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

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The following have also offered their collaboration—René GAFFE, Geoffrey GRIGSON, P. G. van HECKE, Dr. Ingeborg EICHMANN, Luc and Paul HAESAERTS, Emile LANGUI, Marcel LECOMTE, Charles RATTON, J. M. RICHARDS, André de RIDDER, A. C. SEWTER, Dylan THOMAS, Basil WRIGHT.

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## MAX ERNST

### CATALOGUE

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|---|----------------------|
| 1. Aquis Submersus (1919) oil   | 30 gns               |
| 2. Relief (1920) wood and iron  | 40 gns               |
| 3. Katharina ondulata . . . (1920) collage                                    | (private collection) |
| Formerly collection Paul Eluard, Paris  |                      |
| Reproduced in "Max Ernst"—Ed. "Cahiers d'Art" 1937                            |                      |
| Christian Zervos—"Histoire de l'Art Contemporain" 1938                        |                      |
| 4. L'Ascaride de sable . . . (1920) collage                                   | 20 gns               |
| 5. L'Eléphant de Célèbes (1921) oil   | 160 gns              |
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| Reproduced in "Max Ernst"—Ed. "Cahiers d'Art" 1937                            |                      |
| Christian Zervos—"Histoire de l'Art Contemporain" 1938                        |                      |
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| Reproduced in "Max Ernst"—Ed. "Cahiers d'Art" 1937                            |                      |
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| 8. Paysage noir (1923) oil  | 15 gns               |
| 9. La femme au parapluie (1923) oil   | 12 gns               |
| 10. Piéta ou La Revolution la nuit (1923) oil                                 | 200 gns              |
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| Reproduced in "La Révolution Surréaliste" No. 4, 1925                         |                      |
| "Max Ernst"—Ed. "Cahiers d'Art" 1937  |                      |
| André Breton—"Le Surréalisme et la peinture" N.R.F. 1928                      |                      |
| "Petit Anthologie poétique du Surréalisme—Ed. Jeanne Bucher, 1934             |                      |
| 11. L'Orage (1923) oil  | 50 gns               |
| 12. Homme fuyant les violences (1923) oil                                     | 30 gns               |
| 13. La femme chancelante (1923) oil   | 160 gns              |
| Reproduced in "Max Ernst"—Ed. "Cahiers d'Art" 1937                            |                      |
| "London Bulletin" No. 4-5, 1938   |                      |
| "The Listener" 21st July, 1938  |                      |
| 14. Le Rêve (1923) oil  | 25 gns               |
| 15. Accolade (1923) oil   | 40 gns               |
| 16. Marine bleue au soleil bleu (1924) oil                                    | 25 gns               |
| 17. La Mariée du Vent (1924) oil  | 80 gns               |
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| There are other versions of this picture, in particular one in the collection |                      |
| Mme. M. Sacher-Stehlin, Bâle.   |                      |
| 18. Marine au soleil noir (1924) oil  | 15 gns               |



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| 19. | Les diamants conjugaux (1924) oil                                  | 60 gns. |
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| 20. | Le Canard (1924) oil   | 20 gns. |
| 21. | Paysage floral (1924) oil  | 20 gns  |
| 22. | La Colombe (1924) oil  | 25 gns  |
| 23. | Forêt (1924) relief, cork and plaster                              | 25 gns  |
| 24. | Colombe bleue (1925) oil   | 20 gns  |
| 25. | Eve, la seule qui nous reste (1925) oil                            | 20 gns  |
| 26. | La Rose du Desert, oil   | 90 gns  |
|     | Formerly collection Paul Eluard, Paris                             |         |
|     | Reproduced in "La Révolution Surréaliste" No. 6, 1926              |         |
|     | "Max Ernst"—Ed. "Cahiers d'Art", 1937                              |         |
|     | André Breton—"Le Surréalisme et la peinture" N.R.F. 1928           |         |
| 27. | Arbres (1925) oil  | 35 gns. |
| 28. | La Forêt (1925) oil  | 25 gns  |
| 29. | La Colombe blanche (1925) oil                                      | 30 gns  |
| 30. | Forêt (1925) oil   | 35 gns  |
| 31. | L'Idole (1926) oil   | 120 gns |
|     | Formerly collection Paul Eluard, Paris                             |         |
|     | Reproduced in "Max Ernst"—Ed. "Cahiers d'Art" 1937                 |         |
| 32. | Deux personnages un chien (1926) oil                               | 20 gns  |
| 33. | Les amoureux (1926) oil  | 40 gns  |
| 34. | La pieuvre (1926) oil  | 25 gns  |
| 35. | Elle garde son secret (1926) pencil                                | 20 gns. |
|     | Original drawing for "Histoire Naturelle"—Ed. Jeanne Bucher, Paris |         |
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Collection Ursula—Ernö Goldfinger, London

Max Ernst was born near Cologne in 1891. Painter, poet and theorician of surrealism from its earliest days until the present time.



No. 7—DEC. 1938—JAN. 1939

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## MAX ERNST\*

by

PAUL ELUARD

In one corner the nimble incest  
Hovers round the virginity of a small dress.  
In one corner the sky, unbridled,  
Abandons white balls to thorns of thunder.

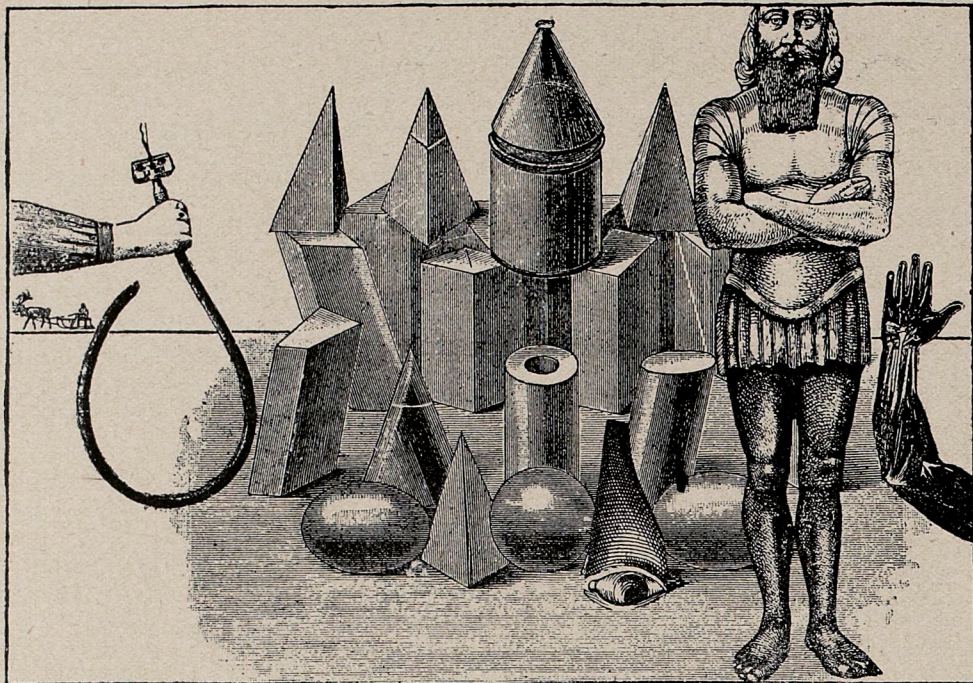
In one corner brighter for all the eyes  
They await the fishes of anguish.  
In one corner summer's verdant coach  
Stands gloriously and ever motionless.

In the glow of youth  
Of lamps lighted very late  
The first-come bares her breasts for insects red to kill.

1922 (Translated by GEORGE REAVEY)

(from "Thorns of Thunder"—Europa Press, London, 1936)





Max ERNST

*"Répétitions" (1922)*  
(Ed. *Au Sans Pareil*—Paris)

## PORTRAIT OF MAX ERNST

*by*

BENJAMIN PÉRET

Your feet are miles off  
I last glimpsed them  
on the back of a mare  
that was soft very soft  
too soft to be honest  
too honest to be true  
The horse that's most true  
is momentarily young  
but as for you  
I keep discovering you  
in the streets of the sky  
in the claws of lobsters  
in violent inventions.

1923 (Translated by GEORGE REAVEY)



# MAX ERNST

by

PAUL ELUARD

Devoured by feathers and liege to the sea  
He has let his shadow drift in the surge  
Of freedom's birds  
Leaving the banisters to those who fall in the rain  
Leaving a roof to all those who query themselves

His body was well knit  
The body of others came to dispel  
That trait so innate in him  
From the first seal of his blood upon earth

His eyes are walled in  
And his face is their massive adornment  
Another falsehood of day  
One night more, the blind are no more.

1926 (Translated by GEORGE REAVEY)

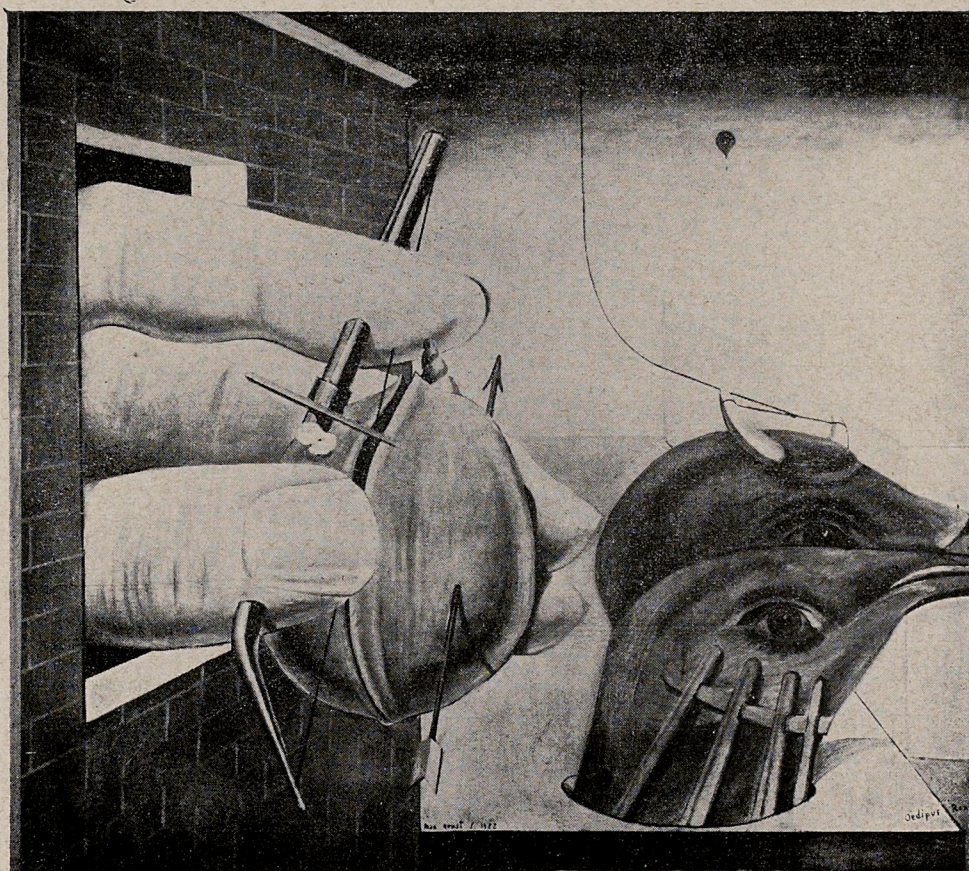


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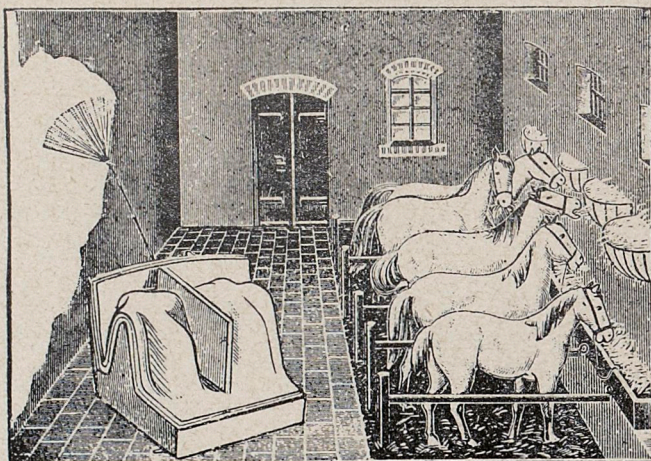
# PORTRAIT OF MAX ERNST

by

BENJAMIN PÉRET

He had the ears of an oyster  
and his hair danced in the spray  
while the white rocks evaporated  
at the onset of flies  
He had eyes as blue as olives  
He had olives as black as his belly  
and he begged the chimneys to tell him the secret  
of the smoke  
straying in the axis of his eyes  
like the ghosts' snow  
when the stones dress up like their fathers  
whose feet stretch like a sunbeam  
down schists  
tricolour woods  
tulips swimming like a skate in the avenue of frozen feet  
skeletons with gramophone bones  
panes as white as a scolop of veal  
statues of radish  
dead brass  
and above all streams of fresh water flow in the depths of  
saints' ears.

1926 (Translated by GEORGE REAVEY)



Max ERNST

*"Répétitions"* (1922)  
(Ed. Au Sans Pareil—Paris)



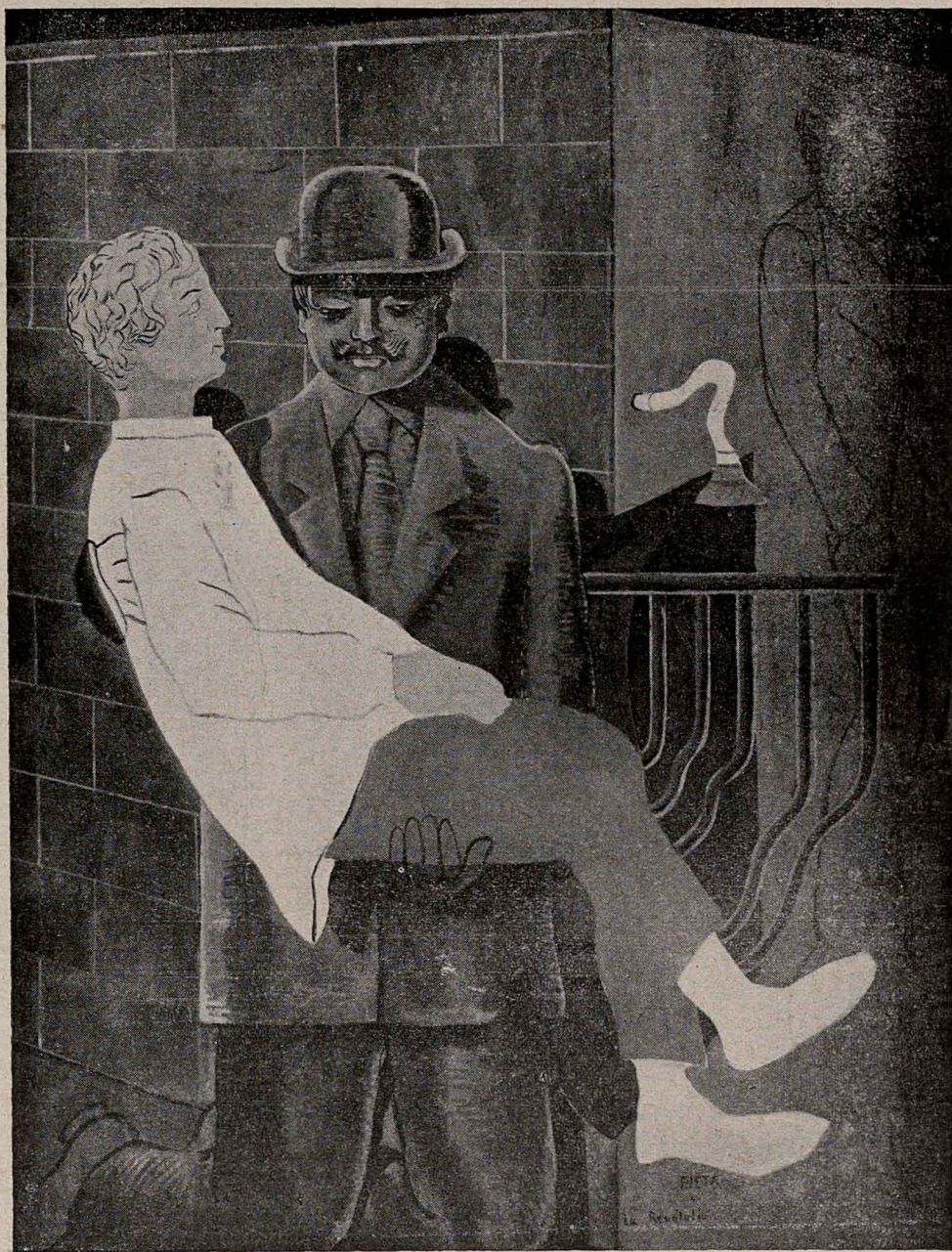


Photo Cross Brothers

Max ERNST

*Piéta ou La Révolution la nuit* (1923)



# THE SCIENTIFIC ASPECT OF SURREALISM

by

G. W. PAILTHORPE

SURREALISM is one of the outcomes of a demand, on the part of those dissatisfied with the world, for the complete liberation of mankind from all fetters which prevent full expression. Humankind demands full expression. It is a biological necessity.

In 1934 André Breton, one of the founders of Surrealism and its present leader, defined Surrealism as:—

"Pure psychic automatism, by which it is intended to express, verbally in writing or by other means, the real *process* of thoughts. Thought's dictation in the absence of all control exercised by the reason and outside all aesthetic or moral preoccupations."\* (The italics are mine).

Psycho-analysis, although originally the outcome of a different aim, also strives to free the psychology of the individual from internal conflict so that she or he may function freely. Thus it can be assumed that the final goal of Surrealism and Psycho-analysis is the same—the liberation of man—but that the approach to this end is by different paths.

During the process of a research, undertaken from the psycho-analytic point of view (by my colleague and myself), the results of certain experiments in painting and drawing led to Surrealism. A considerable amount of interesting material was collected and in it some of the real values of Surrealism became manifest. As a detailed description of the progress of this research is impossible in the limited space of this journal only a brief idea of some of the results, and the light these throw on the whole subject of art, will be practicable.

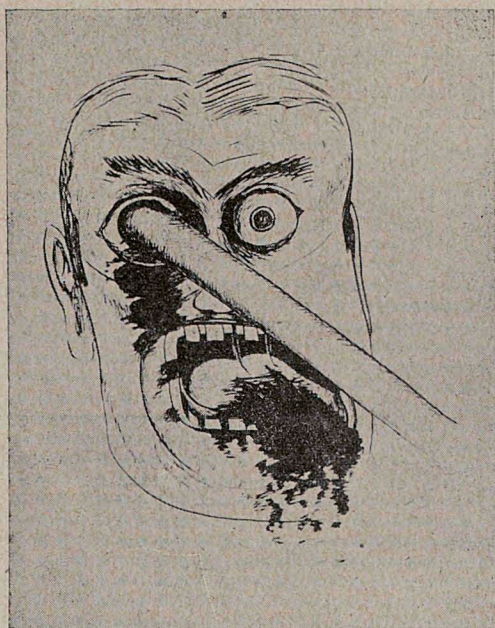
It is well-known that unconscious fantasy is at work in all Surrealist creations; but that the fantasy-story the unconscious is unfolding is intelligible is not such common knowledge. The telling of some of those stories is one of the purposes of this article. Although the method by which the interpretations of drawings and paintings were obtained is complicated the results are crystal-clear. For instance it can be clearly demonstrated that one unconscious meaning of traditional art (art that has become established and accepted) is painting according to parental wishes, or to please the parent. Such creations may display excellent craftsmanship but very little, if any, of the creator's basic personality, and vitality is restricted.

Further, it is possible to show that painting freely, that is Surrealistically, may, in the unconscious, mean either the making of a mess, a diarrhoea or a preference for making stools all over the place instead of into the chamber. On the other hand it may have quite opposite meanings as, for example, the making of a child, or the search for something of interest in the stools. But whatever the act of painting may symbolise there is always an underlying reason for it. A fantasy is in progress and a story is being told, as the following example and interpretation illustrate.

---

\* "What is Surrealism?" by André Breton. p. 59. (Faber and Faber—London).





G. W. PAILTHORPE

*Pen drawing  
Dessin à la plume*

This drawing of a man having his eye gouged out has in it the wish to get into the father to find a safe place from an unsafe external world. The reason for the need for flight is also stated in this picture. The man's tongue is torn by his own teeth, in disapproval of himself. The drawing is expressing fear of the man who would do such a thing to himself as punishment for his own misdoings, and 'If,' it is argued, 'this is what he does to himself for his bad behaviour, what would he do to me if he caught me wanting to behave badly? I must find a good way to escape his anger.' And so a hole is bored into the man and a hideout is found in his body. The act portrayed by the infantile unconscious, about which this fear had arisen, was that of stealing milk from the mother.

In this research material there is evidence of the fact that early enforced restrictions on the infant's excretory functions inhibits fantasy life and, therefore, its imagination. A healthy or balanced imagination is of vital importance. The repression of this faculty, which lack of understanding has made widespread, leads to a condition which the New Testament describes as, 'a house divided against itself which cannot stand'. Thus today there is the slow disintegration of all civilizations because the units that constitute society are not psychologically (and, therefore, not biologically) integrated.

Art within the confines of any tradition is like an animal in a cage. An imprisoned creature will lose much of its inherent grandeur and vitality. A cramped freedom can only permit a mockery of life. There is little scope for fantasy within the cage of tradition-bound art. Art that is free from restriction becomes alive, colourful and vital.

When, however, such barriers to freedom are symbolically destroyed by an act of will and a Surrealist career begun, the discovery that movement is still difficult is soon made. So early endeavours in Surrealist art often are, to trained eyes, lacking in the essential qualities. This is due to the fact that firmly established inhibitions still maintain their hold no matter how much self-permission to be free is given. This is one reason why some give up their efforts, complaining that Surrealism leads nowhere. But Surrealism can lead to a greater understanding of the world around and within us, and it is a matter of time only before this will be recognised. It is impossible to create a well-organised external world *unless at the same time* the internal mental world is harmonised, since it is only through mental acquiescence on the part of the units that go to form the whole machinery of civilization that it can function



smoothly. Further, the understanding of the world around us is reached by means of our sense organs and if these are not functioning freely we are not capable of getting an accurate focus upon the happenings that affect us.

With these preliminary remarks in mind we can now turn to the consideration of some selected paintings and drawings.

'Free translations' from the works of some of our prominent Surrealist painters, such as Dali, Miro or Tanguy, may be interesting but they would be unreliable. They would be entertaining but they would not fit into the purpose of this article. Concrete facts are more convincing and, for this reason, the examples given are taken from the research since, in this case, one can answer for the accuracy of the interpretations.

Before giving the interpretations of the following illustrations it is necessary to impress upon the mind that *the infantile fantasies underlying the pictures are not in consciousness at the time of painting or drawing*. The unconscious story is brought into consciousness by a special technique. Thus a hill or a house mean exactly what they are to the artist while working. All that is known at the time is that a house is appearing, a hill is appearing, and so on. To the degree that one is able to give oneself entirely up to the dictates of the unconscious, to that degree the perfect story will be told. Conscious interference in the painting can always be detected, since it invariably distorts the story in the fantasy-creation.



R. MEDNIKOFF

*Come back soon  
Reviens vite*

This fantasy picture is of the artist himself. He is depicted as having an animal head with a huge mouth. On top of his head is a cock's comb; and under the lower jaw is a dark, beard-like arrangement of wavy lines. From his mouth proceed smudges and feather-like shapes. On his leg is an inverted flower-shape from which some drops are falling. Under this, lying in a wooden box, is the shape of a dead bird.

The underlying unconscious fantasy is that the artist has killed his mother and is now enjoying himself with playing with the mess the kill has provided for him. To do this he has first to decorate himself with a cock's comb and the beard. By doing this he is putting himself into the position of *those who are permitted to kill*. In his childhood he has witnessed 'kosher-killing' of poultry. Priests with beards become to his child-mind *the people who may kill*; therefore, in his fantasy, he first makes himself into a priest with a beard. To make doubly sure he is this kind of a priest and none other he puts the cock's comb on his head.

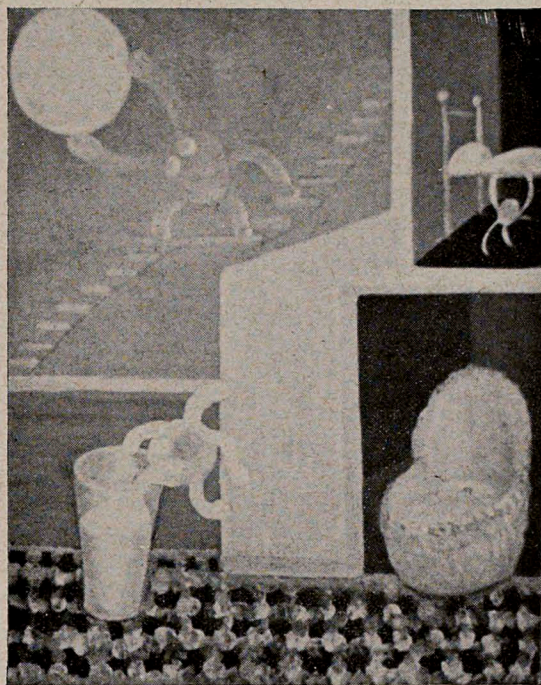


Thus he is saying, 'I am a priest who kills chicken'. It may not be generally known that this form of killing birds and animals for the table is a religious rite and is only performed by those set aside for this purpose.

The dead bird represents the mother. The title which the artist gave to this drawing was 'Come back soon'. Death as an extinction of life does not exist in the realm of the unconscious. So although the play of the moment demands the death of the mother in order to play with the mess, he makes sure of its impermanence by his title.

The inverted flower represents the fowls he had seen hung up upside-down from which blood dripped.

It is not necessary to go into further details as to the fuller meaning of the picture. It suffices to demonstrate the importance of every detail of the picture. It will be noted that even the character of the lines is of importance. The smudgy quality of those lines symbolise the nature of his play while the drop-like character of that which in the flower are the stamens, are a further example of it.



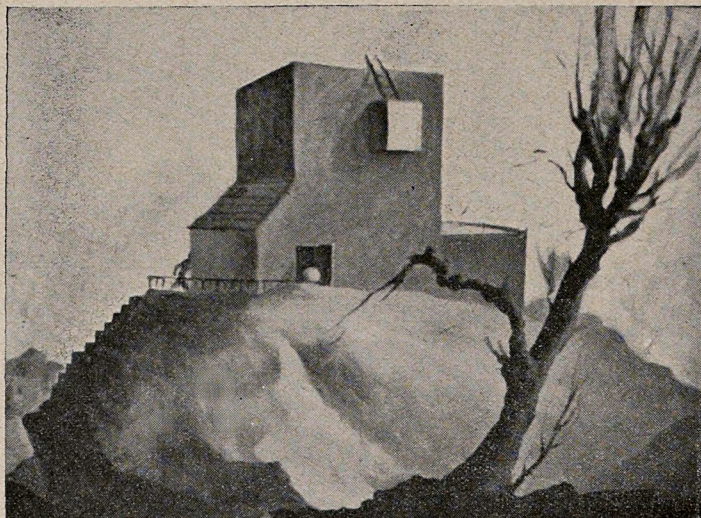
G. W. PAILTHORPE

*Oil, April 1 (1938)*

*Peinture à l'huile, 1er Avril*

Here the unconscious fantasy is simple. The artist is represented as a baby in a cot, asleep. The rest of the painting is what the baby is dreaming. It sends forth its hand—the little animal with five limbs (five fingers)—on a journey. It first seeks the sun, a symbol of the breast, getting there by climbing stairs. This is the groping of the baby's hand towards the mother's breast while in her lap. The next scene, in the top right corner, is the baby-hand climbing into the mother-bed, the other place where it has experienced feeding. The third effort is to get milk from a glass of milk near-by, to the left of the cot. The picture is therefore saying, 'I wish to be fed. I must find that breast that feeds me'. The position of the cot, which is half in and half out of a room, is the position of a pram on a verandah and conveys the idea of a sleep in the daytime. The need of the moment in the artist's life brings up the wish-fantasy to be back in the infantile situation when sleep and feeding merged blissfully into one, and where wishes were quickly fulfilled.

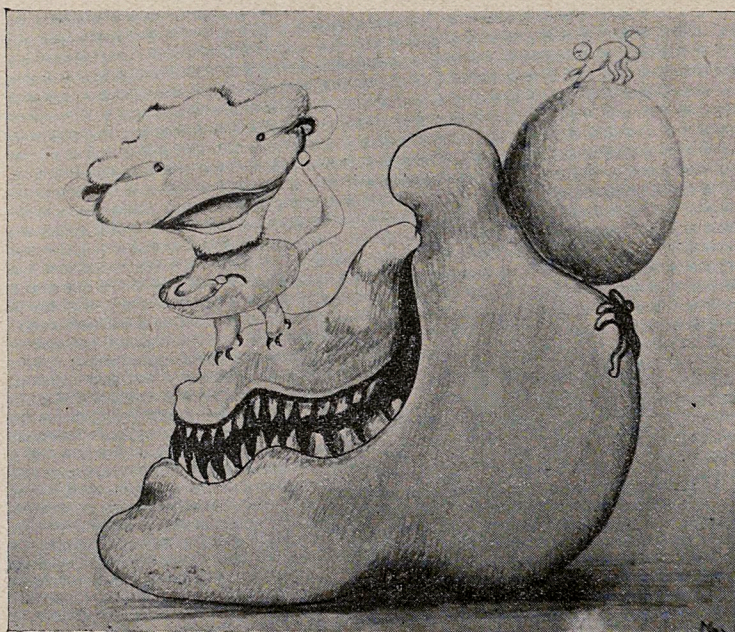




R. MEDNIKOFF

*Oil, September 19 (1935)  
Peinture à l'huile, Septembre*

This unconscious fantasy-picture depicts the artist as a child running behind a house. The house is a symbol of mother. He has stolen the ball, a breast symbol, and the father tree is after him to punish him for this theft. The branch projecting from the tree in the direction of the ball is the father's hand stretching forward to feel the breast-ball to see if he, the child, has damaged it. The steps behind the child are one way of escape. The hill is the mother's skirt. He can run round behind her and dodge father this way, a thing the artist frequently did as a child when trying to escape the father's wrath and punishment. But the child in the painting is running to get to the ladder and so on to the roof. The roof is the mother's head. In other words, a child is safe only when it is high up in the mother's arms, where it is level with the mother's head. There were further details in this painting but enough has been given in demonstration of the story being told.



G. W. PAILTHORPE

*Pencil drawing (1938)  
Dessin au crayon*



This again depicts a simple, direct unconscious wish-fantasy. The little figure standing on a jaw-bone represents the artist. It has a claw finger on each hand with which it can scratch. It is pointing to its ear and to its belly to indicate where it wants to scratch. The jaw it is standing on is the mother's face. The small figure climbing up behind the jaw is again the same little person and so too is the monkey on the ball shape above. This ball represents the mother's head and the back of the jaw the mother's shoulder. The picture is saying, 'I have two irritating places for which I can get no relief except in being held close to the mother's head, neck and shoulder'.

All these pictures came into being as a result of the experimental work of the research.

The details and interpretations of these pictures have necessarily been curtailed; but they serve to show the quantity of interest held within the bounds of each. Not a line or detail is out of place and everything has its symbolic meaning. This also applies to colour. Every mark, shape and colour is *intended* by the unconscious and has its meaning.

The unconscious is a master in its own form of art and its creations have qualities similar to those demanded of any form of art, whatever the media. It tells its story perfectly; with economy of language and with associations that convey the maximum effect. It gives only those details necessary for the complete understanding of its moods. It tells a perfect short story. Simplicity, directness and lucidity are its aims. It conforms to all that has vitality, perfection of rhythm and composition—and it cannot be ignored because it is truth expressed with vitality.

Perhaps these statements seem an exaggeration, but to be aware of the complete story, which it has been impossible to give in this limited space, would be to dispel any doubts.

Every unconscious creation is not a work of art but where complete freedom has been possible the results are perfect in balance, design, colour, rhythm and possess a vitality that is not to be found anywhere else than in Surrealism. Because it is free from the limitations of traditionalism its movements have greater variation and infinitely greater daring.

Unfortunately such paintings and drawings create a feeling of fear or distaste on the part of the public; but if they can bring themselves to look again and again they begin to feel an inexplicable attraction towards these pictures. They are being drawn towards a freedom which they, too, would like to experience. Eventually they admit that, although they do not understand Surrealism, there is an indefinable attraction which excites them. And many artists, who still conform to the dictates of traditionalism, have admitted to being profoundly affected by the vitality of the colour, movement and design of Surrealist creations.

At present we are in the early stages of this form of art. The infantile unconscious can only become free gradually. Its stiffened limbs have to overcome the effects of previous binding. It has to overcome the fear of abandoning its cage, which is in large part of its own making in protection of itself from attacks from the external world. Until these bonds are broken and 'limbs' are fully stretched it will be impossible to get that perfection which is called 'creation'—the conglomeration of qualities that make a thing 'live', and by which it stands the test of time.

We are witnesses of the birth of a new form of art, of the transitional period during its progress from within to without. Surrealism is ushering into the world an art greater than has hitherto been known, for its potentialities are limitless. And this art of the future will arrive when completely freed fantasy evolves from uninhibited minds. It will be the dawn of a new art epoch.

As long as fantasy-life, or the imaginative life, is free it learns by experience. The fantasies produced are richer in quality and content as a result of experience. But fantasy or imagination bound by early infantile inhibitions and fears remains infantile in what it creates. In the process of becoming free Surrealist paintings, drawings and sculpture will necessarily be infantile in content. This does not preclude its right to be called art. The infantile fantasy, as it becomes freer and experiences more as a result of that freedom, will grow increasingly more adult in character and its creations will show it.

Imagination travels well in harness with reason. The infant human comes into the world with a remarkable power to reason. It reasons through its senses. Its mistakes are not through lack of power to reason but through lack of experience. Hitherto humanity has stressed the value of reason and has restricted imagination. Imagination and reason are biological twins.



They must grow up together. What affects the one will affect the other. If their development is such that one grows apace and the other remains stunted the results are disastrous. The growth of our imagination and reason must, like our mental and physical development, be balanced. They are interdependent. The crippling of one or other has its immediate effect on the living organism. The inhibition of fantasy-life, from whatever cause (internal or external), must result in a crippled creation. Equally, any loss of freedom in the use of one's reason results in a similar distortion. According to the degree we suffer from such mishandling, to that degree we are narrow, hidebound, mentally unhappy and limited individuals and, at worst, are among the many unfortunates who end their days in asylums, workhouses or prisons.

Surrealism is a serious project. If followed wholeheartedly to its final goal it has the power to bring happiness to all humanity. But it is a discipline, and one that must be persistently pursued if anything of value is to be the outcome and if disaster is to be avoided. There are no half-way houses. There are many dangers in the achievement of this aim but these can be circumnavigated. The object of Surrealism is to know the self. All the sages of the past have advocated self-knowledge but they have not shown us how to reach that ideal. Here is the opportunity.

G. W. PAILTHORPE

## POEM FOR PAUL ELUARD

by

CHARLES HENRI FORD

The clouds of dissipation hang like wars  
in the peaceful sky of my heart's-ease;  
the warning birds of wisdom let fall the stars  
of their cries in the midst of escaping streets.

The winds of will confabulate,  
the clouds grow blacker as if choking;  
children gesticulate like toys  
at the guns of weather joking.

When my nerves' rain inhabits me,  
the salt birds of the brain will melt,  
the wind will trickle to the ground,  
and underneath the violent tree

the dead cat will be found,  
whose eyes looked out from every pore,  
and buried like the bone of lust  
by children who never mourned before.



## THE ROAD IS WIDER THAN LONG

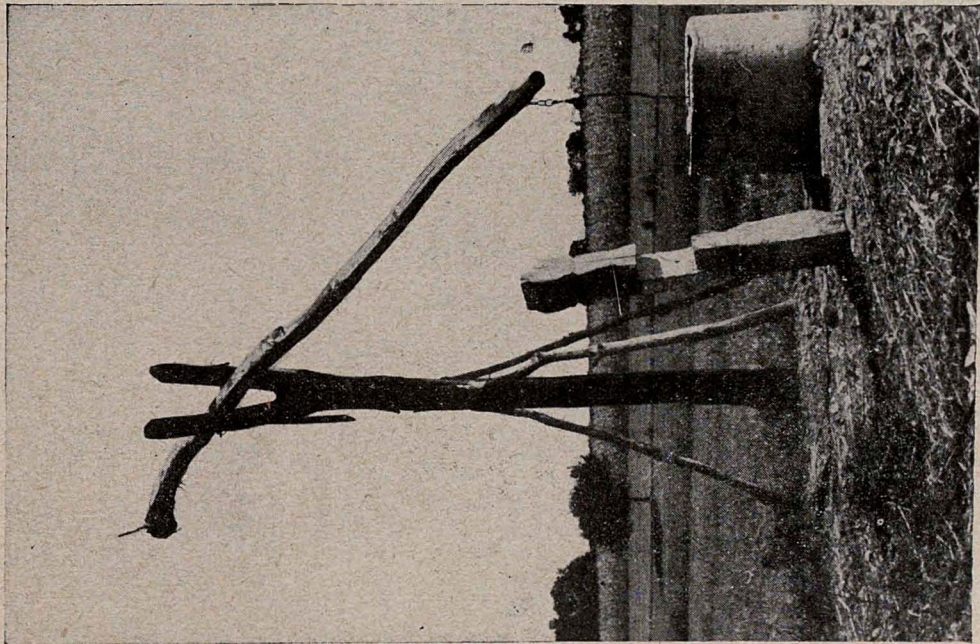
*An Image-diary from the Balkans — July–August 1938*

by ROLAND PENROSE

*We publish in the following pages Part II of "The Road is wider than long." A further extract will appear in our February issue and the complete work in coloured type will be published in book next year.*



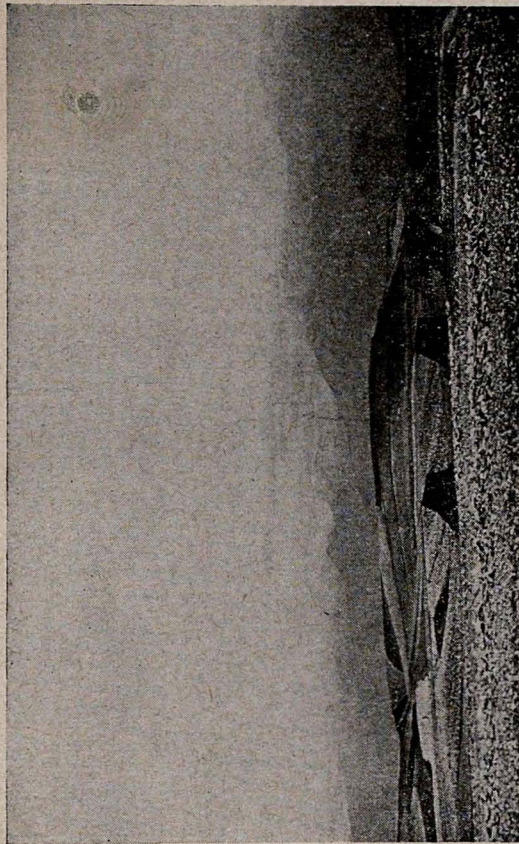
well



eye

STONE

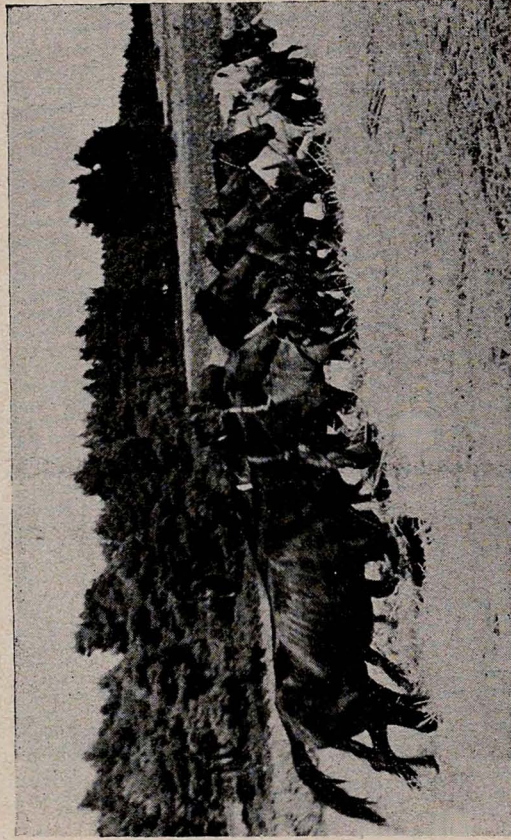
CLOUDS



The road is wider than long  
trees are thicker than tall  
wells reach to the clouds  
their blood is more solid than their bones

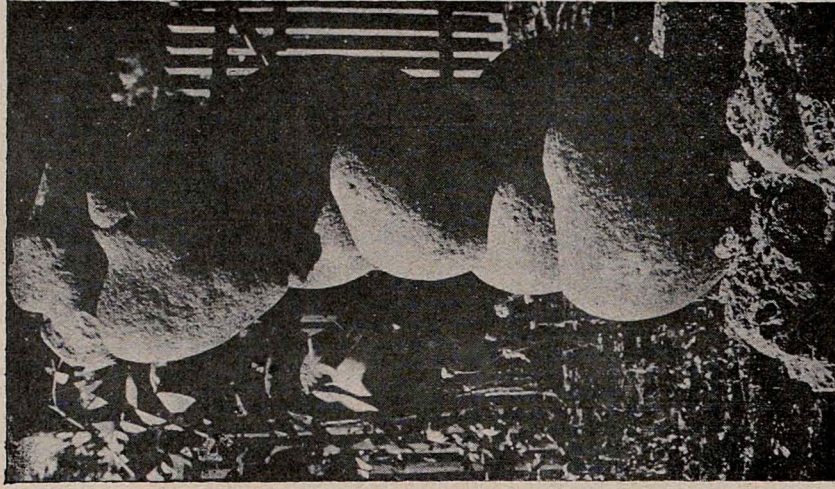


*they have filtered it churned it kneaded it  
refined it driven over it in the open fields*



*thrown it to the wind beaten it with flails  
ground it dried it baked it in kilns*

*Their blood*



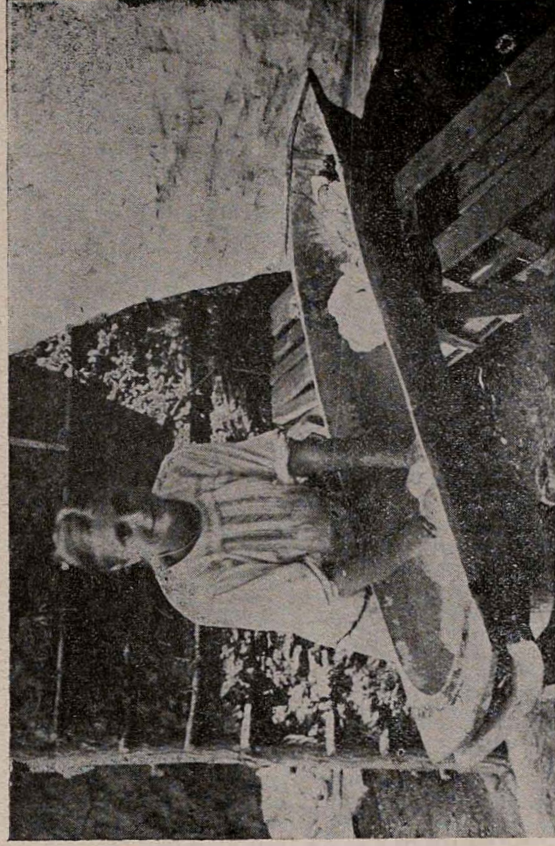
*the LION coloured forms of antiquity*



*stands in groups round the church  
dressed in veils and embroidered coats*



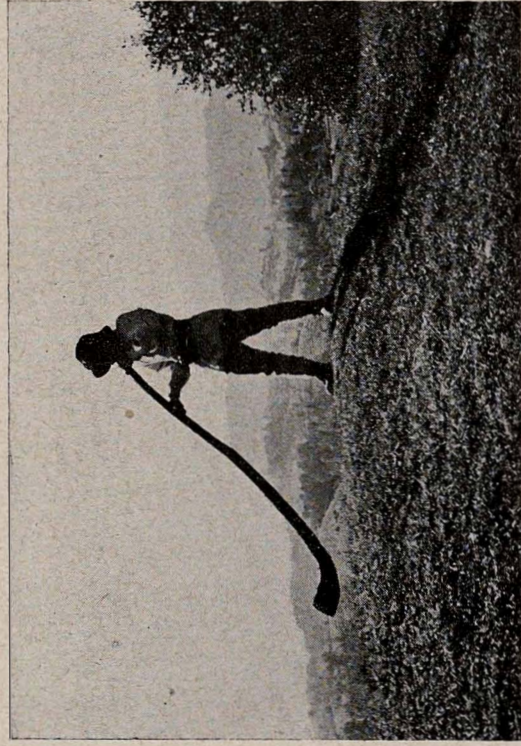
*waiting endlessly  
for a candle to be put out by the rain*



*they who have time have no time  
it is the same today as last Friday  
as the day we stole the corn  
as the day she washed her hair  
and it rained from the blue*



HAVE YOU SEEN the woman  
 age 100 asleep on the sledge  
 the man who lost a leg in America  
 and an arm at Bran



the blind man with 3 eyes  
 the dwarf who can play the flute  
 with his foot~



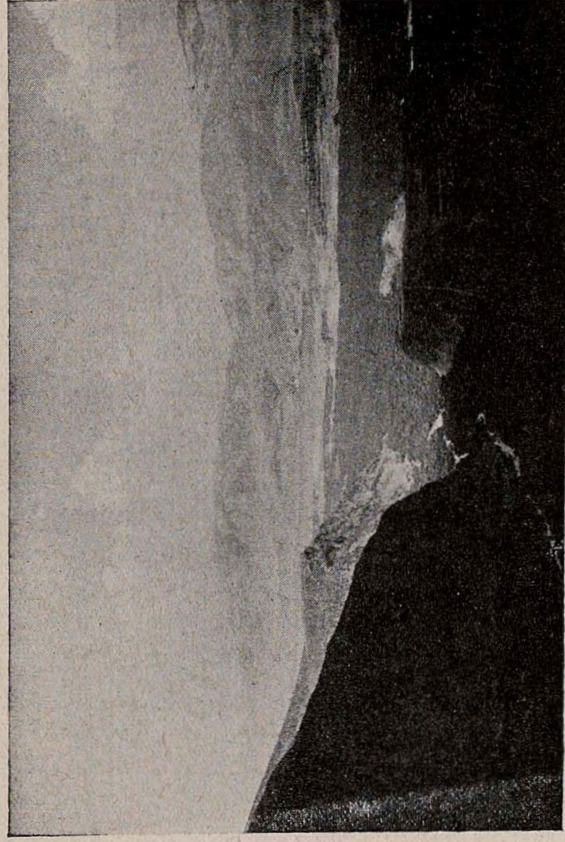
*they can all sing*

**EVERY JACK MAN**



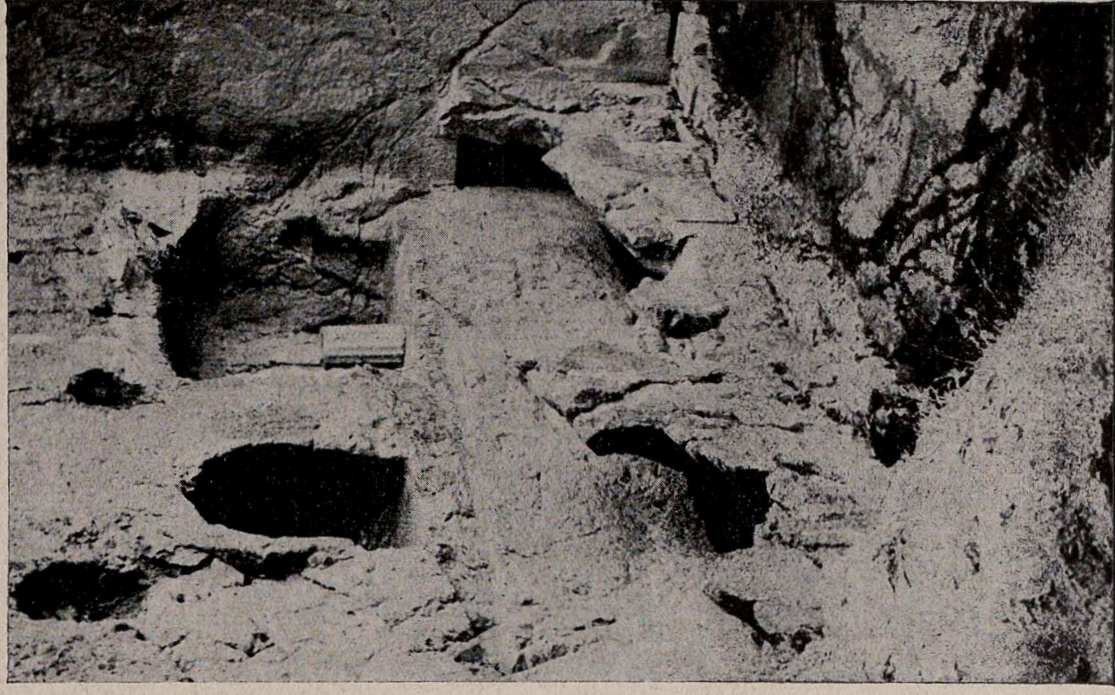
and the little girl

whose breasts begin to break the plain



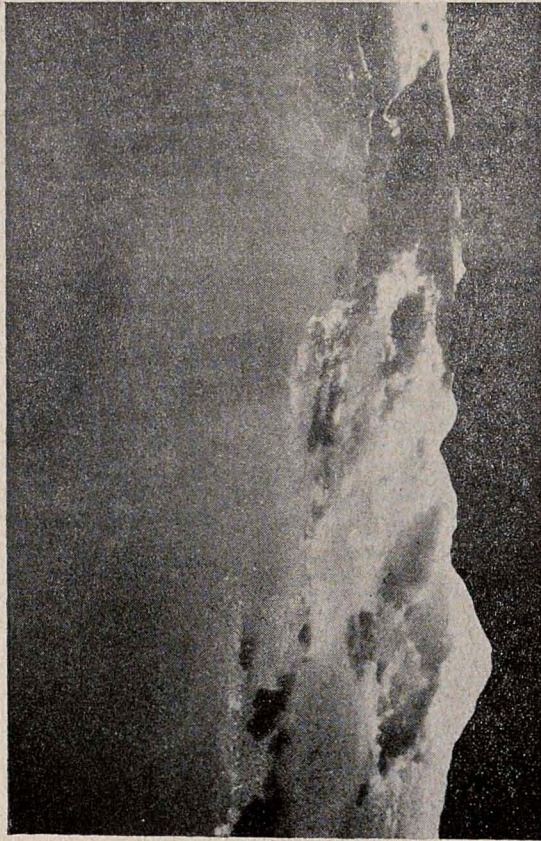
whose sisters lie clothed in crops  
their valleys fertile

their springs sacred





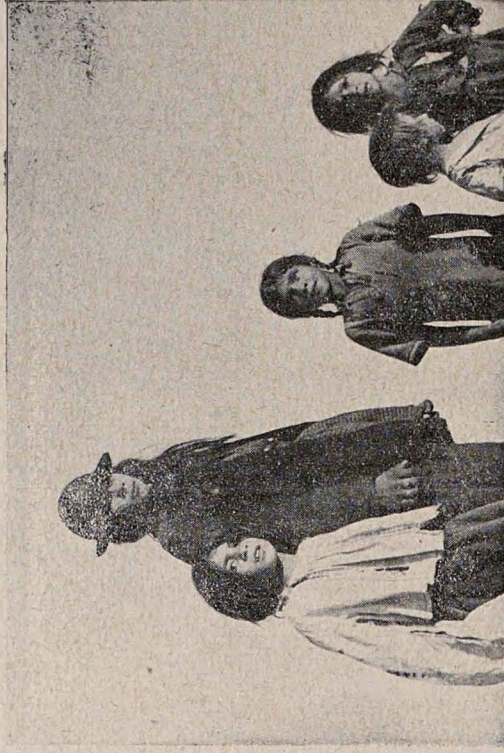
*Vapours escape from the rocks*



*writing tomorrow's news in the sky*

we have forgotten yesterday  
and tomorrow's news is bad news  
our children need medical attention  
we need a house without walls  
surrounded by fire  
the doors open to all who can see

**our road is wider than long;**



Roland PENROSE



# THE DOUBLE-VILLAGE

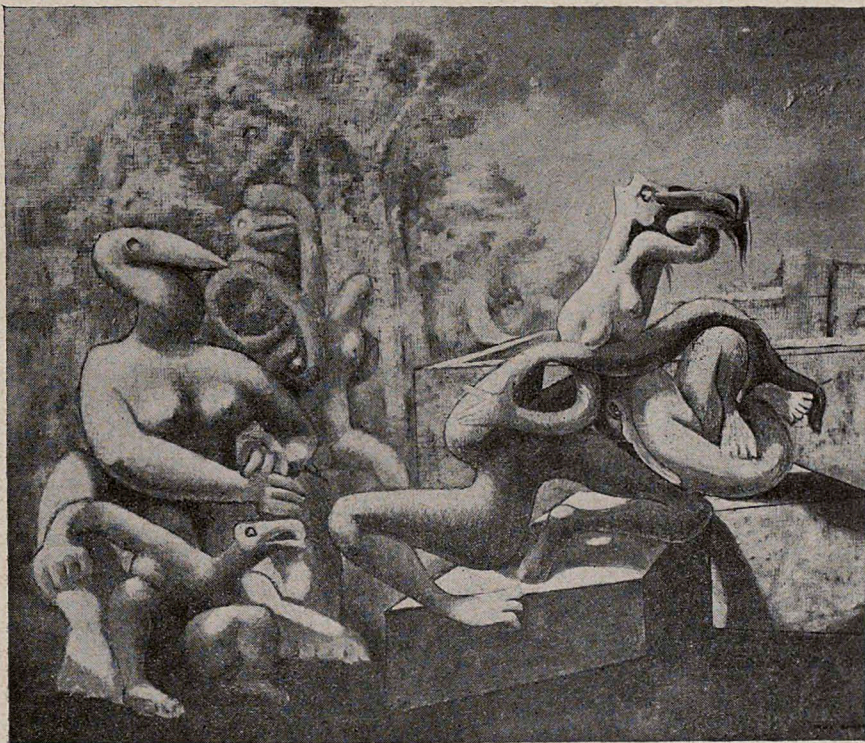
by

ITHELL COLQUHOUN

Do not be misled for a moment: this place is not what at first sight it seems. Do not be deceived by the port, the strand, the square; nor cafés, hotels, cavernous shops, houses gaunt or gay, nor by the churches, soaring or sequestered. The real village is not here. But look inland, up the valley; there you find among cypresses the more persistent counterpart like a reservoir defended by a wall.

Here we believe in giving the dead elbow-room; each tomb is the size of a small house, white or colour-washed, decorated with tracery of iron wire, mouldings, reliefs and unfading flowers made of beads. Over every front door is carved the name of the inhabiting family; this is a very practical idea, because these people never move house. No provision is made for business or pleasure, but only for endurance and contemplation.

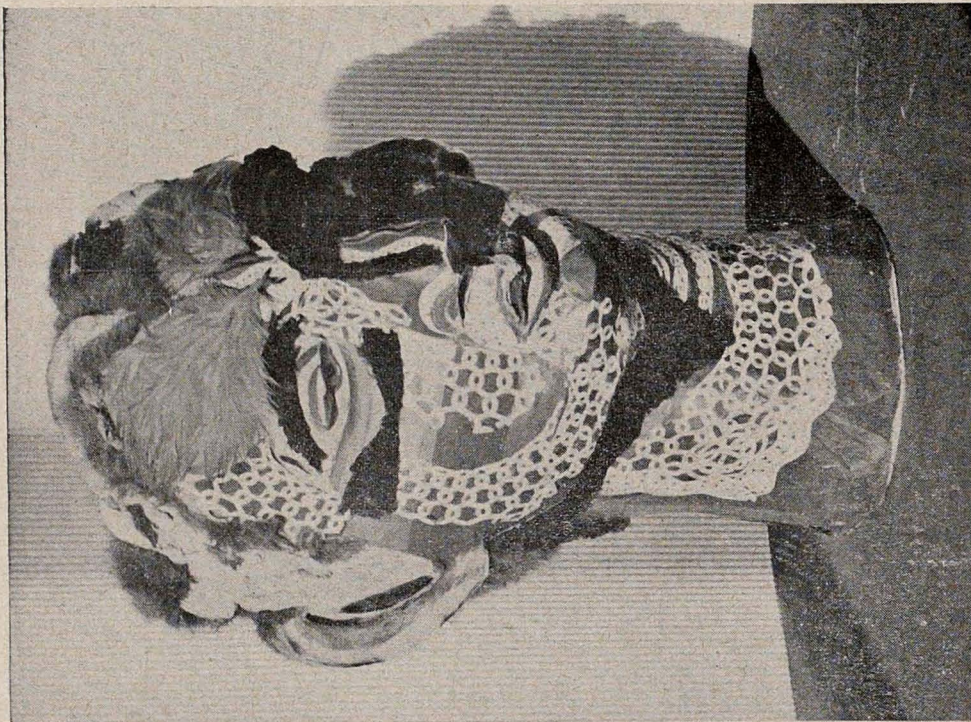
They told me that the village had been inundated by an enormous tidal wave and completely submerged. Then I heard that this was not so; there had indeed been a great flood, but the tower was only under water to the height of seventy-six feet. One of the streets too, the one leading to the tower, was still dry; and I seemed to see its tawny colour, the result of centuries of dust. But memory had no part in this picture, for there was no such street or tower in the place I knew.



Max ERNST

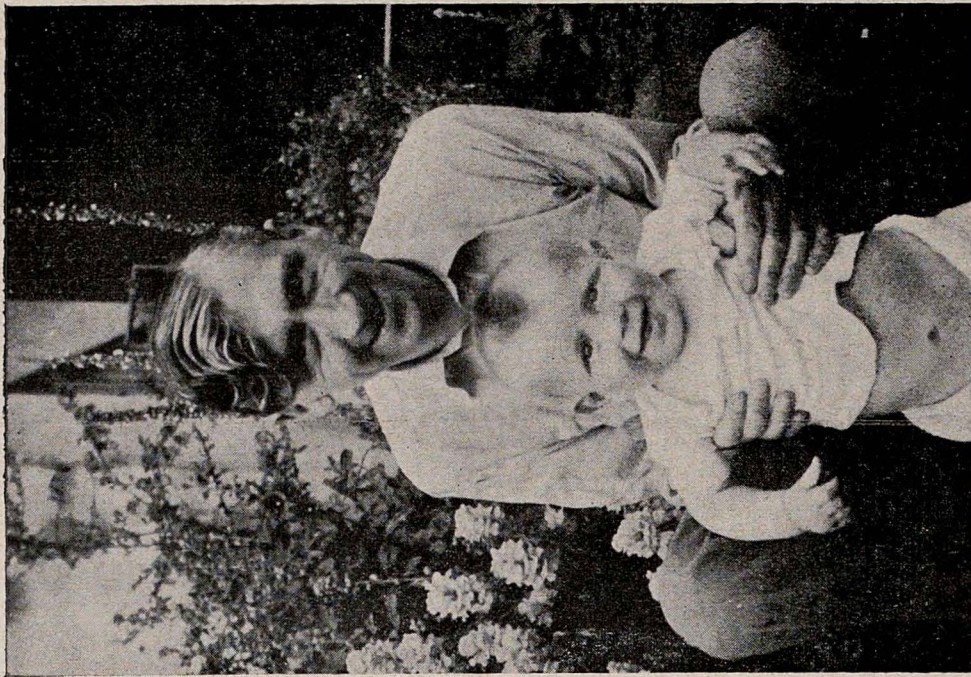
*Le Déjeuner sur l'Herbe* (1935-36)





Eileen AGAR

*The Angel of Anarchy  
L'Ange de l'Anarchie*



*Herbert Read, the author of "Poetry and Anarchism", with  
his younger son.  
Herbert Read, l'auteur de "Poetry and Anarchism", avec  
son plus jeune fils.*



# HERSCHEL GRYNSEBAN

*by*

HERBERT READ

This beautiful assassin is your friend :  
his action the delivery of love  
with magnitude in the unblemished years  
when hate and scorn and lust  
are buried under the leaves of dread.

He lifts his hand in calm despair.  
The gesture loses its solitary grace and is caught  
thousandfold in the insect eyes of his enemies.  
Violence is answered by violence  
until the sluggish tinder of the world's indifference  
is consumed, consumed to the end.

Anger is now action. The white flame of justice  
will dance wildly over Europe's dark marshes  
until the morning air is everywhere and clear  
as on the hills of Hellas.

This beautiful assassin is your friend  
walking and whispering in the night beside you.  
His voice is the voice that made you  
listen to secrets in the night around you.  
The light of worlds beyond your world  
beguiled you with hope of a harmony  
wider than the anguish of our broken lives.  
The wreckage of the day was hidden.

This beautiful assassin is my friend  
because my heart is filled with the same fire.  
We have sheltered under the same portico  
listening to the silver voice of wisdom.  
Our feet faltered among the fallen stones  
where once the Vandals passed  
and we found  
under a vivid screen of leaves  
the blood still warm from a martyr's wound.





*Redjang at Asak*

*Redjang à Asak*

*from "Dance and Drama in Bali"*  
*by kind permission of Messrs. Faber and Faber Ltd., London.*  
*(extrait de "Dance and Drama in Bali")*





Collage by  
S. JOHN WOODS  
for "Babes in the Wood"  
current pantomime at Unity  
Theatre

## A NATIONAL PEOPLE'S THEATRE

UNITY THEATRE started seven years ago in a group of young worker actors who wrote and produced their own plays and performed them on street corners or from lorries at the gates of factories. Their plays were propaganda—frank, simple and appealing directly to their working-class audiences. The group called itself the Rebel Players and, more than the bourgeois West End Theatre, it was right in the tradition of the theatre as a vital expression not of isolated "artists" but of a social force.

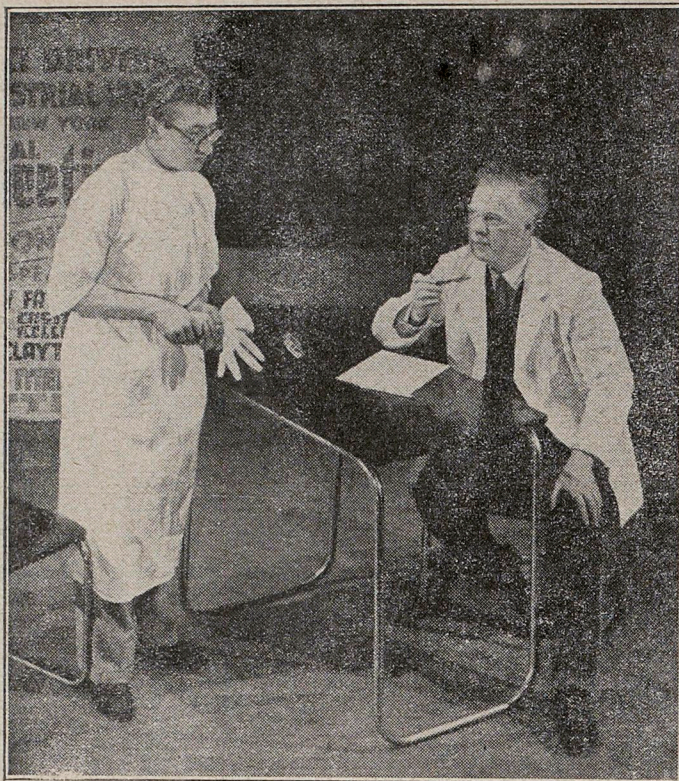
After a period of intense activity The Rebel Players established themselves in an old Church Hall in Britannia Street, Kings Cross—this was the first Unity Theatre. From that starting point the organisation has grown into more than just a theatre, it is a centre for groups all over the country and more than 250 are affiliated to it. Unity itself, with its own voluntary labour, turned the rather dilapidated building they found just over a year ago in another part of Kings Cross, into a theatre which, in some respects—the lighting installations for instance—is better equipped than many West End Theatres. In addition to the productions at the theatre itself there are a number of touring companies which perform as the old Rebel Players performed—from the backs of lorries or in public halls. Then there is the Training School where classes are given in production, acting, stage-management, play-writing etc. by recognised authorities on the subjects concerned.

In the Theatre itself such plays have been produced as Clifford Odets' "Waiting for Lefty", Pogodin's "Aristocrats", "Living Newspaper-Busmen" and other plays which, by their content and quite apart from their merit would never be able even to appear in the West End. Two complete companies are maintained; most of the actors and actresses come to the Theatre after a day's work in factory or office; none of them are paid for the work they do.

Often, as in the case of the current production the whole thing is produced from start to finish by members of the Theatre; the scenario is written, the music composed, the scenery designed and built, the costumes made—the whole production the result of close co-operation on the part of a voluntary organisation.

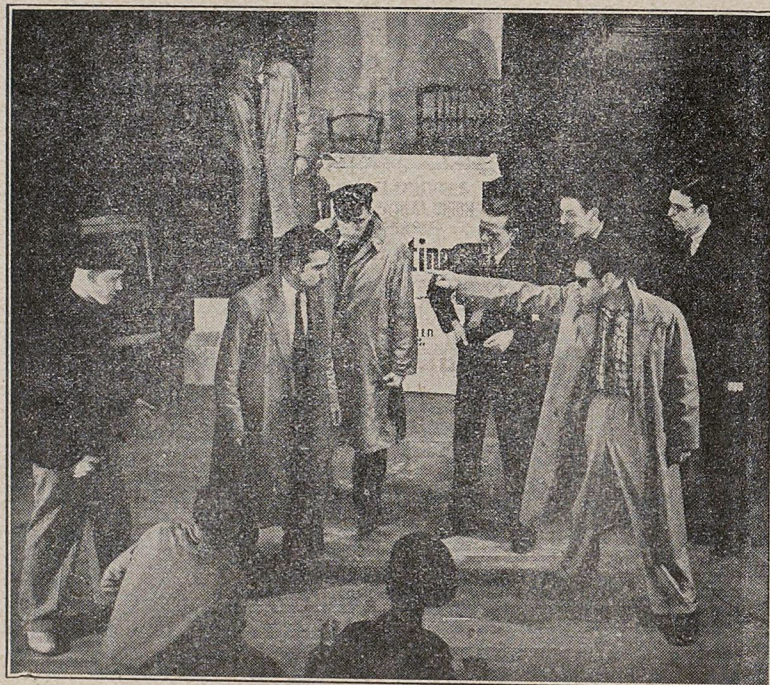
"Babes in the Wood" is described as a Pantomime with Political Point. Contemporary political figures, Chamberlain, Hitler and Mussolini are prominent in it. Miss Eileen Ascroft,





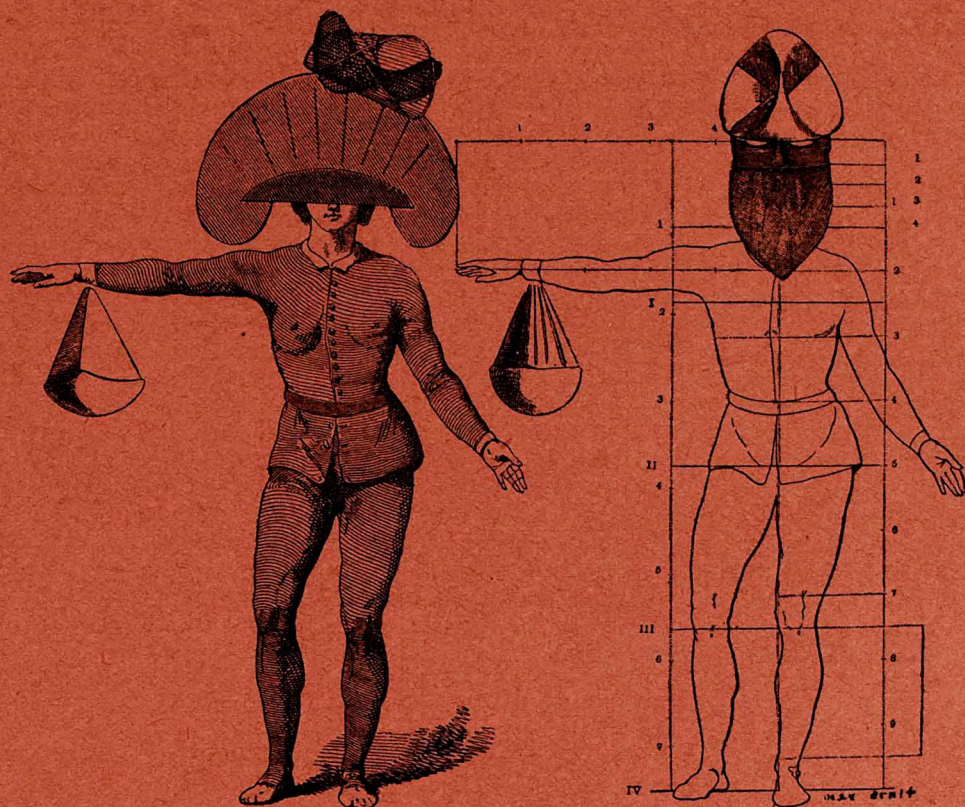
a famous guardian of English sentiment now moved to leave the theatre in what may have been more than a huff at its burlesque of Royalty. The Cliveden Set, a quartet braying satirical songs to hymn tunes, would hold their own after a turn by Douglas Bynz. The whole show, in fact discounting one's wonder at its achievement on the part of a voluntary organisation, is witty, amusing, sometimes vulgar and sometimes unpolished—but always vital.

S. JOHN WOODS.



Two scenes from "*Waiting for Lefty*" by Clifford ODETS.





Max Ernst: Original collage (1937) for the jacket of "Thorns of Thunder", a collection of poems by Paul Eluard translated into English, published by George Reavey in the series "Europa Poets".

Max Ernst: Collage original (1937) pour la couverture du recueil "Thorns of Thunder", poèmes de Paul Eluard traduits en anglais, publié par George Reavey dans la collection "Europa Poets".

## Towards an INDEPENDENT Revolutionary Art\*

It may be said without exaggeration that human civilization has never been assailed by so many dangers as it is today. With the help of barbarous, that is to say, most precarious means, the Vandals destroyed ancient civilization in a restricted area of Europe. At the present time reactionary forces armed with all the weapons of modern technique threaten to undermine the whole trend of world civilization as evinced in the very unity of its historical position of both science and art has become absolutely intolerable.

\*In accordance with our promise to readers in the preceding number, we now publish the English translation of the Manifesto by André Breton and Diego Rivera. We print this text from a documentary point of view. A manifesto is also in preparation by the founders of the British section of the I.F.I.R.A. which will appear shortly.

\*Ainsi que nous l'avons promis à nos lecteurs dans notre précédent numéro nous publions à présent ci-dessus, la traduction en langue anglaise du Manifeste du André Breton et Diego Rivera. Nous reproduisons ce texte à titre documentaire, les fondateurs de l'I.F.I.R.A. anglaise préparant, d'autre part, un manifeste qui paraîtra prochainement.



In so far as it preserves an individual character at the time of its birth, in so far as it displays subjective qualities in order to produce a certain result leading to an objective enrichment, a philosophical, sociological, scientific or artistic discovery appears as the fruit of a rare *chance*, that is, as a more or less spontaneous manifestation of *necessity*. It would not do to neglect such a contribution either from the standpoint of general knowledge (which aims at a continuous interpretation of the world) or from that of the revolution (which, in order to bring about the transformation of the world, demands a clear notion of the laws governing its movement). More especially, we cannot be indifferent to the mental conditions under which that contribution continues to be made and, with that end in view, we cannot fail to insist upon a guarantee that the specific laws governing intellectual creation should be respected.

The present state of the world leads us, however, to conclude that the violation of these laws is becoming increasingly widespread, and that it is necessarily accompanied by a more than ever manifest debasement not only of the work of art but also of the "artistic" personality. After eliminating from Germany all artists who were in any degree—even formally—lovers of freedom, Hitlerian Fascism forced those who could still agree to wield a pen or brush to become the lackeys of the regime and to sing its praises to order, within a framework of the narrowest conventionality. An almost identical situation has arisen in the U.S.S.R. during the period of intense reaction which has now reached its apogee.

I need hardly say that, whatever its present success may be, we do not for an instant support the slogan, "Neither Fascism nor Communism!" which is that of the conservative and frightened philistine clinging to the vestiges of his "democratic" past. True art—that which is not satisfied with variations of ready-made models but which endeavours to give expression to the inner needs of present-day man and humanity—cannot help but be revolutionary, that is, it cannot help but aspire to a complete and radical reconstruction of society if only to free intellectual creativeness from its shackles and to allow the whole of humanity to rise to heights which only geniuses have scaled in the past. At the same time, we know that only a social revolution can clear the way to a new culture. If, however, we dissociate ourselves from the ruling caste of the U.S.S.R., we do so precisely because in our eyes it does not represent Communism, but is its most treacherous and dangerous enemy.

Under the influence of the totalitarian regime of the U.S.S.R., and that of the so-called "cultural" organisms which it controls in other countries, a deep twilight has fallen upon the whole world impeding the rise of any sort of spiritual value. It is a twilight of blood and mud in which, under the mask of intellectuals and artists, there flounder men who have made a pivot of servility, a perverse game of their renouncement of their own principles, a habit of false venal testimony and an enjoyment of an apology for crime. The official art of lead, and to conceal their real mercenary rôle.

The muffled reprobation excited in the world of art by this brazen negation of the principles which art has always obeyed, and which even States founded on slavery had not thought to challenge so completely, must give way to implacable condemnation. An artists' *opposition* is one of the forces today that can usefully contribute to discredit and ruin regimes which disfigure, at the same time, the right of an exploited class to aspire to a better world, every sentiment of greatness, and human dignity itself.

The Communist revolution has no fear of art. It knows that, within the limits of the researches into the artistic vocation in dissolving Capitalist society, the determination of that vocation can only be regarded as the result of a clash between man and a certain number of adverse social forms. This conjunction alone, within a degree or so of the consciousness still to be achieved, makes of the artist a predisposed ally. The mechanism of *sublimation* which intervenes in such a case and which psycho-analysis has brought to light, has as its object the re-establishment of the disturbed equilibrium between the coherent *ego* and the inhibited elements. This readjustment works out in favour of the *ideal ego*, which opposes to the unbearable present reality the forces of the inner world, of the *self*, *common to all men* and constantly in the process of expanding into the future. The need of the mind to emancipate itself has but to follow its natural course in order to be fused in and refreshed by that primordial necessity—man's need of emancipation.



It follows that art cannot acquiesce, without at the same time degenerating, in any outside dictation or meekly restrict itself to certain fixed objectives of a pragmatic nature and of extremely short view. It is more worthwhile to trust the gift of (virtual) prefiguration, which is the attribute of every authentic artist, implying the beginning of a (virtual) resolution of the deepest contradictions of the age and orientating the thought of his contemporaries to the urgent necessity of establishing a new order.

The writer's rôle as defined by the young Marx, needs to be vigorously recalled in our day. It is patent that this idea should be extended on the artistic and scientific plane to the various categories of producers and investigators. "The writer", he says, "must naturally earn money in order to be able to live and write, but in no circumstances must he live and write in order to earn money . . . The writer does not in any sense regard his works as a *means*. They are *ends in themselves*, they are so negligibly a means for him and for others that, if need be, he will sacrifice his life for them . . . *The first condition of a free press is that it should not be a profession.*" This statement is more than ever apposite in reply to those who would subordinate intellectual activity to external ends and who, in defiance of its peculiar historical determinations, would impose themes upon art on the pretext of reasons of State. A free choice of themes and absolute freedom from interference in the sphere of his research are an advantage which the artist has every right to claim as inalienable. In the matter of artistic creation it is essential for the imagination to escape from constraint, to prevent it from being "roped in" at all costs. To those who would urge us, whether today or tomorrow, to acquiesce in an art subjected to a discipline which we judge to be radically incompatible with its means, we oppose an irrevocable refusal and our resolute will to uphold the formula, *every liberty in art*.

We grant the revolutionary State, of course, the right to defend itself against aggressive bourgeois reaction even when it covers itself with the banner of science and art. But there is a gulf between such forced and temporary measures of revolutionary auto-defence and the claim to exercise a control over the intellectual creation of society. If, for the development of the material productive forces, the revolution has to establish a planned and centralised *Socialist* regime, then in the sphere of intellectual creation it should from the very beginning set up and assure an *anarchist* regime of individual freedom. There must be no authority, no compulsion, no trace of command! The various associations of scientists and the collective groups of artists, who will concentrate on the solution of problems the scope of which has never been so great, can emerge and devote themselves to fruitful work uniquely on the basis of a free creative friendship, without the least vestige of external compulsion.

It is clear from what we have just said that by defending the freedom of creation we have no intention of justifying political indifference, and that we have no idea of wishing to revive a so-called "pure" art, which usually serves the more than impure ends of reaction. No, we have a far too exalted idea of the function of art to deny it an influence on the fate of society. We consider that the supreme task of art in our age is to participate consciously and actively in the preparation of the revolution. However, the artist cannot assist in the struggle for emancipation unless he has become subjectively permeated with its social and individual content, unless he has made its meaning and drama a part of his nervous system, and unless he seeks to incarnate his inner world freely and artistically.

In the present period, which is characterised by the agony of both democratic and fascist Capitalism, the artist, without even being manifestly a social dissenter, finds his right to live and to work threatened by the diminishing possibilities of distributing his work. Naturally, he then turns to the Stalinist organisations which offer him an opportunity of escaping from his isolation. But the implied renouncement of his own message, and the terribly degrading compliances exacted from him by these organizations in exchange for certain material advantages, forbid him to adhere to them if the demoralizing influence is just not strong enough to get the better of his *character*. He must understand at once that his place is elsewhere, not among those who betray the cause of the revolution as well as, of necessity, the cause of man, —but among those who give proof of their unshakable loyalty to the principles of this revolution, among those who by this very fact are alone qualified to help to bring it about and to assure through it the free ulterior expression of all the modes of human genius.



The aim of the present appeal is to find a meeting ground for the revolutionary defenders of art, to serve the revolution by the methods of art, and to defend the freedom of art itself against the usurpers of the revolution. We are deeply convinced that this platform can bring together the representatives of tolerably divergent aesthetic, philosophical and political tendencies. Marxists can march here hand in hand with anarchists on condition that both set their faces resolutely against the reactionary police spirit whether represented by Joseph Stalin or by his vassal Garcia Oliver.

Thousands and thousands of thinkers and isolated artists, whose voice is drowned in the hateful tumult of regimented falsifiers, are actually scattered throughout the world. Numbers of small local reviews attempt to group around them young forces which are in need of new directions and not of subsidies. The whole progressive tendency in art is stigmatised by Fascism as degenerate. All free creation is labelled Fascist by the Stalinists. The independent revolutionary art must gather its forces to struggle against reactionary persecutions and to proclaim loudly its right to existence. Such a muster is the aim of the *International Federation of Independent Revolutionary Art (Fédération Internationale de l'Art Révolutionnaire Indépendant—F.I.A.R.I.)* which we judge it necessary to found.

We have no intention of imposing each one of the ideas contained in this appeal, which we ourselves regard as merely the first step along a new path. We ask all the representatives of art, all its friends and defenders who cannot fail to understand the necessity of the present appeal, to raise their voices immediately. We also address the same injunction to all independent left wing publications which are prepared to join in the foundation of the International Federation and in an investigation of its proposed tasks and methods of action.

After establishing the first international contacts through the press and by correspondence, we shall proceed to organize modest local and national congresses. Then will come a world congress which will officially consecrate the foundation of the International Federation.

We want an independent art—for the Revolution,  
the revolution—for the definitive liberation of art.

André BRETON, Diego RIVERA.

Mexico, 25th July 1938.

## EUROPA POETS

FOR PUBLICATION IN JANUARY 1939

**QUIXOTIC PERQUISITIONS:** poems by George Reavey. 30 signed copies with an original engraving by John Buckland-Wright 12/6.  
300 ordinary copies 3/6

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