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PAUL DELVAUX
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BENNO
RITA KERNN-LARSEN
MAY 31st — JUNE 18th

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FERNAND LÉGER
JUNE 8th — JULY 2nd

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MIXED EXHIBITION
JUNE 2nd — JULY 2nd

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JUNE 21st — JULY 2nd

PUBLISHED BY THE LONDON GALLERY LTD.
28 CORK STREET LONDON W.1
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LONDON BULLETIN

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EDITORS: E. L. T. MESENS  HUMPHREY JENNINGS

CONTENTS

Transfiguration by Djuna Barnes (p.2)—The Crest by Antonia White (p.2)
Notes (p.4)—Paul Delvaux by Jean Scutenaire (p.7)—Three Paintings by
Delvaux by Frederick Brockway (p.8)—Chez Benno by Henry Miller (p.11)
Rita Kernn-Larsen by H.R. (p.17)—La Charpente des Mirages par Marcel
Marien (p.21)—The Iron Horse by Humphrey Jennings (p.22)—Fernand
Léger by C. J. Bulliet (p.26)—Le nouveau réalisme continue par Fernand
Léger (p.26).

Crescendo

It was originally promised to produce the LONDON BULLETIN in 16 pages—8 of text and 8 of illustrations.

In fact the first number contained 20 pages, the second number 24 and the present number 28, including 12 of illustrations. For this reason the price has been put up to 1/6. But this will not affect original subscribers.

Every effort is being made to increase the interest and quality of the material presented. The next number will be a double one of 40 pages. And we ask our readers also to make an effort—both in subscribing to the LONDON BULLETIN for a year in advance, and in collecting subscriptions. A new order form is enclosed in this number.
TRANSFIGURATION
by Djuna BARNES

The prophet digs with iron claws
Into the desert's sinking floors.
The insect back to larva goes,
Struck to seed the climbing rose.
To Moses' empty gorge like smoke
Rush inward all the words he spoke.
The knife of Cain lifts from the thrust;
Abel rises from the dust.
Pilate cannot find his tongue:
Judas climbs the tree he hung.
Lucifer roars up from earth;
Down falls Christ into his death.
To Adam back the rib is plied,
A woman weeps within his side.
Eden's reach is thick and green,
The forest blows, no beast is seen.
The unchained sun in raging thirst
Feeds the last day to the first.

THE CREST
by Antonia WHITE

(for N.H.)

Under the tree, tasselled with bleeding flesh
The phoenix builds herself a nest of ice;
The condor struggles in the spider's mesh,
The apple chokes the snake in paradise;
And, like a rose impaled upon its thorn,
The fox is spitted by the unicorn.
THE LONDON GALLERY LTD
28 CORK STREET, LONDON W.1
FIRST FLOOR

EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS

BY

PAUL DELVAUX

1. The Theatre (iii-1935) oil
2. The Dream (iv-1935) oil
3. The Promenade (Westende ix-1935) watercolour
4. The broken Statue (Wanze 27-x-1935) watercolour
   Study for “The Flight”
5. The Dialogue (1936) watercolour
6. Study for “The Rape” (1936) Pen drawing
7. The Rape (v-1936) oil
8. In the Forest (vii-1936) oil
9. The Mirror (ix-1936) oil
10. The Dance (iv-1937) watercolour
    *Lent by George Reavey, Esq.*
11. Study for “The Women and the Lamps” (iv-1937) watercolour
12. The Women and the Lamps (v-1937) oil
13. The Water-Nymphs (vi-1937) oil
14. The Break of Day (vii-1937) oil
15. The Recitation (1937) oil
16. The Call of the Night (iii-1938) oil
17. Reclining Woman (1938) sepia drawing

*Prices may be had on application.*

Paul Delvaux was born at Antheit-lez-Huy (Belgium) in 1897.

Recent one-man exhibitions:
—Galerie Esher Surrey—The Hague, 1937.

Works by Delvaux have also appeared in the following exhibitions:
—Salon de l’Art Contemporain—Antwerp, 1936.
—Exhibition of the Group “Le bon vouloir”—Mons, 1937.

Works by Delvaux figure in the following collections:
Claude Spaak, Charles Spaak (Paris), Pierre Giron (Jeumont), Moulaert, Jean van Parys, Robert Goffin, Camille Gosset, Benedict Goldschmidt, Max Janlet, Robert Giron (Brussels), Edward James, Roland A. Penrose, George Reavey (London), Charley Toorop (Bergen, Holland).
MIXED EXHIBITION

Paintings, watercolours and drawings by John BANTING, Giorgio de CHIRICO, Max ERNST, René GUIETTE, Jean HELION, Paul KLEE, Fernand LEGER, René MAGRITTE, Wolfgang PAALEN, Pablo PICASSO, Ceri RICHARDS, Erik SMITH.

NOTES

On behalf of the Hampstead Spanish Relief Committee a draw has been organised for original paintings and drawings given by Paul Nash, Henry Moore, Roland Penrose, John Piper and James Boswell. To participate in the draw the public may buy tickets representing a voluntary donation of 1/- each.

For June 1938 The Burlington Magazine is producing a special number dealing with French Art of the 19th Century. This will include a general survey of portrait-painting during the period by Douglas Lord, illustrated by reproductions of portraits by Delacroix, Géricault, Courbet, Manet, Degas, Van Gogh, and (in colour) by Cézanne. It will also include an article by Dr. Ingeborg Eichmann on some rare and hitherto unpublished sketches for paintings by the Douanier Rousseau.

In July, the London Gallery will present a special exhibition consisting partly of 19th century drawings, engravings and lithographs of Machines (especially those connected with transport), and partly of Cubist, Dadaist and Surrealist paintings and drawings in which motifs from machinery appear. This important exhibition should thus appeal both to followers of modern painting and also to the general English public whose interest in railway history (for example) is already well known.
Paul Delvaux

The Women and the Lamps (1937)
Paul Delvaux  The Evening Comedy (1936)
(Edward James Collection)

Paul Delvaux  The Water-Nymphs (1937)
GIANT virgins of sleep reign over the countries whose details are of singular precision.

Does this happen during the clear night or during a dark day? All powerful over time, ignorant of the seasons, their existence is only subordinate to space. Born of an oak and immobile, born of the strokes of the swimmer and the waves of the lake, daughters of evasion, of patience, the earth belongs to them, the air and the waters obey them.

In this kingdom, fire is light only, birds sleep in crevices in the rocks, the wild animals have not yet been invented. In former times there used to be a flower that grew between the flagstones of the castle, the virgins have rooted it up. A painted plant taken from the fields of Maldoror sprouts, without blemish, around the corpse that a mental Jack the Ripper has just robbed. The dust is entirely mineral; lead, nitre and mercury are the soil of the treewomen, the eternal mould of regions without heat and without ice, countries of oil.

Emphatic barriers, mountains of anthracite close the horizon. And here and there forests of copper and oxide relieve them of their guard.

Nevertheless, who thinks of escaping?

The giantesses are for ever at home like the hysterical girls of the Salpétriere. They understand each other without speaking a word.

And us? Why should we leave a scene which never wears itself out, why cease to talk the language that we desire: orientals, bellowing, shrill, silence, evil spells, crises? We will deny ourselves nothing of this grandeur, of this charm whose grace never becomes insipid. Giantesses with heavy breasts, long hair of leaves and town eyes, giantesses of flesh, of arms and of thighs, blond giantesses, dark giantesses, we are of the same build as the lamps that you hold to your bosoms. With your bare skin and your brocades, your lace, with your hair of beasts and plants, the gentle liquid of your looks, you are the sisters of those London whores who say to adults, delighted at their rejuvenating call: “Hello boys!”

Let us stay. The night belongs to us and we are among friends. The advanced schizophrenes, the unsuspecting schizoidics, the well-known critics have stayed behind in their atmosphere of slops. Today again, and for the ten thousandth time, they are about to take their short walk, empty headed, and brow bent, between the farm “in delicate ochres”, and the undergrowth carried out in “rich impasto”. In their enclosure everything is so new: a twig, at the moment brown and treated with the pallet knife, tomorrow will grow black with little touches of the brush: the cyrrus clouds, feather-like in a sky of a very personal blue will give place to cumulo-nimbus!

It is none of these novelties that Paul Delvaux proposes. A touch, skilful
and discreet but without artifice—and the grand tradition turns away like a
door from vague effects of colour. And we see in another world the dark im-
age of our desires. We see skies which change every evening and no longer
the perpetual ink stain of our life on earth—the miser, of whom we should
never think of asking: “And what next?”

Translated by Roland Penrose

THREE PICTURES BY PAUL DELVAUX

AFTER visiting the Magritte exhibition and writing a rapid appreciation, in
which I mentioned the sonnets of Shakespeare, I immediately came across
Delvaux’s ‘The Call of the Night’, and recognised in this the complete son-
net required. I felt that in this picture the wish had been fulfilled,

“Unless this miracle have might
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.”

Poetry and painting properly embrace here and recapture their rightful pos-
session. There is no forced and startling incoherence, but that rich simplicity
of poetic representation which we find in the best Renaissance. In the
foreground stands an exquisitely painted, most exquisitely proportioned
woman, attired only in a sweeping tress of leaves; a few paces away a simi-
lar figure is about to collect a lamp from a shining sentry in a white cloak;
a fourth nude hovers in the distance, towards the darkening mountains,
among the skulls and boulders and leafless trees, while candles tenderly sip
the sunset. Night-poetry from Shakespeare to Hopkins is here.

In one of his watercolours a group of maidens ridding their robes with
various ballet-graceful gestures, are on the point of dancing in an ecstasy of
freedom. Although this is a mere sketch, it is brimming with vitality and
succeeds in producing something quite new, a sheer, shameless beauty which
absolute freedom alone can allow. We have travelled some distance down the
corridors of Magritte.

In ‘The Rape,’ a vivid close-up which has at last succeeded in smashing the
screen, we experience that shock which something long and passionately
desired, but long delayed and almost forgotten, invariably brings. We have
shouted for super-reality. We have howled for summer. When Real Summer
arrives we shall probably collapse.

10.5.38

Frederick BROCKWAY
Paul Delvaux

The Break of Day (1937)

Paul Delvaux

The Mirror (1936)
Painting by Yves Tanguy. An exhibition of his work will open in London next month.
BENNO EXHIBITION

CATALOGUE

1. Fétiche (1937)
2. La rencontre sur le chemin (1936)
3. Fétiche (1937)
4. Balcon (1936)
5. Nature morte (1936)
6. La terre ferme ou Carthage retrouvée I. (1936)
7. Fétiche (1936)
8. La terre ferme ou Carthage retrouvée II. (1936)
9. Fétiche (1936)
10. Le chariot de guerre (1934)
11. Le carnaval (1934)
12. Fétiche (1937)
13. Fétiche (1936)
14. Fétiche (1937)
15. Paysage (1936)
16. Le balcon dans une rue perdue (1936)
17. Paysage (1936)
18. Fétiche (1937)
19. Fétiche (1936)
20. Fétiche (1936)
21. Paysage (1937)
22. Fétiche (1936)
23. La rencontre sur le chemin I. (1936)
24. Fétiche (1936)
25. Paysage (1936)
26. La rencontre sur le chemin II. (1936)
27. Paysage (1936)
28. Fétiche (1936)
29. Fétiche (1936)
30. Fétiche (1936)
31. La poire verte (1936)
32. Fétiche (1937)
33. Terre ferme ou Carthage retrouvée III. (1936)
34. Fétiche (1936)
35. Pêche et deux pommes (1936)
36. Nocturne (1936)
37. Intérieur (1936)
38. Le balcon dans la rue perdue (1936)
39. La poire et la pomme (1936)

Prices of exhibits may be had on application

CHEZ BENNO

by Henry MILLER

Somehow Benno has always reminded me of a Sandwich Islander. When he is filled with wrath he is like one of the Hebrew prophets; when he is hungry he is cannibalistic. Usually however he is as gentle as a lamb. He was born in London thirty-six years ago, of Russian parents. At the age of five he was taken to Russia, where he had a few months schooling, and remained there until the age of eleven. It was as a child of seven that he really began his career. A whole trunkful of drawings which he made during his early life in Russia, and which may one day prove a great find to the collector, are now in the possession of an aunt in Chicago.

At the age of eleven, almost immediately upon his arrival in America, he began to model
in clay. At night he studied under Robert Henri and George Bellows at the then famous Francisco Ferrer School in New York. On the wall of his studio in Montparnasse there is a photograph of a torso which he made at this time and which Robert Henri, the master whom he revered, considered one of his prize possessions. It was at the Ferrer School that Benno made the friendship of Man Ray, William Gropper and Manuel Komroff who were classmates of his.

By the age of fourteen Benno was already working on his own. He had already quarreled with his parents and begun a roving vagabond existence in keeping with his restless, tormented spirit. For a while he lived the life of a water rat along the banks of the East River in the vicinity of Hell Gate. It was a fantastic and precarious existence which led him more and more to depend on himself. At the Beaux Arts Academy, where he studied for a few months, he made the acquaintance one day of Jo Davidson, the celebrated American sculptor. The latter took a keen interest in Benno and gave him a place to work in his studio. Benno in return offered his services as a helper. But after a few months he was fired for incompetency. A little later Benno went to sea, his first trip, which took him to the Orient—to China, Japan, India, the Strait Settlements, etc.

It was upon his return from this voyage that I first met Benno, in Greenwich Village, where at the age of seventeen he had already acquired some reputation as a sculptor. Replicas of his “Whistling Boy” were then on display in the bookshops and art stores in the Village. He had a little studio, barely furnished, where he cooked for himself and did his work. He was lean and gaunt, looking half-starved most of the time, and bursting with ideas for future work. It was during this period that he got to know people like Eugene O’Neill, Djuna Barnes, Sadakichi Hartman, John Dos Passos, John Sloan, Ben Ben, Conrad Ber covici, and of course Romany Marie whom everybody in the Village knew.

From 1917 to 1926 Benno made a number of trips to sea—by necessity, it must be said, rather than through any romantic urge. Having had scarcely any schooling, unadaptable, violent and taciturn, extremely sensitive and rebellious, the life of a sailor seemed to be about the only recourse open to him. Besides, it was a way of earning the little that was required to maintain a studio in which he could safely stow his belongings. During this period, when he was mostly at sea, he made hundreds of drawings, usually in port. Some of these were later used as illustrations, particularly for some of Melville’s books, for which Benno still has a tremendous admiration. He even made illustrations for the Bible, for his own pleasure, of course. He has never in his life done any commercial work: he was incapable, as he puts it.

In 1926 he had an opportunity to sell his work to a dealer, which he did. It was not a large sum which he received for his fifteen years’ work but it was sufficient to enable him to go to Europe and begin a new life. He went at first to Italy where he remained for only a few months, harassed by the disturbing events of the new regime. It was but natural then that he should turn to France. He came at once to Paris, got himself a studio, first in Mont-

(Continued on page 18)
DAY OF DREAM

and

NIGHT OF REALITY

Giorgio de Chirico

The Anxious Journey (1914)

By courtesy of Messrs. A. Tooth

Edward WADSWORTH

Sussex By-Pass (1937)
ENGLISH LANDSCAPES

Paul Nash

Nocturnal Landscape

Photograph by Humphrey Jennings
SHADOWS AND RELIEFS

"Night-Mail"
G.P.O. Film Unit

Director: H. Watt

(Above) Eileen Agar at Brighton
(left) Bas-Relief in painted wood by Sophie Taeuber-Arp
EPOQUE DADA

Francis Picabia

Prenez garde à la peinture
GUGGENHEIM JEUNE
30 CORK STREET, LONDON W.1

RITA KERNN-LARSEN EXHIBITION

RITA KERNN-LARSEN, born at Hillerod (Denmark), studied at the Academy of Copenhagen and in Paris with Fernand Léger (1930-1931). First exhibition in Copenhagen 1934. Has exhibited since 1935 with the surrealists at Copenhagen, Oslo, Lund and later in 1937 in London at the exhibition of “The Artists International Association” and in Paris at the “International Surrealist Exhibition” (Galerie des Beaux-Arts, Paris 1938).

CATALOGUE

1. The phantom beach (1935) 19. Hommage à Picasso (1938)
6. The two gourmets (1935) 24. Beauty and the beast (1938)
9. Nordic winter (1936) 27. We also were young and beautiful (1938)
14. The two lovers (1937) 32. Thus we pass (1938)
16. The tower of desire (1937) 34. Bourgeois life II. (1938)
17. Delightful day (1937) 35. Small sur-reality (1938)
18. Know thyself (1937) 36. Adventure in the unknown (1938)

Prices of exhibits may be had on application

RITA KERNN-LARSEN

The vigorous branch of the surrealist movement which exists in Scandinavia has not hitherto shed much of its honey-dew over the outer world. There were only three or four pictures from these northern countries in the London exhibition of 1936; there were more in the Paris exhibition at the beginning of this year, but we need a series of one-man shows to familiarize us with the work of artists like Vilhelm Bjerke-Petersen, Harry Carlsson, Freddie, Erik Olson, and Elsa Thoresen. The Guggenheim Gallery is making a good beginning with the paintings of Rita Kernn-Larsen. Her early work betray the fact that she was formerly a pupil of Fernand Léger, but from this excellent
foundation she has advanced to a more personal mode of expression. The hand is now tamed to obey the imagination. The imagination is a focus introduced into the vague field of the unconscious. Its lenses pan over this opaque chaos. Suddenly stop; range into the moving shadows; contract, concentrate. The image is found and registered.

These images are trolls, ghosts from the dark northern fastnesses which exist in our minds. Brought out, “laid” by a new method, they reveal some of the terror and all the fascination of their mythical ancestors.

“Honey-dew falls from the tree, and on it Odin hung nine nights, offering himself to himself.”

H.R.

CHEZ BENNO

(Continued from page 12)

parnasse and later in Montmartre, and began immediately to sculpt, paint and draw. For almost five years he worked like a beaver, practically in complete isolation. It was a rich period of his life interrupted unfortunately by lack of funds. Not knowing how to hold out any longer he returned to America and took a job as a scow-skipper on the Hudson. For about six months he worked like a dog, too exhausted by his daily work to even think about painting. And then, as it always seemed to happen, he was fired. He was in extreme despair. Even the privilege of working as a coolie seemed to be denied him. He was at his wits’ end.

It was then, when everything seemed hopeless, that thanks to the efforts of his artists’ friends he received the Guggenheim Fellowship. (For the year 1932-33.) It came as a miracle. With renewed courage Benno at once packed his things and returned to Paris where he has remained these last five years and hopes, if possible, to remain forever. For, like many other American artists, Benno realizes that Paris is not only the place to work, but the place to live. He is at home here.

It was shortly before his return to America that Picasso came one day to Benno’s studio. It was an important rencontre for Benno, in many ways. The humility and sincerity of Picasso perhaps more than any thing served to liberate the younger man, to give him the courage to pursue his own inspiration. Picasso influenced him, as he has influenced others, to find himself. At any rate, since his return to Paris Benno has burst out into an amazing productivity, amazing not only in the quantity and variety of his œuvres, but also in the swiftness of his evolution. Like Proust he seems to have discovered that everything is there within, requiring only patience, humility, and reverence to bring it forth. At the age of thirty-six, though still harassed by lack of material rewards and a voluntary exile from his adopted land, Benno at least has the great satisfaction of realizing the inexhaustibility of his own rich nature. He works steadily and naturally, with an easy, life-like rhythm, covering large and small canvases, making innumerable drawings, trying all mediums. Though for the time he seems to have abandoned sculpture there is no doubt that he will return to it again.

Since 1932 Benno has exhibited regularly at the Salon des Tuileries, the Salon des Surindépendents, and at the Anglo-American exhibitions. He has also shown his work at André Breton’s new gallery in Paris. In 1934 he had a one-man retrospective show at the Galerie Pierre on the Rue de Seine. At the present moment a representative collection of his may be seen in London at the Zwemmer Art Gallery. From July 16th to 31st there will be an exhibition of his work from 1934 to 1937 on display at the Galerie Alfred Poyet, Rue la Boétie, Paris. Benno is undoubtedly one of the few young men whose name will be remembered as important contributors to the art of this age.

Henry Miller
Rita KERNN-LARSEN (left) The painter at work.

Searching for the Moon

Rita KERNN-LARSEN Cirque Mozart
L'œil n'a été fait que pour percevoir une infime quantité de choses. Aussi ne représenter que celles-là est menue besogne qui ne saurait tarir les soifs vers une réalité nouvelle. Il appartient au rôle de la pensée de compléter les impressions captées par les sens, qui ne sont que des linéaments, et à les épancher au gré du large. Magritte est de ces quelques-uns qui se relayent à travers les âges pour nous enseigner le fonctionnement d'organes inexplorés. Pressentir, c'est révéler déjà, les fructueuses apparences de ces demeures abyssales aérées par l'imagination, pour peu qu'on affranchisse cette dernière des diminutions qu'on lui impose.

Nous nous défendons d'accepter la pérennité des contradictions, en regard de cette médaille à face unique dont le revers à jamais perdu obsède encore confusément des peuplades de cerveaux. L'ouïe se taisant, le silence et le bruit ne font plus qu'un seul et vaste empire et une si étroite justesse participe à cette soudure qu'alors les éléments se retrouvant au carrefour des points cardinaux, présagent du futur tremblement de ciel.

En deçà d'un certain empirisme vulgaire qui sans répit s'ingénie à faire appel aux facultés de contrôle, ces images délivrées, filles du merveilleux et du vertige, ces images dont jouiront un jour tous les hommes, se suffisent momentanément, trop matinales dans un siècle de salissure et de bêtise, de laisser défiler devant elles la populace décérépi en s'environnant toutefois d'une incoercible haie de mépris, pour que l'accès n'en soit toléré qu'à ceux qui dévisageront le mot de passe, magique et secret, dont le reflet ne peut que jaillir des faîtes de nos actes ou du torrent crématoire des paroles.

Mais, secouant d'insalubres et rancunières critiques, qu'on ne vienne pas invoquer la superfluïté de ces objets cassés par la méditation, car s'il s'agit de délimiter l'inutile et l'insensé, c'est bien ce monde qu'il faut nommer et cette vie qui est la nôtre, empruntée à l'inconnu, dont nous nous enorgueillissons de n'en connaître jusqu'à ce jour, absolument rien.

La peinture a cessé d'être une prison, quoique nombreux sont encore ceux qui se prélassent dans le grincement de ses chaînes.
THE IRON HORSE *

by Humphrey Jennings

I

MACHINES are animals created by man. In recognition of this many machines have been given animals' names by him—'mule', 'throstle', 'basilisk', 'puss-moth', 'taube', and so on. (Cp. also such phrases as 'donkey-engine', 'iron horse', and for an animal regarded as a machine at the time of the industrial revolution see Blake's Tiger:

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

The idea of a machine which would go by itself (automatically—without the

(continued on page 27)

*In July the London Gallery will present an exhibition of 19th Century Drawings and Engravings of Machines; also a complementary show of Cubist, Dadaist and Surrealist paintings.
Gustave COURBET

(Percy M. Turner Collection)

By courtesy of the Mayor Gallery

The Cliffs at Etretat
Fernand Léger

Drawing for "The Woman in Red and Green" (1913)

Contrast of forms (1913)
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<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
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<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td>COMPOSITION (1912)</td>
<td>1912</td>
<td>M. Maurice Raynal</td>
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<td>2.</td>
<td>PAYSAGE (1912)</td>
<td>1912</td>
<td>M. André Lefèvre</td>
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<td>3.</td>
<td>LES DEUX FUMEURS (1912)</td>
<td>1912</td>
<td>M. Georges Bernheim</td>
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<td>LA FEMME EN BLEU (1912)</td>
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<td>M. Raoul La Roche</td>
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<td>LE PASSAGE A NIVEAU (1912)</td>
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<td>Mme. Jeanne Léger</td>
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<td>PAYSAGE (1913)</td>
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<td>LA LAMPE (1914)</td>
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<td>NATURE MORTE (1914)</td>
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<td>Mr. Douglas Cooper</td>
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<td>11.</td>
<td>VUE SUR LA SEINE (1914)</td>
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<td>Dr. Ingeborg Eichmann</td>
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<td>NATURE MORTE (1913)</td>
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<td>14.</td>
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<td>15.</td>
<td>DEUX FEMMES COUCHEES (1913)</td>
<td>1913</td>
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<td>16.</td>
<td>NATURE MORTE (1913)</td>
<td>1913</td>
<td></td>
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<td>17.</td>
<td>ETUDE POUR “LA FEMME EN ROUGE ET VERT” (1913)</td>
<td>1913</td>
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<tr>
<td>18.</td>
<td>DEUX FEMMES COUCHEES (1913)</td>
<td>1913</td>
<td>Mr. John Weyman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19.</td>
<td>NATURE MORTE AU REVEIL MATIN (1914)</td>
<td>1914</td>
<td>Mr. Douglas Cooper</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20.</td>
<td>ETUDE POUR “LES FOREURS” (1916)</td>
<td>1916</td>
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</tr>
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<td>21.</td>
<td>ETUDE POUR “LA PARTIE DE CARTES” (1916)</td>
<td>1916</td>
<td>Mr. Douglas Cooper</td>
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<td>22.</td>
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<td>1916</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>23.</td>
<td>PORTRAIT D’HOMME (1916)</td>
<td>1916</td>
<td>Mr. John Weyman</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Some of the Exhibits are for sale. Prices may be had on application.
FERNAND LÉGER

... Cubism has had its day as a sensation—as an end in itself, and now the practical decorators and the architects are helping themselves to the discoveries of Picasso, Braque and Léger for practical purposes. However, in time to come, it is possible that art historians will discover that Léger, if not the greatest of the three, is the most typical of the age in which he flourished. For it is Léger who makes his pictures more particularly out of the motifs of this age of machinery. If the Cubists followed the Cézanne cube-cone-cylinder dictum, Picasso and Braque stuck closer to the cube and pyramid, which, whirling generates a cone. These are the mystic mathematical figures of old times—Picasso and Braque paid tribute to the hoary ages. A certain timeless poetry pervades what they do. Léger, however, adopted the cylinder of Cézanne, and he found this cylinder operative in modern machinery. From cylinders and the machine he constructs his Cubistic things. Not that he shuns the straight line or the cube or the cone when he finds them desirable, but his genius runs to curves, just as did the genius of Cézanne when painting female nudes. The difference between Léger’s Cubistic paintings and those of Picasso and Braque are roughly the difference between Renoir and Cézanne. Léger is much easier to "understand" than either Braque or Picasso.

C. J. BULLIET
(The Chicago Evening Post, 3.3.31)

LE NOUVEAU RÉALISME CONTINUE

Chaque époque d’art a le sien, elle l’invente plus ou moins en relation avec les époques précédentes. Quelquefois elle réagit contre, d’autres fois elle continue la même ligne.

Le réalisme des primitifs n’est pas celui de la Renaissance et celui de Delacroix est diamétralement opposé à celui d’Ingres.

Vouloir expliquer le pourquoi et le comment, impossible. Cela se sent et les raisons risquent d’embrouiller les choses plus que de vous éclairer. Ce qui est certain c’est qu’il n’y a pas une époque de beau typique, de beauté supérieure qui pourrait servir de critérium, de base, de point de comparaison. Rien ne permet à l’artiste créateur, lorsque le doute lui entre dans le coeur, d’aller se raccrocher à un contrôle passé. Il doit courir sa fatalité. C’est la grande solitude.

Ce drame est vécu par tous les hommes qui sont condamnés à inventer, créer, construire.

L’erreur des écoles c’est d’avoir voulu chercher à établir une hiérarchie de qualité (la Renaissance italienne par exemple); c’est indéfendable.

Les réalismes varient par ce fait que l’artiste vit dans une époque différente, dans un milieu nouveau et dans un ordre de pensée générale qui domine et influence son esprit.

Nous vivons depuis un demi-siècle, des temps extrêmement rapides, riches en évolutions scientifiques, philosophiques et sociales. Cette vitesse a, je crois, permis la précipitation et la réalisation du nouveau réalisme, assez différente des conceptions plastiques précédentes.

Fernand LÉGER
(La Querelle du Réalisme. Editions Sociales Internationales. 1936)
help of an animal) has long obsessed man because then it could be considered
to have a life of its own—to have become a complete pseudo-animal. Cp.
Milton Paradise Lost VI:

And the third sacred Morn began to shine
Dawning through Heav'n: forth rush'd with whirlwind sound
The Chariot of Paternal Deitie,
Flash[ing] thick flames, Wheele within Wheele undrawn,
It self instinct with Spirit . . .

And as man is related to the real animals so every machine has a latent human
content.

II

In the past poets and painters often identified themselves or their heroes
with animals: e.g. Gray's translation from the Welsh:

Have ye seen the tusky boar,
Or the bull, with sullen roar,
On surrounding foes advance?
So Caradoc bore his lance.

and the Darwinian passage in Hamlet (I.5.):

Thy knotted and combined locks to part
And each particular hair to stand an end
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine.

The so-called 'abstract' painter identifies himself or the person in his pic-
ture with a machine. (Cp. Baumeister: "Nous savons que la croute terrestre
a reçu un humus nouveau: les machines" etc.) Note how the sailing ship—a
non-automatic machine: dependant on wind and water—has in face of
competition with later machines become an 'artistic' obsession—'Homeward
Bound', 'In the Tropics' and so on. At the moment (1938) there is exactly
one English-owned topsail schooner still plying without an auxiliary engine.
Not to be confused with abstract painting is the anti-artistic creation of
pseudo-machines by Duchamp, Picabia, Ernst, Baargeldt, Man Ray: e.g. the
painting by Ernst: "Petite machine construite par minimax dadamax en per-
sonne". Compare the two following passages:

Machine

"The new condenser consists of 2 sets of pipes 8 in each sett. They are each \( \frac{1}{2} \) inch
diameter & 18 inch long, 16 inch of which will be evacuated each stroke of the
pump. They are to be \( \frac{1}{2} \) inch distant from one another in all directions. Each set is
to be surrounded at \( \frac{1}{2} \) inch distant in a box of wood thro' which cold water can be
made to run at pleasure. They are joined at top by a thin cast iron box thro'
which they communicate with the steam. It is made sloping at the ends that as
little useless water as possible may be in circulation . . ."

(Watt. Letter on the Kinneil Engine, 1769).

Pseudo-
Machine

"L'aiguille pouls en plus du mt. vibratoire est montée sur une caisse de vagabond-
age. Elle a la liberté des animaux en cage—à condition qu'elle soufflera (par son
mt. vibratoire actionnant le cylindre sexe) la ventilation sur la Lampe (au tympan).
Cette aiguille pouls proménera donc en équilibre le cylindre sexe qui crache au tympan la rosée qui doit alimenter les vaisseaux de la pâte à filaments et en même temps imprime au Pendu son balancement selon les 4 pts. cardinaux.”

(Duchamp. Note for “La Mariée mise au nu.”)

III

The pre-eminent example of the automatic machine—the steam railway—developed at precisely the same time as the realism of Gericault, Daumier, and Courbet. (Cp. Chirico on Courbet.) And also at the same time as the researches of Cuvier and Lyell. So that for example Courbet’s “Cliffs of Étretat” is practically a large coloured illustration to Lyell’s *Manual of Elementary Geology*. The development of the steam engine and of railways increased the mining, tunnelling, and excavation of the earth’s crust. The principle of Stratification was proposed by William Smith, a mechanical engineer, from observations in cuttings and pits. Courbet’s paintings represent the world just before the excavation begins—with suggestions of it in ‘inland cliffs’, outcrops, pictures of stonecutters—photos of a condemned house. Bourne’s lithographs of the construction of the Great Western Railway present the excavation, the work itself. The sectional elevation of an express locomotive is precisely an *anatomical drawing* of a machine.

The unresolved meeting of all these currents is to be found in Ruskin—geologist, realistic water-colourist and at the same time the forlorn defender of the ‘cathedrals of earth’ against the profanation of the engineers. With Ruskin compare Cézanne:

“Un beau matin, le lendemain, lentement les bases géologiques m’apparaissent, des couches s’établissent, les grands plans de ma toile, j’en dessine mentalement le squelette pierreux, je vois affleurer les roches sous l’eau, peser le ciel. Tout tombe d’aplomb. Une pâle palpitation enveloppe les aspects lineaires. Les terres rouges sortent d’un abîme. Je commence à me séparer du paysage, à le voir. Je m’en dégage avec cette première esquisse, ces lignes géologiques. Le géométrie, mesure de la terre.”

So Cubism looks straight back to the surveyor’s level and telemeter that Watt was improving at the same time that he was working on the separate condenser. So also Chirico’s ‘Nostalgie du départ.’ The point of creating pseudo-machines was not as an exploitation of machinery but as a ‘profanation’ of ‘Art’ parallel to the engineers’ ‘profanation’ of the primitive ‘sacred places’ of the earth. “Only in one field has the omnipotence of thought been retained in our own civilization, namely in art. In art alone it still happens that man, consumed by his wishes, produces something similar to the gratification of these wishes, and this playing, thanks to artistic illusion, calls forth effects as if it were something real.” (Freud, *Totem and Taboo.*)
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