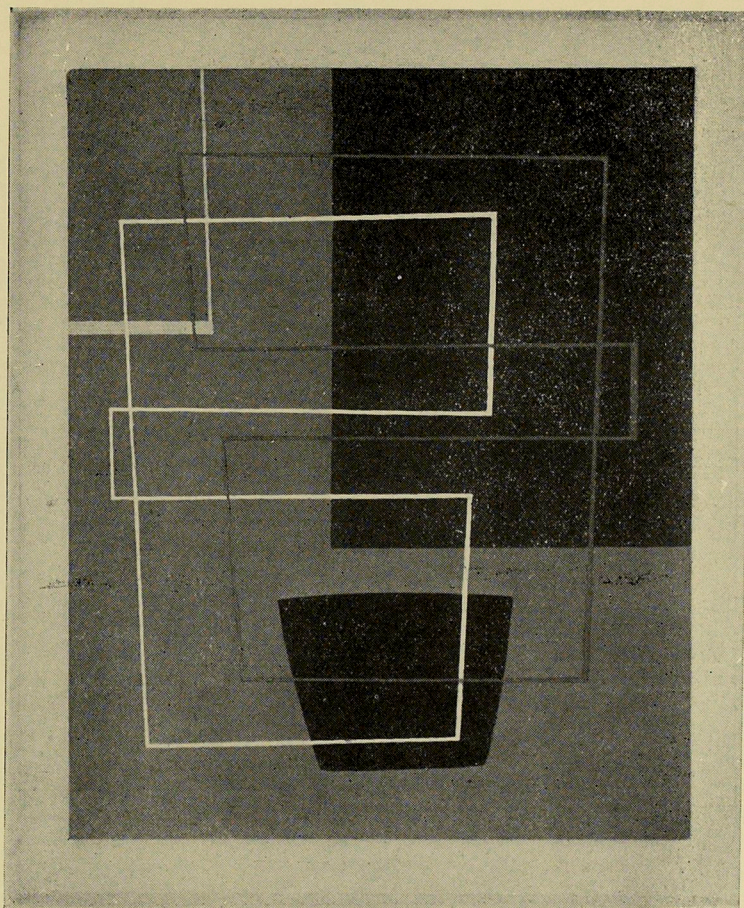
Carving (1938) Hopton Wood Stone



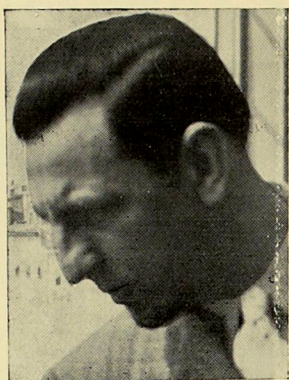
A. J. F. MORTON

CONSTRUCTIVIST

Born 1910 in Carlisle.



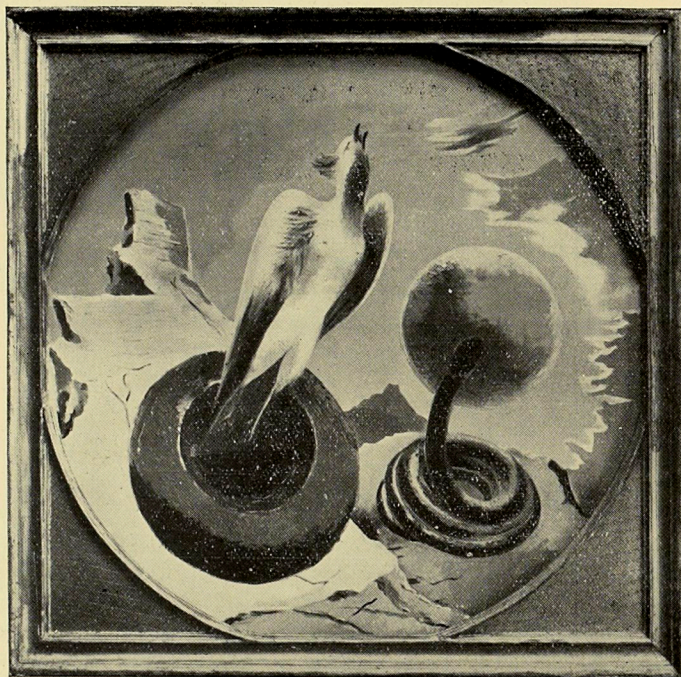
Gouache (1938)



PAUL NASH

INDEPENDENT

Born 1889 in London—studied at the St. Paul's and Slade Schools of Art—exhibited in London, Paris, Berlin, Brussels, Vienna, Venice, Buenos Aires, Tokyo, New York, etc—represented in the Tate Gallery, the Imperial War Museum, the Victoria and Albert Museum and other museums and collections.



The Nest of the Phoenix

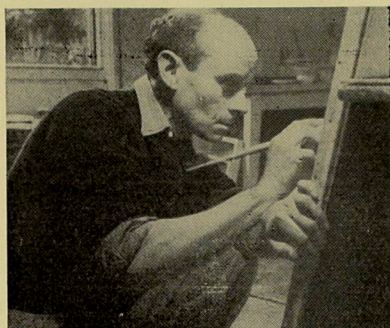
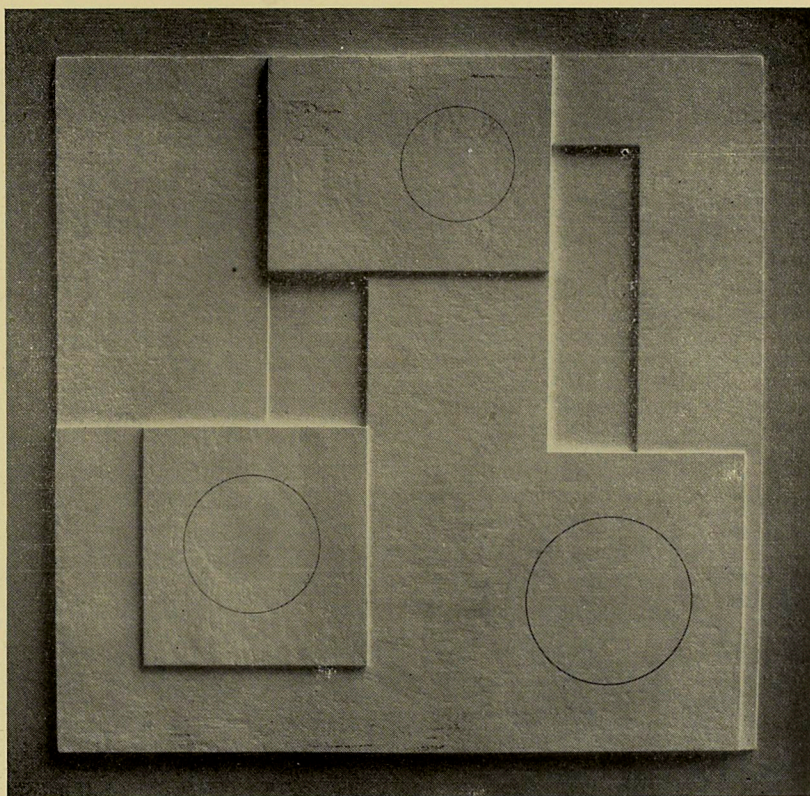


Photo H. Erni

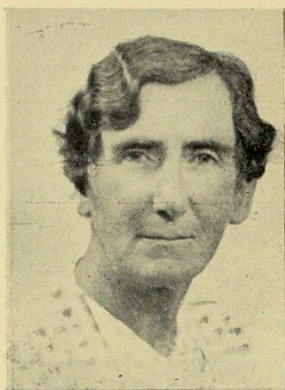
BEN NICHOLSON

CONSTRUCTIVIST

Born 1894 at Denham—studied in London, Tours, Milan, Pasadena and U.S.A.—member of “Unit One” 1933, the “Abstraction—Création” group 1933-34, the “Seven and Five” Society 1925-36—represented at the Contemporary Art Society, London, the Museum of Modern Art, New York, and private collections in many countries.



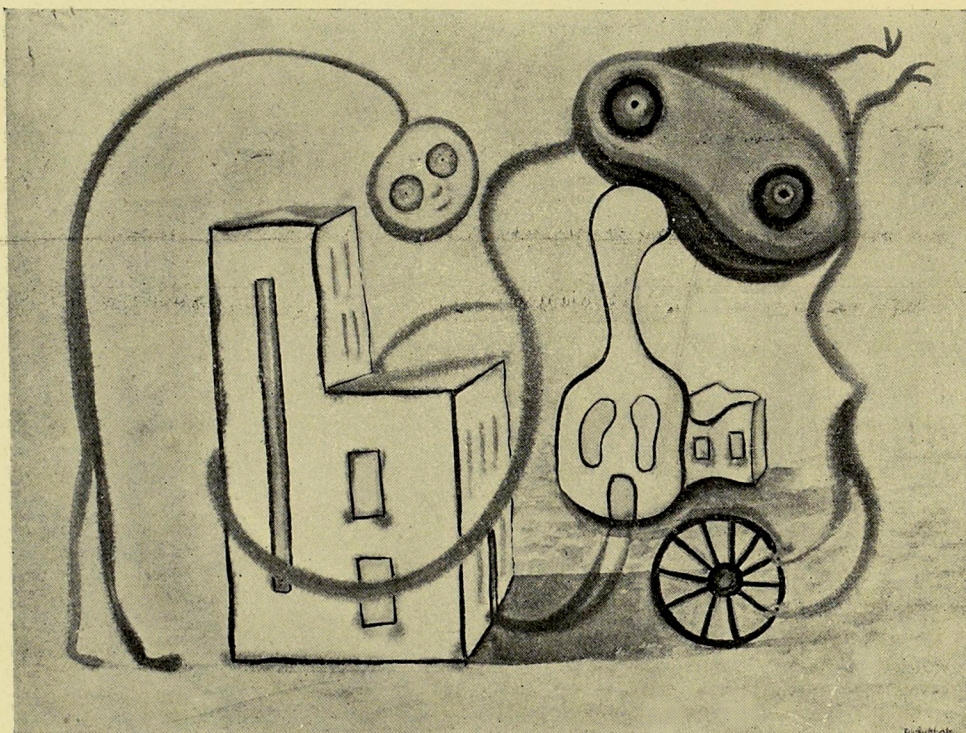
Relief (1937)



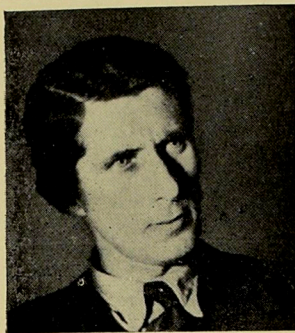
GRACE W. PAILTHORPE

SURREALIST

Born 1890 in Surrey—studied medicine and served as a surgeon during the war—grub-staked herself round the world—returned to England to concentrate on psychological medicine—in 1935 began research with R. Mednikoff—exhibited drawings and paintings in this connection with the surrealists since 1936.



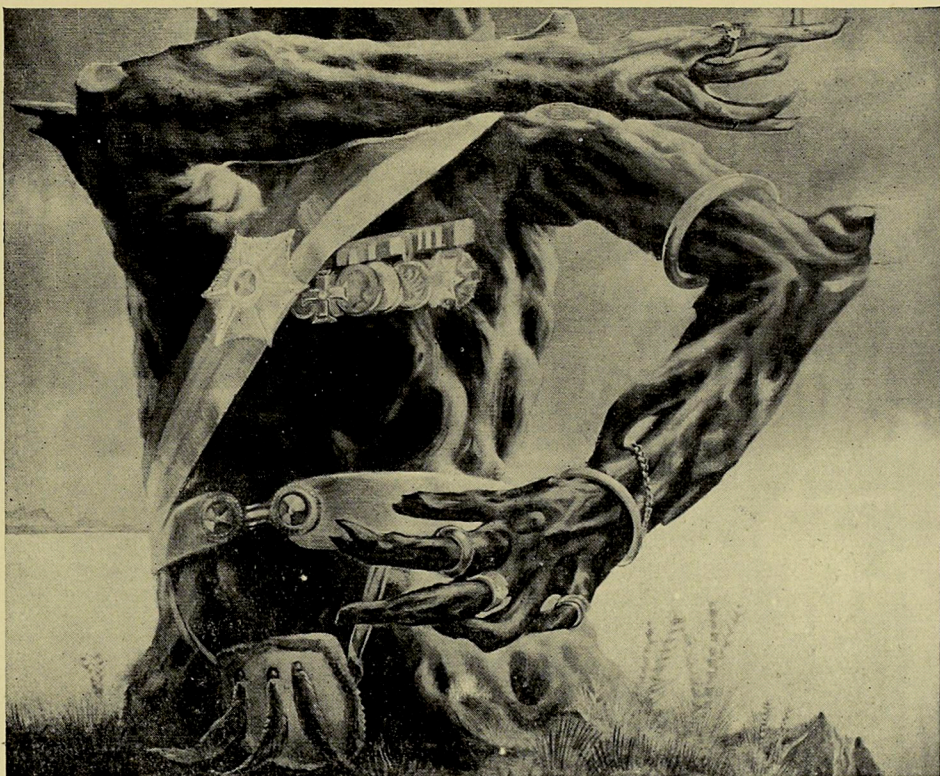
The Torment of Tantalus (Watercolour)



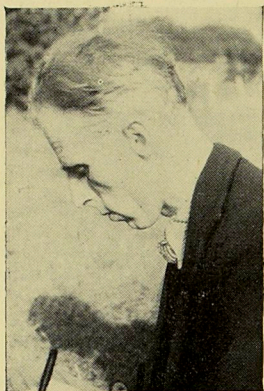
ROLAND PENROSE

SURREALIST

Born 1900 in London—studied architecture in Cambridge—lived in France 1922 to 1935, travelled and returned to London bringing also the International Surrealist Exhibition of 1936—exhibited in Paris, London, New York, Amsterdam, etc.—will exhibit at the London Gallery in 1939.

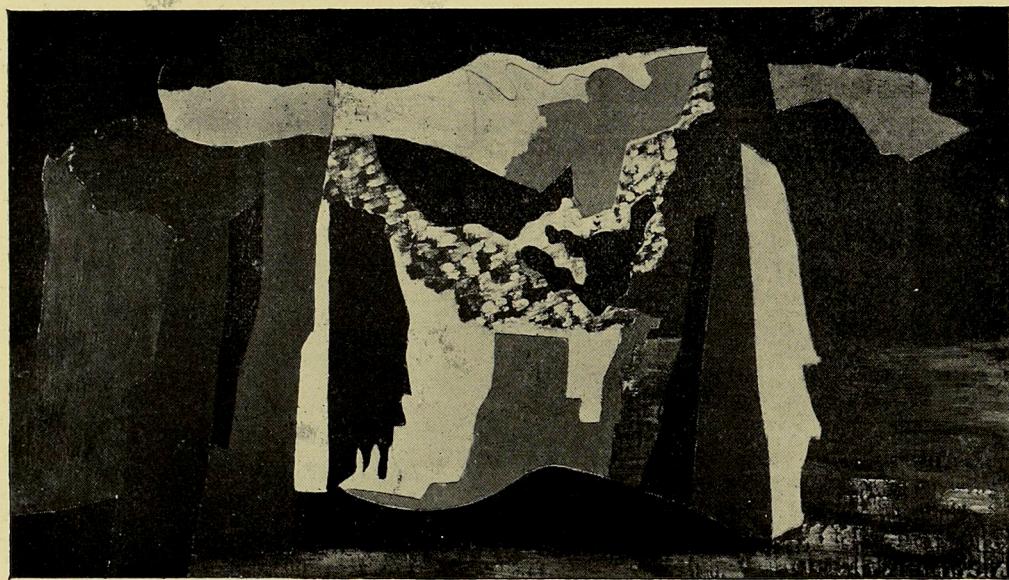


The Veteran



JOHN PIPER

Born 1903 at Epsom—calls himself a cubist, abstract, constructivist, surrealist independent—studied law and afterwards art at the Richmond School of Art and the Royal College of Art—formerly member of the London Group and the “Seven and Five” Society—exhibited in London, Paris, New York, Chicago, and at the London Gallery in May 1938.



Coast of Wales (1938)

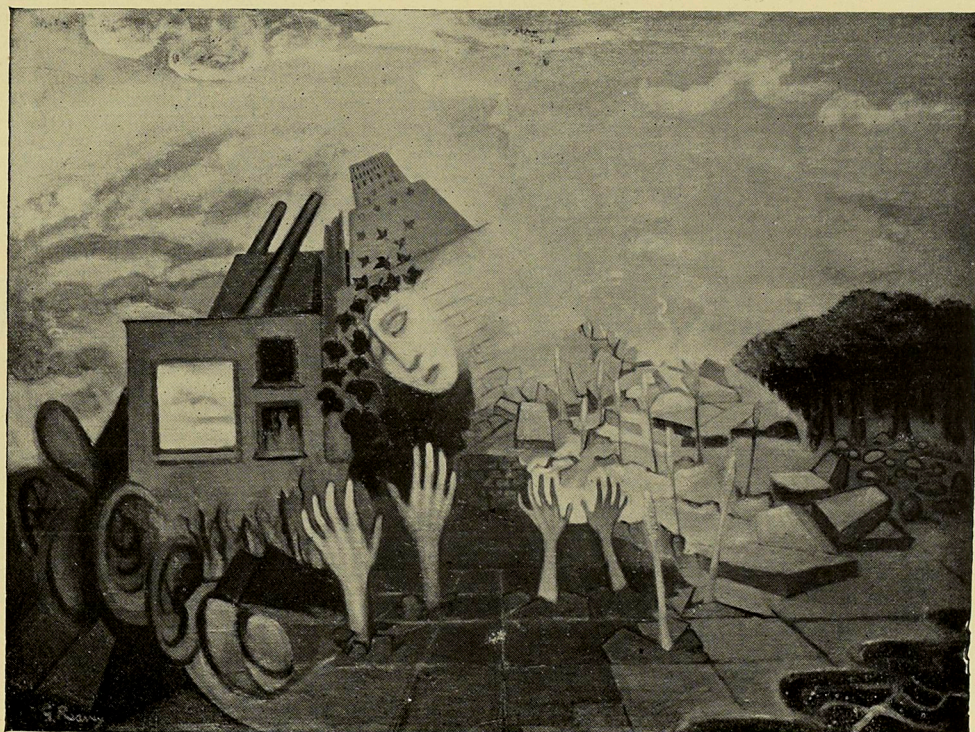
photo Cross Brothers



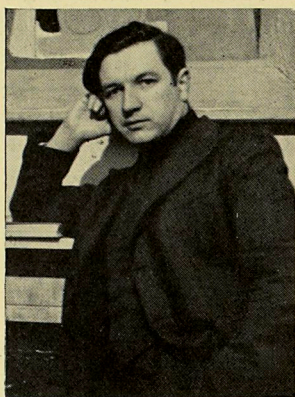
GWYNEDD REAVEY

INDEPENDENT

Born 1900 in London.



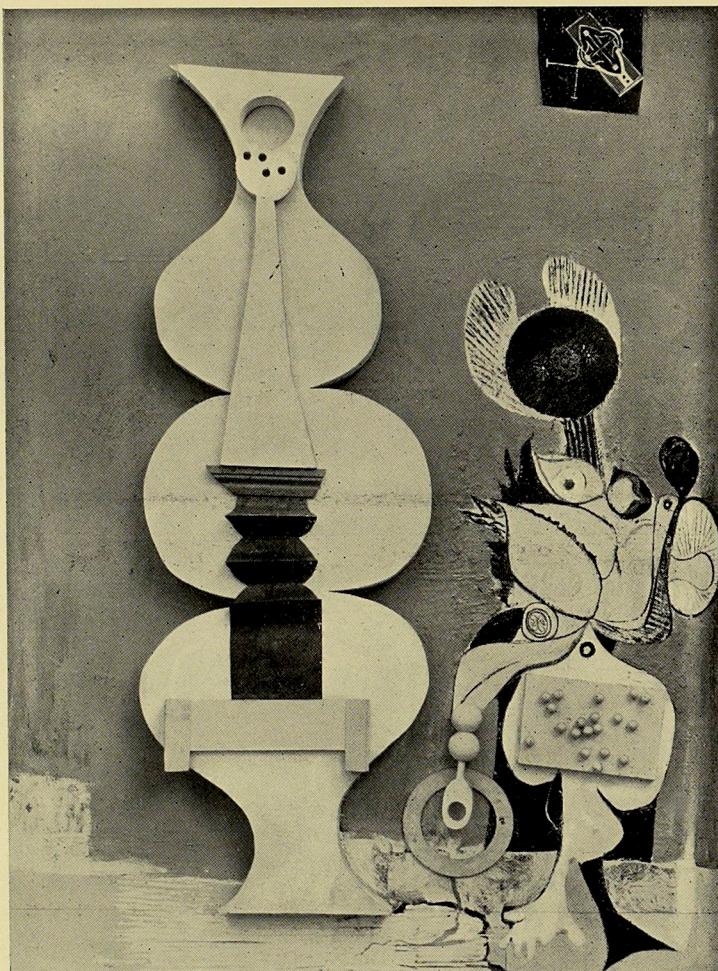
Window on Europe (1938)



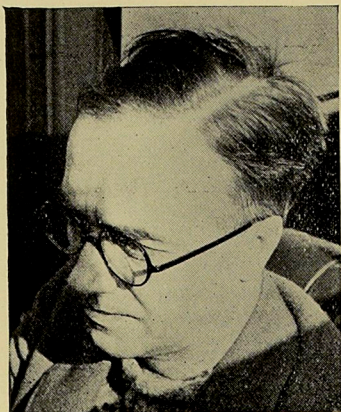
CERI RICHARDS

INDEPENDENT

Born 1903 at Dunvant near Swansea—is keenly interested in music—exhibited in London and elsewhere—a member of the London group, formerly a member of the Surrealist group.



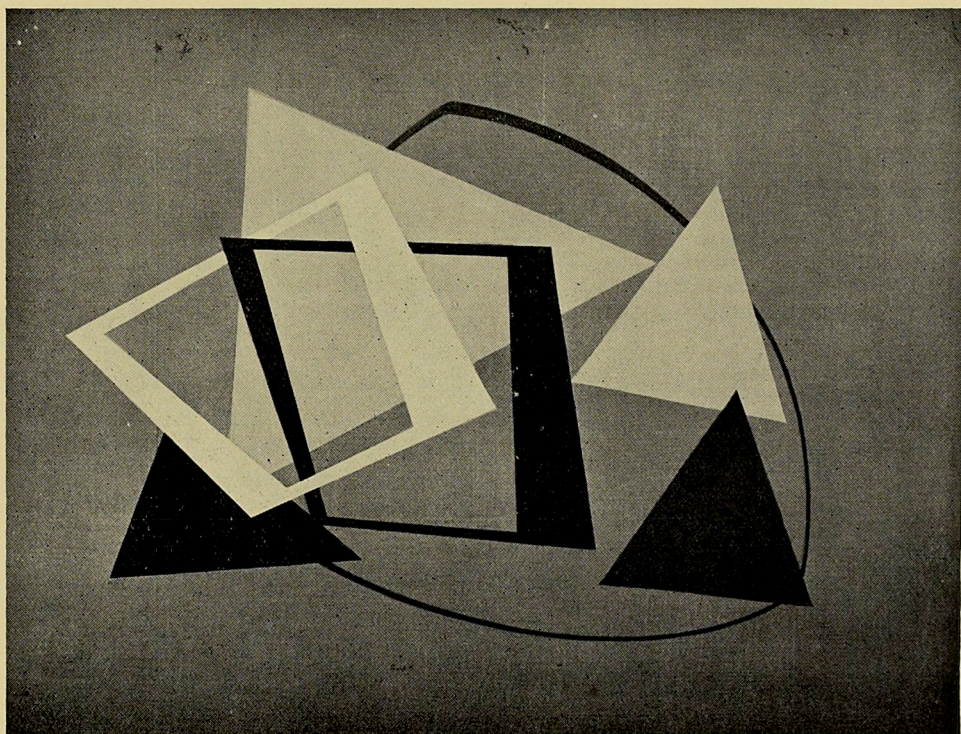
Two Females (1937-38) Construction Painted



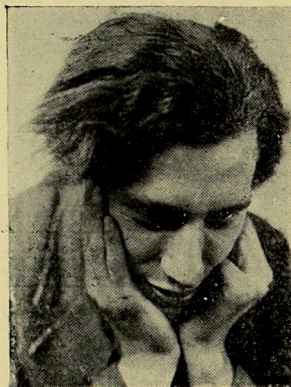
JOHN STEPHENSON

CONSTRUCTIVIST

Born 1889 at Bishop Auckland—studied at the Leeds School of Art, the Royal College of Art, the Slade School and in Paris and Italy—exhibited with the London Group, the “Seven and Five” society and with the constructivists in London and U.S.A.



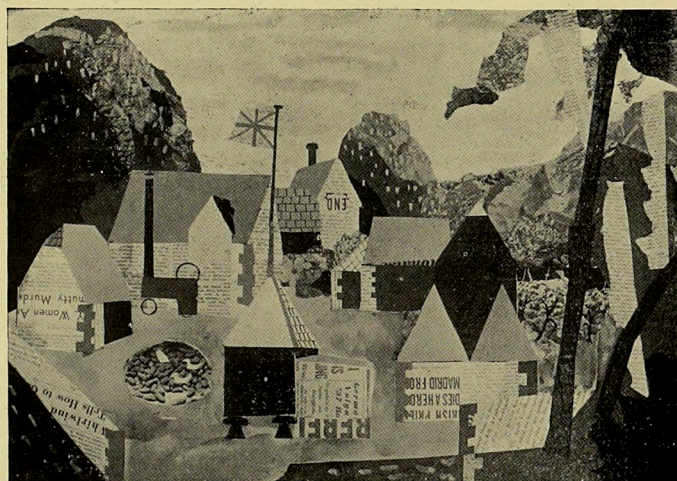
Painting in Tempera (1938)



JULIAN TREVELYAN

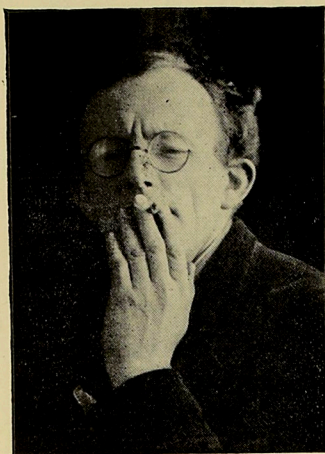
INDEPENDENT

Born 1910 in Surrey—studied literature at Cambridge—lived in Paris from 1930 to 1933—studied engraving with S. W. Hayter—exhibited with the Surrealist group 1936-38.



Collage (1937)

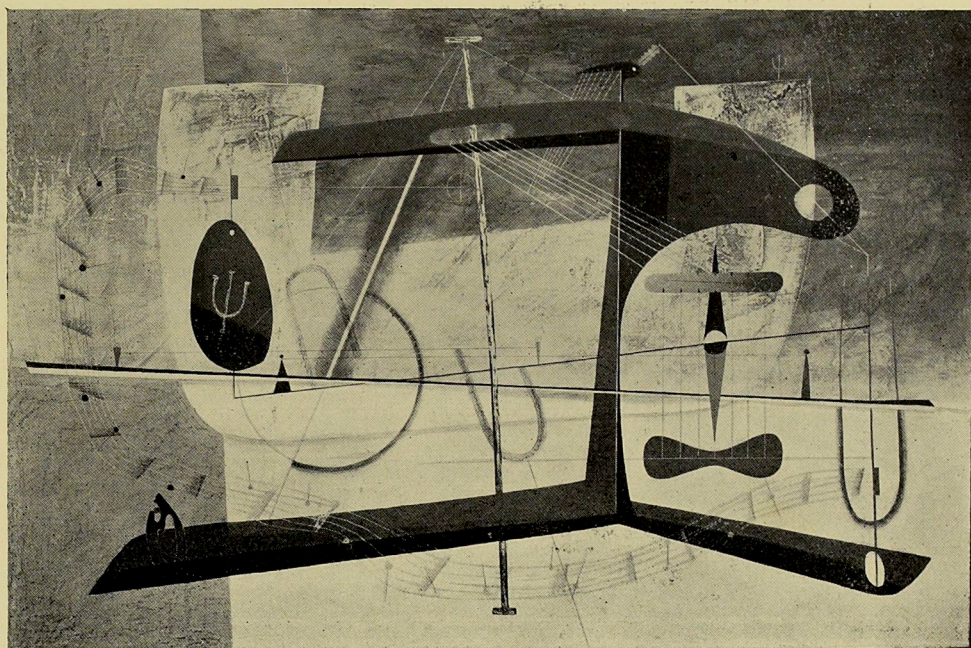
By kind permission of "The Studio"



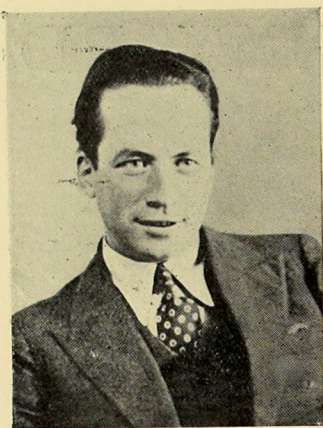
JOHN TUNNARD

ABSTRACT

Born 1900 at Sandy, Bedfordshire.



Psi (1938)



FRED UHLMAN

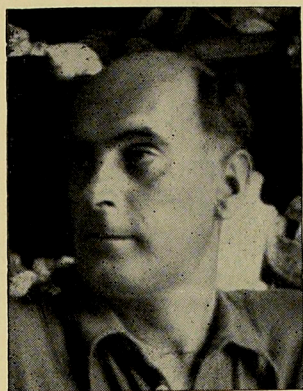
INDEPENDENT

Born 1901 in Stuttgart—was a barrister from 1927 to 1933—went to Paris in 1933 and started painting—exhibited in Paris and London—works acquired by the Musée du Jeu de Paume, Paris, and the Musée de Grenoble.



Cemetery

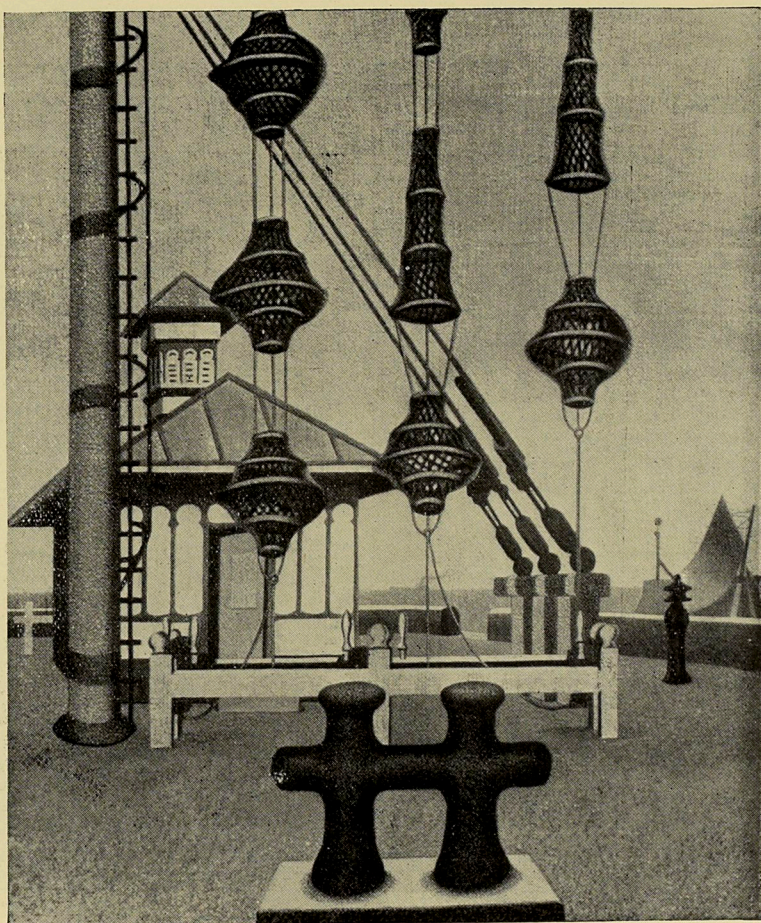
Musee du jeu de Paume



EDWARD WADSWORTH

INDEPENDENT

Born 1889 at Cleckheaton—educated at Fettes, Munich and London (Slade School)—formerly member of Vorticist Group, New English Art Club, "Unit One", etc. etc.—has exhibited chiefly in one man shows in London and Paris—represented in the Tate and many British and provincial galleries.



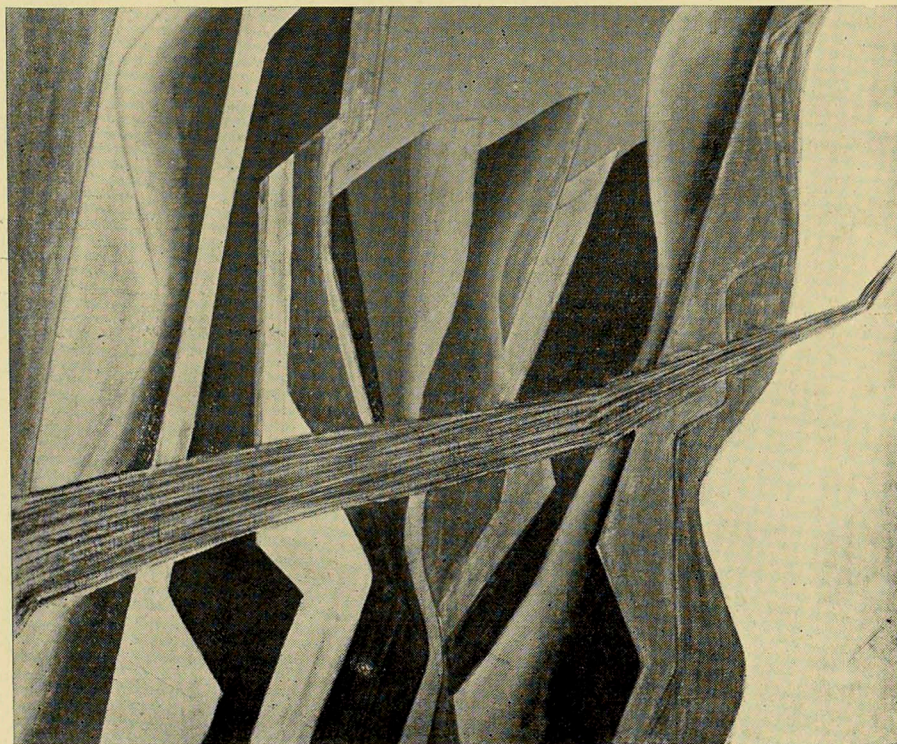
Painting (1938).



S. JOHN WOODS

INDEPENDENT

Born 1911 in London—painter, typographer and critic—arranged various exhibitions of contemporary art—designed stage settings for the Unity Theatre 1938-39.



Crowd (1938)

FOLK DANCES

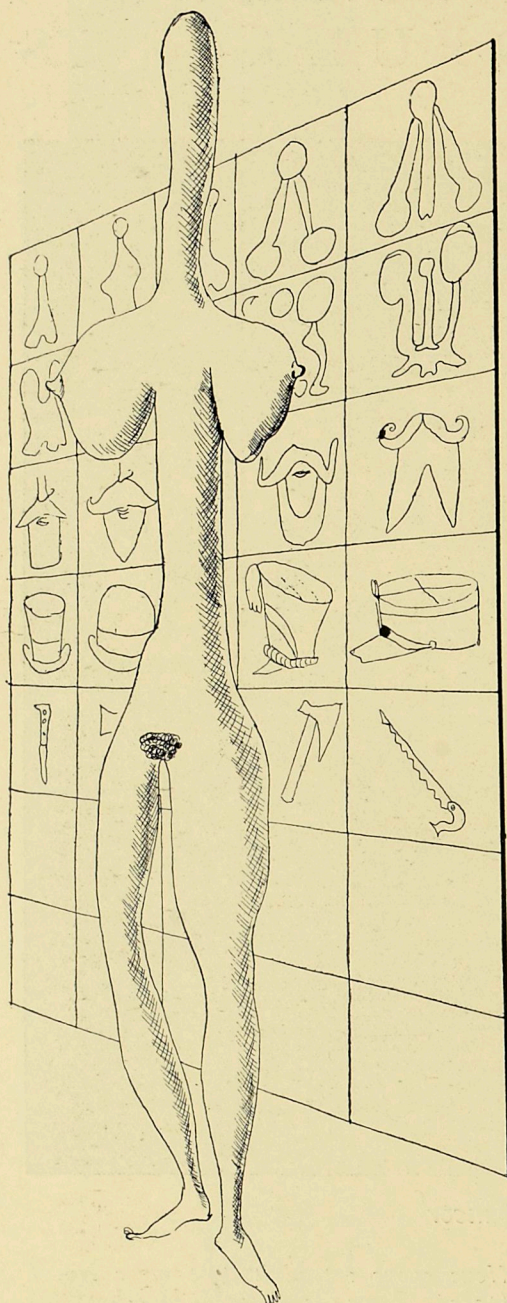
DANSES POPULAIRES



A Baris Dancer

We have already reproduced in No. 7 (page 26) one of the admirable plates illustrating the book by Beryl de Zoete and Walter Spies: "Dance and Drama in Bali" (published by Faber and Faber Ltd. London). This time we reproduce a head of a balinese dancer in contrast to the Roumanian peasants "Calusari" on the next page.

Nous avons reproduit dans notre No. 7 (page 26) l'une des admirable planches illustrant l'ouvrage de Beryl de Zoete et Walter Spies "Dance and Drama in Bali" (publié aux Editions Faber and Faber Ltd. à Londres). Cette fois encore nous reproduisons une tête de danseur balinaise en opposition avec les "Calusari" paysans de Roumanie qui illustrent la page suivante.



We reproduce above a drawing by the Rumanian painter Victor Brauner, an illustration from the collection of poems "Vio-

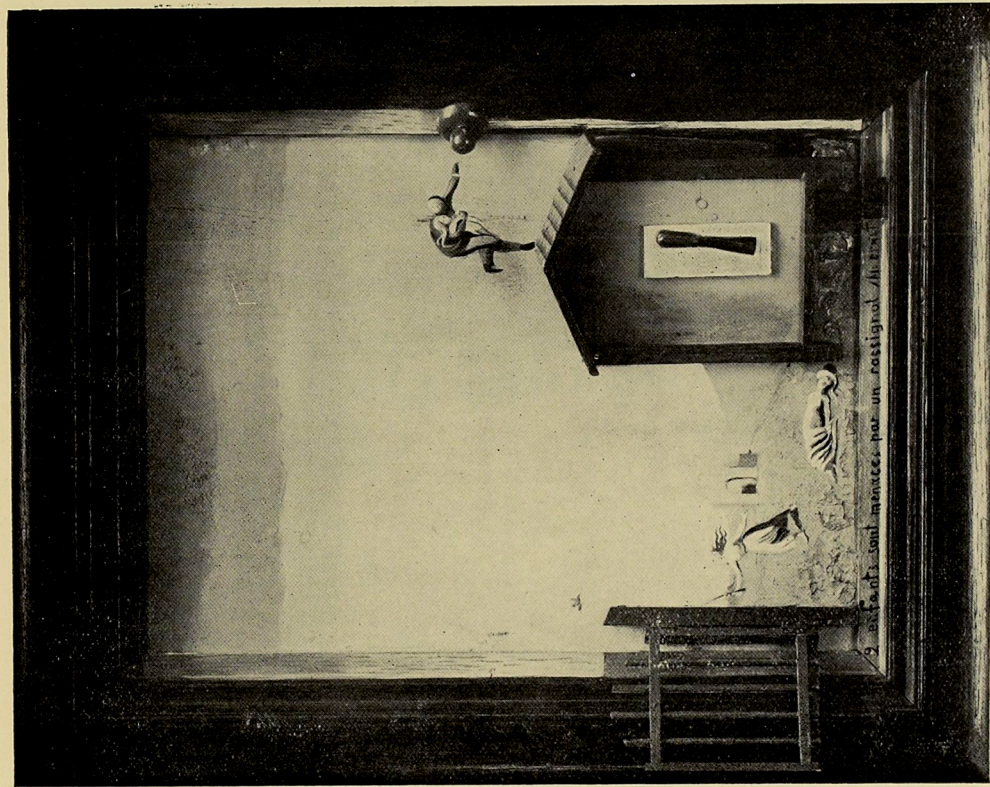
lette Nozières" published in 1933 by the Editions Nicolas Flamel, Brussels. Since then, Victor Brauner's work has been seen in numerous exhibitions and mentioned in the principal works on Surrealism. Dr. Harry Brauner, brother of the painter, is one of the most reputed folklorists of Rumania. It was he who was recently given the charge of bringing the "Calusari" to London for the Folk Dancers' Festival.

The "Calusari" dance in the villages each Whitsuntide to keep off evil spirits. Members of the team require to be initiated before the dancing season begins and during the whole period of the dance are regarded as, in a sense, bewitched and as having taken upon themselves the characters of the spirits from whom they are ensuring protection. The dance is clearly of extremely early origin and has characteristics which link it up with other survivals in Europe of the pagan ritual of sacrifice and purification, death and re-birth.



*The Rumanian Calusari or "Little Horses".
Les Calusari ou "Petits Chevaux" de Roumanie.*

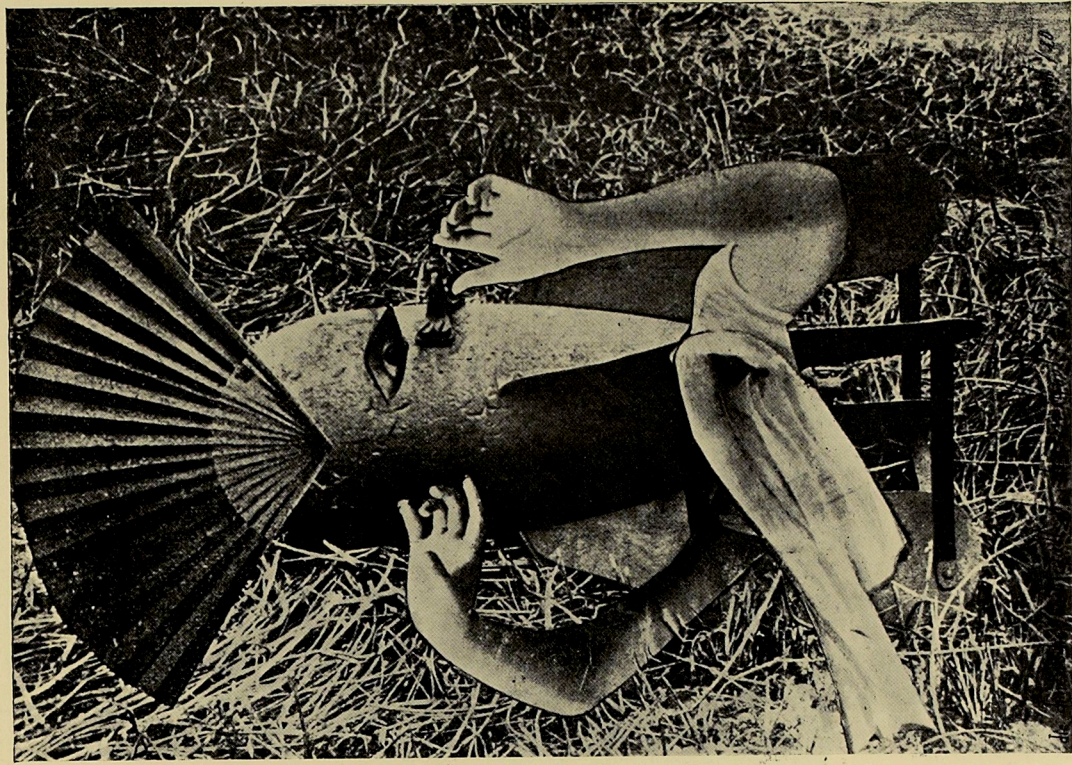
AFTER THE MAX ERNST EXHIBITION AT THE LONDON GALLERY
 APRES L'EXPOSITION MAX ERNST A LA LONDON GALLERY



Museum of Modern Art, New York

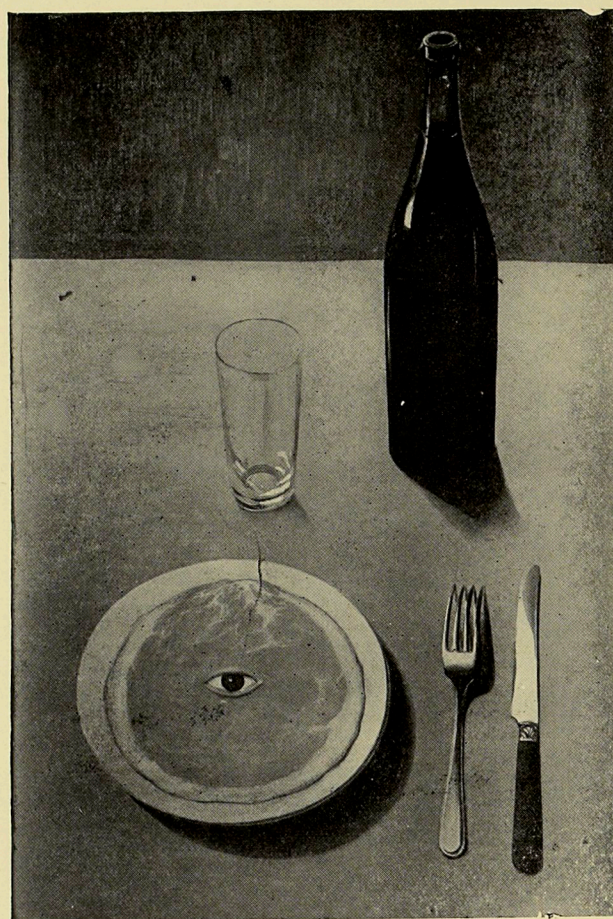
Deux enfants sont menacés par un rossignol (1924)

from "Surrealism" by Herbert Read



Le rossignol chinois (1920)

(Faber and Faber Ltd., London)



RENE MAGRITTE

Le Portrait

FIELD FOR RESEARCH

by AINSLIE ELLIS

The solidity of the eye is a mystery
It is a bag of vitreous fluid
Much more interesting
Is what the total blindman dreams
How feels the pendulum hung stationary
Twixt this world and the next
Annihilation is absurdity.

SUBURBAN NIGHTS (II)

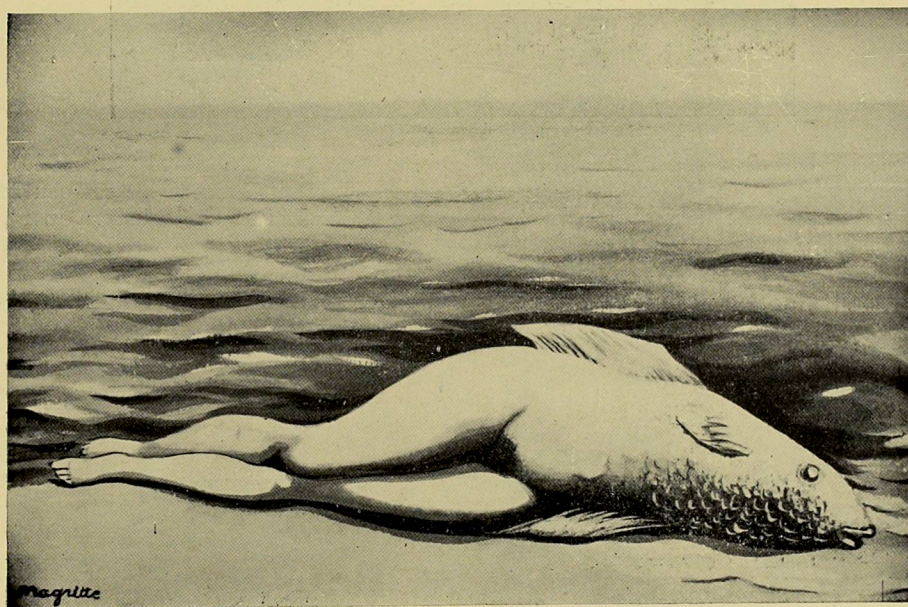
by

ROBERT MELVILLE

OCCASIONALLY a white glove fell and at such times a long, low cry ran with sudden twists along the ground and rose into the air at the end of the street.

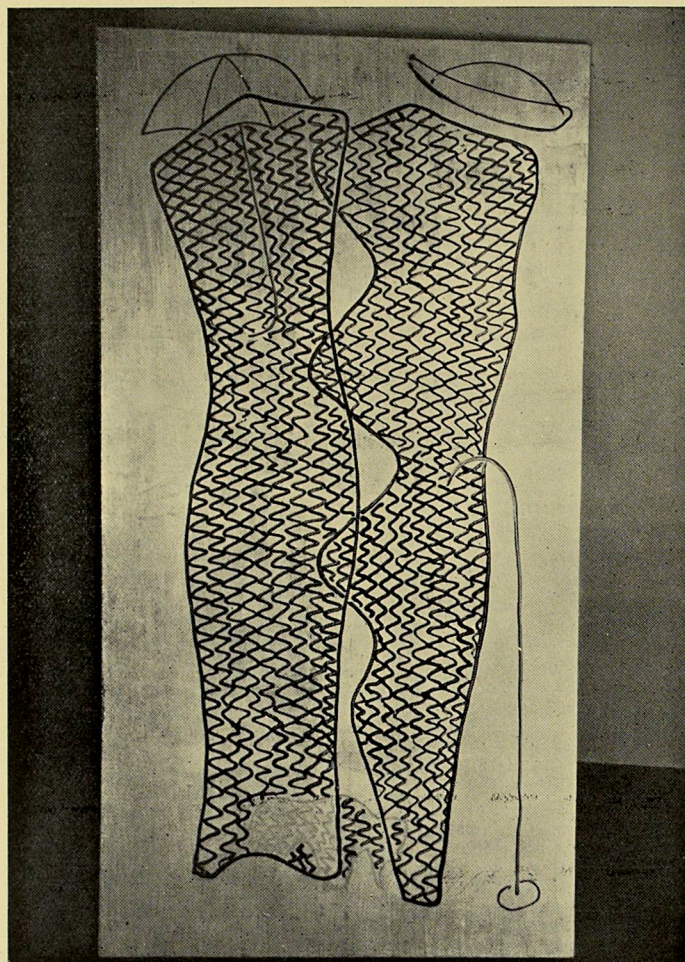
Two detectives, half-hidden by white doors, stood in the middle of the road, and from time to time blew faintly on police whistles. Yellow rays streamed through the key-holes of the white doors as if from lighted rooms.

A child's hand, covered with jewels, and with grime in the finger nails, pushed a letter through the mouth of the pillar box and set up a jangling of keys in the pockets of the detectives. The letter was addressed to no one but its contents were so tender that every living soul must have had a hand in it. The detectives stared at the pillar box through camouflaged field-glasses—and who shall say that their suspicions were unfounded? That pillar box was shaped like a protuberance and had a vertical hole for the string.



RENE MAGRITTE

L'invention collective



Painting by MAN RAY (1929). A retrospective exhibition of his work will be on view at the London Gallery from February 14th to 28th.

Peinture par MAN RAY (1929). Une exposition rétrospective de ses oeuvres sera présentée à la London Gallery du 14 au 28 février prochain.

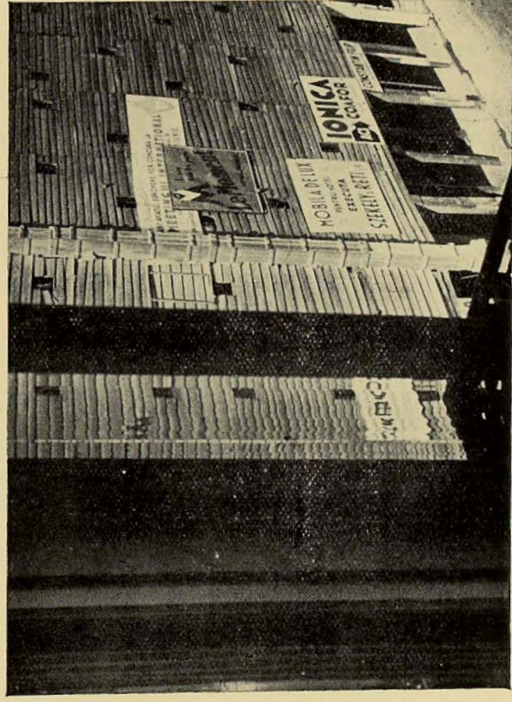
THE ROAD IS WIDER THAN LONG

An Image-diary from the Balkans — July–August 1938

by ROLAND PENROSE

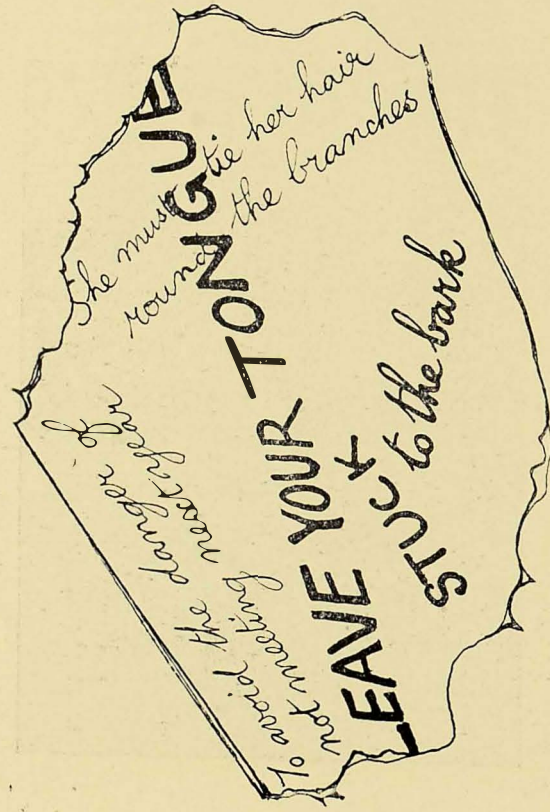
We publish in the following pages Part IV of "THE ROAD IS WIDER THAN LONG". The complete work in coloured type will be published in book-form in March by the London Gallery Editions.

Every evening the shops burn
white blocks in bandages receive their guests
a rich organisation fetches visitors from the
cellars and spreads them out in groups
tomorrow they will be driven to the next city
They see the town the town sees them
they like it

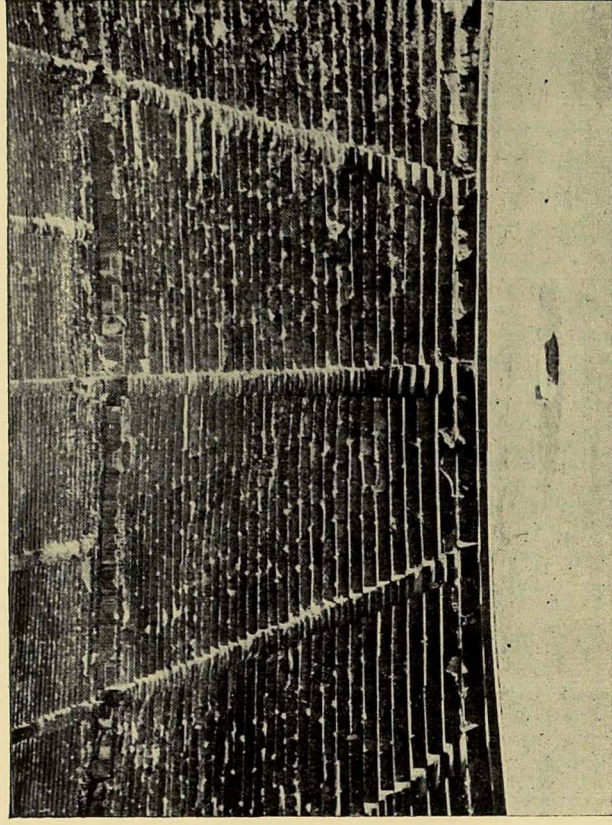


*Lovers who escape who are free to separate
free to re-unite leave their tongues
plaited together bidden in the dry grass
folded in peasant cloth
embalmed in the green memories of desire*



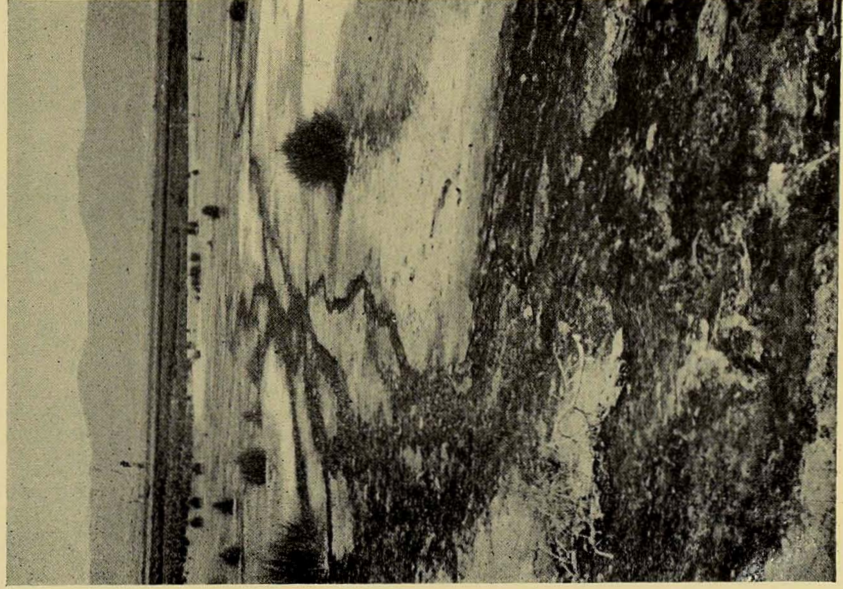


Then the journeys alone that fill
the world become fertile
in each tower on each headland
as the frontier is passed
lovers watching for the red train
have grown into each other's eyes

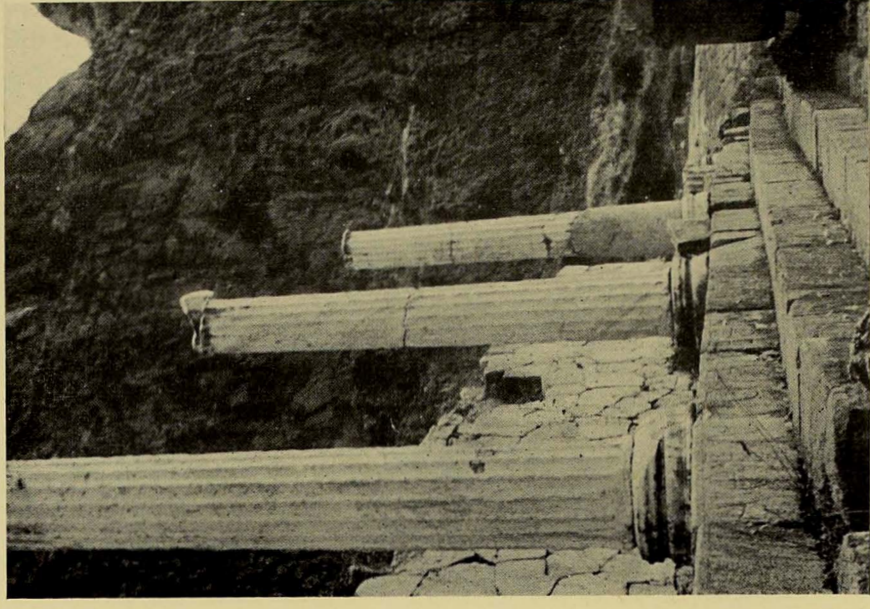


the colour of their hope is
the white feather of a volcano
the blue eye
which opens in the clouds before sunset
the stage of a greek theatre echoing
the smile that drops from her lips

like bats they make love by day
their heads buried in the stones
their feet searching for lions in the hills.



At night we found a deserted city



*water ran under the streets
the houses dry and full of herbs*

formed the labyrinth of a dead shell

a boy inside a column was still alive

another 500 years will deliver him

the Americans are the first in the field

with an offer of clothes and a scholarship.

We climb and bleed with the thistles
our fingers feel into the tomb of the saint

If you are lying your finger will be trapped

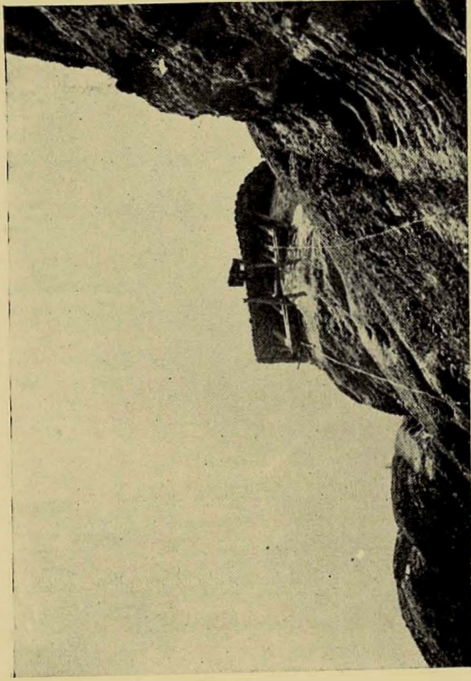
If you tell the truth it will lead you

out to the other side

where they dance in the hangman's
bedroom where the guns are used as
saxophones and the powder magazine is
to let for love. In the rocks are pools
where the sturgeon can take 40 passen-
gers a time to visit the wreck of a Turkish
battleship. Tea is served on board and the
fish have become so tame that they are
willing to show visitors over their genital
organs.

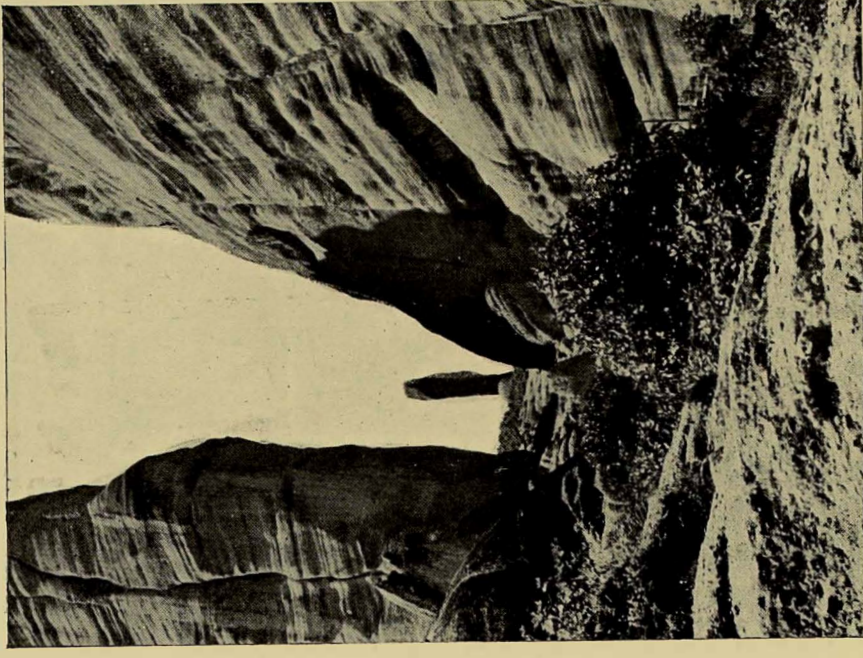
Each rock that floats above is crowned by a monastery and

to an island



the monks can lift a man
 from water as deep as the eye of a goat
 to their dry gardens where a drunken pope
 his face consumed by frost
 sits alone with religion.

But they are working day and night
 the new military road is approaching
 the rubber seated pilgrims will come

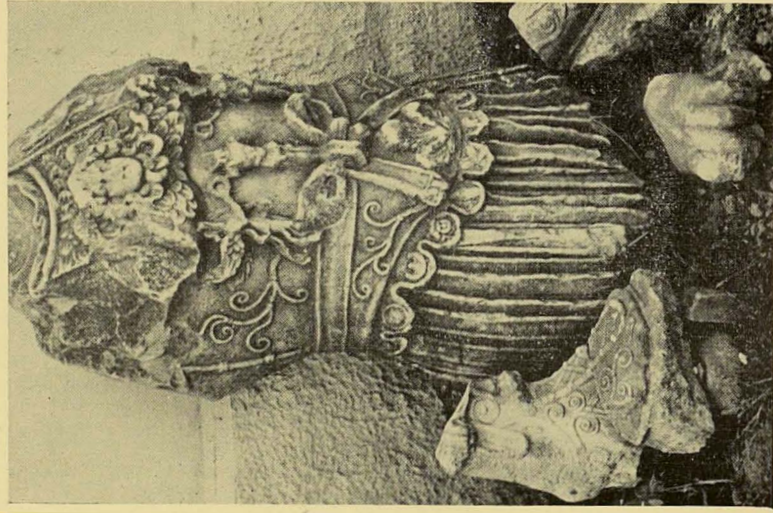


to a world of dead music
 blown across drained swamps
 and mountains caught in a net

Magic lived in this rock

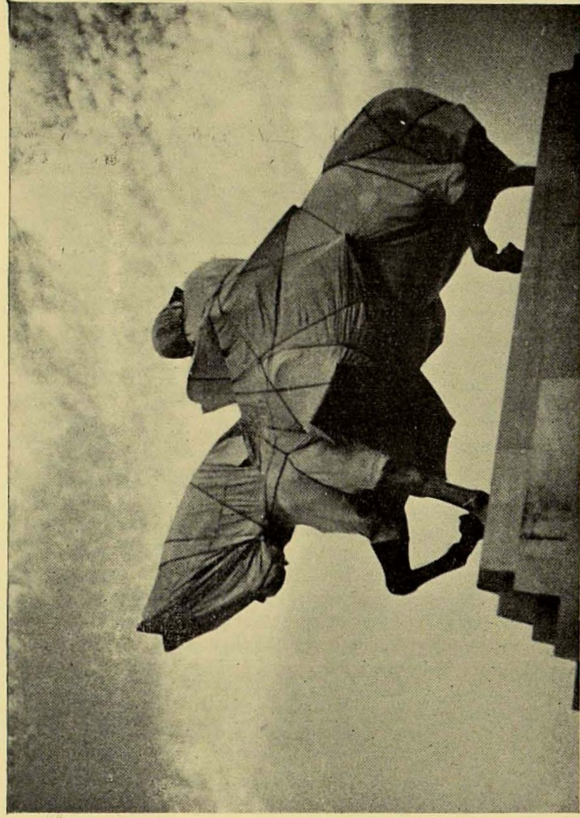
these stones have seen seventeen battles
the Assyrians the Turks and the Australians
landed here

these crops grow in human blood they
are the finest in Europe
the public gardens have the tallest fountains
of any city since Thebes



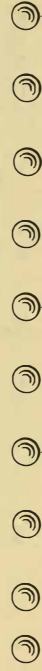
**THE
BAND
CONCERT
WILL
BEGIN**

NOW



The cockpit the bull ring the open air
cinema the dance hall the committee
room and the black exchange
are at work
turning their bloodshot melodies

*while Maritza
tunes the two cords of her guitar.*



THE LONDON GALLERY LTD

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From January 18th to February 11th 1939

LIVING ART IN ENGLAND

CATALOGUE

1.	AGAR Eileen:	The Sphinx (1937) 30" x 26"	40 gns
2.	BANTING John:	Social Service (1938) (Oil) 25" x 14"	20 gns
3.	CANT James:	The Cathedral (1938) 30" x 36"	45 gns
4.	COLQUHOUN Ithell:	Double Coco-nut (1936) (Water-colour on silk) 24½" x 17½"	20 gns
5.	DAWSON P. Norman:	Blue Mouth of Paradise (1937) 38" x 36"	75 gns
6.	GABO Naum:	Construction through a Plane (1935-7)	110 gns
7.	" "	Construction in Space (1938)	
8.	HEARTFIELD John:	Dove. Coll. Eduard Fuchs, Paris.	
9.	" "	Jackal. Coll. Paul Westheim, Paris	
10.	HENGHES:	Abstract Form (White Cerrera Marble) length 15"	35 gns
11.	HEPWORTH Barbara:	Two Forms (1938) (Teak)	70 gns
12.	" "	Helicords in Sphere (1938) (Lignum Vitæ)	50 gns
13.	HODGKINS Frances:	Still Life (Oil)	50 gns
14.	" "	Solva (Gouache)	40 gns
15.	HOWARD Charles:	Display (1934) (Gouache) 21" x 28"	18 gns
16.	" "	Celebration (1938) (Oil) 17" x 25"	18 gns
17.	JACKSON Arthur:	Painting. Coll. Ashley Havinden, London.	
18.	" "	Drawing	3 gns

19.	JENNINGS Humphrey:	Painting (1937)	30 gns
20.	JOHNSTONE William:	Conception	45 gns
21.	KERNN-LARSEN Rita:	Painting (1938)	30 gns
22.	KOKOSCHKA Oskar:	Composition (1938) (Oil)	270 gns
23.	„ „	Drawing (1938)	30 gns
24.	MADDOX Conroy:	The Apparatus of Longing (1938) (Collage-painting) 22" x 17"	10 gns
25.	McWILLIAM F. E.:	Drawing (1938) 23" x 18"	8 gns
26.	MEDNIKOFF Reuben:	The Red House (Oil)	30 gns
27.	MELVILLE John:	The End of a Day (1938)	35 gns
28.	„ „	The Concavity of Afternoons (1939) 18½" x 22½"	20 gns
29.	MONDRIAN Piet:	Composition No. 1 (1938) 41" x 41"	80 gns
30.	„ „	Composition No. 2 (1938) 15" x 18"	40 gns
31.	MOORE Henry:	Sculpture (1938)	90 gns
32.	MORTON A. J. F.:	Gouache 30" x 24"	15 gns
33.	„ „	Gouache 23" x 27"	12 gns
34.	NASH Paul:	Nostalgic Landscape (1938) 20" x 28"	96 gns
35.	NICHOLSON Ben:	Painting (1938) 52" x 49"	140 gns
36.	„ „	Gouache (1936) 23½" x 19"	15 gns
37.	PAILTHORPE Grace W:	Midnight Flight (Oil) 24" x 30"	30 gns
38.	PENROSE Roland:	The Password (1938) (Oil)	40 gns
39.	PIPER John:	Coast of Wales (1938) 18" x 10"	18 gns
40.	REAVEY Gwynedd:	Window on Europe (1938) 30" x 40"	30 gns
41.	RICHARDS Ceri:	Head (1934) Relief. 20" x 20"	18 gns
42.	STEPHENSON John C.:	Painting in Tempera I (1938) 28" x 36"	50 gns
43.	„ „	Painting in Tempera II (1938) 22½" x 30"	40 gns
44.	TREVELYAN Julian:	The Potteries (1939) 25" x 36"	3 gns
45.	TUNNARD John:	Psi (1938) 35" x 51"	40 gns
46.	UHLMAN Fred:	Prosperity (1938) 32" x 25"	30 gns
47.	WADSWORTH Edward:	Hommage à Seurat (1938) Egg-Tempera 30" x 25"	70 gns
48.	WOODS S. John:	Figure (1938) 42" x 24"	30 gns
49.	„ „	Two Figures (1938) 23½" x 17½"	17 gns

DRAWINGS FOR "GUERNICA"

by RUTHVEN TODD

for Pablo Picasso

The woman weeps forever as if her tears
Would wash away the blood and broken limbs
And the tortured horse whinnys and climbs
Iron hoof on broken beam towards electric stars.
Hands hold withered flowers, the broken sword
And the great arm reaches out with a lamp.
The frightened child in its mother's arms is limp,
Too terrified to listen to the comfortable word.

Still the great bull stands inside the shattered room,
Inside the world, and still the crouching mother runs
Feeling the child moving in her tightened womb,
Thinking of the small features and the forming bones.
Shut in forever by the grey wall the woman weeps
While the mad horse plunges up the useless slopes.

NOTES

Since the close of the exhibition of Picasso's *Guernica* at the New Burlington Galleries in October 1938 (see *London Bulletin* No. 6) the pictures have travelled to Oxford and Leeds where they drew large crowds and succeeded in raising funds for Spanish Relief. On the 31st December the Stepney Trades Council and the local Labour Party opened their exhibition for Spain at the Whitechapel Art Gallery, choosing *Guernica* to be the outstanding feature. On the first day alone nearly £100 was raised for the East End Food Ship fund and during the fortnight that the exhibition was open more than 12,000 entrances were registered. The misgivings of those who imagined that Picasso's work would mean nothing to the working classes have proved false. "This is more than propaganda which can be understood and forgotten in a moment," was their comment,—"we shall come back to see it again and again." And the lecturers who visited the gallery almost every evening to give explanations were unanimous in their praise of the understanding and enthusiasm they found there. This response forms a striking contrast to the semi-indifference of intellectuals in the West End where only about 3,000 people visited the exhibition during the month it was open.

R. P.

Selon une information parue dans de nombreux journaux il y a quelques semaines déjà, Pablo Picasso aurait fait un don de 100,000 francs français pour les enfants de la République Espagnole. Ces renseignements ne sont pas rigoureusement exacts et nous sommes trop heureux de pouvoir les rectifier. Ce n'est pas à 100,000 francs mais à 300,000 francs que s'élève en vérité le don de Picasso. Et le célèbre peintre assure qu'il a l'intention de continuer dans cette voie. Voilà un merveilleux exemple soumis à la méditation des esthètes bourgeois tout préoccupés de leurs propres intérêts.

* * *

Comparez!

L'exposition du tableau "*Guernica*" de Picasso et les soixante-sept études pour cette œuvre, présentée à Londres dans le West-End, ne reçut pendant tout un mois d'ouverture que 3,000 visiteurs. A Oxford et à Leeds, où l'ensemble passa ensuite, l'accueil fut beaucoup plus chaleureux. Mais ce qui est infiniment plus encourageant, c'est d'apprendre que la même exposition, présentée dans l'un des quartiers les plus populaires de Londres—à la Whitechapel Art Gallery—a reçu, en quinze jours, plus de 12,000 visiteurs. Le jour d'ouverture seulement plus de cent livres sterling en espèces ont été données par les visiteurs pour contribuer à l'envoi d'un bateau de vivres aux enfants de la République Espagnole.

NEW YORK LETTER

IT IS both amazing and logical that there will be an integral Surrealist exhibit at the coming World's Fair here. It is under the direction of Julien Levy and I. Woodner-Silverman, and from the complete outline which Mr. Levy placed under my scrutiny, it will captivate a public already educated—if inadequately educated—in the fun of the fantastic. A great human eye, realistically browed, with mobile facets and fiery veins lighting alternately, provides the façade; the interior will be devoted to super-scientific versions of the old-fashioned fun-house of mystic labyrinths, ungentle surprises and distorting mirrors. Four "dark rooms" will contain exhibits by the four leaders of Surrealist painting, Dali, Ernst, Magritte and Duchamp; Dali will exhibit a painting "animated" and "sculptured". The Human Kaleidoscope is constructed for an occupant whose fragments and facets will be weirdly reported, as it revolves, on the walls, to the delight—or consternation—of his friends.

Pavel Tchelitchew's triple perspective, revealed so resplendently at the Julien Levy Gallery with his canvas "Phenomena", relates his organization to certain Surrealist effects, but if Surrealism at all, it is Surrealism at the roots—pre-Surrealistic fantasy, *trompe-l'oeil*. Tchelitchew's naturalistic fervour in painting his freaks of the side-show is, I feel, symbolic in underlying meaning, and this seems to be proven by his fantastically rendered "freaks" of the salon. Running through his cosmically dimensioned canvas seems a scheme of symbolic representation of an abstract or spiritual kind of distortion; his symbols of economic over-production are apparently related to his literal images of over-production, his Mammon related to his potato-woman.

Tchelitchew seems to give disorder a prominent place in the real cosmos—which is, shall we say, besides being an artistic triumph, a gesture most inconsiderate of the fragile equilibrium of Wall Street and Park Avenue?

The appearance of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo was emphasized by an attack on the Diaghilev tradition by Lincoln Kirstein—who for some reason wishes to be known as a professional journalist rather than an esthete. He is now proprietor of Ballet Caravan, Inc., a domestic product. "Blast at Ballet", a large, well-printed and

well-informed pamphlet, gowned in blood-red and girdled with an image of the American Eagle, is full of arguments for the author's programme. Concretely Mr. Kirstein presents only one tenet with much base in eloquence: he is for the young against the old. This tiresome serenade to the Muse of Youth is to be tolerated, I suppose, in proportion to the youth of the serenader, but Mr. Kirstein is old enough to know better. Briefly, he desires an American ballet which will retain the best features of jazz dancing and classical ballet. His psychology would run: "America: jazz: young—Europe: Diaghilev ballet: old." Obsessed with an idea, Mr. Kirstein cannot see the result before his eyes. Marrying the technique of the revue dance to the technique of ballet only makes both ridiculous, and the more so as this synthetic marriage be an instrument for a "modern" scenario.

That Orson Welles, the Mercury Theatre's Man from Mars, practically is the American Theatre is of course as much a negative as a positive commentary. Mr. Welles has turned the same neat trick on Frederick Buchner's drama, "Danton's Death" (recently demised) as he exercised so fetchingly on Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar". The trick is the same, but the result nothing of the sort. The latter was a real instance of theatrical streamlining which left the play Shakespeare and not-Shakespeare at once. Shakespeare's play could stand this internal antithesis and dismemberment, but not the German's play of the French revolution. "Cæsar" had a fluid movement, a succinct theatrical utterance. "Danton" has the opposite: it is halting, blurred, ineffectual, a series of tableaux vivants based on the life of Danton, his friends and enemies. It is a charade rather than a play, a consumptive forced to go through the paces of a healthy man. The acting is almost uniformly bad, and, in signal contrast to the result in "Cæsar", the personal acting styles just do not fuse. Vladimir Sokoloff gave dignity, presence and tone to Robespierre, though I question his is the best style for the part. Now the Theatre Guild has engaged Mr. Welles to telescope the Henry cycle of Shakespeare into the price of an evening's performance or two. Economy has so far been a fickle mistress to Mr. Welles; apparently, he is faithful to her.

PARKER TYLER

LA POESIE

LES MOYENS D'EXISTENCE *par* Guy ROSEY (Aux Editions Sagasse, à Paris)

C'EST la nuit. A l'abri des stores flous, les gens conjuguent, vagues, leurs carcasses engourdies puis ils dorment; ou bien édifiant des piles de billon ils les contemplent et les dénombrent.

Alors, poussant dans le noir leur plainte enragée, les chats s'affrontent puis se prennent jusqu'au sang.

Le romancier français invente, par exemple, un bourgeois si distrait qu'il ne remarque point son propre amour pour une femme; hélas! l'épouse légitime ouvre des yeux plus clairvoyants; enfin, Tendresse et Jalousie lui aboyant aux chausses, le pauvre diable disparaît plus brumeux que le fog lui même ou raide comme s'il avait englouti un grenadier de la garde, bonnet à poils et fourniment compris.

Cependant quelques hommes—Guy Rosey est des leurs—se perçoivent encore tout entiers. Arbitraires, préjugés, abstractions gazeuses ne leur masquent pas la volonté fondamentale d'être partout dans leur pays, de l'autre côté des consciences mortes, des barrières animales.

Grâce aux paroles qu'ils nous adressent, tels une berge tendant au noyé la racine providentielle, nous parvenons à revoir, réentendre, ressentir. L'aspect réel de notre vie se dégage, immédiat, tangible comme un horizon par temps clair.

Peut-être leur poésie est-elle, semblable ainsi au rêve, l'accomplissement de notre désir; elle devient sa loi, son fait, ou tout au moins son guide. Un mot d'eux, ainsi qu'un geste ou un regard frappant, ainsi qu'un spasme ou une ligne juste, nous fait éprouver soudain l'univers. La saison, les heures, les éclairs demeurent fixés.

La lumière est douce ou la lumière est violente mais elle n'est jamais en défaut. L'être intérieur et l'être extérieur se rejoignent sur la foi d'une image éclairante.



QUARANTE COMPTINES NOUVELLES *par* Fernand MARC

(Aux Editions G. L. M., à Paris)

Fernand Marc écrivait naguère *Quatre-vingt comptines pour enfants sinistres*. Il nous en donne quarante, aujourd'hui, nous laissant deviner à qui elles sont destinées.

Et nous avons trouvé: ce sont les versets que récitent les farfadets de Berbiguiier, le petit Pierre de Spiess et les créatures d'Achim d'Arnim, s'ils veulent à l'instant changer de forme et d'efficacité.

Elles sont à notre usage aussi. Non pour que nous nous retrouvions aiguille, pivoine ou belle baigneuse: nos os sont devenus si durs, nos muscles si raides et nos esprits si lents! Nous avons trop grandi. Mais les mots qui sont des formules magiques deviennent grâce au poète, des vers luisants, une fraîcheur à la bouche, un baiser flûté sur l'oreille.

Et puis, lisez à voix basse ces petits poèmes, vous apprendrez à parler d'amour; lisez les à voix normale, vous conversez avec la complice et pour apprendre le ton du regret, criez les.

Tous les mots sont bons, tous les mots servent un jour.

JEAN SCUTENAIRE.

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Since its appearance in April of this year LONDON BULLETIN has assumed the position of the only *avant garde* publication in this country concerned with contemporary poetry and art. Although its first number was practically a monograph, by various hands, concentrated on the work of the surrealist René Magritte, it has rapidly extended its range, reflecting besides exhibitions of painting, other activities of living interest in its pages. The July double number, devoted to 'The Impact of Machines', further increased the value of its position by arousing the attention of numerous readers abroad and assuring itself of a wide public in France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland and the Americas. Profiting by these connections every effort is being made to improve the quality of the material presented. And we ask our readers to assist, both in subscribing to the LONDON BULLETIN for a year, and in collecting new subscriptions.

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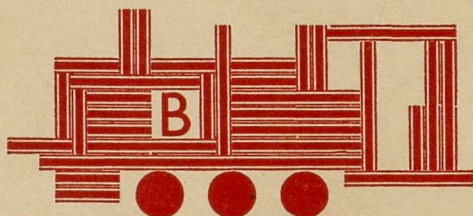
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