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MAX ERNST
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HUMPHREY JENNINGS
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GEORGE REAVEY
JEAN SCUTENAIRE
RUTHVEN TODD
JULIAN TREVELYAN
JOHN TUNNARD
JOHN BUCKLAND-WRIGHT

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—

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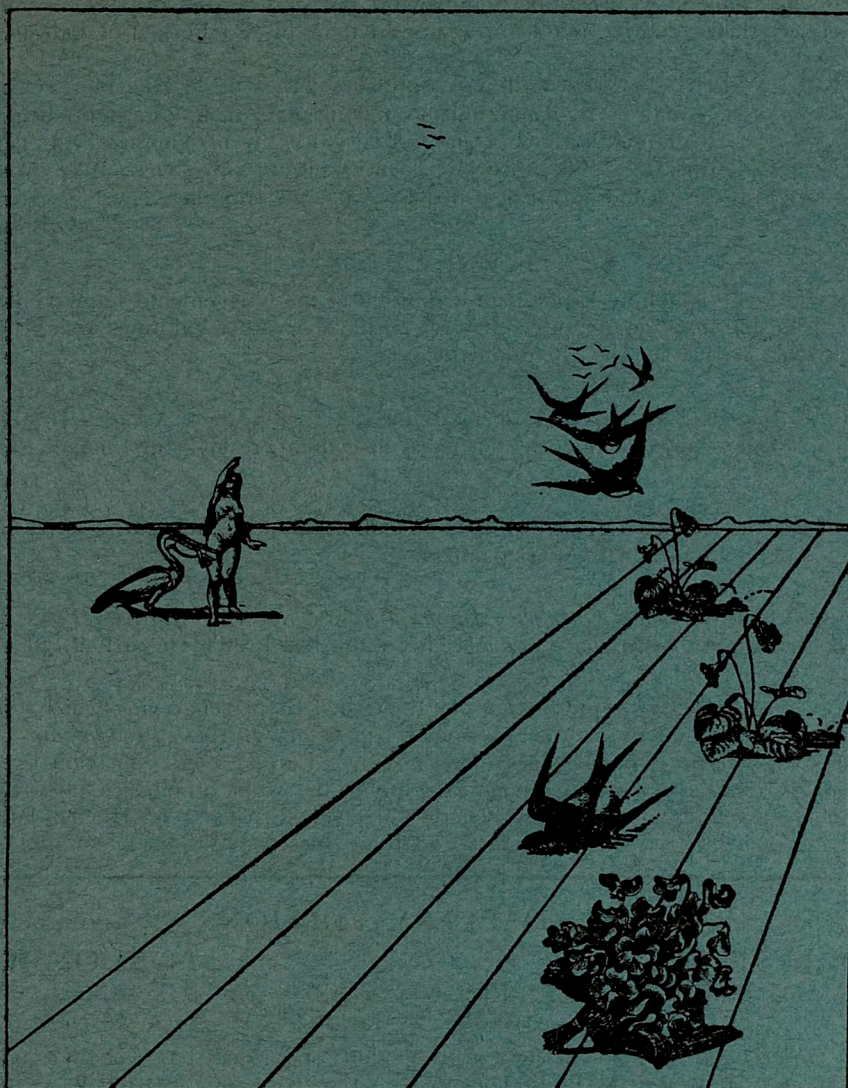
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MAX ERNST

Collage pour "Violette Nozières"

Collage for "Violette Nozières," published in 1933
by the Editions Nicolas Flamel, Brussels.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS

SEVEN, Nos. I, II, III: An intensely alive quarterly for one shilling. Often so alive that it bursts its buttons. It is animated by Lawrence Durrell's black sunsets and every kite should follow the shadows projected from his Greek paradise. Much verse in *Seven*, some poetry; Prokosch, Dylan Thomas and Julian Symons providing a not exceptional tide line to the latter.

In his article on Dylan Thomas and the surrealists (No. III) Henry Treece might have borne in mind that artistic value is not a poetic virtue. Also that surrealist poetry is not a party game but is conceived out of an inner necessity (though this latter may be a reaction to an external stimulus). Whereas Dylan Thomas provides cut flowers the true surrealist hands out the living plant. Immaculately conceived poetry (which is the true definition of surrealist productions) being to verse what the mating-call is to the sophisticated protestation.

There is more mineral wealth to be found in the first three issues of *Seven* (though often unrefined) than could be found in a year's dredging of "established periodicals."

A.E.

POETRY, No. 1, March: This new shilling monthly review is made even more eclectic than its contents suggest by Mr. Tambimuttu's too ultimate theosophical predication in his *First Letter*. Beginning with God and ending with Dylan Thomas, Mr. Tambimuttu naturally trips over Surrealism by identifying it with "yogi." We would recommend him to read Dean Swift if he can spare a moment from his "navel" exercises.

G.R.

NOTES

JOHN TUNNARD, who is holding a one man exhibition at the Guggenheim Jeune Gallery on March 15th, has also four pictures on view at the "Abstract Paintings Exhibition by Nine British Artists" at Alex. Reid and Lefevre.

* * *

He will be succeeded at the Guggenheim Jeune on April 13th by Charles Howard, an American painter, abstract in form, surrealist in content, resident in England since 1934.

* * *

On April 5th, the London Gallery will hold an exhibition of recent paintings by Louis Marcoussis, one of the original Cubist painters.

* * *

Harrap have just published *Over the Mountain*, a first novel by Ruthven Todd. He is also a contributor to *Poems on Spain*, recently published by the Hogarth Press.

* * *

In this issue we publish a reproduction of the original copper engraving which John Buckland-Wright has done for the 30 signed copies of *Quixotic Perquisitions* by George Reavey, published by The Europa Press. The Europa Press collection is the only one in England that has attempted to combine the work of modern poets and artists. Among the illustrators of this collection are Max Ernst, S. W. Hayter, Pablo Picasso, Pavel Tchelitchew, Roger Vieillard and John Buckland-Wright.

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Surrealist Objects and Poems with eight reproductions of Surrealist Objects, poems by E. L. T. Mesens, Herbert Read, Philip O'Connor, Arthur Sale, A. C. Sewter, R. Mednikoff, G. W. Pailthorpe, and David Gascoyne, with a note by Herbert Read.

(Completely out of print)

.

All the following books are still available at the London Gallery, 28 Cork Street, London, at 1/6 each.

1. *Edvard Munch* by HERBERT READ, with a frontispiece portrait of the artist and twelve half-tone reproductions.
2. *L. Moholy-Nagy* by SIEGFRIED GIEDION, with a portrait of the artist, and ten half-tone reproductions of paintings.
3. *Herbert Bayer* by A. DORNER, with a frontispiece portrait of the artist and twelve reproductions of paintings and photo-montages.

To appear in April:

Roland Penrose: THE ROAD IS WIDER THAN LONG. An Image-diary from the Balkans, printed in coloured type.

No. 12 MARCH 15th 1939

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LONDON BULLETIN

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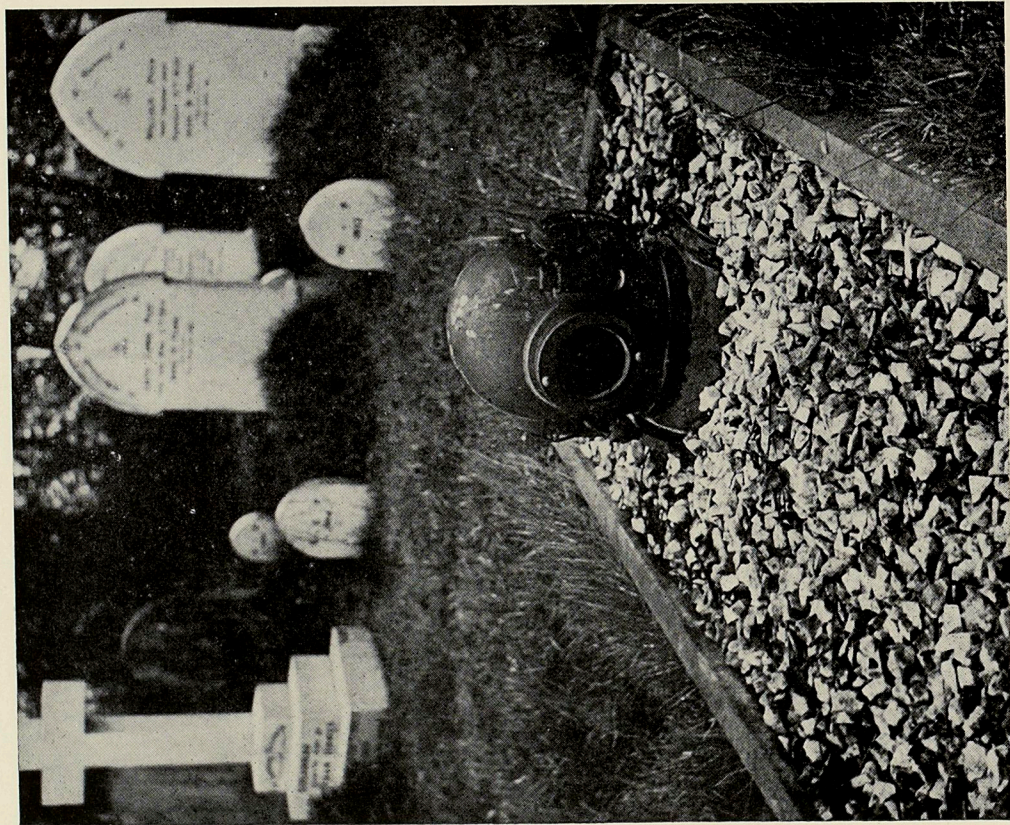


Photo Bill Brandt

Le goût anglais.

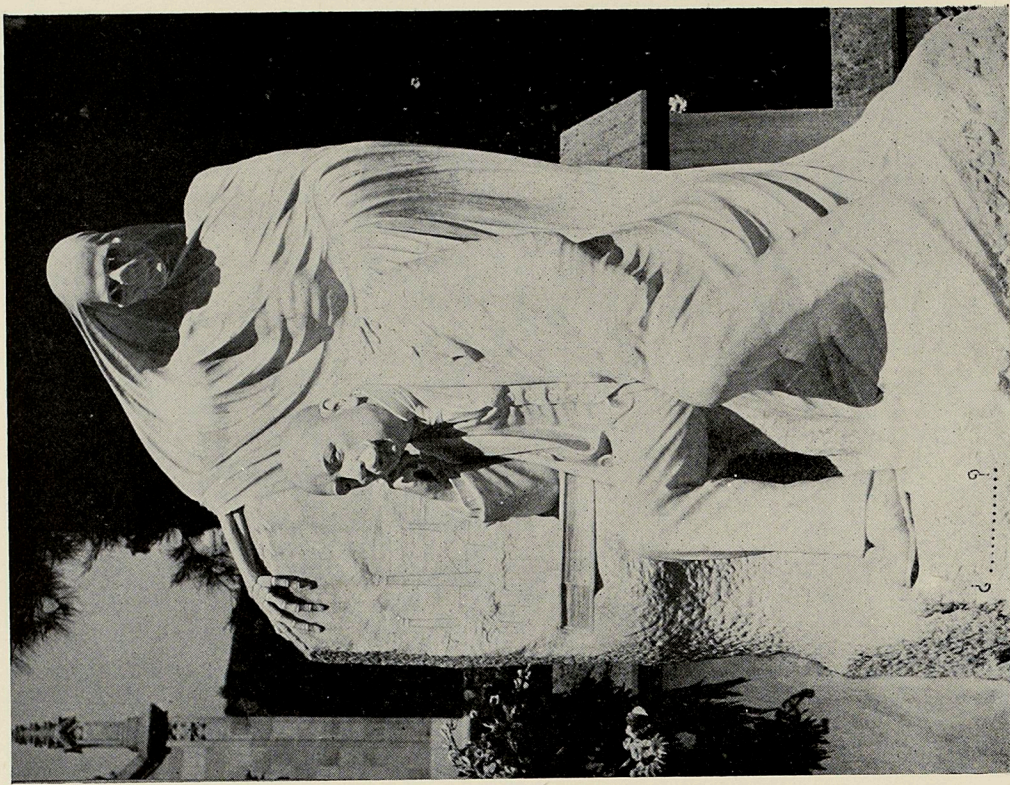


Photo Bill Brandt

Le goût bourgeois en Espagne.

TWO AMERICAN POEMS

by HUMPHREY JENNINGS

We reprint these two poems from our last issue, with regrets that there should have been a typographical error in them.

THE hills are like the open downs of England—the peaceful herds upon the grassy slopes, the broken sea-washed cliffs, the beach with ever-tumbling surf, the wrecks that strew the shore in pitiful reminder, the crisp air from the sea, the long superb stretch of blue waters—the Graveyard.

* * *

As we journey up the valley
Of the Connecticut
The swift thought of the locomotive
Recovers the old footprints.

1938

THE BOYHOOD OF BYRON

by HUMPHREY JENNINGS

THE labours of the antiquary, the verbal critic, the collator of mouldering manuscripts, may be preparing the way for the achievements of some splendid genius, who may combine their minute details into a magnificent system, or evolve from a multitude of particulars some general principle destined to illuminate the career of future ages.

Observe the horses of Spanish America, that live wild; their gait, their running, their leaping, seem neither constrained nor regular. Proud of their independence, they wander about in immense meads, where they feed on the fresh productions of eternal spring.

Can we suppose that so gifted a race as the Greeks remained insensible to the forest-crowned cliffs and the deep-indented shores of the moving Mediterranean? Landscape however appears among them as the background of a picture of human passions. Thus Oedipus approaching the grove of the Eumenides, the nightingale loves to tarry, and the repose of Nature heightens the pain called forth by the blind image.

The Aberdonian epoch of Lord Byron's life spans the black stream with a single arch just where it falls down from a narrow defile overhung with trees:

"The awful proverb made me pause to cross, and yet lean over with a childish wonder, being a wife's one son, and a mare's ae foal."

It is certain that one of the poet's feet was, either at birth or at an early period, so seriously clubbed or twisted as to affect his gait.

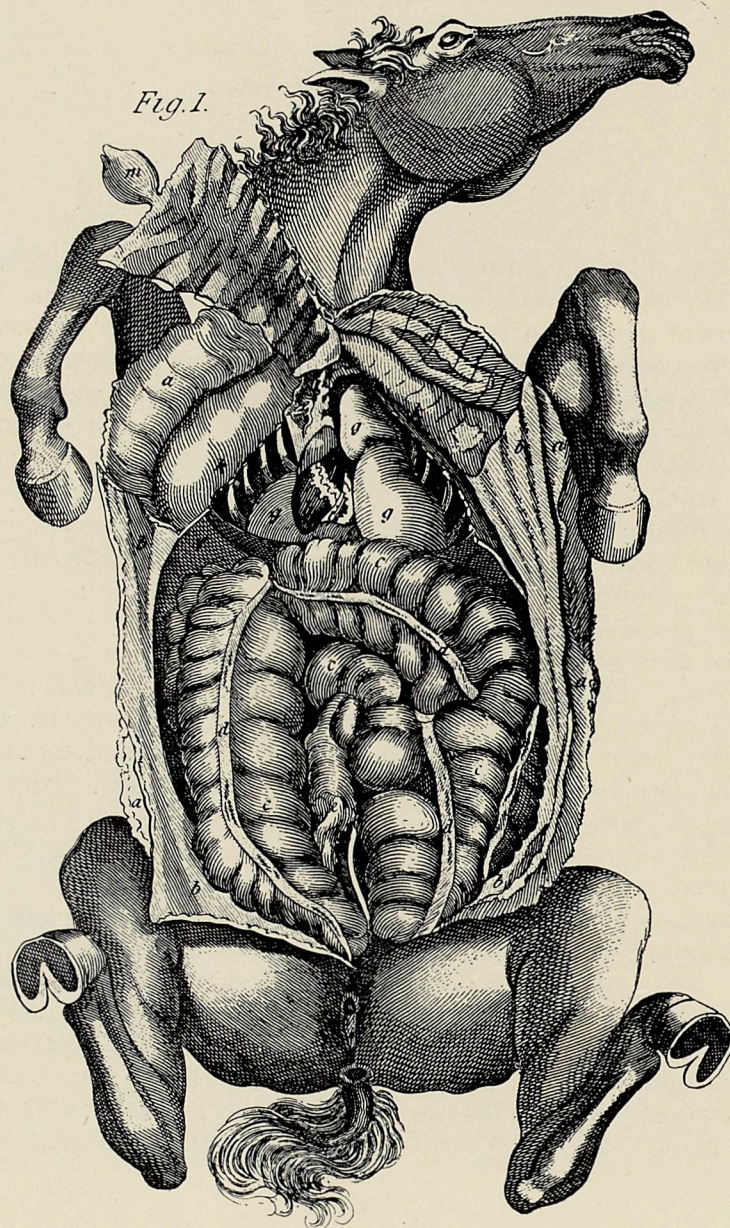
Creeping still further down he came into what seemed a subterranean hall, arched as it were with cupolas of crystal, divided into aisles by columns of glittering spar—in some parts spread into wide chambers, in others terminated by the dark mouths of deep abysses receding into the

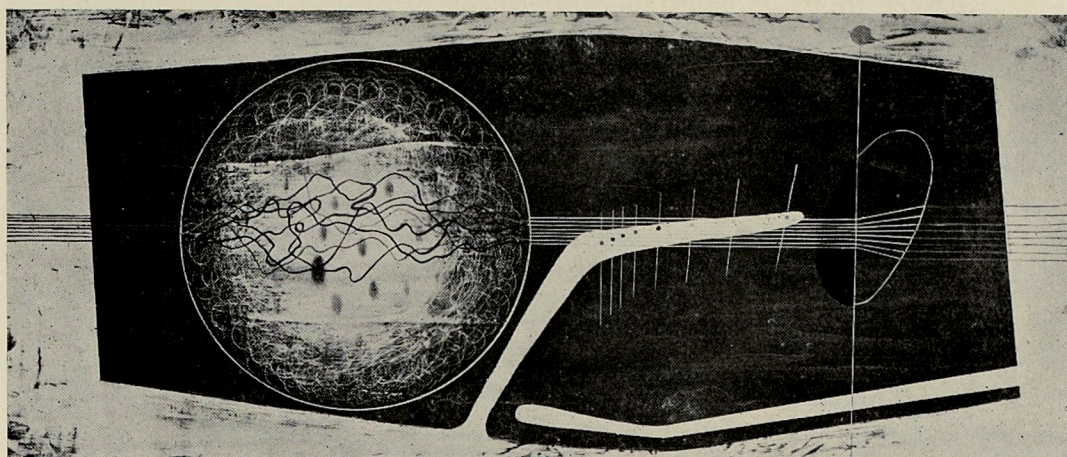
interior. The huge locomotive, the more gigantic for being under cover, was already quivering with that artificial life which rendered it so useful and so powerful a servant. Its brasses shone with golden lustre, its iron cranks and pistons glittered with a silvery sheen, while the oblong pit over which it stood glowed with the light of its intense furnace.

If we shut ourselves up in a perfectly dark room, if the sea-water be slashed with an oar in the darkest night, through the window-shutter which intercepts the illuminated landscape from the internal dark chamber, an inverted cone of light will enter the apartment, and depict on the white wall opposite a living representation of external objects:

"The slavery of these creatures is universal. They are never wholly free from their bonds: the flying white breath of education, the coals which are its oats, the unvarying pace between rocky walls, already covered with moss and grasses."

(1936-38)





JOHN TUNNARD

The Transformation of Red. (1939)

JOHN TUNNARD

by JULIAN TREVELYAN

Who is John Tunnard?

Why, he's the man with the loud check coat. You must have seen him, the man who always wears a shocking pink tie, and with a face that's a mixture between a fox's and a giant panda's. The man who laughs like a jackal so that you hear him two blocks away. Don't tell me you haven't heard him. The man who is always talking about shipwrecks and pirates. They say he lives in Cornwall where he undermines the morals of the older fishermen; he turns them into jitterbugs. Once he ran a jazz band of his own until they couldn't hold him down any longer. So now it's fishermen, lobsters, darts, shell-fish, beer and an occasional tourist that he picks up sketching among the old hulks where the sewer runs into the bay, or a poet asleep on the top of the cliffs. That's John Tunnard at home . . .

But what does he do?

Talk, chiefly. Don't believe them when they tell you he paints. It's simply not true, and I am in unique position to tell you why. It's all done *for* him by an army of insects. Five hundred spiders, twenty shipworms, seventy-five beetles, quite a few exotic caterpillars, a hard-worked slug, and a Bol-Weevil. I've seen them at work.

First Tunnard walks along the seashore till he spots an old ship's-timber, a cast-off ironing board, a washed-up chart, an unfinished lavatory seat. To see him returning from one of these expeditions is to mistake him for a submarine junk shop. Next he turns his spiders to work on them. Delicate webs are spun, while the slug ambles around leaving his silvery trail behind him. Now it is the turn for the shipworms and the Weevil who scour the surface into the most intriguing patinations, while the beetles lay globular eggs in appropriate positions. Any other delicacies that you may notice in the finished product are probably the work of the exotic caterpillars. I can't say for certain. Finally it all goes into a sort of glass box on the wall.

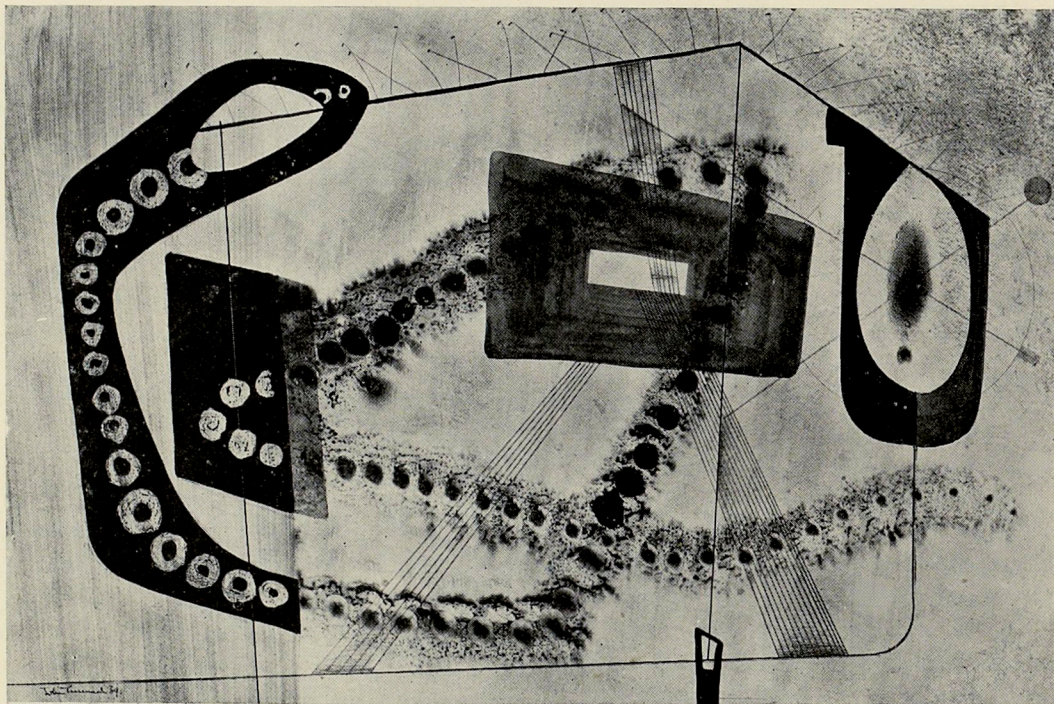
Another thing Tunnard does is to make musical instruments, but musical instruments that won't make a sound! They are tightly strung with delicate wires in red and blue; sometimes one of the strings lies broken and wiggly across the whole works. Occasionally he even leaves a bow beside to tempt the meddlesome amateur and then shuts it all away in a glass box, so that the music can only be apprehended with the eye. And to my mind music, like children, should be seen and not heard.

You aren't going to tell me that Tunnard is one of those frightful Surrealists or those people who put a square in the middle of an empty canvass and call it "Composition"?

No, you idiot, I told you already Tunnard is not a painter—never was one—even if you do see his name printed in the catalogue of the London Group. Tunnard's a hot-jazz king, Tunnard's a good cook, Tunnard's the man who talks outside the performing fleas, Tunnard's a husband, Tunnard's a scream. When you confront him with one of the objects in his glass boxes he goes all queer and jumps about saying "Oh! it's just a little idea I had when the roof fell in." If you like it he says "Don't be silly, don't be silly," till you could hit him. If you want to buy it he jumps into the great fifty h.p. Hispano-Suiza that he stole from his aunt, and rushes away. That's Tunnard all over.

I think I should like to meet Tunnard.

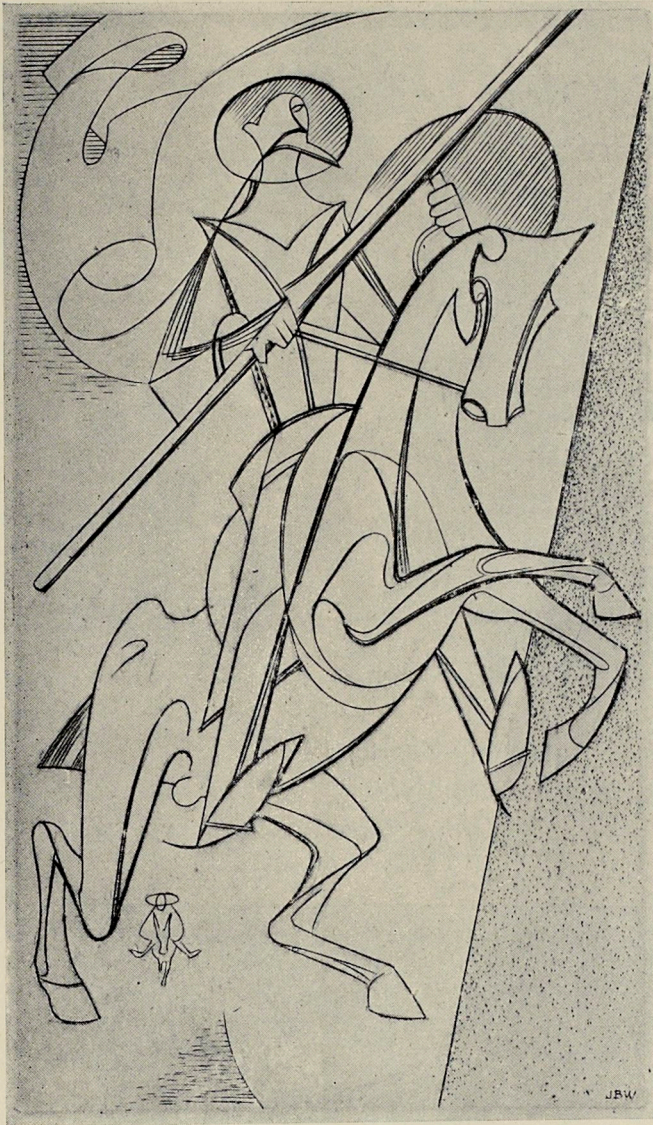
And how! But since you can't do that you had better make the best of the glass boxes, the caterpillars, and the violins that play tunes on your spectacles. They are better than anything else you are likely to see in London.



JOHN TUNNARD

Watercolour (1939)

JOHN BUCKLAND-WRIGHT



*Half-tone reproduction of
the original engraving on Copper
for "Quixotic Perquisitions"*

HIC JACET

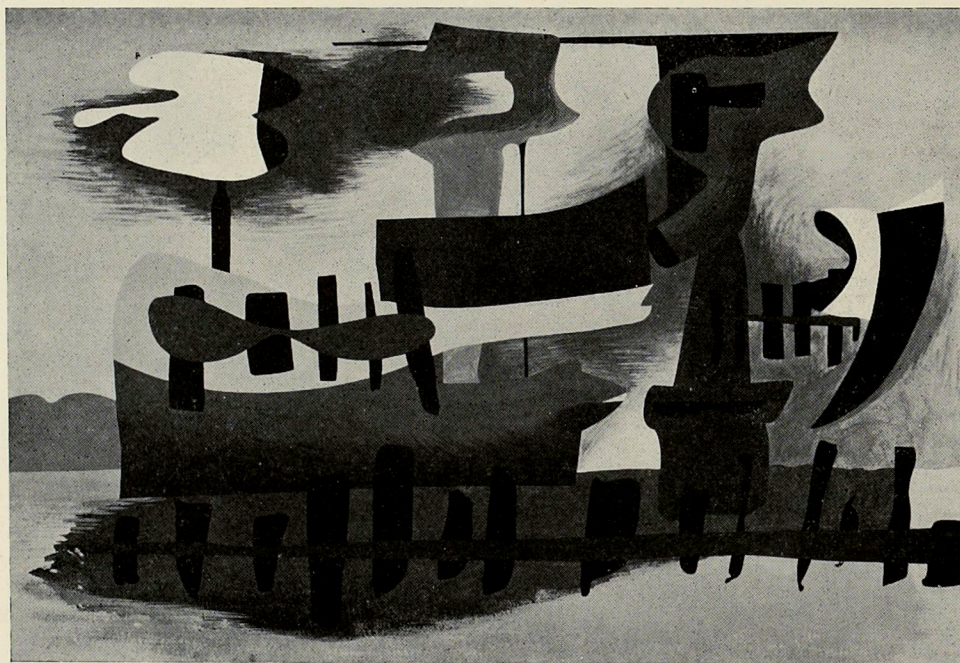
by

GEORGE REAVEY

THINK! Your master forgetting the unsubstantial spaces,
sought new stars underfoot,
in deep mines delving down to earth's root;
in the ghostly waters of proverbial seas
discovered Ocean's bountiful breasts;
took islands by force, fabled forests and mountains,

sent back silver galleons to Flanders and Spain;
 a knight of the Golden Fleece,
 he wound the chain of dominion round a soft ball of clay
 this earth in his image moulded—he thought,
 till the furies of polluted shrines swarmed in his steps.
 But even livid and racked, wrecked and divided,
 even pummelled by windmilling winds,
 rubbing sore his bruised quarters,
 let down ungently on his prehistoric bed,
 still in his heyday he turned no mean somersault;
 bent on looping the loop of time,
 he leapt straight through earth's hoop,
 joined pole and pole
 with his body's contusionate axis;
 and then, O Chorus of Woe,
 whacked down a posteriori harder than any Christian before
 on the dragon tusks of twenty bloody revolutions.

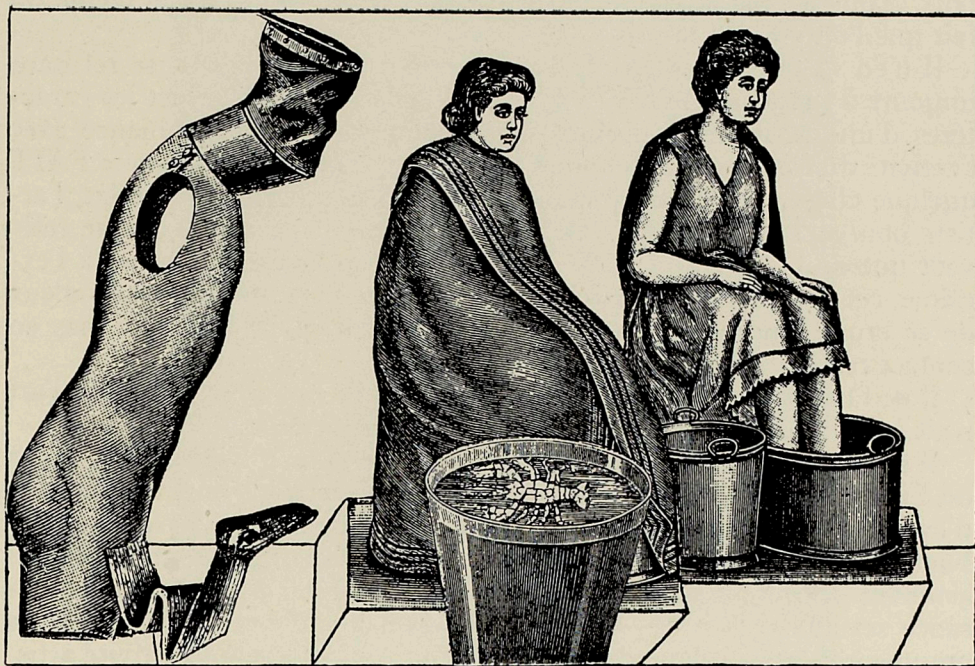
(from "*Quixotic Perquisitions*")



CHARLES HOWARD

Prefiguration II

Paintings and Watercolours by Charles Howard will be exhibited
 at Guggenheim Jeune from April 13th to May 5th.



MAX ERNST

"Les Malheurs des Immortels" (1922)
(Librairie Six—Paris)

L'ART BOURGEOIS

par

RENÉ MAGRITTE et JEAN SCUTENAIRE

L'ORDRE bourgeois n'est qu'un désordre. Un désordre au paroxysme, privé de tout contact avec le monde de la nécessité.

Les profiteurs du désordre capitaliste le défendent au moyen d'un faisceau de sophismes et de mensonges dont ils tentent de maintenir le crédit dans tous les domaines de l'activité humaine.

C'est ainsi qu'ils n'hésitent pas à affirmer que l'ordre social bourgeois a permis un développement extraordinaire de la culture et que l'art, entr'autres, a conquis des régions inexplorées qui paraissaient jusque là inaccessibles à l'esprit.

Le doute n'est plus possible. Nous devons dénoncer cette imposture. Notre critique est fondée non sur une volonté de combat mais uniquement sur une observation précise et strictement objective.

La valeur très spéciale accordée à l'art par la bourgeoisie dévoile brutalement la vanité de ses concepts esthétiques édifiés sous la pression d'intérêts de classe totalement étrangers aux préoccupations culturelles.

La ruse consiste essentiellement à fausser les rapports normaux de l'homme avec le monde de manière qu'il n'est plus possible d'user de l'objet pour lui-même mais toujours pour des motifs qui lui sont parfaitement étrangers. On désire un diamant non pour ses propriétés intrinsèques—ses seules qualités authentiques—mais par ce que, coûtant fort cher, il confère à celui qui le possède une manière de supériorité sur ses semblables et constitue une expression concrète de l'inégalité sociale. Les choses prennent d'ailleurs un tour saugrenu au point qu'achetant un

faux diamant sans le savoir, la satisfaction se trouvera être le même du fait que l'on y a mis le prix.

Il n'en va pas autrement de l'art. L'hypocrisie capitaliste, se refusant toujours à prendre une chose pour ce qu'elle est, prête à l'art les caractères d'une activité supérieure, sans aucun trait de ressemblance avec l'activité du commun des hommes. Alors que, d'habitude, l'homme FAIT quelque chose, accomplit quelque besogne d'une portée sans éclat, l'artiste bourgeois prétend EXPRIMER des sentiments élevés qui ne relèvent que de lui-même. L'individualisme bourgeois est ici poussé à l'extrême, cet individualisme qui isole les hommes et permet à chacun d'eux de se croire supérieur à ses semblables avec lesquels il n'entre pas en contact réel.

Il ne faudrait pas imaginer toutefois que nulle opinion valable sur l'art n'ait été formulée au cours de la domination capitaliste.

Il suffira d'évoquer ici les idées de Hegel, celles de Nietzsche et celles de Freud. Hegel qui a vu clairement l'art permettre à tous les hommes d'exprimer par des actes durables les profondeurs mêmes de l'esprit. Nietzsche qui remarquait que l'on ne peut envisager le nombre impressionnant de vierges peintes par Raphaël sans prêter à celui-ci une puissance sexuelle exacerbée. Freud, enfin, dont les travaux psychologiques ont une importance capitale, qui a tenté de démontrer que l'activité artistique n'est autre qu'une activité de substitution à l'activité sexuelle, parfois aussi une préparation à celle-ci et souvent même un exhibitionnisme déguisé.

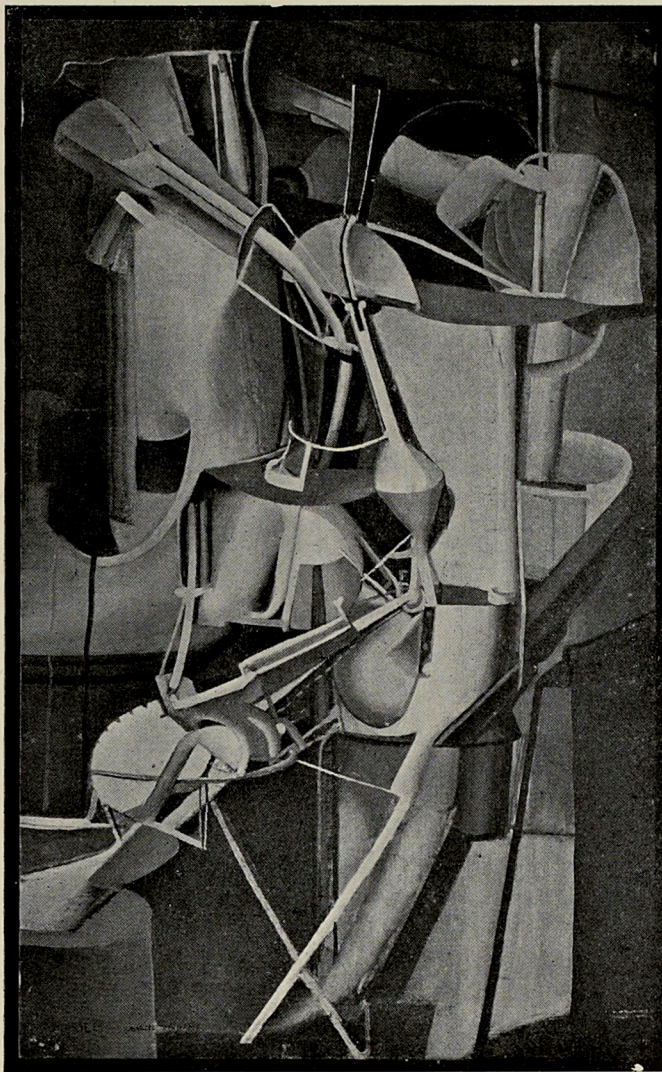
A la lumière de semblables propositions, toute la littérature critique rôdant autour du domaine de l'art doit d'accuser son ridicule essentiel qui fait songer à un vol de mouches maladroites bourdonnant autour d'un cadavre avancé. C'est assez de rappeler la délirante opinion de Clémenceau :

"J'ai gagné la guerre mondiale. Mais, pour donner à mon nom la seule illustration que les siècles n'effrayeront pas, c'est à mes incursions dans les domaines de l'art que je me confie!"

Il faut bien s'en rendre compte, l'artiste révolutionnaire a hérité d'un complexe d'habitudes et de sentiments troubles. Il est en butte à la méfiance et subit dans certaine mesure l'effet démoralisant de conseils obscurs et contradictoires au milieu desquels il s'égare. Sa liberté essentielle se trouve ainsi menacée. Mais il s'insurge contre ces conditions de vie exécrables et, avec des moyens limités, s'attaque aux idées suspectes de morale, de religion, de patrie, d'esthétique que le monde capitaliste lui impose.

C'est pourquoi il en vient à recourir au scandale (Rimbaud écrivait sur les murs des églises : merde à Dieu!) qui, heurtant le conformisme, peut ouvrir dans certains esprits la voie du doute. C'est pourquoi il tente de réaliser certains objets (livres, tableaux etc.) qui ruineront, tout au moins il l'espère, le prestige des mythes bourgeois.

La valeur réelle de l'art est fonction de son pouvoir de révélation libératrice. Et rien ne confère à l'artiste une quelconque supériorité dans l'ordre du travail humain. L'artiste n'exerce pas un sacerdoce que seule la duplicité bourgeoise essaie d'accréditer. Mais qu'il ne perde pas de vue cependant que son effort, comme celui de tout travailleur, est nécessaire au développement dialectique du monde.



MARCEL DUCHAMP

Mariée (1912)

(Coll. Julien Levy—New York)

CHANSON NETTE

par

E. L. T. MESENS

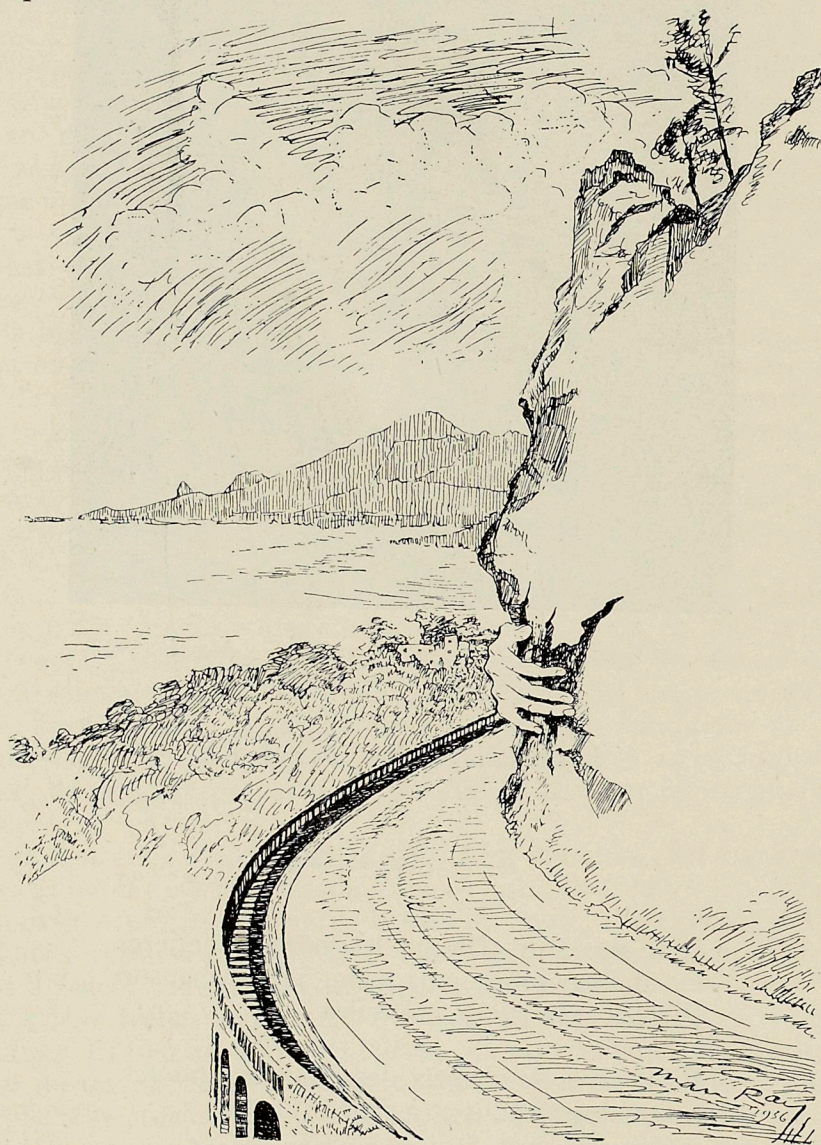
IL m'arrive de chanter des journées entières
De chanter toujours la même petite chanson
Paroles et musique imbéciles

Il m'arrive de chanter des journées entières
En pensant à tout et à rien

En pensant à la femme qui m'ignore
Aux Anglais au feu
A la colonisation au crime

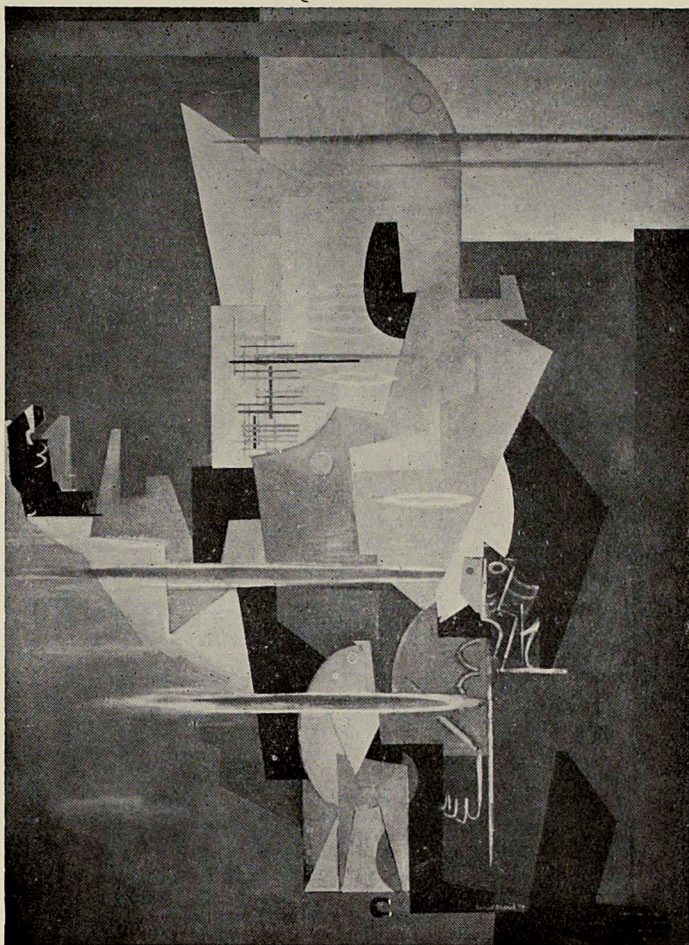
Il m'arrive de chanter des journées entières
Et les choses n'en vont pas plus facilement

Aujourd'hui ce n'est pas la même chose
Aujourd'hui c'est une phrase qui m'obsède
Aujourd'hui c'est "Zut! pour la cavalerie"
Et puisque c'est cela
Allons—y
"Zut! pour la cavalerie."



MAN RAY

Dessin pour "Les Mains Libres" (1936)



LOUIS MARCOUSSIS

*Photo Marc Vaux
Anabase (1937)*

There will be an exhibition of recent paintings by Louis Marcoussis
at the London Gallery on April 5th to 19th.

PROJECTION

by

AINSLIE ELLIS

(for E.B.)

This lilliputian feathered for flight
Your hand
Climbs through my knuckle-bones
Bringing light
High in the mists and shadows of my brain
These two dark gulls the pupils of your eyes
Fly endlessly round
High and endlessly round.

PAUL KLEE

by

RUTHVEN TODD

THE small man suffers the indignities of childhood,
And is made to walk under ladders and caught
By the blind of darkness in the cat tormented night.
He is terrified by mice and sickened by blood;
Wolf-fanged horses chase after him along the road
And the tight-rope that he walks will always sag
When he has reached the centre so that his soft leg
Is pierced by the pine-needles of the magic wood.

And yet, in the middle of the formal garden,
He finds time to play at noughts and crosses,
And he is master of the sharp wasp whose burden
Of pollen fertilises the tall elaborate grasses.
In the enchanted ponds are luminous fishes
And paper-boats with cargoes of his wishes.



THE CRYSTAL SKULL

(An occasional poem)

by

KATHLEEN RAINE

At the focus of thought there is no face.
The focus of the sun is crystal with no shadow.
Death of the victim is the power of the god.

Out of the eyes is the focus of love.
The face of love is the sun, that all see.
The skull of the victim is the temple of sight.

The eyes of the victim are the crystal of divination.
Sun clears the colours of life.
The crystal of the skull is the work of the god.

The stone of my destruction casts no shadow.
The sun kills perfectly with the stroke of noon.
The clarity of the crystal is the atonement of the god.

The perfection of man is the pride of death.
The crystal skull is the perpetuity of pride.
The power of the god is the taking of love.

The perfection of light is the destruction of the world.
Death and love turn the faces of day and night.
The illumination of the skull is the delight of the god.



NOTE

ROUNABOUT BEN NICHOLSON

THERE is a rational link between the Ben Nicholson Exhibition at the Alex. Reid and Lefevre Gallery and last week's "Building Supplement" to the *Evening Standard*. There is a cold fascination about plain immaculate surfaces. A virgin page, a dummy is often a relief, although we are immediately tempted to scrawl a hieroglyphic here and there. A massive impersonal building, with but one entrance perhaps, may be more hygienic than a Florentine palace, less grim in one sense, more terrifying in another.

A Florentine palace at least has a signature, we feel it in the shadowy background of Chirico. But while Chirico gave expression to a presentiment, to a dread of imminent prison walls, Ben Nicholson would appear to be content to confirm our imprisonment in a whitewashed façade. There may be a necessity in this also. But why invent such a perfect solution for such a dubious problem? Or is it utopianism? A simple illusion à la H. G. Wells who, we gather from the *News Chronicle* of March 6th, still believes in a "Scientific World Organization"?

Government offices are all right in their proper place, but they are spreading beyond Whitehall now, breaking up the intimacy of town streets, setting up one door in place of many, making contact between the home and the street more difficult. I would describe this world tendency as *Americanism*. In his *Evening Standard* article of March 7th Mr. Duff Cooper passes on the torch of "civilization" to America. This is precisely the evil, that America and "civilization" are becoming synonymous terms to the detriment of European cultural values. The American fondness for, and *abstract* use of such a highly ambiguous and procrustean term as "civilization," is the clue to that state of wilful self-hypnosis which is prevalent to-day.

GEORGE REAVEY.

"Vous avez tout lu mais rien bu"
Proverbes—Paul Eluard et Benjamin Peret

In 'The Listener' of March 9th

SIR KENNETH CLARK

speaking of the recent works of

PICASSO

gives vent to this strange query:

"It is probable—and in writing of modern art one can only deal in probabilities—that Picasso has achieved something that no European artist has ever dared attempt? Or is he a hypnotist, a magician, as Nietzsche said of Wagner from whose spell we shall wake, rubbing our eyes and pinching ourselves to make sure that our sensations are normal?"

And he ends his discourse on this note:

"Are we all drunk? Only time can tell."

NO, we are not drunk. But perhaps you are,
Sir Kenneth Clark, when you tentatively admire
BOTH

PICASSO

and

WILLIAM COLDSTREAM

(for example)

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JOHN TUNNARD

CATALOGUE

1. Psi (35" × 51")	40 gns.
2. Painting (27" × 14")	14 gns.
3. Installation II (35" × 51")	38 gns.
4. Trio (25" × 15")	12 gns.
5. Three Propositions (33" × 24")	35 gns.
6. Fugue (24" × 20")	15 gns.
7. Five Ideas (24" × 21")	18 gns.
8. Black over Red (24" × 16")	14 gns.
9. Galaxy (24" × 34")	25 gns.
10. Transformation of Red	14 gns.
11. Painting (38" × 28")	35 gns.
12. Phi (35" × 51")	45 gns.
13. Equipoise (16" × 12")	10 gns.
14. Transversal (20" × 10")	9 gns.
15. Painting (26" × 20")	14 gns.
16. Theta (31" × 40")	38 gns.
17. Arrangement (19" × 15")	10 gns.
18. Hexade (38" × 28")	35 gns.
19. Painting (26" × 20")	15 gns.
20. Painting (37" × 17")	15 gns.
21. Installation I (35" × 51")	35 gns.
22. Fulcrum (32" × 17")	30 gns.
23. Plant for Making New Days (22" × 12")	10 gns.
24-34. Watercolours (Half Imperial)	12 gns.
35-36. Watercolours (Imperial)	15 gns.

JOHN TUNNARD was born in 1900 at Sandy, Bedfordshire. He has recently exhibited at the London Group, at the "Living Art in England Exhibition" at the London Gallery, and at the "Abstract Paintings by Nine British Artists" Exhibition at Reid and Lefevre. A photograph of him and a reproduction of one of his paintings figure in the January-February issue of the LONDON BULLETIN, No. 8-9.

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SECOND FLOOR

PAUL KLEE

CATALOGUE

- | | |
|---|--------------------------|
| 1. "Des Angriffs, Materie, Geist und Symbol" (1922) | Watercolour |
| 2. "Das Gesicht eines Marktplatzes" (1922) | Oil on paper |
| 3. "Am Forellenbach" (1924) | Ink and coloured pencil |
| 4. "Stromfahrt" (1928) | Ink and watercolour |
| 5. "Kopf eines Rauchers" (1929) | Watercolour |
| 6. "Mordbrenner" (1930) | Gouache |
| 7. "Bebautes Ufer" (1930) | Oil, canvas, and gouache |
| 8. "Rothariger Kaktus" (1930) | Watercolour |
| 9. "Geist des Gewölbes" (1933) | Gouache |
| 10. "Coniferen im Park" (1933) | Gouache |
| 11. "Un ensorcelé au Zoo" (1933) | Gouache |
| 12. "Equilibriste" | Signed lithograph |
-

PAUL KLEE was born in 1879 at Muenchen-Buchsee, near Bern. Has lived in Bern since 1933. Studied under Franz von Stuck in Munich. Belonged to the *Blau Reiter* group. Professor at the Bauhaus from 1921 to 1925. Author of *Paedagogische Skizzenbuch*, 1925.

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Dixon Wecter

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Kenneth Burke

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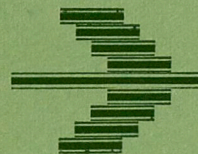
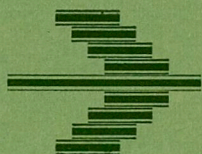
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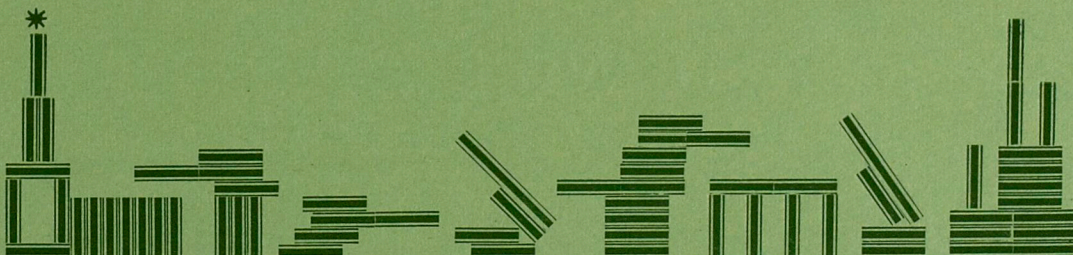
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