

LONDON

JUNE
JUN

15-1939

ONE SHILLING

BULLETIN

PARIS

BRUXELLES

AMSTERDAM

NEW YORK

Nº 17

ITHELL COLQUHOUN
GEORGES HENEIN
RENÉ MAGRITTE
PAUL NOUGÉ
ROLAND PENROSE
PABLO PICASSO
MAN RAY
D. A. F. DE SADE

LETTERS FROM—

G. W. PAILTHORPE
PARKER TYLER

24 PAGES

—

18 ILLUSTRATIONS

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

T 132 133

PIERRE MATISSE GALLERY

51 EAST 57th STREET · NEW YORK

SELECTED
MODERN
PAINTINGS
& SCULPTURE

Chirico - Miró - Picasso
Rouault - Bonnard - Matisse
Despiau - Léger - Derain

CROSS BROTHERS

PHOTOGRAPHS

PHOTOGRAPHERS TO
ARTISTS & LEADING
ART GALLERIES

PHONE
REGENT
0289

ESPECIAL CARE IS GIVEN
TO THE TRUE RENDERING
OF TONE AND COLOUR

23 OLD BURLINGTON ST. W.1

High quality Process Blocks at reasonable prices and close personal attention to your requirements.

We think you will find these points well combined in the service we can offer you. Why not let us have your next order as a trial?

THE ELITE PROCESS ENGRAVING CO. LTD.

40 Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1

Telephone HOLborn 2901

BARCELONA RESTAURANT

17 BEAK STREET, W.1 (Reg. 6615)

Arros à la Valenciana (3s.) is a meal in itself. And anything Spanish here is certain to be good. Fine sherries. Have a porron of Mr. Carbonnell's Vina Tinto Corriente. No table d'hôte. Prices moderate. 5s. will cover a big meal. 12—12. Sundays too. Near most West End Theatres and Cinemas. Golden Square Garage. Licensed for wines and beers until midnight. Special rooms for parties.

Cyprus Rugs, Chinese Peasant Pottery, Handprinted Fabrics, Norfolk Rush Carpeting, Constructional Toys, well-designed Furniture—are even inexpensive at

GERALD HOLTON'S

259b Tottenham Court Road, W.1

Mus.: 5119

OWING TO THE SUCCESS OF THE EXHIBITION
PICASSO IN ENGLISH COLLECTIONS
 THE MANAGEMENT OF THE LONDON
 GALLERY LTD. HAS DECIDED TO
 POSTPONE THE CLOSING DATE UNTIL
JUNE 20th

THE LONDON GALLERY LTD
28 CORK STREET
LONDON, W.1

DAILY 10—6

SATURDAYS ALSO

LONDON GALLERY EDITIONS
 28 CORK STREET, W.1

JUST PUBLISHED

THE ROAD IS WIDER THAN LONG

An Image diary from the Balkans

by

ROLAND PENROSE

PRINTED IN TWO COLOURS

38 ILLUSTRATIONS

10 Copies "de luxe" with an original drawing,
 illuminated and signed by the author . 30/-

500 copies on art paper 4/6

SUBSCRIBE NOW

ORDER FORM

Please send me THE ROAD IS WIDER THAN LONG by ROLAND PENROSE.

.....copy (copies) "de luxe" 30/-

.....ordinary copy (copies) 4/6

I enclose cheque/postal order for the sum of.....

Signed

Address

Cheques should be made payable to:

The London Gallery Ltd., 28 Cork Street, W.1. (Tel. Regent 2828.)

I



RP 108

THE MAYOR GALLERY
19 CORK STREET – LONDON W.1

The Directors of the Mayor Gallery present—by arrangement
with E. L. T. Mesens and The London Gallery Ltd:—

ITHELL COLQUHOUN*

CATALOGUE

PAINTINGS

- | | |
|--|------------------|
| 1. Le Phare (méditerranée)—1939 | Oil on panel |
| 2. Beau Gosse (méditerranée)—1939 | Oil on panel |
| 3. L'Hélice (méditerranée)—1939 | Oil on canvas |
| 4. Scylla (méditerranée)—1938 | Oil on panel |
| 5. L'ancre (méditerranée)—1939 | Oil on canvas |
| 6. Rivières Tièdes (méditerranée)—1939 | Oil on panel |
| 7. Gouffres amers (méditerranée)—1939 | Oil on panel |
| 8. Rails—1936 | Oil on panel |
| 9. Corner—1937 | Oil on panel |
| 10. Pears—1937 | Oil on panel |
| 11. Water-Flower—1938 | Oil on canvas |
| 12. Interior—1939 | Oil on panel |
| 13. Fruit-peelings—1938 | Tempera on panel |
| 14. Cucumber—1939 | Tempera on panel |

OBJECTS

- | | |
|--------------------------------|------------------|
| 15. Death's Head and Foot—1938 | Tempera on chalk |
| 16. Heart—1938 | Tempera on chalk |
-

* See biographical note in *London Bulletin*, No. 8-9 (first series), page 12.

THE MAYOR GALLERY

19 CORK STREET—LONDON W.1

The Directors of the Mayor Gallery present—by arrangement
with E. L. T. Mesens and The London Gallery Ltd:—

ROLAND PENROSE*

CATALOGUE

1. Drawing—1929	Chalk and pencil
2. Drawing—1929	Chalk and pencil
3. Drawing—1929	Chalk and pencil
4. Portrait of a Leaf—1935	Oil
5. Submarine Sport—1935	Oil
6. The Last Voyage of Captain Cook—1936	Object
7. The Jockey—1936	Oil
8. Night and Day—1937	Oil
9. The Promenade—1937	Oil
10. Collage—1937	
11. Collage—1937	
12. Collage—1937	
13. Collage—1937	
14. Miss Sacré Cœur—1938	Collage
15. Magnetic Moths—1938	Collage
16. Le Grand Jour—1938	Oil
17. The Junction—1938	Oil
18. The Password—1938	Oil
19. The Human Frame—1938	Oil
20. The Veteran—1938	Oil
21. The Revolving Statue—1938	Oil
22. The Conquest of the Air—1938	Oil
23. Good Shooting—1939	Oil
24. Octavia—1939	Oil
25. Portrait—1939	Oil
26. My Windows—1939	Oil
27. Beware: Surrealism—1939	Oil

OBJECTS

* See biographical note in *London Bulletin*, No. 8-9 (first series), page 35.

LONDON BULLETIN

EDITOR: E. L. T. MESENS

ASSISTANT EDITOR: ROLAND PENROSE

Representative for the U.S.A.:

CHARLES HENRI FORD

14 Beekman Place—New York City

Représentant à Paris:

GEORGES HUGNET, 13, Rue de Buci.

Représentant à Bruxelles:

P. G. VAN HECKE, 203, Avenue Louise.

CONTENTS—SOMMAIRE

<i>Catalogue of Ithell Colquhoun Exhibition</i>	2
<i>Catalogue of Roland Penrose Exhibition</i>	3
<i>D. A. F. de Sade: SUR L'IMAGINATION</i>	5
<i>René Magritte and Paul Nougé: COLOUR-COLOURS or AN EXPERIMENT</i> BY ROLAND PENROSE	9
<i>Ithell Colquhoun: WHAT DO I NEED TO PAINT A PICTURE?</i>	13
<i>Ithell Colquhoun: THE VOLCANO</i>	15
<i>Ithell Colquhoun: THE ECHOING BRUISE</i>	17
<i>Georges Henein: A CONTRE-CLOISON</i>	20
Letters: <i>from Parker Tyler</i>	21
<i>from G. W. Pailthorpe</i>	22

The price of this issue is:

9 francs français

0,50 florin

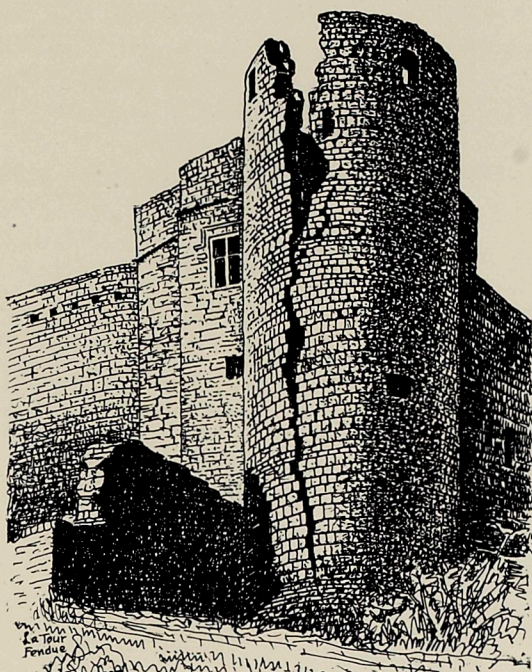
In the U.S.A.
25 cents.

Ce numéro doit être vendu:

7,50 francs belges

1,50 francs suisses

Single copies are always obtainable:—in Great Britain at W. H. SMITH'S bookshops,
in U.S.A. at the GOTHAM BOOK MART—51 West 47th Street, New York.



MAN RAY

La Tour Fendue

SUR L'IMAGINATION

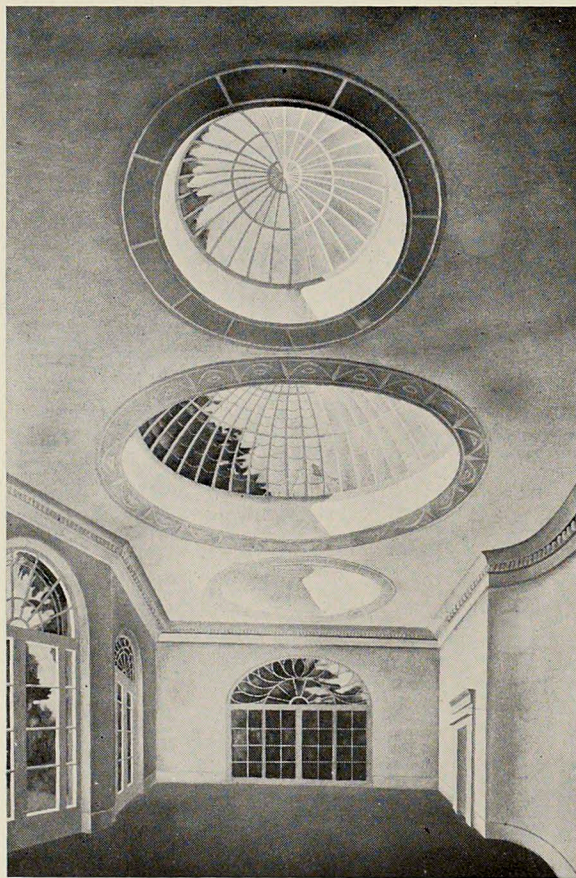
L'imagination de l'homme est une faculté de son esprit, où, par l'organe de ses sens, vont se peindre, se modifier, les objets, et former ensuite ses pensées, en raison du premier aperçu de ces objets; mais cette imagination, résultative elle-même de l'espèce d'organisation dont est doué l'homme, n'adopte les objets reçus que de telle ou telle manière, et ne crée ensuite les pensées que d'après les effets produits par le choc des objets aperçus. Qu'une comparaison facilite à tes yeux ce que j'expose. N'as-tu pas vu, Justine, des miroirs de formes différentes: quelques-uns qui diminuent les objets, d'autres qui les grossissent, ceux-ci qui les rendent affreux, ceux-là qui leur prêtent des charmes? T'imagines-tu maintenant que si chacune de ces glaces unissait la faculté créatrice à la faculté objective, elle ne donnerait pas du même homme qui s'y serait regardé un portrait tout à fait différent; et ce portrait ne serait-il pas en raison de la manière dont elle aurait aperçu l'objet? Si aux deux facultés que nous venons de prêter à cette glace, elle joignait maintenant celle de la sensibilité, n'aurait-elle pas pour cet homme, vu par elle de telle ou telle manière, l'espèce de sentiment qu'il lui serait possible de concevoir pour la sorte d'être qu'elle aurait aperçu? La glace qui l'aurait vu affreux le haïrait, celle qui l'aurait vu beau l'aimerait; et ce serait pourtant toujours le même individu.

Telle est l'imagination de l'homme. Le même objet s'y présente sous autant de formes qu'elle a de différentes modes; et, d'après l'effet reçu sur cette imagination par l'objet, quel qu'il soit, elle se détermine à l'aimer ou le haïr. Si le choc de l'objet aperçu la frappe d'une manière agréable, elle l'aime, elle le préfère, bien qu'il n'ait en elle aucun agrément réel; et si cet objet, quoique d'un prix certain aux yeux d'un autre, n'a frappé l'imagina-

tion dont il s'agit que d'une manière désagréable, elle s'en éloignera, parce qu'aucun de nos sentiments ne se forme, ne se réalise qu'en raison du produit, des différents objets sur l'imagination. Rien d'étonnant, d'après cela, que ce qui plaît vivement aux uns puisse déplaire aux autres; et réversiblement, que la chose la plus extraordinaire et la plus monstrueuse trouve des sectateurs? L'homme contrefait trouve aussi des miroirs qui le rendent beau.

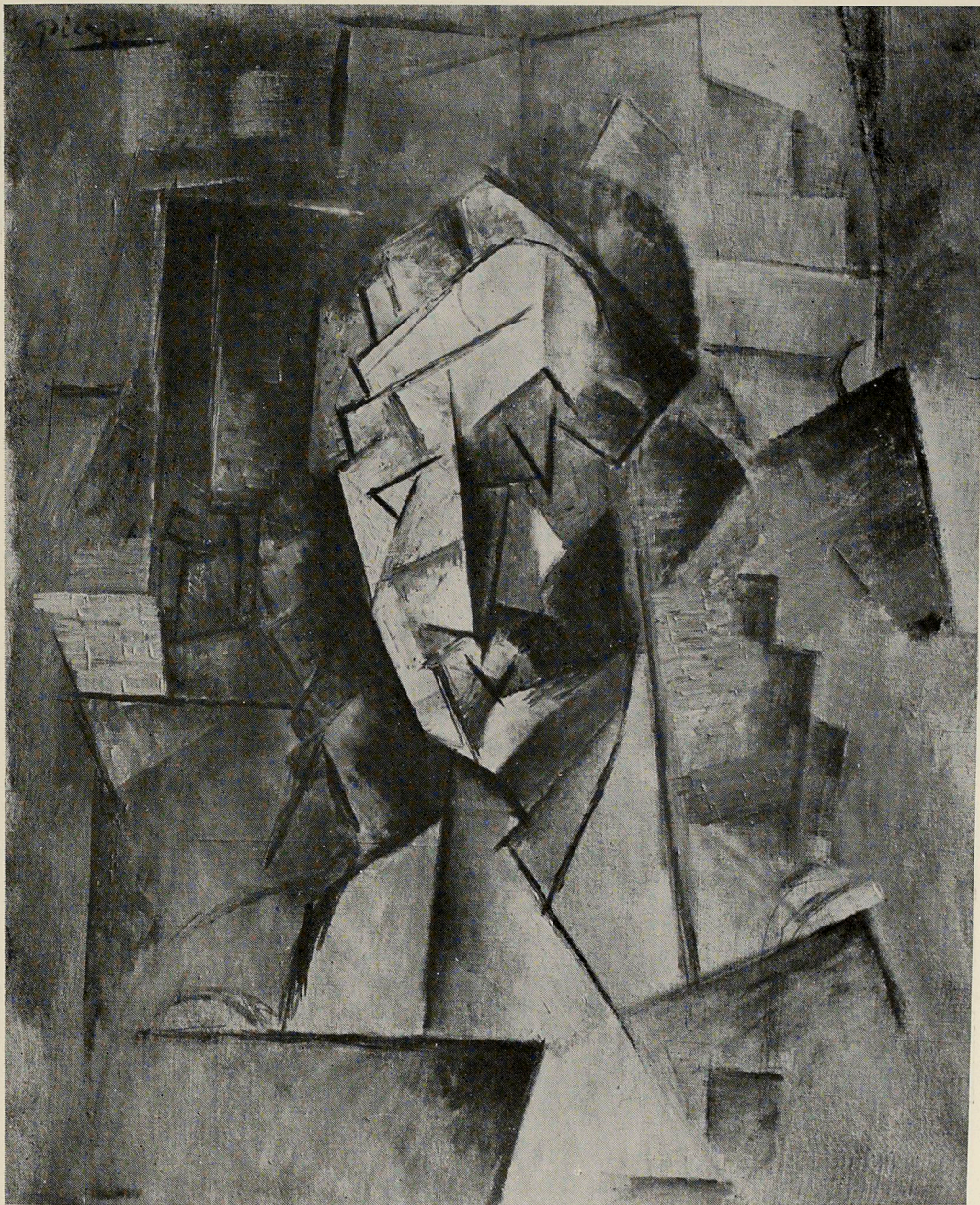
Or, si nous avouons que la jouissance des sens soit toujours dépendante de l'imagination, toujours réglée par l'imagination, il ne faudra pas s'étonner des variations nombreuses que l'imagination suggérera dans ses jouissances, de la multitude infinie de goûts et de passions différentes qu'enfanteront les divers écarts de cette imagination; ces goûts, quoique luxurieux, ne devront pas frapper davantage que ceux d'un genre simple. Il n'y a aucune raison pour trouver une fantaisie de table moins extraordinaire qu'une fantaisie de lit, et, dans l'un et l'autre genre, il n'est pas plus étonnant d'idolâtrer une chose que le commun des hommes trouve détestable, qu'il ne l'est d'en aimer une généralement reconnue pour bonne. L'unanimité prouve de la conformité dans les organes, mais rien en faveur de la chose aimée. Les trois quarts de l'univers peuvent trouver délicieuse l'odeur d'une rose, sans que cela puisse servir de preuve, ni pour condamner le quart qui pourrait la trouver mauvaise, ni pour démontrer que cette odeur soit véritablement agréable.

D. A. F. DE SADE



ITHELL COLQUHOUN

Interior (1939)



PABLO PICASSO

Portrait d'Homme (1911)

Coll. Sir Michael Sadler—Oxford

At the Exhibition "Picasso in English Collections."

THE CUBIST "PAPIER COLLE"



PABLO PICASSO

Nature Morte (1913)

Coll. Sir Michael Sadler—Oxford.

At the Exhibition "Picasso in English Collections."

COLOUR — COLOURS

or

AN EXPERIMENT BY ROLAND PENROSE

by
RENÉ MAGRITTE and PAUL NOUGÉ

It is unnecessary to present Roland Penrose to the English public, which, as might be expected, already knows and appreciates him. It would be more pertinent in fact to stress the benefit which a foreigner derives from being introduced by him into English life. Penrose is perfectly at home in the intellectual climate of France; and I believe one cannot sufficiently emphasize the benevolent role of people who, like him, ensure liaison and interpenetration between different, yet simultaneous, cultures, and thus accelerate the progress of serious cultural investigations.

However, to assign to Roland Penrose the function merely of an intermediary would be doing him less than justice. For he has made an important contribution to surrealist enquiry.

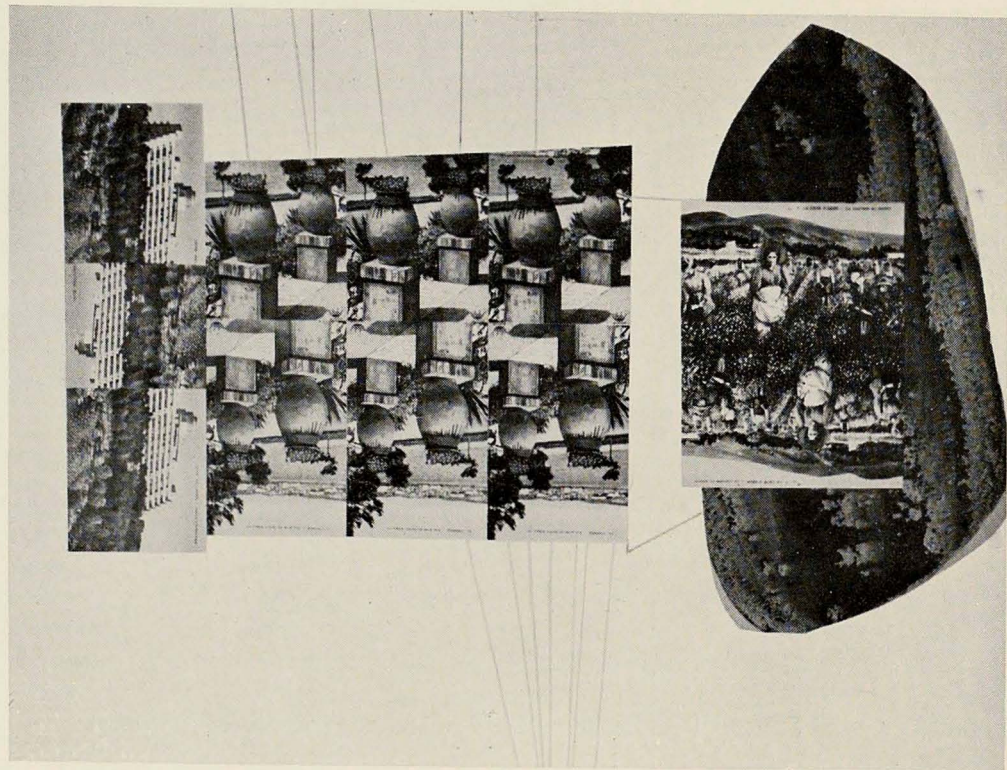


To understand the significance of this contribution it is necessary to go back a little. When Derain decided, in painting a man reading a newspaper, to place in the hands of the man not just the image, but a real newspaper, the spectators perhaps had the feeling of being witness to a totally new, almost magical operation—the union between two realities hitherto isolated, the meeting on the same plane of the actual object and its image, the resolution in fact of an antithesis so far regarded as irreducible. As it was following this that attempts were made to extend the process to other terms reputed to be irreconcilable and people applied themselves to the task, so to speak, of “reconciling” the world of dream with life, it would not be absurd to see in the collage of Derain an announcement or prefiguration of all similar enterprise.

It is, moreover, relevant to observe that the analysis of this collage has revealed in it other singularly dynamic elements. Here one finds in evidence an essential attitude of the mind *vis-a-vis* the painted images—the attitude which invests the latter with a kind of mystical value that aesthetes have so far been at pains to confer upon them in the most arbitrary fashion. For, it seems that where the object itself can, perhaps, be conveniently introduced, it would be futile to substitute the painted image *since the painting would add nothing to the vitality of the thing itself*.

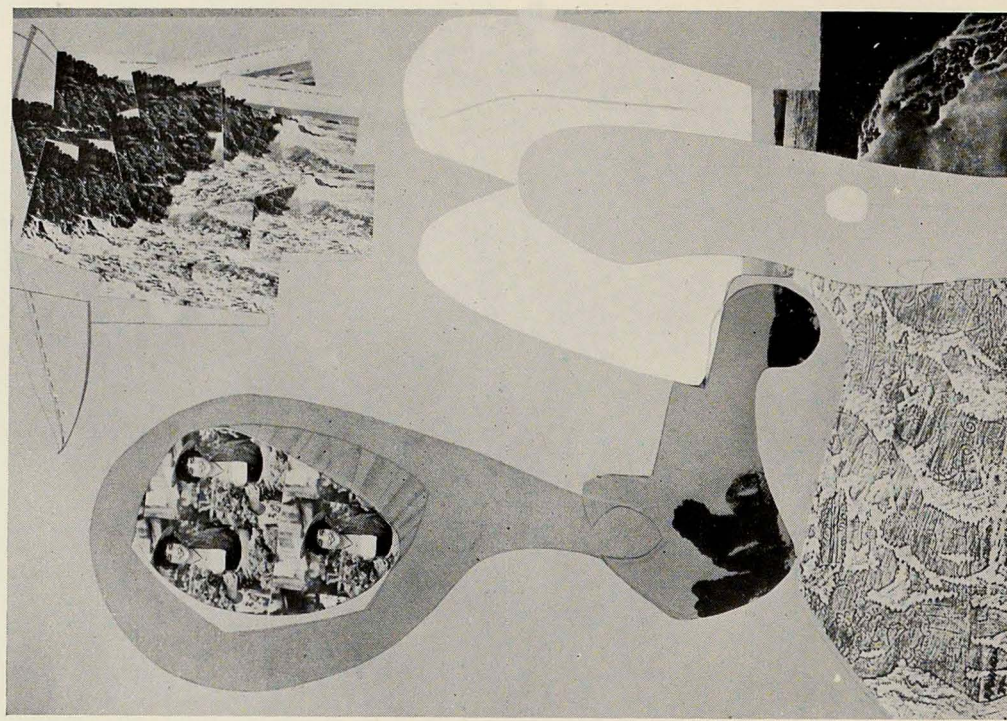
The work of Max Ernst has developed the original investigations of Derain to a remarkable degree. His collages have realized on the plane of material imagery the intuitions of certain minds concerning the poetic effectiveness of “alienation.” The image of an object isolated from a given ensemble and transported to another environment suddenly

THE SURREALIST "COLLAGE"



ROLAND PENROSE

The Loop-hole



ROLAND PENROSE

"La Méditerranée, étude artistique"

reveals the most amazing properties—properties which one could never have suspected so long as the image in question had remained dormant, for instance, in some catalogue of lingerie, or an old magazine, or a press photograph. It must be added that the experiment is still more savoury if the image that is transferred is extracted from some “masterpiece.”

We know with what cleverness and virtuosity Max Ernst and his friends have exploited this particular mode. In 1938 one would have been inclined to believe that the experiments in collage had attained their limit and offered no further possibilities.

It remained for Roland Penrose to show that this was not the case. Here it would not be possible to study in detail how he was led to the curious experiments which he presents us to-day. It may well be that the strangeness of the light-effects in England, which have never ceased to permeate the painting and photography in this country, offers sufficient explanation why Penrose's attention should have particularly been focused on the *problem of colour*.

We are, of course, aware of the remarkable cult of colour among most painters. A critic could with justice suggest that the central preoccupation of a painter like Cézanne was to impose such images of the world as impressed him by their vitality, not by means of drawing—that is by the delimitation of the contours and planes—but solely through the suggestive potency of the colour values. It is hardly necessary here to recall the adventure of the Impressionists: the puerility of these, and other similar conceptions is to-day manifest to every free and critical mind. The majority of painters have appeared even to take it for granted that through the abortive experiments of a few centuries of painting the question has been resolved in a definitive manner.

Roland Penrose, however, has thought of formulating the problem in entirely new terms: up till now, he says, colour has been used for no other purpose than the creation of the image of the objects. *But what if we tried to use the image of the objects to create colours?*

I have passed some very happy moments in a little museum of folklore in Whitechapel. It adjoins a popular library and one can find it easily a few minutes from Aldgate by following the pavement on the left side. Here one can discover, among singularly heteroclitic objects, admirable stuffed birds of prey, mice eaten by larvae, dolls, weapons of all descriptions, two vases decorated on a white background with coloured motifs of a mediocre interest.

On approaching closer, however, one observes that the blue in the motifs has been obtained by collage of the butterflies' wings, and that the decorative lines are formed by a procession of minute coleoptera.

I also remember a bookseller of the Place Dauphine, Bordeaux, who was exhibiting a polychrome portrait of President Fallières: in this one suddenly perceived that it resulted uniquely from the juxtaposition of multicoloured postage stamps.

To extract the essential lesson from these diverse and scattered facts, however, it was necessary to institute some simple experiment whose significance and general relevance should be really manifest. Here one naturally thinks of the example which the history of physical sciences

furnishes us where similar experimental simplicity suddenly clarifies and orders a whole series of complex phenomena.

Roland Penrose has succeeded in establishing this crucial experiment.



And this is how it can best be described:—

Let us take an indefinite series of picture-postcards representing the Mediterranean. Supposing we juxtapose these postcards on an unlimited surface. Nothing happens which essentially modifies the effect of any of these images. The sea subsists with all the accidents of its surface and its pale sky. But if, on the other hand, we take a finite series of these postcards and enclose them in a simple form, a triangle for example, then the transubstantiation operates immediately. We no longer have before our eyes the image of the sea enclosed in a geometrical contour. What appears instead is *a blue triangle*.

This phenomenon involves important consequences. If the initial effect has disappeared, if there is no longer before us the picture of the Mediterranean—it implies that the *structure* which we have imposed on this image has transformed its very nature. The simplicity of the triangle has modified the massive form which it encloses: it has transformed it simply into *a pure blue colour*.

The event has far-reaching implications. It means that there is a functional dependence of the colour and the form: sometimes it is the colour and sometimes it is the form that carries it. There is a dependence of the structure and the matter which is submitted to this structure, as other experiments of Roland Penrose clearly demonstrate where the image of the shafts of columns gives place to an unknown and totally unforeseeable substance.

We can visualize the developments to which these observations point. These developments we will try to outline in another study. Here it is sufficient merely to indicate that the relativity of the colour, and the interdependence of the colour and the structure, enable us to envisage a utilization of the pictorial medium which has so far been neglected. And we believe that all new knowledge of the image involves an incalculable modification of the awareness of man and the world at the same time as it brings us new means of acting on the structure of the universe.

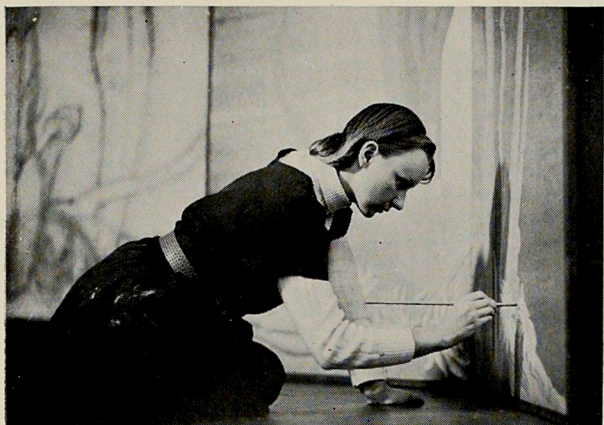
(Translated from the French by IQBAL SINGH)

Note.—We inform our readers that No. 18 of the *London Bulletin* will be published in July. No. 19 will appear in October.

In No. 18 the Editor will make an announcement concerning the policy that will be adopted by this magazine in the future.

Note.—Nous informons nos lecteurs que le No. 18 de *London Bulletin* sera publié en Juillet. Le No. 19 paraîtra en Octobre.

Dans le No. 18 vous trouverez une déclaration du Directeur de cette revue concernant la politique que nous adopterons dans le futur.



(a)



(b)

WHAT DO I NEED TO PAINT A PICTURE?

by

ITHELL COLQUHOUN

CERTAINLY not a canvas or an easel, because I need first a resistant surface (wall or panel) and a steady support (wall or table or bench). I like the surface on which I paint to be as near that of polished ivory as possible; sometimes this surface is so lovely that it seems a pity to paint it at all. Then I need a number, but not a large number, of opaque pigments and a small amount of medium. I am not going to say what is in the medium, but it smells very nice. Then a still smaller number of transparent pigments, and lastly a surfacing-wax which I put on when the paint is dry and which also smells very nice.

(c)



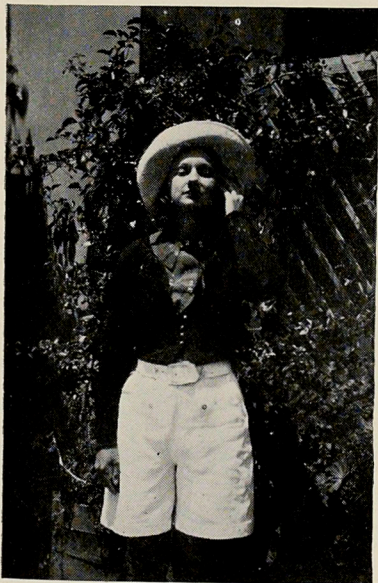
I need a line to work to (Blake's "bounding outline"); that means a full-sized detailed drawing afterwards traced. Then I put on the opaque colours very smooth and finally the glazes, if any, with the transparent colours.

These are only the fixed and the cardinal qualities; what of the mutable? What of inspiration? What can one say of it except that it comes and goes, is helped and hindered, is unbiddable and unpredictable?

As to results, I aim for them to be sculptural: drawing and painting are branches of sculpture. For me, drawing is two-dimensional sculpture, painting is two-dimensional coloured sculpture. If I do any sculpture, it is coloured.

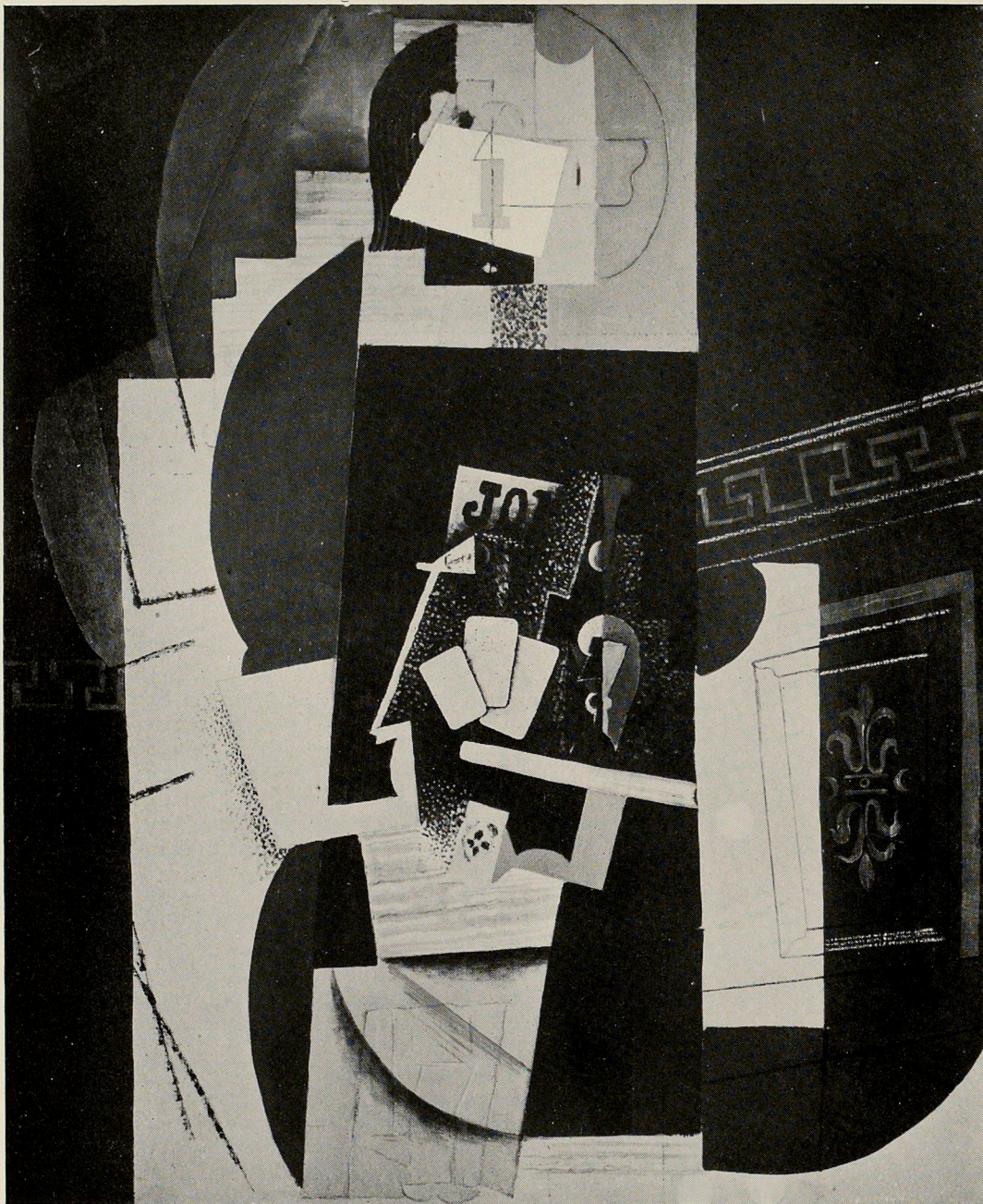
Mine is a very inconvenient way of painting, because it needs so many consecutive hours of work that it is almost impossible to do anything else.

(d)



ITHELL COLQUHOUN: (a) *At the studio*; (b) *on the beach in Corsica*; (c) *at Menton*; (d) *in Tenerife*.





PABLO PICASSO

Le Joueur de Cartes (1913)

Coll. Francis B. Cooke—London.

At the Exhibition "Picasso in English Collections."



ITHELL COLQUHOUN

Scylla (1938)

THE VOLCANO

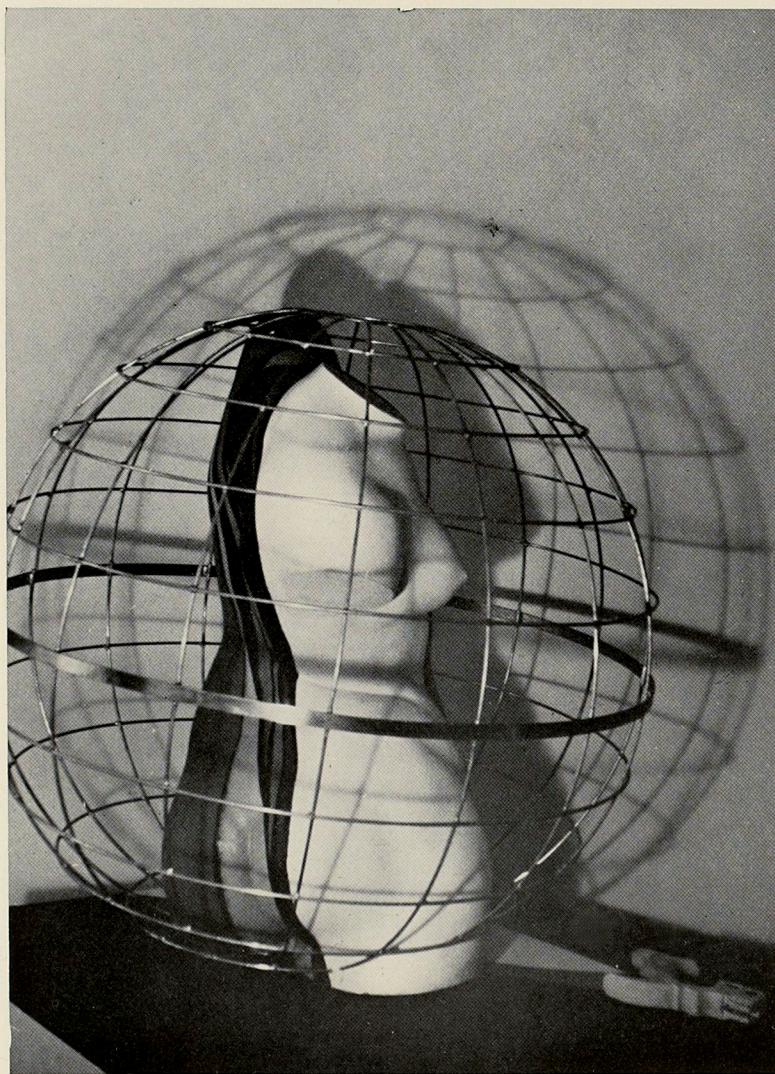
by

ITHELL COLQUHOUN

RIGHT in the middle of the island is a huge volcano, yes, a real volcano, quite as active as Vesuvius or Stromboli—but the islanders are at some pains to keep its activities hidden. They won't even admit its existence to anyone from the mainland. When you see a glow in the night sky and ask them what it is, they will tell you it's a fire in the maquis. So it may be, and very likely the olive trees are burning too; but what has started the conflagration? They won't tell you anything about those seething underground cauldrons that threaten to break through at any moment, and occasionally do so!

What does the pharos say, out there at the end of the jetty? It flashes a message all night through, long after every other lamp is out, but not

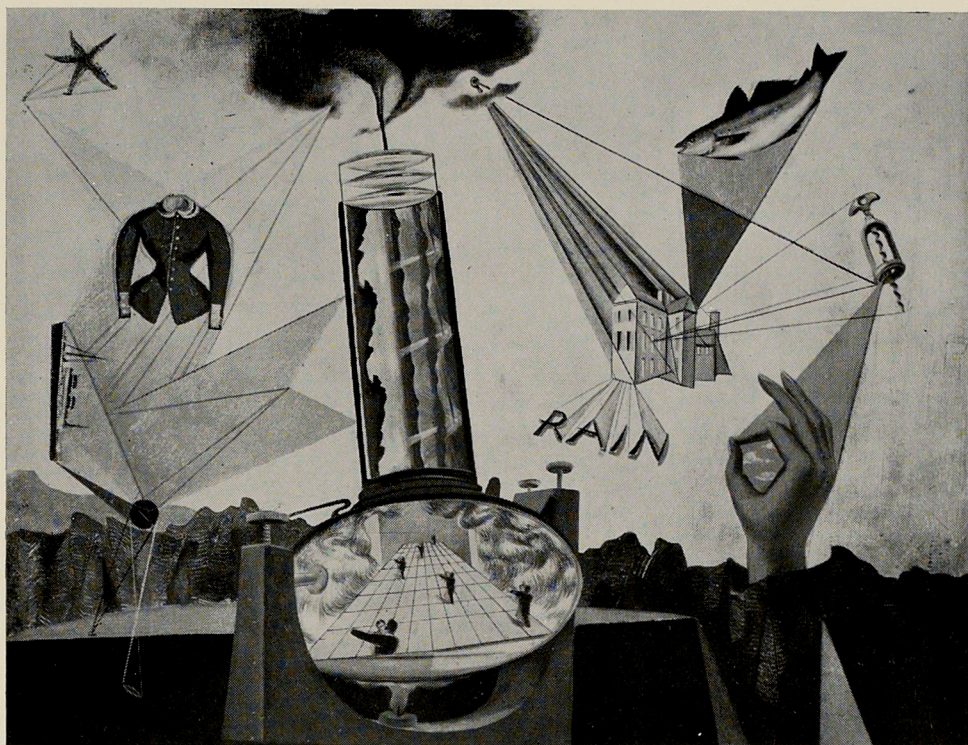
a message of reassurance. Keep away, it says, I am alight, but so is the mountain! Keep away from these dangerous shores. And from above the inland ranges, I shall be turned into blood, cries the moon; and the stars wide-eyed with terror sink back into their cavernous abyss. Last eruption the mountain burst like a Bank and flung millions of pieces of money high into the air. They were scattered over a wide area of the surrounding hills, and were eagerly searched for and gathered up by the rapacious peasantry. Many a mattress and stocking now bulges with this extraordinary gold. Such was the explosive force that a few coins fell even as far away as England. But one never knows what a volcano will do next, so it is best to say nothing about it.



ROLAND PENROSE

The Last Voyage of Captain Cook (1936)

From "Surrealism," Edited by Herbert Read (Publ. Faber & Faber, Ltd.)



ROLAND PENROSE

Le Grand Jour (1938)

THE ECHOING BRUISE

by

ITHELL COLQUHOUN

I WAS on the beach; was it a festival, that so many people were about? It must be the day of the sea-sports; my eyes search the holiday crowd for Ildebrando. Shall I recognize him on this dazzling day? There he is! No, it is someone a little like him. I look in other directions and then suddenly I see him: he is walking with one of his companions, and talking of the contest to come. He is ready for it, wearing his bathing-slip and bonnet. He does not see me.

I am on the cliff-tops; it is getting towards evening, the wind has risen but there are no clouds, huge waves are crashing on the rocks below. Spectators are gathered on the cliff, on the shore, waiting for the chief event of the sports. Here are townspeople and their visitors, with a few rustics from the mountains inland. All at once a commotion stirs them: Ildebrando comes in sight round the headland, pulling his boat with all his strength against the heavy sea. Will he ever reach the land? Time after time a powerful undertow sweeps him outward. Then putting forth a supreme effort he rides inshore on the back of a ninth wave and is flung beyond the drag of the out-rushing water. He cannot be seen for spray, but a scream of triumph goes up from the watchers.

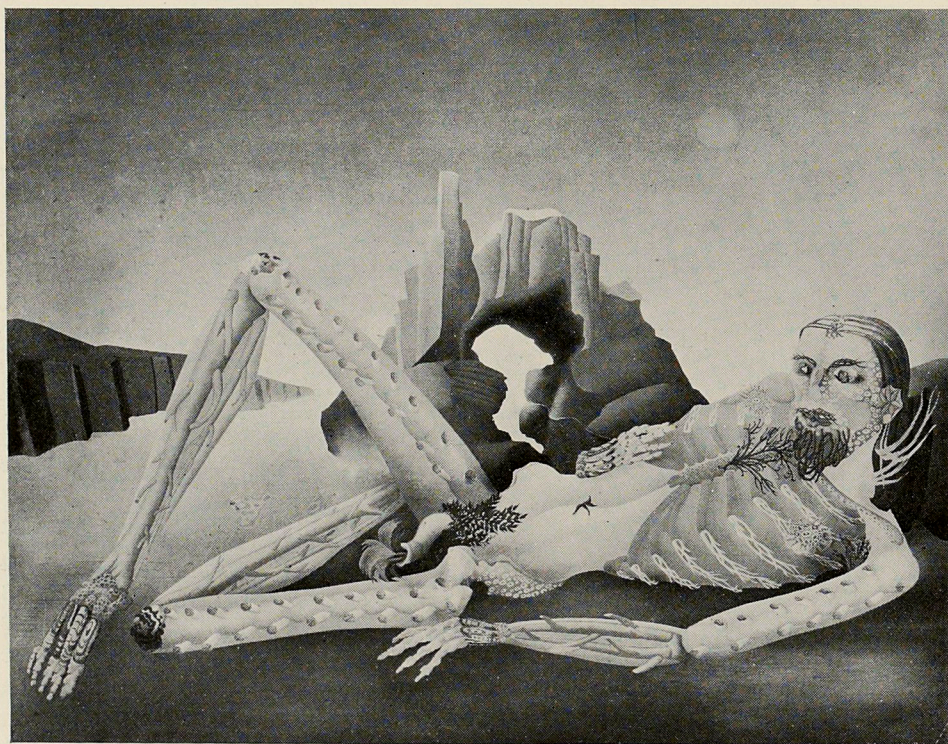
"It has never been done before!" someone tells me in great excitement, "No one else has finished the course. He has pulled all the way from Galva—how many miles?—and in the teeth of a north-east gale!"

"Brando, Branduccio!"

The cries of the people soar higher than the stormy tumult; he has put them above Galva of the grasshoppers, their rival port: Ildebrando is their hero for ever, and even the people of Galva will praise him.

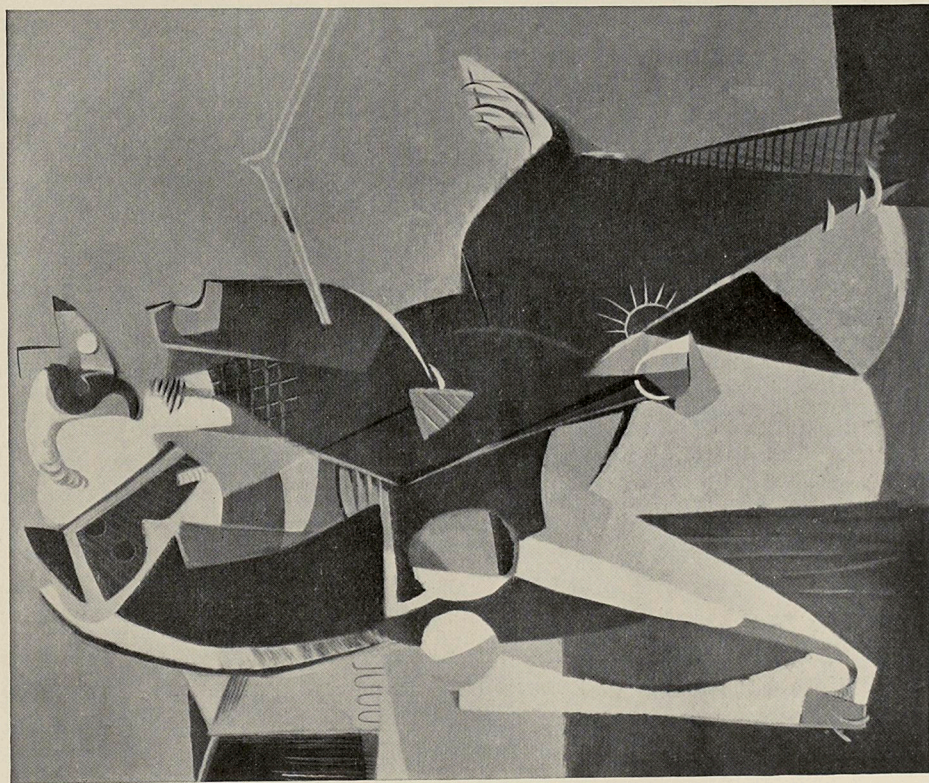
I look down into his boat, rocking now in a sheltered inlet; he has brought from Galva where his sister lives a trophy without price. In the distance and through tears it looks like two little brown dolls, one bigger than the other and lighter in colour; then I see that they are shoes from the feet of his sister's children, his elder sister whose name is future and present and past. Are they made from walnut-shells and the skin of mouse and mole? They prove that his boat has been to Galva; they will always be his greatest treasure.

I look now into the heart of Ildebrando; below the proud surf lie images of the perpetual terror of earth and sea: first the twelve men he saw frozen stiff in the stranded lifeboat; then more recently the brothers from Lumio drowned in each other's clasp, the one trying to save the other—dragged from translucent depths, so fast were they locked that no one could separate their last embrace and they were buried in the one grave; and finally the corpse he had seen half-eaten by worms at the cemetery—his ribs still echo with the horror of their tawny hue.



ITHELL COLQUHOUN

Gouffres amers (1939)

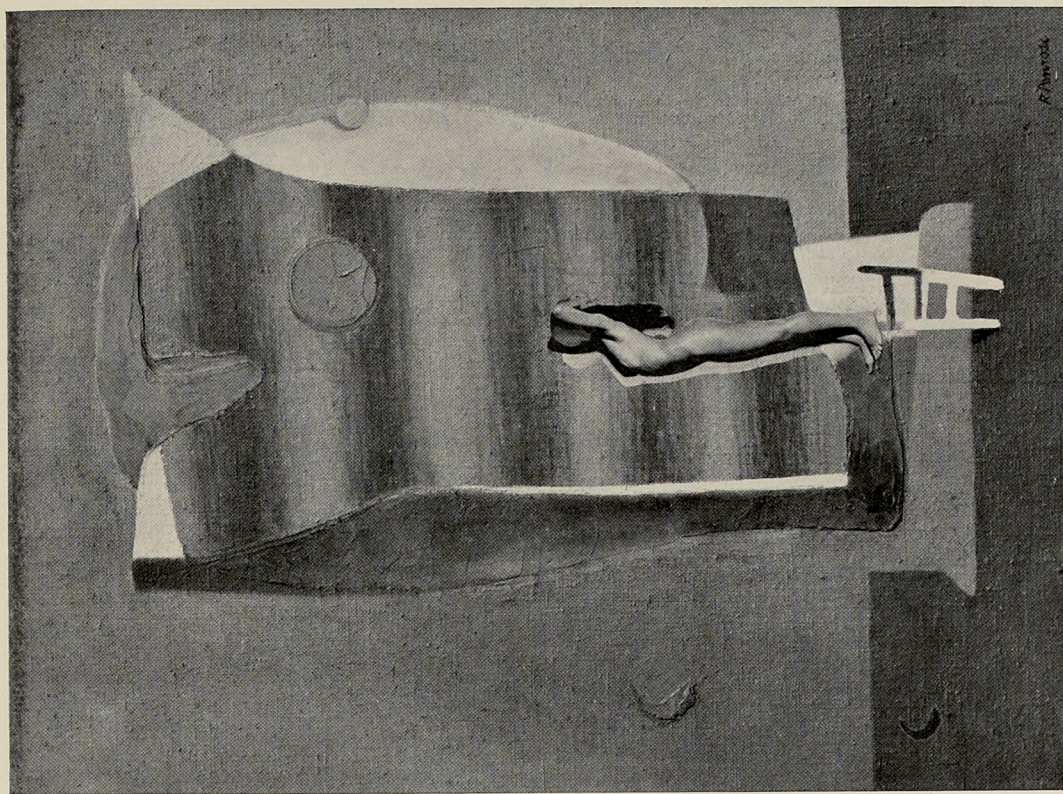


ROLAND PENROSE

The Jockey (1936)

Coll. E. L. T. Mesens—London.

From "Surrealism," Edited by Herbert Read (Publ. Faber & Faber, Ltd.)



ROLAND PENROSE

Beauty Prize (1932)

Coll. Paul Eluard—Paris.

From "Surrealism," Edited by Herbert Read (Publ. Faber & Faber, Ltd.)



ROLAND PENROSE

Winged Domino (1937)

A CONTRE - CLOISON

par

GEORGES HENEIN

Des fentes de ton front filtrent par salves les pierreries annonciatrices
d'orgies capitales réservées à ces grands désirs parallèles dont les ongles
du cœur nous labourent

☆

☆

après le passage des vérités premières ta figure n'est plus qu'une
fleur magnétique autour de quoi se déplacent d'instables jardins de
mercure qui ne demandent qu'à se changer par un patient apprentissage
en des pleiades de phares vagabonds penchés de toute leur lumière
sur les navires sans pavillon les épaves sans histoire penchés sur la
naissance des monstres sur tout l'indéchiffrable fond de la mer dont tu
aimerais faire ta demeure vivante

☆

☆

nous en avons fini je crois avec les campements élémentaires où
voisinent encore dans la plus extrême désolation un certain nombre
d'algues symbolisant les plages enfuies, les sanglots indiquant l'emplace-
ment des filles détruites ainsi d'ailleurs qu'une quantité de corsages
désaffectés empreints d'une sereine inertie

dorénavant il ne faut plus jouer avec les mots qui tombent du vide
de la bouche et construisent sur des terrains impatients de germer
des mondes impatients de mourir

☆ ☆

nous tenons entre les mains une liberté impraticable et la terre a
beau s'offrir à nos pas,—il n'est plus question de la comprendre

☆ ☆

tout au plus remonterons-nous le cours des rivières désenchantées
où nous attendent on ne sait quels sages perchés sur on ne sait quelles
cimes pour nous raconter la vanité des altitudes atteintes

☆ ☆

voici que sonne l'heure précise où le hasard referme les parenthèses
qu'il nous avait tendues où l'absolue lassitude dénoue les couples
invariables l'heure où tout saigne d'un sang trop facile où il ne reste
plus qu'à choisir entre les outils du désespoir et les baumes ignobles
de la consolation

☆ ☆

a moins toutefois que la cendre ne redevienne flamme que le sang
ne redevienne cœur l'obscurité conscience la conscience conquête et
l'homme révolution

☆ ☆

de sorte que la nuit pourrait enfin transmettre au jour quelque
chose de nouveau

LETTER FROM PARKER TYLER TO CHARLES-HENRI FORD

Our American Representative.

New York City,

February 25, 1939

DEAR CHARLES,—

Your copies of the *Bulletin* en masse a genuine treat, its liveliness has a unique variety. But I am saddened to say that I detect one most overshadowingly lugubrious note: the academic tendency of the Surrealists Pailthorpe and Mednikoff. I hope this tendency isn't penetrating very far into the ranks, as it will blight the Surrealist crop if it gets a hold. In the first place these two painters are to be called artists only by a kind of courtesy with which I have no sympathy. Mrs. Pailthorpe's article, "The Scientific Aspect of Surrealism," with the accompanying illustrations, reveal too too harrowingly the mummified and perverted conception of Surrealism to be feared and deplored. I cannot believe that the *really talented* English Surrealists need this sort of co-operation or this dubious kind of advertising.

After all (I wish I could convey my feelings to the editors without seeming unfriendly!) this stuff is very easy to refute. As to the scientific basis of Surrealism, insofar as the material with which it deals is the same as that with which psycho-analysis deals, it is too well known to require the schoolroom exegesis of Mrs. Pailthorpe. But one can't escape noticing the great gap between the way in which *she* speaks of art and the way in which Freud speaks of art—the latter has infinitely more restraint and discretion. From an artistic viewpoint, it is not a primary question of establishing a *logical* connection between conscious and unconscious fantasy, but one of establishing a *creative* connection; in other words, not a question of psychology or philosophy or morals but of *painting*. Mrs. Pailthorpe's interpretations of painting say nothing about their painting values; she seems indirectly to understand that her own paintings are mere literary illustrations.

The flaw in her psychology should be stressed. Surrealism, to her and Mednikoff, is not specifically an instrument for the individual who is *first* an artist but who is *first* a sick person. But Surrealism never was, isn't, and never will be the clinical equivalent of psycho-analysis, and it is esthetic heresy to say so! Mrs. Pailthorpe cites it at the end of her article as the "true" method by which to achieve the ideal of the known self. "All the sages of the past," she says, "have advocated self-knowledge, but they have not

shown us how to reach that ideal. Here is the opportunity." But how can an *artistic* technique supersede philosophy, sociology, politics, etc., without being available to those without artistic talent? It would seem that the only adequate situation in which maladjusted individuals would become free and adjusted would be a new order of society, but something besides art plus psycho-analysis must accomplish this. As the FIARI manifesto states very well, all authentic art movements have a relation to the forward and idealistic movement of society, but no art movement can presume to be a substitute for the organic movement of society.

What distinction does Mrs. Pailthorpe make between Surrealism and psycho-analysis? None. In this confusion she is evangelical, not scientific. In appearing to derive from Freud she is merely providing an illusion. Freud or no other psycho-analyst would dare to suggest, as she does, that the freeing of the infantile unconscious is directly analogous to social progress. And if she would reply that the idea of a social progress based directly on psycho-analysis is foreign to her scheme, why is Surrealism the unique method by which the unconscious is to be adequately freed? Why shouldn't some other art-form, under other social conditions perhaps, "free" the infantile unconscious as effectively as Surrealism if in a different manner? Freud right now has a different manner of freeing it, for he does not recommend Surrealist art. To accept the strict logic of Mrs. Pailthorpe's thesis, one would have to infer that Shakespeare was "retarded" as an artist because he had not discovered the science of Surrealism; that is, if *Hamlet*—which may be argued as Shakespeare's infantile unconscious "freed"—remains superior to the paintings of Dali and the poems of Eluard, what is left of the scientific progressiveness of Surrealism as an artistic method of self-knowledge? . . . If Mrs. Pailthorpe's thesis were actually correct, the "unconscious" paintings of the insane would become the cause of their behaviour, not remain the result, since this form of painting is supposed to be liberating. But *any* kind of art liberates, for it is the *conscious* that liberates, that creates moral behaviour.

Yours,
PARKER TYLER

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

DEAR SIR,—

April 16, 1939

I have been much interested in Werner von Alvensleben's article "Automatic Art," and in his criticisms of my article "The Scientific Aspect of Surrealist Art," which appeared in the December-January issue of the *London Bulletin*. His obvious sincerity inspires me to try and meet some of the problems he raises. I must confess, however, that I find it difficult to grasp precisely what these problems are, as he does not state them clearly; so I am left to gather, as far as possible, an idea of the underlying difficulties and questions, and shall do my best to elucidate them.

He first brings forward the psycho-analytic interpretation of dreams, and emphasizes that the manifest content of a dream is not its interpretation. This lies in its concealed or latent content. Apparently this is meant to have some relation to what I have said in my article for, he proceeds, "Dr. Pailthorpe might reply that all this has nothing to do with the problem of her pictures." But Baron von Alvensleben does not define the question. Therefore, I am left in doubt and can only try and *feel* what the trouble may be. Proceeding this way, I think he may have in mind the interpretations of the pictures given in my article. These interpretations are of the "latent" or basic content and not the "manifest." Although the interpretations are easy to understand in relation to the pictures chosen to illustrate my article, this does not mean that the interpretation given is the "manifest" or superficial one.

So far as the "manifest" content of a picture is concerned, every spectator would give a different interpretation, according to his or her own unconscious workings. In fact, during the exhibition of R. Mednikoff's and my works, I felt that it would have been a most interesting experiment to have arranged a party of people willing to give their interpretation of the pictures in turn. Many spectators did do so, on encouragement from me, and their remarks were illuminating. No two people interpreted the pictures alike, and none—not even the psychologists—gave the right interpretation in any single case. Thus the paintings were neither so "manifest" nor so "objective" (in the sense Baron von Alvensleben uses the terms) as he supposed.

The question, "from what does Dr. Pailthorpe wish to liberate the unconscious?" is

answered already by his previous statement: "Dr. Pailthorpe says . . . that both psychoanalysis and surrealism . . . ostensibly strive toward psychic liberation from internal (mental) conflict." (I have interpolated the word "mental" for the sake of clarity.) "This is the function of all art," he says (that is, the liberation of the unconscious), and goes on to say, "she cannot suppose she has made a new discovery there." What does this mean? Do I think the idea of liberation of the unconscious through art emanates from me? Or is he asking me if I dare to suppose I have made a discovery in relation to the freeing of the unconscious in art? The first question is, of course, absurd, for my article implies the idea as having previous origin. My quotations from André Breton alone suffice to demonstrate this. To the second question, as set out above, I would say that I would claim to have made a "new discovery" in a method whereby this liberation of the unconscious in art can be fully attained. Many artists have appreciated this very freedom in our paintings and drawings and have expressed themselves to that effect.

Werner von Alvensleben's next difficulty seems to lie, as far as I can judge, in the question as to whether surrealist art can continue after the unconscious "fears are at an end." Fantasy life seems, to him, to have no place in the world of reality. And yet without the imaginative side of life no scientific invention would have been possible. Fantasy, or vision, frequently has with it a wish to bring into being a world that would satisfy our unconscious and conscious needs, and this is the dynamic force which drives us to alter the external world. Without it there would be no progress. It is by reason of our visionary, or fantasy, life that we alter the reality world of to-day, creating an improved world for the future. It is only when fantasy life is anchored, through fear, to infantile misconceptions that progress is slow, or halted. Freed fantasy will vitalize everything it touches in life, for fantasy is inherent in life itself; and when it is freed from an anchorage which compels it to repeat itself *ad infinitum*, it will enter into creative art and activity to a degree previously unknown.

The implied criticisms in the rest of his article are too numerous to be dealt with one by one, since space forbids, but I would like to deal with one other point before I conclude.

Baron von Alvensleben complains that literal representation in painting leaves him bereft of opportunity. A half house, or one merely hinted at by a window or part of a window, would, presumably, be of much more interest to "contemporary artists" than a whole house. Suggestion is more effective than direct representation. Thus it would seem "a house is a house and nothing else" to a contemporary artist, even though it be red and of unusual shape, and used for unusual purposes (vide the painting mentioned by Werner von Alvensleben)!

What does he mean when he says, "pure automatism leads to full objectivity," and what is his complaint if it does so?

Automatism (as I know it) leads, through understanding, to a clear picture of the unconscious mind. The camera, says he, does the same. The camera, it is true, can record. It can record a surrealist painting, or a Gauguin or a Van Gogh, but it cannot paint any one of these in the first place.

According to him, the quality of definition seems one of the points objected to by "contemporary artists." A house must not be represented as a house. It leaves the spectator no freedom for his imagination (not even if it is unusual in colour and shape); but also, we are told, the artist "must be able to some extent not only direct but to limit the associations which arise in the minds of his audience." But surely this very limitation and direction is given through representation and, even then, only limits or directs to the degree the spectator is willing to be directed or limited. Unfortunately the main mass of us are limited, not so much by representational art as by the fact that "when father says turn we all turn." The pleasure in surrealist art for the spectator is that he is left to see what he likes in the pictures. The freer the individual is from unconscious fears the more he is able to enjoy them.

One overhears many reactions to surrealist art, but the most pathetic of all is from those who ask, "What am I supposed to see and feel from this?" In other words, "What does papa say I may think and feel about this?"

Yours faithfully,
G. W. PAILTHORPE

c/o, The Westminster Bank, Ltd.
Harley Street, London, W.1

SUBSCRIBE TO
LONDON
SECOND SERIES

SOUSCRIVEZ AU
BULLETIN
DEUXIEME SERIE

ORDER FORM

Please send me the London Bulletin:

For one half year (10 copies 9/-) (U.S.A. 2.25 Dollars) }
For one year (20 copies 18/-) (U.S.A. 4.25 Dollars) } post free for all countries.

I enclose cheque/postal order for the sum of

Signed

Address

Cheques should be made payable to:
The London Gallery Ltd., 28 Cork Street, W.1. (Tel. Regent 2828.)

BULLETIN DE SOUSCRIPTION

Veuillez m'abonner pour.....numéros à LONDON BULLETIN.

Dix numéros: 80 francs français	} frais postaux inclus.
67.50 francs belges	
4.50 florins	
13.50 francs suisses	
Vingt numéros: 160 francs français	
135 francs belges	
9 florins	
27 francs suisses	

Je joins à la présente un chèque-un mandat poste de.....

Nom

Adresse

Les souscriptions doivent être adressées:
pour la Belgique, à la *Librairie du Palais des Beaux Arts à Bruxelles*
pour les autres pays à *The London Gallery Ltd.*, 28, Cork Street à Londres, W.1.

Dépositaires généraux pour la France:
EDITIONS G. L. M.
6 RUE HUYGHENS—PARIS (XIVe)

Dépositaire général pour la Belgique:
LIBRAIRIE DU PALAIS DES BEAUX-ARTS
10, RUE ROYALE—BRUXELLES

TWICE A YEAR

A NEW SEMI-ANNUAL JOURNAL OF
LITERATURE THE ARTS AND CIVIL LIBERTIES

FALL - WINTER

SPRING - SUMMER

NUMBER I

FALL-WINTER

1938

ANDRE MALRAUX IGNAZIO SILONE THEODORE DREISER
RAINER MARIA RILKE: Some War-Time Letters
ALFRED STIEGLITZ: Photographs, Conversations, Notes
RANDOLPH BOURNE: Essay on the War; also a Letter to Van Wyck Brooks
E. E. CUMMINGS FRANZ KAFKA ANAIS NIN
THOREAU CHARLES OLSON KENNETH PATCHEN, etc.
CIVIL LIBERTIES SECTION:
ROGER BALDWIN IRVING BRANT T. V. SMITH, etc.

NUMBER II

SPRING-SUMMER

1939

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS: A Study of the Artist
FASCISM: HERBERT SELIGMANN: Challenge of Anti-Semitism
FRANK KINGDON: Challenge of Nazi Persecution of Christianity
MARCEL PROUST: A Story (Heretofore unpublished in English, in America)
JOHN MARIN: Notes, Reproductions, Letters
ELLIOT PORTER: Photograph JAMES LAUGHLIN IV: Poems
ARCHITECTURE SECTION:
MAP: Outstanding Modern Architecture by Living Architects—In America
GEORGE BERNARD SHAW LOUIS H. SULLIVAN LEWIS MUMFORD
WILLIAM LESCAZE WALTER GROPIUS
CIVIL LIBERTIES SECTION:
ROGER BALDWIN OSMOND FRAENKEL THEODORE IRWIN
AMERICAN BAR ASSOCIATION: Civil Liberties Committee: Hague—C.I.O. Brief

EDITOR: **DOROTHY NORMAN** ASSISTANT EDITOR: **MARY LESCAZE**

TWICE A YEAR: Single Issue \$1.00—Foreign: \$1.25

By Subscription: \$1.75 a year —Foreign: \$2.25

Clothbound: Single Issue \$2.00 —Foreign: \$2.25

By Subscription: \$3.75 a year—Foreign: \$4.25

First Book Publication: TWICE A YEAR PRESS: Ready: FALL 1939

ANGNA ENTERS: LOVE POSSESSED JUANA: A Play of Inquisition Spain

Regular Edition: \$2.25. Special Limited Numbered Signed Edition \$7.50

Orders Accepted in Advance

TWICE A YEAR PRESS

509 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

ORDER DIRECT or from any Bookstore



DARTINGTON HALL

PAINTING
SCULPTURE
THEATRE
POTTERY

A R T

S T U D I O S

Director C. Christopher Martin

Courses will be given by:

HEIN HECKROTH
CECIL COLLINS

BERNARD LEACH
WILLI SOUKOP

SPECIAL SUMMER COURSE

For full particulars apply: The Secretary, Arts Department, Dartington Hall

T O T N E S D E V O N E N G L A N D

ARTISTS TALK and pictures talk too, in a

language you can understand in the new art paper. Even the readers talk. They say:

"I found your paper so interesting. Please send me all your back numbers"—and—

"If you can keep up this level, your paper should be most valuable to artists and

the public"—and—"It is just what we have been waiting for." Sixpence buys

your copy and brings you into the enchanting realities of a world of art.

THE WORLD OF ART ILLUSTRATED

I DORSET BUILDINGS, FLEET ST., E.C.4
