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	AHB	VI. A. 87

May 8, 1947

FINAL LIST OF WORKS TO BE SHIPPED FROM NEW YORK TO GALERIE MAEGRET PARIS FOR L'EXPOSITION INTERNATIONALE DU SURREALISME 1947.

Artist's Name	Title and kind.	Year	Insurance Value, \$ USA.
Elsa Thoresen	P Objects of the Elements	1946	50.00
	P Surprising appearance of Candelabras in Landscape	1946	50.00
Frederick Sommer	7 Drawings - 8 Photographs	1946	50.00
Hector Hyppolite	P Maitresse Clomezine	1946	50.00
	P Peignoir et Gilet de Femme	1946	50.00
		1946	50.00
Marcel Breuer		1947	1500.00
		1946	1000.00
David Lauder		1947	250.00
		1947	250.00
Isidore Mink		1946	2000.00
		1945	1000.00
		1942	400.00
Arno Breker		1944	300.00
		1944	50.00
		1944	50.00
Jan Lamba		1947	100.00
		1946	50.00
Scipione Borghese		1944	75.00
		1944	50.00
Jerome Kramrowski		1946	100.00
		Water 1946	100.00
		1947	100.00
		1944	50.00
		1947	25.00
Yves Tanguy		1946	500.00
		1946	600.00
		1947	500.00
Enrico Donati	P Trouble Fete	1946	300.00
	P Carnaval de Venise	1946	500.00
	P Revait la Fontaine	1947	300.00
	S Pour un Autel	1947	300.00
	S Sans Titre (Poing)	1947	100.00
	Objets en Matiere Plastique	1947	10.00
Xenia Cage	Objet The Impeachment	1946	50.00
	" Fraction	1947	100.00
Jerome Kramrowski	P Nude Blonde on a Horse	1946	100.00

Subscriptions / Donors etc.

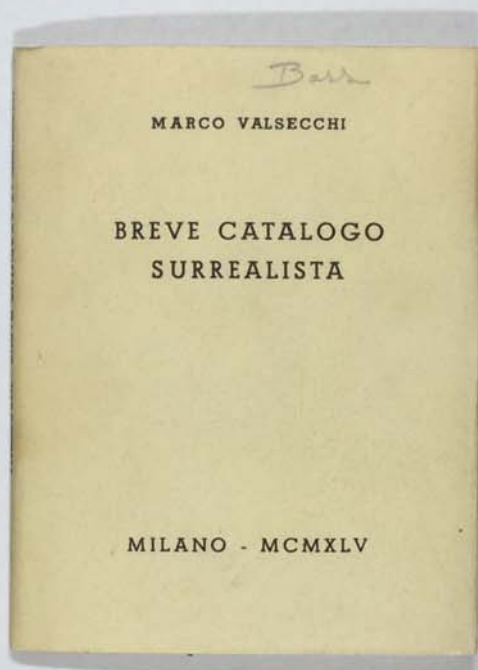
THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART • 11 WEST 53 STREET • NEW YORK 19

Bar
 MARCO VALSECCHI
 BREVE CATALOGO
 SURREALISTA
 MILANO - MCMXLV

Monda cheer and s
 Re Ca subtl howev Mus w
 No I No or w Mrs to M urges

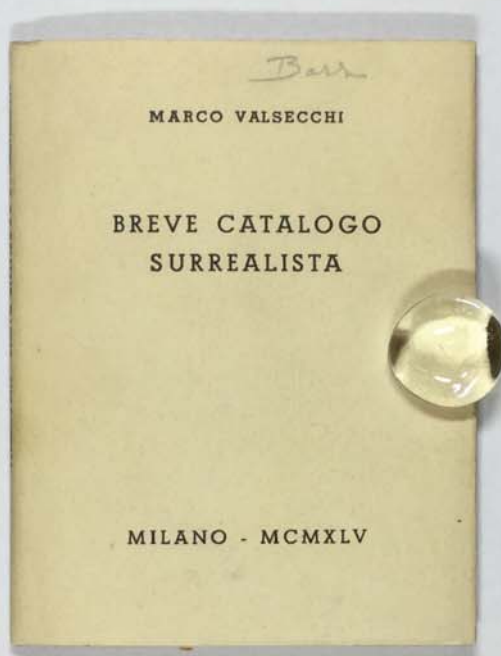
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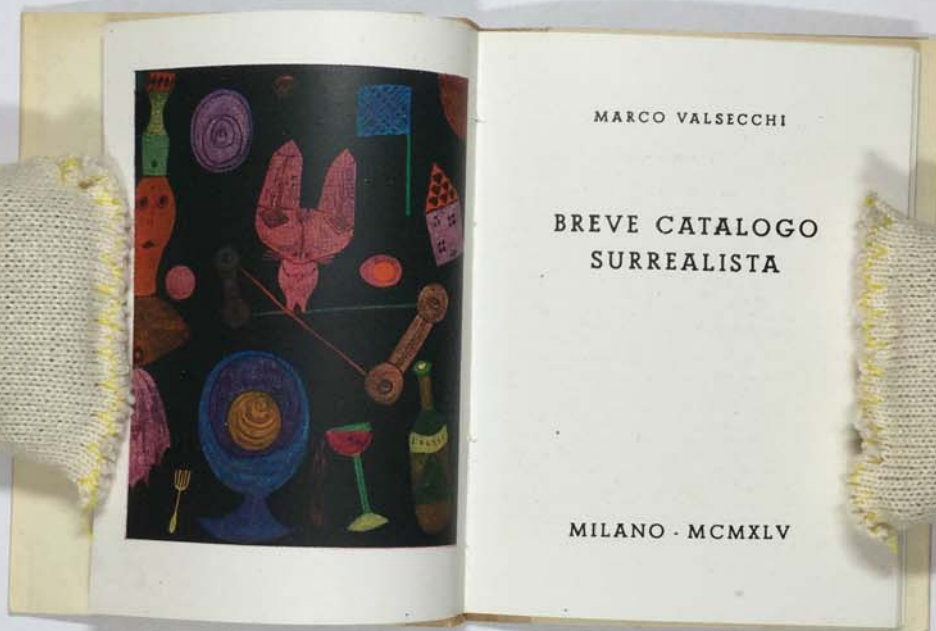
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May 6, 1947

FINAL LIST OF WORKS TO BE SHIPPED FROM NEW YORK TO GALERIE MAEGRET PARIS FOR L'EXPOSITION INTERNATIONALE DU SURREALISME 1947.

Artist's Name	Title and kind.	Year	Insurance Value. \$ VEA.
Elsa Thoresen	P Objects of the Elements	1946	50.00
	P Surprising appearance of Gandelabras in Landscape	1946	50.00
Frederick Sommer	7 Drawings - 8 Photographs	1946	50.00
Hector Hyppolite	P Maitresse Clermezine	1946	50.00
	P Poisson a Tete de Femme	1946	50.00
	P Papa Leuco	1946	50.00
Maria Martins	S Le Chemin, l'Ombre; trop longs, trop etroits	1947	1500.00 1000.00
David Hare			250.00 250.00
Isamu Noguchi			2000.00 1000.00 400.00
Arshile Gorky			300.00 50.00 50.00
Jacqueline L.			100.00 50.00
Sonia Sekula			75.00 50.00
Jeanne Raynal			100.00 100.00
Kay Sage	P Sept-cent-dixsept et dixsept centimes	1947	100.00
	P Apres les Sorcierres	1944	50.00
	D La Chevelure de Falmer	1947	25.00
Yves Tanguy	P Mains et Gants	1946	500.00
	P Au Cœur de la Paresse	1946	600.00
	P Robe du Matin	1947	500.00
Enrico Donati	P Trouble Fete	1946	300.00
	P Carnaval de Venise	1946	500.00
	P Revait la Fontaine	1947	300.00
	S Pour un Autel	1947	300.00
	S Sans Titre (Poing)	1947	100.00
	Objets en Matiere Plastique	1947	10.00
Xenia Cage	Objet The Impairment	1946	50.00
	" Fraction	1947	100.00
Jerome Krumowski	P Nude Blonde on a Horse	1946	100.00

THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART · 11 WEST 53 STREET · NEW YORK 19

Monday - Dear A. Olive back today, much better and cheerful and encouraged. Having daathermy treatments and shots. Doc thinks it will clear up rapidly.

Re Carra and Vitali heads: I think the V is a finer and subtler work of art and I believe I prefer it. At first however I preferred the C as so striking, also good for Mus which has works by C as well. Its a tough choice.

No I would not vote for a Maurer show here, then or now.

No one here seems to know what arrangement you may have w Mrs. Tremaine on Mondrian. For inst. will it come back to Mus after it has been in Janis' show? (This isn't urgent.)

Best, in haste D

K. Deating Miller

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May 6, 1947

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Hector Hyppolite	P Maitresse Clermezine	1946	50.00
	P Poisson a Tete de Femme	1946	50.00
	P Papa Lauco	1946	50.00
Maria Martins	S Le Chemin, l'Ombre; trop longs, trop etroits	1947	1500.00
	S L'Impossible	1946	1000.00
David Hare	S L'Homme aux Tambours (Avec socle)	1947	250.00
	S Flotteuse (Avec socle)	1947	250.00
Isamu Noguchi	S Time Clock (Pierre)	1946	2000.00
	S Woman (Magnesite)	1943	1000.00
	S Monument aux Heures (Bois)	1942	400.00
Arshile Gorky	P Le Foie est la Crete de Coq	1944	300.00
	D Sans Titre	1944	50.00
	D Sans Titre	1944	50.00
Jacqueline Lamba	P. Le Torrent	1947	100.00
	P La Maison	1946	50.00
Sonia Sekala	A Blue Hour	1944	75.00
	A Air Tales	1944	50.00
Jeanne Raynal	M The Message which fell aside	1946	100.00
	M The Black Tree of the Returning Water	1946	100.00
Kay Sage	P Sept-cent-dixsept et dixsept centimes	1947	100.00
	P Apres les Sorcierres	1944	50.00
	D La Chevelure de Palmer	1947	25.00
Yves Tanguy	P Mains et Gants	1946	500.00
	P Au Cœur de la Paresse	1946	600.00
	P Robe du Matin	1947	500.00
Enrico Donati	P Trouble Fete	1946	300.00
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Xenia Cage	Objet The Impeachment	1946	50.00
	" Fraction	1947	100.00
Jerome Kramowski	P Nude Blonde on a Horse	1946	100.00

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Ershfield	P	American Beauty	1943	200.00
Charles R. Hulbeck	P	Chasse au Lion	1943	100.00
Petersen	P	Exterior Interiors	1946	50.00
	P	Sun in Changing Times	1946	50.00
Max Ernst	P	Reve et Revolution	1946	800.00
	P	La Ville Engourdie	1947	700.00
	P	Enclide	1945	500.00
Dorothea Tanning	P	Maternite	1947	1000.00
	P	Ange Gardien	1947	1000.00
Julio De Diego	PM	Les Animaux qui se cachent	1947	50.00
	PM	Amphibies	1947	50.00
	PM	Oiseau endormi	1947	50.00
	PM	Oiseau de mauvais augure	1947	50.00
	P	L'offensive a epuise l'ennemi	1946	800.00
Matta	P	Reussite en Vitreur	1947	1000.00
	Objet	Le Bicyclope	1947	50.00
	Objet	Seigneur de Gravite	1947	20.00
	Objet	A refaire le passe	1947	10.00
	P	Les Sens Transparents	1947	100.00
Jean Guerin	P	Tete au masculin	1946	50.00
Granell	P	Sans titre	1947	50.00
	P	Sans titre	1947	50.00
	P	Sans titre	1947	50.00

- Brauner
- Delvaux
- Dominguez
- Giacometti
- Klee
- Magritte
- Miro
- Paalen
- Picasso
- Planoff
- Tanguy

P means : Painting
 D " : Drawing
 A " : Water Colour
 S " : Sculpture
 M " : Mosaic
 PM " : Motion-Painting

Exhibition at the Arcade Gallery
 25, Upper Regent, 25, Old Bond Street, London, W.1

 4th-30th October, 1945
 Weekdays 10-5
 Saturdays 10-1

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Memorandum

To File
From R. [unclear]
Date 7/10/34
Re

796 Lexington Avenue RE 7-0828

Copied
John Elk

SURREALIST DIVERSITY

1915-1945

Arp · Baxter · Brauner
Chirico · Delvaux · Dominguez
Ernst · Giacometti · Klee
McWilliam · Magritte · Miro
Onslow-Ford · Paalen · Pedro
Penrose · Picasso · Planells
Man Ray · Rimmington · Tanguy

Exhibition at the Arcade Gallery
15, Royal Arcade, 28, Old Bond Street, London, W.1.

4th-30th October, 1945

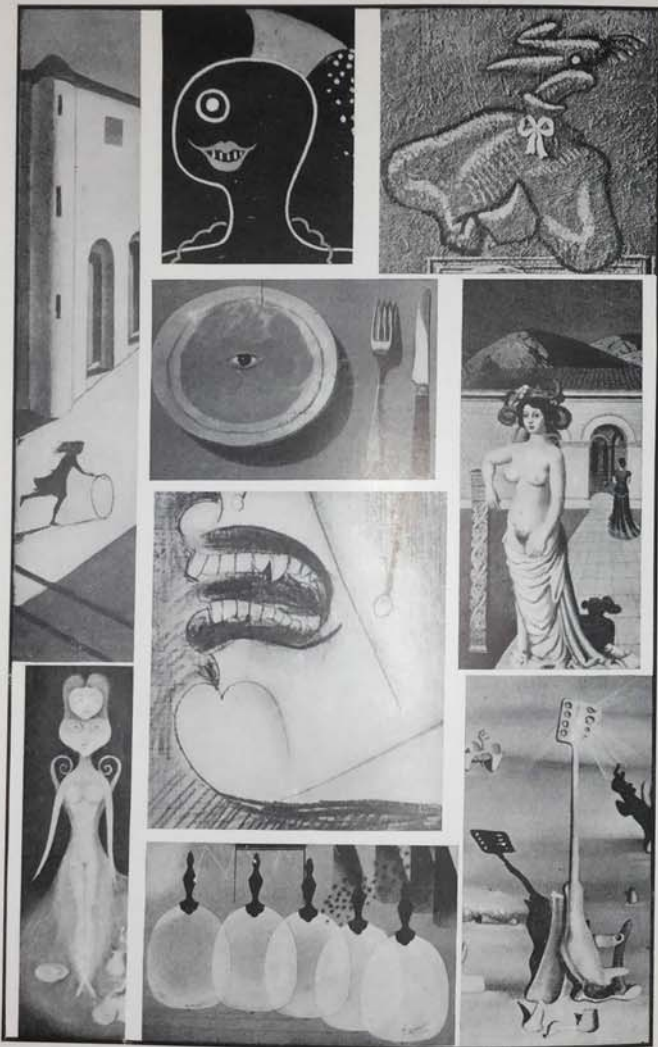
Catalogue 1/-

Weekdays 10-5
Saturdays 10-1

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2



Montage by E. L. T. Mesens

3

Only in one field has the omnipotence of thought been retained in our own civilisation, namely in art. In art alone it still happens that man, consumed by his wishes, produces something similar to the gratification of these wishes, and this playing, thanks to artistic illusion, calls forth effects as if it were something real. We rightly speak of the magic of art and compare the artist with a magician. But this comparison is perhaps more important than it claims to be. Art, which certainly did not begin as art for art's sake, originally served tendencies which to-day have for the greater part ceased to exist. Among these we may suspect various magic intentions.

SIGMUND FREUD

"Totem and Taboo" (transl. A. A. Brill) 1919.

★

LATE NEWS

Surrealism is dead

... I know: even during these last few months at Yale you have been able to hear it said that surrealism is dead. While still in France I had promised myself to display one day in public a collection of all the press articles that I had been able to put together, dealing with this theme: surrealism is dead. It would have been most amusing to show that they had succeeded each other almost from month to month since the date of its foundation! Criticism—that appearing in magazines and books—has moreover to a great extent made amends to surrealism for its maniacal anticipations. I only mention this now to forestall the effects on you of a recrudescence of these dealings under cover of a war in which one is at a complete loss to know who is alive and who is dead. Yet with all due deference to a few impatient grave-diggers I claim to have known longer than

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they what could intimate its last hour to surrealism: it would be the birth of a more emancipatory movement. My closest friends and I would esteem it a point of honour to rally immediately around such a movement, by reason of that same dynamic force which we continue to place above everything. One is forced to judge that no such new movement has occurred or exists now. Historically surrealism can lay claim to an unshared position, which it has held in the vanguard between the two wars. Above the perceptible current that unites them, nothing can prevent it constituting the bridge from the blessed remoteness of the one to the blind and anguished approach of the other, and nothing can deny the fact that it represents, at least in the most acute of all that it has presented during these twenty years, the arms of the balance.

ANDRÉ BRETON

Extract from "The Position of Surrealism between the two Wars." (Address to the students of French at Yale University, 10th December, 1942). (transl. S.W.T.).

★

... I feel myself that surrealism, having become a manner rather than a movement, cannot claim a canon of orthodoxy ...

ALEX COMFORT

from a letter in answer to "Idolatry and Confusion" by J. B. Brunius and E. L. T. Mesens. 1944.

... surrealism, which has hitherto been intransigently individualistic, opposed to all academicism and formalism.

HERBERT READ

"The Listener"—No. 866—16 August, 1945.

★

If man ever attains a state of total liberty—the hope of which some have the infamy to renounce—he will have access to objective happiness. He will have vanquished the anguish of the eternal, having discovered eternity in himself.

"Tel qu'en lui-même enfin l'éternité le change."
The passage from present human condition to the realisation of this hope is not beyond the power of man. Once this degree has been reached it is probable that man will no longer feel the necessity to paint images or signs, nor to gather together words in the form of poems.

E. L. T. MESENS
1945. (transl. R. P.)

★

If modern art—more particularly, the contemporary movement in Western Europe—is to achieve the synthesis which it is groping after, the individual achievements of expressionists like Rouault and Klee must be reconciled with the more formal standards of the cubist tradition. This holds true for surrealism, ...

HERBERT READ

"The Listener"—No. 866—16 August, 1945.

It is not the synthesis of two esthetical trends—more or less recent, obsolete or valid, who cares—that should be resolved. What must be discovered is the solution of the internal contradictions of man. We must reach the synthesis of our divergent aspirations. A new STYLE in art is not the answer.

E. L. T. MESENS
1945.

★

"To hell with Culture"

HERBERT READ

Title of a pamphlet 1941.

★

The struggle for a synthesis takes place within the all-embracing genius of Picasso ...

HERBERT READ

"The Listener"—No. 866—16 August, 1945.

Je ne cherche pas ; je trouve.
PABLO PICASSO
about 1920.

★

I believe such a synthesis is extremely important, because, as poets and philosophers in France feel no less urgently than painters, Western Europe is called upon to demonstrate its cultural unity and vitality. Farther East and farther West there are immense material forces in the ascendant. It is futile to imagine that we in Western Europe can compete with these forces on their own materialistic level. But we might imbue them with the beauty and the logic of a great artistic tradition. The force of a tradition comes from its unity, its inner coherence.

HERBERT READ

"The Listener"—No. 866—16 August, 1945.

To force, in art, at this present time, the advent of a collective style can only be the accomplishment of one or several totalitarian states. We belong neither to a Gothic Age nor is there a Renaissance taking place! In the present chaos the most individual expressions of a few artists and poets are our only light. To hell with style, long live invention.

E. L. T. MESENS
1945.

ADDENDUM : Cubism may have attempted to be a STYLE but when all is said it seems rather to have been a LUCKY misunderstanding. e.l.t.m.

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CATALOGUE**hans (or Jean) ARP**

French painter, sculptor and poet. Born Strasburg 1887.
Has written poetry in German and French languages.

1. Relief. Painted Wood.

Robert BAXTER

English painter. Born Brighton 1897.

2. The Iron Flag (1940). Oil.

Victor BRAUNER

Roumanian painter. Born 1903.

3. Racines éblouissantes (1933). Oil.

Giorgio de CHIRICO

Italian painter, writer and poet. Born Volo (Greece), 1888.
Has written prose and poetry in Italian and French languages.

4. La Mort d'un Esprit (1915). Oil.

Reproduced in "The Early Chirico" by James Thrall Soby,
New York; Dodd, Mead & Company. 1941.
Also in "Arson." London: 1942.

Paul DELVAUX

Belgian painter. Born Antheit-lez-Huy. 1897.

5. Le Récitant (1937). Oil.

Oscar DOMINGUEZ

Spanish painter. Born Tenerife 1906.

6. Le Chasseur (1935). Oil.

Reproduced in "What is Surrealism?" by Andre Breton.
London: Faber and Faber, 1936.

Max ERNST

Former German. Painter, sculptor and writer. Born
Brühl (near Cologne), 1891.

7. Forêt (1925). Oil.

8. La pieuvre (1926). Oil.

Alberto GIACOMETTI

Swiss sculptor. Born Stampa 1901.

9. Sculpture without base (1931). Wood

Collection R. A. Penrose. London.

Paul KLEE

Swiss painter and graphic artist. Born near Berne 1879.

10. Fisch-Physiognomisch (1926). Blotted gouache and pen.

F. E. McWILLIAM

Irish sculptor. Born Banbridge (Co. Down) 1909.

11. Carving. (1938). Roman Stone.

Reproduced in "London Bulletin", No. 11. First series.
London: March, 1939.

René MAGRITTE

Belgian painter and writer. Born Lessines 1898.

12. Le Gouffre argenté (1926). Oil.

Reproduced in "London Bulletin." No. 1. First series.
London: April, 1938.
Also in "Les Beaux-Arts". Brussels, 1937.

13. Le Précurseur [I] (1936). Oil.

Joan MIRO

Catalan painter. Born Montroig (near Barcelona), 1893.

14. Le Cri (1925).

15. L'Adultère (1928). Oil on glass paper.

Gordon ONSLOW-FORD

English painter. Born Wendover, 1912.

16. The Determination of Gender (1936). Oil.

Reproduced in "London Bulletin." No. 18-20. First series.
London: June, 1940.

Wolfgang PAALEN

Austrian painter and writer. Born Vienna, 1905.

17. Combat des Princes Saturniens [I] (1938)

Reproduced in "London Bulletin" No. 10. First Series.
London: February, 1939.

António PEDRO

Portuguese painter, poet and writer. Born Praia (Cap Vert
Islands), 1909.

18. Pássaro de Mãos (1944). Oil.

Roland PENROSE

English painter and poet. Born London, 1900.

19. Enemy the Sun (1939). Oil.

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Pablo PICASSO

Spanish painter, sculptor and poet. Born Malaga, 1881.

20. Baigneurs (1928). Oil.

Angel PLANELLS

Catalan painter, baker and grocer.

21. Tristesse du Midi (1932). Oil.

Reproduced in "Surrealism." Edited by Herbert Read. London; Faber and Faber, 1936.

Man RAY

American painter, photographer and writer. Born Philadelphia, 1890.

22. Seguidilla (1919). Aerograph.

Reproduced in "London Bulletin." No. 10. First series. London: February, 1939.
Also in "XXeme Siecle." No. 5-6. Paris: 1939.

Edith RIMMINGTON

English painter and poet. Born Leicester, 1902.

23. Exile (1945). Pen and coloured pencil.

Yves TANGUY

French painter. Born Paris, 1900.

24. Le Lourd Palais (1935). Oil.

25. A l'Oreille des Voyantes (1937). Oil.

Reproduced in "Trois peintres surrealistes." Brussels: Palais des Beaux-Arts, 1937.
Also in "London Bulletin." No. 4-5. First series. London: July, 1938.

★ ★ ★

Documents: Books, magazines and photographs reproducing recent work by DELVAUX, MASSON, MATTA and DOROTHEA TANNING

★ ★ ★

On the landing: Monoprints by F. E. McWILLIAM

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Memorandum

To Files
 From R. [unclear]
 Date 7/10/34
 Re

796 Lexington Avenue RE 7-0328
 c/o Rewald

June 4, 1944

Copied + sent to
 John Eldenfield

ed Barr, Jr.
 of Modern Art
 , New York

Barr:

I remembered the meaning of the
z, and I checked it up in the Merz
 s. Also, a few of my diaries and
 s arrived from Los Angeles, which
 refresh my memory.

That even informal information should
 correct, and since a rumor came to me

that you are recording the history of our per-
 iod, I feel doubly conscientious.

I know good old Hanover will be only a very
 small part of the great area which you have to
 cover, but even if you devote only a few para-
 graphs to it, I hope you will not forget Paul
 Erich Kueppers who died in 1921, and his wife,
 Sophie who later became Mrs. Lissitzky. This
 was so long ago, in pre-Dorner and pre-Bier
 times. They were the real daring and courageous
 avant-gardists, and I am afraid they are all for-
 gotten.

With best regards,

Kate Steinitz
 Kate Steinitz

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Kate Steinitz 796 Lexington Avenue RE 7-0828
c/o Rewald

June 4, 1944

Mr. Alfred Barr, Jr.
Museum of Modern Art
New York, New York

Dear Mr. Barr:

Suddenly I remembered the meaning of the word Merz, and I checked it up in the Merz magazines. Also, a few of my diaries and notebooks arrived from Los Angeles, which helped refresh my memory.

I feel that even informal information should be very correct, and since a rumor came to me that you are recording the history of our period, I feel doubly conscientious.

I know good old Hanover will be only a very small part of the great area which you have to cover, but even if you devote only a few paragraphs to it, I hope you will not forget Paul Erich Kueppers who died in 1921, and his wife, Sophie who later became Mrs. Lissitzky. This was so long ago, in pre-Dorner and pre-Bier times. They were the real daring and courageous avant-gardists, and I am afraid they are all forgotten.

With best regards,

Kate Steinitz
Kate Steinitz

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*7/6. This Merzbild is
illustrated p. 64-99
of Merz #6 - call that
Sturtevant. Dunder*

Watch your step!

The word MERZ means nothing but the second syllable of Commerz (commerce). (See the Merz-picture, page 54-6, which was sold to ...)

The word came into being ~~unintentionally~~ casually, when I "merz" the picture - not by chance, for there is nothing by chance in artistic creation. ~~nothing~~ At that time I called the picture Merzbild from the readable part of it. And when I looked for a generic name for my art I named it Merz, ~~thx~~ after the most typical picture. I was aware then of the fact that I created outside of the usual categories. Merz could not be interpreted. Therefore it could be developed in the direction which the Merzbild had determined. By subsequent strengthening I gave Merz the significance it has today. By means of the magazine I gave it to the world.

Merz strives from the general to the Universal by overthrowing all prejudices, e.g., regarding material, ~~the material~~ ^{that} which is not essential ~~for~~ for artistic creation; and regarding form, ~~by~~ creating a new order ~~by~~ selection... Merz is open to everybody, to idiots as well as to geniuses...

Kurt Schwitters
Trans. by K. Steinitz, from
Merz 6.

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MERZ

Merz is the end of the word Commerz (commerce).

Schwitters used to visit the Abfall-keller of a great printing plant where he was just mad with excitement over all the waste material which continuously came down through a kind of chute. I see him still standing in a rain of waste paper, gathering it into a bag as if it were gold, then loading it on his bike.

His Lithograph Portfolio was entirely made from misprinted material out of the cellar.

I do not think that he chose the clipping Commerz to glorify commerce. Usually he loved and selected such clippings for typographical reasons, for formal or tactile qualities. His relation to commerce was very remote. I could not imagine him understanding or making any commercial transactions. A stock market page was just a pattern for him. His relations ~~ix~~ with economics were not very scientific, but rather "economical". He knew the value of money and saving like a peasant or a bourgeois. On the other hand, he was very generous. He had an open house and table for any artist who came to Hanover. In emergency cases he forgot entirely about himself and was ready to give his last penny for other Dadaists or for printing a new magazine. He never had enough money to buy a complete suit, but plenty to buy guinea pigs or lead soldiers for his son, movie or theatre tickets for himself, or to consume innumerable slices of Bismarck-torte at any time of day or night in a certain cafe.

Once in Paris, someone said to me, "Votre ami Schwitters est trop homme d'affaires", because he consistently tried to start something, magazines, publishing houses, exhibitions, movements and lectures. But his objective was fame rather than commerz. And still a psychoanalyst might find something in the choice of the word.

Kate Steinitz.

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THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

Date June 2, 1944

To: Mr. Barr ✓ cc: Miss Miller

Re: Soirées de Paris

From: Mr. Soby

Dear Alfred:

I have sent my copies of Soirées de Paris off for a rush binding job since they are absolutely in tatters, but will bring them in later. I am now convinced the set is complete. No. 1 appeared in February 1912; the last number, a double one, Nos. 26-27 July and August 1914. There are no reproductions of paintings before #18, November 1913. #20 which has caused all the confusion is dated on the cover June 15, 1913. This should read June 15, 1914 which straightens out the series. I was fascinated to discover that in 1913 Apollinaire was describing Chirico's pictures as "metaphysical."

→ The Museum's Matisse, The Blue Window, is reproduced in the May 15, 1914 copy as "La Glace Sans Tain" (1913) Musée de Hagen, photo E.M. Crevaux

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JULY 25, 1936

LONDON

A Brief Guide to the Exhibition of Fantastic Art Dada Surrealism

[1937 Sawney]



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A Brief Guide to the Exhibition of Fantastic Art Dada Surrealism

The exhibition of Fantastic Art, Dada, and Surrealism is the 55th exhibition assembled by The Museum of Modern Art and the second of a series intended to illustrate some of the principal movements of modern art in a comprehensive, objective, and historical manner. The first exhibition of the series was devoted to Cubism and Abstract Art, a movement diametrically opposed in spirit and esthetic principles to the present exhibition. In exhibiting these movements the Museum does not intend to foster any particular aspect of modern art. Its intention is, rather, to make a report to the public by offering material for study and comparison.

The explanation of the kind of art shown in this exhibition may be sought in the deep-seated and persistent interest which human beings have in the fantastic, the irrational, the spontaneous, the marvelous, the enigmatic, and the dreamlike. These qualities have always been present in the metaphors and similes of poetry but they have been less frequent in painting, which in the past was largely concerned with reproducing external reality, with decoration, or, as in some of the more advanced movements of recent years, with the composition of color and line into formal design.

Fantastic Art of the Past

Fantastic subject matter has been found in European art of all periods. The art of the middle ages, with its scenes of Hell (no. 15) and the Apocalypse, its circumstantial illustrations of holy miracles (25) and supernatural marvels (7), seems from a rational point of view to have been predominantly fantastic. Most of this subject matter was of a traditional or collective character, but the Dutch artist Bosch (10, 14, 15, 32), working at the end of the Gothic period, transformed traditional fantasy into a highly personal and original vision which links his art with that of the modern Surrealists.

During the Renaissance and the 17th century, fantastic art is to be seen principally in the art of minor men or in obscure works of great masters. Such technical devices (now used by the Surrealists) as the double-image (6), the

Numbers in parentheses refer to items included in the exhibition and illustrated in the catalog.

composite image (5), distorted perspective (49), and the animation of the inanimate (53), were developed during this period. It should, however, be pointed out that many of the fantastic works of the past, such as the engravings of Hogarth (56-60), have a rational basis, satirical or scientific, which distinguishes them from the art of the recent Dadaists and Surrealists.

The beginning of Romanticism in the mid-18th century brought with it a more serious kind of fantastic art in the terrifying prison perspectives of Piranesi (81a) and the nightmares of Füssli (112). By the year 1800, two of the greatest artists of the period, Blake (94) and Goya (124), were expressing themselves in their most significant work by means of fantastic, enigmatic images.

In the 19th century fantastic satire or humor was often used by European and American caricaturists. A purer vein of fantasy is to be found in the drawings of Gaillot (119), Victor Hugo (133), and Grandville (129-131) in France; Carroll (104) and Lear (142-144) in England; Busch (103) in Germany; Cole (105) and Beale (93) in America. By the end of the century a poetic tradition which passed in literature from Poe and Baudelaire through the French symbolists found its pictorial counterpart in certain works of Redon (163-167)

Fantastic and Anti-rational Art of the Present

It is probable that at no time in the past four hundred years has the art of the marvelous and anti-rational been more conspicuous than at the present time. The two principal movements, Surrealism and its precursor Dadaism, together with certain related artists, are discussed at length in M. Hugnet's articles in the Museum Bulletin and in the chronology of the catalog.

Dada began in New York and Zurich about 1916 and flourished after the Great War in Cologne, Berlin, Hanover and Paris. The Dadaist painters and poets were moved by indignation and despair at the spectacle of the Great War and the ensuing Peace (just as Blake and Goya had cried out against war and the hollow conventions of religion and society during the period of the Napoleonic Wars). With robust iconoclastic humor the Dadaists mocked what they considered the sorry shams of European culture. They even attacked art—especially "modern" art—but while they made fun of the pre-War Cubists, Expressionists and Futurists, they borrowed and transformed many of the principles and techniques of these earlier movements.

In so doing the Dadaists, while attempting to free themselves from conventional ideas of art, developed certain conventions of their own—for ex-

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ample, automatism or absolute spontaneity of form (Arp, 264), extreme fantasy of subject matter (Ernst, 349; Baargeld, 292; Höch, 395), employment of accident or the laws of chance (Arp, 267; Man Ray, jacket of the catalog), fantastic use of mechanical and biological forms (Picabia, 462; Man Ray, 470; Ernst, 343, 346).

In many of their ideas the Dadaists had been anticipated by Kandinsky (226), Klee (231), Chagall (184, 185), de Chirico (193, 212), Duchamp (216, 220), Picasso (251).

Surrealism

Dada died in Paris about 1922 but from its ashes sprang Surrealism, under the leadership of the poet André Breton. The Surrealists preserved the anti-rational character of Dada but developed a far more systematic and serious experimental attitude toward the subconscious as the essential source of art. They practiced "automatic" drawing and writing, studied dreams and visions, the art of children and the insane, the theory and technique of psychoanalysis, the poetry of Lautréamont and Rimbaud.

Among the original Surrealist artists were the ex-Dadaists Ernst, Arp, and Man Ray. About 1925, Masson and Miro joined the ranks for a few years, then Tanguy, Magritte and Giacometti, and, about 1930, Dali. The Surrealists also admired and claimed independent artists such as de Chirico, Klee, Duchamp, and Picasso.

Technically, Surrealist painting falls roughly into two groups. The first group makes what can be called (to use Dali's phrase) *hand-painted dream photographs*—pictures of fantastic objects and scenes done with a technique as meticulously realistic as a Flemish primitive. Dali, Tanguy, Magritte are the chief masters of "dream photographs" but they owe a great deal to the early work of both de Chirico (190-215) and Ernst (349-353).

The subject matter, the images, of Dali and Magritte are, supposedly, of extreme uncensored spontaneity; but their precise realistic technique is the opposite of spontaneous. The second kind of Surrealist painting suggests by contrast complete spontaneity of *technique* as well as of subject matter. The free and almost casual technique of Masson (414, 416) and Miro (430, 439) belongs somewhat to the tradition of "automatic" drawing and painting previously carried on by Kandinsky (226), Klee (231, 234), and Arp (265).

Picasso (257, 260, 261) and Ernst (349, 360, 373), the most versatile of the artists associated with Surrealism, are masters of many techniques. Ernst is the foremost master of Surrealist *collage* (362) and of the semi-automatic technique of *frottage* (360; cf. list of techniques at the end of article).

The Surrealist Object

Shortly before the War the Cubists incorporated in their painting and sculpture fragments of ordinary materials such as matches, playing cards, bits of newspaper, calling cards, etc., thereby undermining the tradition that "art" must necessarily be in conventional media such as oil painting or bronze or marble.

Cubist objects appealed to a sense of design or form but Dada and Surrealist objects have primarily a psychological interest—bizarre, dreamlike, absurd, uncanny, enigmatic. They are objects of "concrete irrationality".

In 1914 Duchamp signed as a work of art an ordinary bottle drier (221), the first of a long series of "ready-mades" or ordinary manufactured objects which were to appear in Dada and Surrealist exhibitions. Some were shown unaltered, others were elaborately "assisted". The most famous Dada "ready-made assisted" is Duchamp's *Why not sneeze?* (224), a bird cage, filled with marble cubes made to look like lumps of sugar, out of which sticks a thermometer. *Why not sneeze?* is an object remarkable for the subtlety, complexity and humor of its multiple incongruities; Oppenheim's *Fur-covered cup, plate and spoon* (452) is simple by contrast but seems to exert an extraordinary and disquieting fascination: it is probably the most famous tea set in the world.

Many other kinds of objects have a Surrealist character: for instance, the *Oval wheel* (624), the *Object made from a Sears-Roebuck catalog* (626), mathematical objects (36, 37, 629-643), botanical models (644), etc.

Art of children and the insane

Why should the art of children and the insane be exhibited together with works by mature and normal artists? But, of course, nothing could be more appropriate as comparative material in an exhibition of fantastic art, for many children and psychopaths exist, at least part of the time, in a world of their own unattainable to the rest of us save in art or in dreams in which the imagination lives an unfettered life. Surrealist artists try to achieve a comparable freedom of the creative imagination, but they differ in one fundamental way from children and the insane: they are perfectly conscious of the difference between the world of fantasy and the world of reality, whereas children and the insane are often unable to make this distinction.

Conclusion

We can describe the contemporary movement toward an art of the marvelous and irrational but we are still too close to it to evaluate it. Apparently the movement is growing: under the name of Surrealism it is now active in a

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dozen countries of Europe, in North and South America, in Japan; it is influencing artists outside the movement as well as designers of decorative and commercial art; it is serving as a link between psychology on one hand and poetry on the other; it is frankly concerned with symbolic, "literary" or poetic subject matter and so finds itself in opposition to pure abstract art, realistic pictures of the social scene and ordinary studio painting of nudes or still life; its esthetic of the fantastic, enigmatic and anti-rational is affecting art criticism and leading to discoveries and revaluations in art history. When the movement is no longer a cause or a cockpit of controversy, it will doubtless be seen to have produced a mass of mediocre and capricious pictures and objects, a fair number of excellent and enduring works of art and even a few masterpieces. But already many things in this exhibition can be enjoyed in themselves as works of art outside and beyond their value as documents of a movement or a period.

A. H. B. Jr.

List of some of the devices, techniques, and media shown in the exhibition. All items are illustrated in the catalog, *Fantastic Art, Dada, Surrealism*, unless otherwise noted.

1. **Simple composite image** (e.g.: a human figure composed of garden implements) : 5, 33, 169, 172, 383, 523, 622
2. **Double image** (one of them concealed) : *a. monaxial* (to be seen without turning picture) : 44, 53 (last two illustrations) ; *b. biaxial* (to be seen by looking at picture both horizontally and vertically) : 6, 320, 378
3. **Collaborative composition** (that is, made by two or more artists working in sequence) : 297, 304, 305, 306, 308 (illustrated on cover of Museum Bulletin, 1936, Vol. 4, No. 2-3)
4. **Fantastic perspective** (flattened or reversed) : 44, 48, 49, 59 (also 549, not illustrated)
5. **Animation of the inanimate** (e.g.: a sofa dancing with an armchair) : 14, 53, 57, 60, 70, 71, 93, 103, 146, 169, 211, 214, 305, 323
6. **Metamorphoses** : 45, 53 (tree figures), 55, 90, 129, 130 (!), 131 (!), 172, 184, 217, 220, 230, 257, 262, 323, 330, 346, 349, 423, 565, 584, 609
7. **Isolation of anatomical fragments** : 27, 130, 163, 292, 410, 477
8. **Confrontation of incongruities** : 20, 56, 60, 123, 168, 180, 185, 193, 196, 215, 224, 292, 305, 306, 309, 310, 395, 444, 527, 528, 534, 574, 575, 623, 688
9. **Miracles and anomalies** : 7, 10, 25, 27, 46 (plate incorrectly numbered 45), 50, 53, 60, 76, 103, 105, 110, 119, 124, 142, 144, 163, 180, 185, 214, 244, 261, 315, 322, 323, 355, 362, 401, 409, 412, 452, 527, 578, 581, 586, 618
10. **Organic abstractions** (semi-abstract forms derived from or resembling organic forms) : 55, 217, 218, 243, 257, 264, 276, 283, 288, 436, 504, 509, 654, 657, 661, 662, 663
11. **Fantastic machinery** : 76, 77, 234, 332, 346, 461, 462, 470, 476, 536, 555 (illustrated on same page as 581)
12. **Dream pictures** : 40, 94, 96, 112, 168, 374, 396 (also 145, not illustrated)
13. **Creation of evocative chaos** : 231, 326, 498, 577, 645, 670, 671 ("I have seen in the clouds and in spots on a wall what has aroused me to fine inventions . . ." —Leonardo da Vinci)
14. **Automatic and quasi-automatic drawing and painting** : 133, 226, 231, 258, 265, 297, 414, 457, 598, 609
15. **Composition by artificial accident** : 267, 287, 326, 471 (illustrated on jacket of catalog, also 223, not illustrated but important as probably the earliest)
16. **Frottage** (semi-automatic process for obtaining patterns or designs by rubbing canvas or paper which has been placed over a rough surface such as planking, embossing, a brick wall, etc.) : 360 (also 356, 358, 360a, 372, not illustrated)
17. **Collage** ("the cutting up of various flat reproductions of objects or parts of objects and the pasting them together to form a picture of something new and strange" —Max Ernst) : 251, 267, 289, 292, 305, 330, 341, 343, 362, 382, 383, 395, 427, 494

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18. *Combination of real and painted objects* (similar to *collage* but the objects are actual realities rather than flat reproductions) : 361, 439, 541
19. *Found objects* of Surrealist character ("Ready-mades," i.e. manufactured commercial objects; mathematical and other scientific models; natural objects, etc.) : 221, 623, 624, 626, 627, 629
20. *Found objects "assisted"* (i.e. altered, transformed, or combined by the artist) : 224, 309, 324, 369, 401, 444, 476, 572, 608
21. *Dada and Surrealist objects* (objects made by artists as distinguished from objects "found" or merely "assisted") : 287, 377, 435, 452, 455, 478, 510, 512

Fantastic Art, Dada, Surrealism, published by the Museum of Modern Art, 11 West 53 Street, New York, contains a chronology of the Dada and Surrealist movements, 217 illustrations and a complete catalog of the exhibition.

Dada and Surrealism, two explanatory essays by Georges Hugnet, are published in the Museum of Modern Art Bulletin, Vol. 4, no. 2-3.

The illustration on the first page is from an original *collage* by Max Ernst, no. 340 in the exhibition; "Above the clouds the midnight passes. Above the midnight hovers the invisible bird of the day. A little higher than the bird the ether expands and the walls and the roofs float."

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TRIBUNE BOOKS, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1941

Surrealist Exhibition

NEW DIRECTIONS IN PROSE AND POETRY, 1940.

Edited by James Laughlin. . . 579 pp. . . Illustrated. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions. . . \$3.50.

Reviewed by RUTH LECHLITNER

AT LEAST two-thirds of the prose and poetry in this fifth annual "New Directions," edited by James Laughlin, is given over to work by Surrealists and to that of younger American writers influenced by Surrealism. In his Introduction Mr. Laughlin says that while he doesn't necessarily approve of Surrealism, "it is a function of 'New Directions' to present such exhibitions of foreign literary movements without bias." He ends his preface with a plea for democracy: "How can you expect people who have gotten a raw deal from democracy to fight for democracy?" Readers in general might ask Mr. Laughlin how he can expect those who want something healthy, indigenously democratic in good writing to be interested in a book like the 1940 "New Directions," encompassing mostly the "experimental" literary snob appeal, art-for-our-sake-and-to-hell-with-the-people types of writing?

The volume does contain, to Mr. Laughlin's credit as a discerning critic and unbiased editor, some of the finest work (the photographs with text on the American scene; the critical essays) to be recently published. But almost the whole of the poetry and the short-story sections are by Surrealist-influenced young writers. Laughlin says that "good writing comes from a happy balance of free inspiration with a critical sense of form."

It may also be said that good writing is primarily a matter of communication. If there is no meaning, or content, rising from the "free inspiration," and thence communicated through an objective, logical form to the reader, the work falls as writing and as art. For this reason—except for one or two pieces such as Laughlin's own "Easter in Pittsburgh"—the poetry fails. And all but two or three of the short stories fall the reader from the communication viewpoint. An exception is the work of David Kerner, in which he has made conscious use of experimentalism to further—not obstruct—communication. This use is not superimposed; it rises from the material, the subject itself. Kerner's psychological study of lower middle-class Jewish people is superbly presented through the inversions and the image-rich phrasing of their own speech. Likewise Eudora Welty's "Keela the Outcast Indian Maiden" is, despite a functional stiffness of style that indicates a young writer not yet sure of her form, a fine piece of work.

The book's best contribution, however, is "The Inhabitants," an aspect of American folkways presented through photographs and accompanying comment, by Wright Morris, a young New Englander. It is so strikingly good that I wish it might be published separately, at popular price, so that every one might see and read it. In it two art mediums dealing directly with the American scene and character are beautifully integrated. Such a synthesis is attempted in "Colon," another photograph-text combine. Walker Evans's photography is excellent; but the prose tract by James Agee—precious, diffuse, weighted with metaphysical imagery—defeats the whole impact of the pictures.

There is remarkably good prose in some of the critical essays: Katherine Anne Porter's "Notes on Writing," for instance. George Orwell, an English critic, contributes "Inside the Whale," a penetrating study of Henry Miller's work that includes also a survey of the recent trends in contemporary English writing. And, however he may feel about the 290 pages devoted exclu-

sively to Surrealists themselves, the reader should not miss the essays on the movement by Kenneth Burke and Herbert J. Muller. With Burke you will have to cudgel your way through the barriers of his incomparably abstruse, parenthetically involved style. It is amazing that a man with so keen a critical mind, so thorough an understanding of the whole literary scene, should never have applied the basic principles of good writing to his own work. But what he has to say is worth digging out.

But most of what Burke says is better said by Herbert Muller in "Surrealism: a Dissenting Opinion." Here is a clear, sound, objective answer to the aims of the movement as set forth by its sponsor, Nicolas Calas. The Calas manifesto is, as Muller suggests, surrealism's own most devastating indictment. Among the surrealist "ancestors" or heroes whom Calas lists are Freud, Trotsky, Franz Kafka, Diego Rivera, Marco Polo, Mack Sennett and the Marquis de Sade. Mr. Muller points out that, although the surrealist disciples pride themselves on fighting all forms of reaction, "they are actually in the line of the most profoundly reactionary movements of the day." He suggests their kinship with Hitler—mystic, dream-believer, rebel, hater of restriction. He quotes Henry Miller's declaration that surrealism as a movement is "a confession of intellectual and spiritual bankruptcy, a reflection of the death process, a quickening of the foredoomed end of civilization." Muller further adds: "They go off at high scream when the pressure is low." Both he and Burke observe that there is more real functionally applied surrealism in writers like Conrad, Thomas Wolfe, even Arnold Bennett; in Steinbeck's "Grapes of

Wrath" or Richard Wright's "Native Son" than in the whole output of the surrealists *per se*.

As to the surrealist "Chain Poems" contributors (Charles Henri Ford, Parker Tyler, Harry Roskolenko, George Marion O'Donnell, Gordon Sylander, etc.) and many of the other young surrealist-influenced writers represented in this year's New Directions, one might suggest that they frame and memorize the following lines from Katherine Anne Porter's "Notes on Writing":

Unless my material, my feelings and my problems in each new piece of work are not well ahead of my technical skill at the moment, I should distrust the whole thing. When virtuosity gets the upper hand of your theme, or is better than your idea, it is time to quit.

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• Miles from anywhere and your best dress goes to pieces. The BOSS and his chic wife are booked for next week. Your act is ruined! But NO! You have a bright idea. You stuff your dress in a box—you stuff another in—and your husband's ice cream pants—and that white dinner coat he spilled on. How simple. You rush to the post office. The day is saved!

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LONDON LETTER



LONDON, JULY 15

THE Surrealiste show at the New Burlington Galleries—which, by a convenient irony, are immediately behind the Academy—has been the sensation of the season, and it is no exaggeration to say that it kept old men from Lord's cricket ground, young men from Henley, and Mayfair damsels from garden parties. To be exact, it was called the International Surrealist Exhibition, and it has just closed after the most phenomenal success ever achieved by an art show in London. For the first four days, attendance was over a thousand a day, and thereafter during the three-week run it never fell below five hundred. Snobs, aesthetes, would-be aesthetes, titles, the bourgeoisie which loves to be *épatée*, angry old ladies, newspapermen in search of easy news, and (it is estimated) two-thirds of the staff of Selfridge's department store jostled one another day after day to stare at and comment loudly upon one of the strangest collections of pictures and "objects" ever gathered together in one place.

The idea started casually at a lunch in the Café Royal half a year ago. McKnight Kauffer, Herbert Read, and Roland Penrose, artist himself and rich young patron of the arts, sponsored the show and organized it, and to Penrose, since he lives much in Paris, was delegated the business of collecting the material. He collected not only the material but the artists themselves, and when the show finally opened, London was swarming with Surrealists of fifteen nationalities. The galleries were packed for the opening ceremonies. André Breton, the official "leader" of the movement, and Herbert Read, ex-right-hand man of T. S. Eliot on the *Criterion*, started things off, and while they delivered panegyrics on the blessings which Surrealisme would bestow on a decadent world, Sheila Legge strolled to and fro, clad in white samite, her head and face smothered in red roses, and in her rubber-gloved arms a model human leg; it appears she had really intended to carry a pork chop, but found it was the closed season for pork. Thus the beginning. The end was celebrated no less sensationally. Salvador Dali, invited to lecture (he



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THE NEW YORKER

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paste, nobody does them any better than the chef at Sixty-eight Fifth Avenue, who will send out either the freshly made spinach kind or red noodles made with tomato paste—all ready to serve either with a Bolognese or a prosciutto sauce. The Sixty-eight people will ship the homemade dried noodles anywhere you want.

Zucca's, at 118 West 49th Street, has the same kind of service on a much larger scale.

I HARDLY dare speak of potatoes—so ill thought of are they in upper-class eating circles of this town—but if you are looking for the very little kind, like those the French put in their chicken cocotte, you will find them at Shaffer's Market, 673 Madison Avenue (61st), or at least you will find them there in another week or so. The same tiny marble potatoes are to be had at most pushcarts in the Italian quarters, but Shaffer's is easier.

It is hardly possible that you have a hankering after *kasha*—that porridge thing that used to loom as large in Russian Czarist novels as the grandfather-on-the-stove and, come to think of it, tastes something like it. If it's buckwheat *kasha* you want, you can find it at any of those shops on the lower East Side where open-mouthed sacks of cereal and spices stand on the sidewalks. T. A. Carroccio, 169 First Avenue (11th), is one such place among more than I can count.

Charles and Macy both have sump—in cans or dry in sacks. Either way it's mighty good, in case you had forgotten about it.

—S. H.

RAIN IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

The scythe of wind has mown the stars; in the dim and fragrant meadow the haycocks wait the broken cloud, sheltered by only shadow.

The gusts in the village elms grow loud and lash the back-yard birches, the roadside poplars all but fly, the maple sapling lurches

away from the east and stands again. Cows in the hillside clearing move ghostly toward a split-rail gate. For a breath the earth is faring

through utter hush; then with a sigh the spatter comes and rouses voices in trees, wipes out the world, and slams the doors of houses.

—FRANCES FROST

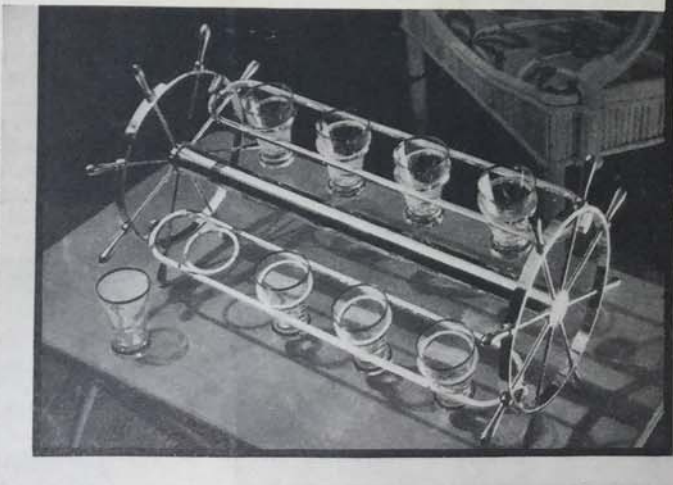


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W & J SLOANE

FIFTH AVENUE AT 47TH · NEW YORK

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GAMES?
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than the Surréaliste shows on the Continent had been. It was all the better, and more interesting, for that, as Paul Eluard and André Breton agreed. In fact, they decided that Surréalisme, in thus taking a slight turn toward the poetic and away from the merely shocking or "raw," had made a distinct psychological and perhaps even aesthetic gain. The truth is, of course, that none of the Surréalistes have really thought clearly about their aims, and their theories in general amount to little more than a solemn and somewhat juvenile misinterpretation of psychoanalysis, or certain aspects of it. "Up with the Unconscious!" is their cry, but alas! there is more to a work of art than that, as the best of the Surréaliste poets and painters find out for themselves. Only tangentially can one claim Chirico's sombre and lovely paintings for the movement, or the crystalline fantasies of Tanguy, or the cool poetry of Paul Nash, or the rich color-imagination of Oelze. Dali too, thank goodness, isn't only a Surréaliste; he's also an artist and a genius. As for the "objects"—a queer mortuary collection of things made out of bits of cork and shell and buttons and rusty scissor blades, or just anything at all, and given such titles as "Poached Lion's Head" and "Retrospective Bust of a Woman Devoured by Ants"—they were lots of fun, very ingenious, but distinctly up the wrong alley, and struck the only definite false note in what was otherwise an extremely suggestive and stimulating affair. Possibly the best comment on it all was supplied by the one-man show of Dali's new paintings at the Lefevre Galleries—a roomful of brilliant and beautiful and terrible masterpieces which made most of the *soi-disant* Surréaliste efforts look very tentative indeed. A merry cocktail party celebrated the opening of this, with cocktails in varying shades of green; fourteen of the pictures were sold on the first day; and Dali—not wearing a diving suit—looked thoroughly pleased. —SAMUEL JEAKE, JR.

Wednesday evening the education department discussed the AAA bill in Congress, transportation of a living heart from one fish to another and retaining life, the "Scandal Sheet," Rheta Childe Dorr, author, as a Lincoln girl, Madame Curie and daughter winning the Nobel prize on treatises on radium, Colleen Moore's "Green Castle" being displayed to raise funds for charity, and sun spots found not to cause earth's disturbances. —Lincoln (Neb.) State Journal.

And so home and to bed.



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had mentioned that he would talk on one of four themes, Harpo Marx among them), arrived for the occasion clad completely and hermetically in a diver's suit, on the helmet of which was mounted a motorcar radiator cap. Two plaster hands were attached to the sides of the suit; in a belt around the waist was thrust a jewelled dagger; he was leading two wolfhounds, and carried a billiard cue. (The diver's suit had been very hard to get. It was Lord Berners who finally persuaded a distrustful department store to lend one, but only after giving solemn assurance that it would not be used for depths greater than thirty metres, which apparently would have been dangerous.) Dali began lecturing quite inaudibly from inside the helmet, but presently it was seen that he wanted to get out. He emerged, after some difficulty, covered with perspiration and half stifled, and the lecture proceeded in violent and very bad French which nobody understood.

IT has all been like that, all quite crazy and lively, and lots of fun—André Breton dressing always in green, and drinking a special green liqueur; his wife with blue hair and blue eyebrows; and so on. Very like the good old days twenty years ago in Greenwich Village, the days of *Others* and *Contact*, with many of the same evergreen names reappearing—Man Ray, with brilliant photographs and some of the worst paintings achieved since the Stone Age; Marcel Duchamp, who contributed among other things a water color entitled "The King and the Queen Crossed Rapidly by Nudes;" Brancusi, Picabia, and Chirico. The adventure has had an extraordinary press, and has been lucky even in such newspaper "attacks" as it has had—notably in the *Daily Mail's* red-lettered placard announcing "A Shocking Art Show." This was, of course, the best possible sort of advertisement, and no doubt a great many people went to the exhibition solely to see just how shocking it was. As a matter of fact, for the most part it wasn't. The customs authorities had impounded the naughtiest of the pictures, which, as it happened, had arrived from Sweden; and the English committee—Sykes Davies, David Gascoyne, Humphrey Jennings, Paul Nash, Rupert Lee, Kauffer, Penrose, and Read—had succeeded in imposing a judicious restraint on their more excited confreres from Brussels and Paris, so the selection finally arrived at was markedly less blasphemous and sexy

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The Living Age
August 1936

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THE ART OF DISPLEASEING

By RAYMOND MORTIMER

From the *Listener*, London

SURREALISM has reached London—a little late, it is true, a little dowdy and seedy and down at heel and generally enfeebled. It began in Paris with a small band of brothers who united to bid defiance to the public, to civilization, to reason, to the universe; and some have died, and others have grown up, and almost all have quarreled. But germs can renew their virulence in a fresh environment, and surrealism, which in Paris is decrepit, may yet become fashionable in London. In a modified form, I am sure. For somehow I do not see our young literary sparks spitting in the face of clergymen, as was the courageous custom of the founders of the movement. Blasphemy and obscenity, again, have hitherto been a duty for all good surrealists, but one may wonder whether many of them will perform this duty in England, where it entails a heavy fine or a visit to gaol. To the watered surrealism that we are likely to have here, the most bourgeois of us can offer, I think, a mild welcome. The æsthetic climate of this country always inclines to be stuffy and relaxing. Perhaps this breeze from France will animate our stagnant atmosphere, invigorate some writers and painters, fertilize some imaginations, and grow a few needed orchids to vary the herbaceous monotony of our hardy perennials.

To understand surrealism you must look at its origins. During the post-War, pre-slump years, Paris had become the playground of the world. Would-be writers and painters with a lot of 'artistic temperament' and very little talent crammed the cafés, chattering in every language from Chinese to Peruvian. Drink, drugs,

sexuality in its most psychopathic forms were the ostentatious relaxations, often indeed the principal occupations, of this heterogeneous mob. The presence of painters like Picasso and Matisse, of writers like Gide, of poetic wits like Cocteau, had attracted every young foreigner, American, Scandinavian or Asiatic, who had artistic ambitions, and a large enough allowance of money (or good looks) to provide him or herself with food and drink. The atmosphere was feverish, men of genius were making extraordinary experiments in the various arts, and men without even a little talent were imitating them.

Suddenly, as a product of, and as a reaction against, this Bohemianism, appeared surrealism. Here was a gesture more defiant than any, a more violent attempt to surprise and shock, a movement which styled itself a revolution. Communism was indeed one of its battle-cries, because France was a bourgeois country. If surrealists were allowed in Russia, they would presumably be Czarists, for the essence of the movement is revolution for revolution's sake. The exploitation of the unconscious was the technique recommended to writers and painters, automatic writing, as it were, and automatic drawing. (Without Freud's doctrines and Picasso's practice, surrealism could not have happened.) Predecessors for the movement were found in Lautréamont, Rimbaud, the Marquis de Sade, and Lewis Carroll. The surrealist writers sought the furthest-fetched images, the most unlikely concatenations of words. The painters either married on their canvases the most unlikely objects, seeking to create a world as remote as possible from the actual, or evolved from their subconscious curious forms not to be found in nature, but disquieting from some obscure suggestiveness. Surprise and disquietude are indeed

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the states of mind which it is the special object of the surrealists to excite.

The movement was launched by a group several of whom possessed remarkable talent. Some of the most gifted of the post-War generation leapt upon this occasion to display their disillusionment, and their contempt for the Philistine, frivolous, bourgeois society in which they felt themselves strangers. Breton, Aragon, Eluard, Soupault, Delteil are all gifted writers. And among the painters more or less affiliated at one time to the group were Chirico, Masson and Mirò. Picasso commanded the admiration of the surrealists, and though he never joined them, did not refuse their homage. Later the group was reinforced by Salvador Dalí, a Spanish painter who is now one of the most active and orthodox surrealists. In another Spaniard, Bunuel, the movement found a brilliant film director. For some years the surrealists maintained themselves successfully in the limelight.

But a movement determined so largely by hatred contains the seed of its own disintegration. Quarrels, heresies, schisms have divided the original group. Aragon, who was Breton's ablest lieutenant, took his Communism too seriously, and resigned or was expelled. One would have to take daily trunk-calls to Paris to know who is and who is not accepted as a good surrealist by the 'Curia' of the movement. And after all what is interesting in surrealism is not the history of the pre-school squabbles and sendings to Coventry among its exponents but the state of mind which it represents, and the methods by which these are expressed. Breton and his band were the first to articulate and codify emotions and techniques which are a part of our *Zeitgeist*—a symptom, if you like, of the death-agony of capitalism; a consequence, if you prefer it, of a sudden alteration in human consciousness; or again merely a manifestation of the European appetite for some new thing.

In the visual arts surrealism represents above all a return to the subject. For the

last twenty-five years critics have been emphasizing the supreme importance in sculpture and painting of the purely plastic elements, composition and texture—what has been called 'significant form.' The subject of a picture—whether it represented Aphrodite or a dead fish or nothing recognizable—has been dismissed as comparatively unimportant. And while the poetic and dramatic qualities in a picture are often more important than the more ascetic critics have allowed, they are certainly not indispensable. And, if the formal elements are lacking, the 'story' a picture tells very quickly ceases to interest. It may be amusing to visit once the Guildhall Art Gallery, where there is a rich collection of Nineteenth Century Royal Academy anecdotes, but no one could return there again and again, as to the National Gallery or the French rooms at the Tate, with ever increasing satisfaction. Similarly the interest excited by a surrealist picture very quickly evaporates. The first sight of it may successfully give you the shock of surprise or disgust which the artist has sought to produce. But you cannot go on being surprised, and you probably do not want to go on being disgusted.

There is in the surrealist show at the New Burlington Galleries a picture by Mr. Magritte that represents very realistically a pair of boots, which develop towards the toes into human feet with almost photographic toe-nails. This picture really is the modern equivalent of those favorite Victorian pictures of boots with kittens climbing out of them. The sentiment is different, and we are expected to exclaim 'How amusing!' or 'How horrid!' instead of 'How sweet!', but the surrealist painting is quite as undistinguished as the Millais or whatever it was; and consequently it equally rapidly becomes boring.

Most of the exhibits in the surrealist show have nothing to recommend them except this ability to surprise—for about one minute. And the more they approximate to automatic drawings, the more

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tiresome they become. For the subconscious is the least interesting part of a human being—analysis brings to light always the same monotonous old impulses of lust and anxiety and hatred. The Oedipus complex is interesting in its varied effects on action and on the consciousness, but in itself it seems as depressingly uniform as the tibia or the gall-bladder.

Luckily the organizers of the exhibition have thrown their net very wide, and there are a number of admirably-organized pictures which are only incidentally, if at all, surrealist. The splendid recent Picassos have a ferocity which no doubt commends them to the faithful, but first and foremost they are just very good paintings, the works of a man with such inventive genius that he could found a new school every year. The Paul Klees are ravishing; his sensibility to texture places him among the most charming painters alive. The early Chiricos again are good examples of romantic painting: his curious and personal imagination has greatly influenced the surrealist writers and his works have the approved dream-like quality, but they are dreams organized by the consciousness. (You have only to compare them with Mr. Oelze's pictures, which have the genuine subconscious or automatic quality, and which are consequently aesthetically meaningless.) Mirò is a natural decorator of remarkable taste, and his adherence to surrealism probably makes his work neither better nor worse.

The truth is, of course, that a theory is valuable only in so far as it stimulates a painter. Whether a man claims to be a pre-Raphaelite, an impressionist, a cubist or a surrealist, all that matters is his talent—you can paint magnificently or abominably under any of these titles. Mr. Dali is the most fashionable of the thorough-going surrealists, and in his case I fancy that his theories positively obscure his talent. His pictures are frequently as silly as those of Böcklin, the painter of *The Island of the Dead*. But some of his straight-

forward drawings, where he forgets the importance of being paranoiac, suggest that he could paint well if he did not prefer to paint unpleasantly. But most of the exhibits are feeble; to sham madness evidently needs a lot of imagination.

Several English artists exhibit. Messrs. Roland Penrose and Burra are true surrealists, and attain their aim of rousing surprise and disquietude. Mr. Paul Nash, on the other hand, sends extremely charming pictures, in which he has felicitously enlivened sound formal elements with fantasy. Mr. Julian Trevelyan's works are uncommonly tasteful, rather in the Klee manner. Mr. Henry Moore, as we know, is an admirable sculptor, but his abstract carvings do not strike me as in the least surrealist. The exhibition includes a selection of savage art and of natural objects, showing that the cannibal and Dame Nature alike have their surrealistic moods.

In so far as surrealism encourages freedom of imagination in the visual arts, it is surely all to the good. We have had too many pictures of apples and napkins painted merely because the genius of Cézanne turned everything it touched to majestic poetry. If a man cannot paint a good picture, he had better paint an odd or amusing one. (Best of all, though, let him stop painting.) The Royal Academy is not worse today than it was fifty years ago, but it is duller, because there are fewer anecdotes. Surrealism is indeed a return to the Royal Academy tradition, though no doubt Mr. Breton and Sir William Llewellyn will alike indignantly deny the fact. What is new in surrealism is that the subject is chosen for its oddity or its unpleasantness instead of for its prettiness or sentimentality. And the exploration of the subconscious has revealed an easy, though perhaps not very varied, supply of odd and unpleasant images.

The First Post-Impressionist Exhibition infuriated the public, because it could not believe that the pictures of Cézanne, van Gogh and Matisse were anything but ugly. And the wiser critics insisted that they

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were beautiful. No one needs to be infuriated on these grounds by the present show. The man in the street will agree that these works are horrid. And that is what he is wanted to think.

PICASSO'S MIND

By CLIVE BELL

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London

IT WOULD be interesting, but will never be possible, to know how much money has been made out of Picasso. That this is not intended as an insult to anyone will be clear to those who remark that at this very moment I am making money out of him myself. Indeed, I was not thinking so much of dealers and dealing amateurs as of writers, manufacturers and the big shops. The weight of 'Picasso literature' in French, English, German and, I am told, Japanese is positively crushing; while one has only to look into the windows of *Le Printemps* or *La Samaritaine* to see what the fabricators of cheap finery owe to the inventor of cubism. Whether Picasso is the greatest visual artist alive is an open question; that he is the most influential is past question.

Something like a recognition of this was celebrated, more or less accidentally, about three months ago; and for a fortnight at the end of February and beginning of March, until Herr Hitler gave us something else to talk about, all Paris was talking of Picasso. There was the great exhibition of twenty new paintings *chez* Paul Rosenberg; there was a show of smaller but hardly less exciting works *chez* Pierre Colle—from which, by the way, comes a part of the remarkable collection now on view at the Zwemmer Gallery; there were important pictures at the Spanish exhibition; and *Cabiers d'Art* produced a special number, devoted to Picasso 1930-1935, in which, for the first time, the public was given a sample of the painter's poetry.

It is customary when a great artist in

one medium tries his luck in another not to take him seriously. On this occasion custom must be dishonored. The poems of Picasso will have to be taken seriously, if for no other reason, because they throw light on his painting; also it is only as throwing light on his painting that an 'art critic' is entitled to discuss them. To me it seems that even these fragments published in *Cabiers d'Art* will help anyone who needs help—and who does not?—to follow, through Picasso's visual constructions, the workings of Picasso's mind. Often in the poems, which are essentially visual, the connection of ideas, or, better, of ideas of images, is more easily apprehended than in the paintings and drawings.

Picasso, one realizes, whether one likes it or not, Picasso, the most visual of poets, is a literary painter. He always was; again and again his pictures express an emotion that did not come to him through the eyes alone. Matisse, by comparison, is aesthetic purity itself; and that may account to some extent for the wider influence of Picasso. Notoriously his pictures of the blue period are so charged with a troubling and oppressive pathos that they have been called, not unfairly, I think, sentimental. And though the immediate content of all his work, about which I shall have something to say presently, is an association of visual ideas set in train as a rule by a visual fact—the stump of a cigarette or a naked body—behind lie certain emotional preoccupations from which the artist has never freed himself and perhaps has never wished to free himself.

Always he is aware, not exactly of human misery, but of the misery of being human. Always he is aware of women. Lust and disgust, women's bodies, women's ways, and what Dryden elegantly calls 'the feat of love' are to this artist sometimes visions of delight, sometimes nightmares, negligible never. To deny the importance, for better or for worse, to the art of Picasso of femininity is, it seems to me, about as sensible as to believe that

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Shakespeare's sonnets were academic exercises.

It goes without saying that, in his visual art, it is not the ideas, but the connection of ideas that matters. This is equally true of what he writes; just as it is true of what Mallarmé or Eliot write. Picasso is a poet—a modern poet. Peacockians will remember how Mr. Flosky, Peacock's caricature of Coleridge, snubs the pathetic Mr. Listless when he complains that he does not see the connection of his (Mr. Flosky's) ideas: 'I should be sorry if you could; I pity the man who can see the connection of his own ideas. Still more do I pity him the connection of whose ideas any other person can see.' Picasso, on the contrary, is not only willing that you should see the connection of his; he seems to suggest that if you do not, you will miss the full significance of his art.

The task he sets is not simple: happily in *Cahiers d'Art* we find one of those examples, too rarely found in works of aesthetic exegesis, which, themselves easily understood, help us to understand things more difficult. Picasso wrote this line:—

Le cygne sur le lac fait le scorpion à sa manière . . .

A friend asked him what he had in mind. The artist picked up a pen and scribbled on the back of an envelope a swan floating on sleek water which reflects exactly the bird's long sickle-shaped neck. Anyone who will make the experiment for himself will perceive that he has designed the image of a scorpion in the swan's manner.

Let us apply the method here suggested to a more difficult case: '*Le tabac enveloppé en son suaire à côté des deux banderilles roses expire ses dessins modernistes sur le cadavre du cheval sur la cendre écrit sa dernière volonté au feu de son oeil.*' In all humility, with apologies to the author and cautions to those who need them, this I paraphrase thus: 'The tobacco swathed in its winding-sheet, a rose banderilla on either side, dies, and dying writes its "modernistic" drawings on the body of the horse, on the ash writes its last will with

the fire of its eye.' This is Picasso's sense, expressed verbally, of what was suggested by a cigarette smouldering to its end in, I surmise, one of those Bon Marché ashtrays with the picture of a horse on the bottom—a tray full of ash and stumps, two of which may have been belipsticked. This is what he saw with imagination's eye. Does it not make us see a still-life by Picasso? And, the words read, the connections grasped, do we not half divine by what strange but controlled processes of imagination the master arrives at some of his beautiful, expressive, patently logical yet barely intelligible combinations of forms?

Whether a visitor to the Zwemmer Gallery will feel inclined to worry himself with speculations of this sort is another matter. Here is so much easy and accessible beauty to be enjoyed for the looking that probably he will not. Here is a delightful and representative exhibition of Picasso's work from 1908, the date of a particularly attractive picture in the cubist manner, to the May of last year, since when he has not painted, unless it be true that he started again a few weeks ago.

The big *Peintre et Modèle* (1934) is for me the *clou* of the show. I doubt whether Picasso ever used paint more deliciously: look at the right-hand top corner, where signature and date are wrought into a pattern that reminds one of a bouquet carried by one of Renoir's young ladies. Indeed, throughout this surprising composition the paint is of an excitement and lyricism unusual with Picasso. *Arlequin*, another big picture, dating from about the end of the war, seems austere by comparison. It is hardly less beautiful. But the other big picture, *Les Deux Femmes*, really needs a larger room in which to be shown.

It is when we are looking at the smaller works, the pen and ink drawings touched in with colored washes, for instance, that we realize the marvelous certainty of the master. Modify in any of these one small patch of watercolor, and the work is changed completely. This Picasso has chosen to demonstrate in a series of etch-

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ings over colored applications, or rather of one etching variously treated, which Mr. Zwemmer holds in reserve. By changing the dominant colored shape—a change which necessitates in strictest logic a new combination of shapes and colors—the artist has created out of a single pattern a series of totally distinct little masterpieces. Picasso, in fact, has brought the mastery of his art to such perfection that the coherence of a design and the imaginative import of a whole work can be made to depend on the placing of a patch; and he knows just where to place it, and he knows just what the effect of his placing, both on design and sentiment, will be.

Of the light and airy series of colored drawings, *Zéphyr* is the most obviously charming: it is a work of fanciful gaiety in which the touch of surprise is given not, as in some, by an unexpected tone, nor yet, as in others, by a convincing deformation, but by a breath of surrealism.

What impresses one most, however, is what impresses most in all exhibitions of Picasso's work that cover a number of years: the inventiveness of the man. If any modern painter has 'exhausted worlds and then imagin'd new,' it is he. His innumerable imitators must lead a breathless life of it.

And this brings me back to where I began: Picasso is one of the most accomplished technicians alive, but the miracle is not what he does with his fingers, but what goes on in his head. It is clear that what he gets out of life is different from what anyone else gets; clearly it is strange, intense, disquieting and various. Because he can externalize some part of his experience—for I feel sure that he has never said all that he has to say—he has affected us all in all sorts of odd ways. He has affected our habits of seeing, still more has he affected our notions about what we see. And that is why anyone who proposes to give an account of the minds that have influenced our age, the minds of Freud and Einstein, of Marx and Pareto, will have to explore the mind of Picasso.

NONE SO BLIND

By ANDRÉ LHOTE

Translated from the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, Paris

I WISH the men of letters and the professional thinkers who like to talk about painting would enlighten me upon one exciting subject, which is beyond my understanding. The subject in question is Claude Monet, the dismaying exhibition of whose paintings is at present taking the place of Picasso's at Paul Rosenberg's.

As soon as any three of Monet's canvases are assembled, you feel the same boredom that you have experienced before such paintings as those of the Thames, of the water lilies, of the Rouen Cathedral, and of the hayricks: two of the three leave you indifferent, and the extraordinary qualities of the third make your disappointment seem cruel and inexplicable.

If I were to obey my usual impulse, I should say: 'All this is because Monet had no brains. All he had was a hand, or, rather, an eye commanding an extraordinarily nimble hand. He is just the type of painter the poets and novelists in general like to imagine—they who are so jealous of their intellectual prerogatives that it hurts them to see them bestowed upon a mere artisan. Monet shows clearer than anybody else that the most prodigious gifts may come to nothing if a philosophical mind does not go with them.'

That is what I should write if I were to obey my first impulse. But I could probably express myself to better purpose. The genius whose discoveries have begotten a century of painting—and what a century!—has a right to more thoughtful and generous comment. You feel that you are being guilty and ungrateful if you yawn before the works of a man without whom there would have been no Cézanne, no Renoir, no Seurat, not even Gauguin, in the form in which we know them today—not to mention the *fauves*, Matisse and Bonnard.

As it happens, a canvas by the last

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mentioned painter can now be seen on show in the Bernheim Jeune Galleries—a painting in tones which are the most difficult to handle: cadmiums and violets. It is a dazzling canvas, full of realism (it seems, of the most direct and facile realism: a great splash of sunlight falling on a table standing out of doors, a young woman sitting at it, doing some indeterminate kind of needlework) and poetry—a perfect, admirable painting. In this marvel, there is not a single conjunction of tones that was not foreseen and predetermined in Claude Monet's experience. And yet the Bonnard enchanted and the Monets bored me. Is there not something moving, something to think about, in this downfall of an idol after its prodigious reign?

Of course, I grant that every genius, if he is a painter, cannot grow otherwise than by a profoundly sensual, almost animal, process: that of choosing, from the symphony of natural subjects around him, one, a predominating element to which he pays the most attention, while merely indicating the others. I can conceive that the wholly physical act through which Monet perceived the subtlest color values, ignoring all solid form (to such a degree that he would disintegrate architectural structures of London and Rouen and impart to them a kind of celestial unsubstantiality)—that this process was an exhaustive, tyrannical and intolerant one. I even concede that no set of senses in this world could assimilate with equal intensity both the substance and the impression of any given object, that the prism and the compass are irreconcilable foes (though at one time Seurat brought them, miraculously, together). But what I cannot possibly understand is that this powerful recording machine which was Monet should consistently have recorded only the least plastic, the least ambitious, the least human spectacles, passing anticlimactically from the Vétheuil hills to the hayricks huddled in the misty valleys, from the ridiculous huts on the snowy mountainside to the reflections glimpsed

in slumbering waters among shapeless bunches of water lilies.

If it is only a question of accurate stenciling—a superior kind, to be sure, in which there is a natural place for all the poetic thrills—why should the pattern chosen be the most inhuman, the least universal? In his wanderings from the Manche to the Mediterranean this man had come across perfect landscapes, where villages, rivers, woody groves, flocks, peasants, mountains and clouds combined to create an absolute, closed, complete, recapitulatory universe—a universe which, like that of the two great landscape painters Breughel and Poussin, recalls all possible fatherlands, all possible human sufferings and joys. And yet this painter, by reason of his marvelous eye and hand the greatest of the century, disdained these lovely pages, which were already written and only needed to be copied before being put into museums for all eternity: he directed his thoughtless though determined steps to the Giverny Lake, which accordingly became the witness of the terrible, and self-imposed, death of the artist in him. What can be the meaning of this voluntary artistic death, this lamentable rejection of all lyricism and greatness? Is it possible that great inventors exhaust their talents in the creation of a new perspective, leaving to others the task of utilizing their discoveries? Can our era produce only mutilated geniuses?

The question stands before us. Let writers who are aware of the mystery of graphic representation help me to shed some light upon it.

CÉZANNE AT THE ORANGERIE

By JACQUES MATHEY

Translated from the *Crapouillot*, Paris

IT SEEMS strange that Cézanne was not understood until his declining days, but it is perhaps even stranger that today he is understood by everybody. It is true that in the museum, among the canvases of his

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THE LIVING AGE

contemporaries, the yellow and slate-colored mosaics of his famous apples and the grand rose- and blue-colored contours of his *Mont Sainte-Victoire* impress us with their novelty; and our present-day public, absorbed as it is with the personality of the painter, tends to neglect the universal meaning of his language.

If the timid, arrogant, and sulky bourgeois from Aix, who was so downcast at not being received at the Salon de Bouguereau, but so determined not to 'let it get him,' has discovered a hitherto unknown way of expressing nature, still his work lacks that human quality, that, in a sense, literary value which enriches the work of such geniuses of painting as Michelangelo or Delacroix. The expression of a face, the substance of a tree do not interest Cézanne. In this he is at opposite poles from the omniscience of a da Vinci and the masters of the Renaissance. At times his failures and shortcomings are such that, except for painters and collectors, the general public has difficulty in enjoying his work.

The acquaintances who posed for him, and from whom he demanded absolute immobility and silence for interminable sittings, have drooping hands and mouths: their opaque eyes lack that spot of light, that 'open window' through which, in Lenain and Latour, we glimpse the spirit within. Completely absorbed in his color researches, he paints his characters as he would paint a log. His *Gustave Geoffroy* is dull, his *Card Players* fixed upon their cards for all eternity, and his *Jeune Italienne*, which has a Veronese-like movement, is a surprising exception. We have here the spectacle of the great instinct of a pure painter served by an intelligence equipped with blinders.

In his youth Cézanne was attracted by Courbet and Manet; his still lives, painted in a black Spanish mood, overflow with brimming temperament. One may say that this touch was as yet unknown in French painting. Then he followed Pissarro's impressionism. The latter's spots of

color become under Cézanne's brush square strokes which are applied on top of one another and give the impression of beautiful enamel. The *Maison du Pendu* brims over with sunny potency. Back at Aix, and isolated from the world, he plunges into an exhausting pursuit: he has the capacity of achieving greatness, but, first and foremost, he devotes himself to a search for 'light and logic.' During his interminable sittings, every brush stroke is the result of long reflection. He is full of theories. He no longer sees lines as anything but conjunctions of colored spots. For that reason his drawings are made of broken lines, of minute, tentative strokes. 'The contours elude me,' he says. He writes to the painter Bernard: 'The color sensations prevent me from following the contours of the object when the points of contact are tenuous and delicate: the result is that my picture is incomplete . . . The planes topple one on top of the other; I am forced to outline my contours with black—a fault which I must fight with all my strength.'

The portrait of Vollard, a total failure, is a good example of the master's sad struggle. It took one-hundred-and-ten sittings, and still Cézanne was pleased only with the rendering of the shirt.

His work has been compared to that of El Greco, whose colors are so unusual. El Greco's art is touched with madness, but his technique is that of a complete painter. He has the ease of the great—because a great spirit guides his hand; his distortions are imposed by logic; he stirs us as much as Cézanne does, but reaches the more distant regions of the heart.

Cézanne had an enormous influence on the painters of the last thirty years—at times a good influence, but bad for those who followed it without discernment. Have I insisted too much upon his imperfections? I see that I have not yet praised the miracles that have come from his brush; but then you can find his praises everywhere.

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Prof. Hinrichs, Missing 4 Days, Found Suicide

Rhode Island State College
Economist Shoots Self in
Hutchinson, Minn., Hotel

Had Been at Washington

Wife Was Expecting Him
at Home for Christmas

By The Associated Press

HUTCHINSON, Minn., Dec. 26.—A coroner's verdict of suicide today ended the mystery over the disappearance of Professor Arnold F. Hinrichs, thirty-nine years old, Rhode Island State College economist.

Professor Hinrichs was last seen by friends at Washington on Tuesday afternoon, ostensibly preparing to return to his Kingston, R. I., home for Christmas. Police of eight Eastern states were asked to search for him yesterday when he failed to reach home, where his wife said he had telephoned he would arrive Wednesday.

Coroner W. R. Schmidt, of McLeod County, said that Professor Hinrichs "committed suicide Thursday night" and that no inquest would be necessary.

The teacher was found shot to death in a hotel room. Near by, Schmidt said, was a "long list of telegrams" announcing his death to relatives and friends, and \$25 to pay for their transmission.

Schmidt said indications were that Professor Hinrichs came to Hutchinson "for the purpose of committing suicide," registered at the hotel, then bought a shotgun and returned to his room.

Burial will be at Hutchinson, according to Schmidt, but funeral arrangements are incomplete pending word from Mrs. Hinrichs.

Mr. Hinrichs attended a soil conservation conference in Washington over Tuesday. Friends said he obtained a government transportation order to return to Kingston. He had taught at the University of Minnesota and Purdue University and served with the Agricultural Adjustment Administration in Washington before going to Rhode Island State College. He was a native of Red Wing, Minn.

Murray Visits Syracuse To Weld Party Harmony

Republican State Chief Sees
Parsons, Oswego County Head

SYRACUSE, Dec. 26 (AP).—Out to "get acquainted" and to plug for harmony in party ranks, as he explained, William S. Murray, of Utica, today paid his first visit to Syracuse since his election as chairman of the Republican State Committee.

Mr. Murray's visit was not an official visit to Onondaga, since Clarence R. King, Onondaga County chairman, was too ill to receive him. He was rather, he said, keeping a date with Loren J. Parsons, of New Haven, Oswego County chairman, at a mutually convenient meeting place. The meeting took place at the office of George R. Fearon, until next Friday Republican leader of the State Senate.

Mr. Murray reported that he had encountered "unexpected interest in unexpected places" as to what the

Bonwit Teller



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CURRENT COMMENT

War Prohibited!

From the San Francisco Chronicle

Outdoing all other peace advocates, Senator Frazier of North Dakota has offered a bill making it illegal for the United States to go to war "for any purpose whatever." There is a fine and lofty tone to the phrase, but its reason does not match up with its emotion.

Such a law would invite unamiable foreign nations—and, however it might surprise Senator Frazier to learn so, there are some such—to come over and give us a good kicking without fear of reprisal. We could not legally resist a foreign invader and would have to do it on the pretense that we were just welcoming him, a subterfuge that Senator Frazier surely would not want imposed on an ideal and sincere people like those of the United States.

Or, if he were willing to have wars fought only when the invader touches America, he might be reminded that it has been much more comfortable to fight our wars on the other fellow's territory, a fine old peaceful custom followed with the single exception of the War of 1812.

Like the Police Strike

From the Boston Transcript

Chicago might take to heart the declaration of Calvin Coolidge when he was Governor of Massachusetts, and the police of Boston abandoned their posts. What he said is as applicable now as it was then: "There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, anytime." When downtown Chicago on Saturday night was plunged into darkness there was a strike against the public safety.

In the modern city, extinguishing street and traffic lights is a menace almost in the class of that created by the refusal of policemen or firemen to perform their duties. Darkness provides opportunity for dark deeds. The city employees who deprived Chicago of light aligned themselves with the men who years ago left Boston without p-

Surrealism

From the Des Moines Register

Surrealists are those geniuses who paint pictures of watches that melt and drip from table tops, and who fashion coffee cups and teaspoons from dog skin with the fur side inside.

They are enjoying great vogue at the moment in New York City, where the Museum of Modern Art displayed a bewildering collection of their products. But they were grievously offended when the museum committee hung, side by side with the best of paintings turned out by children and by patients of insane asylums.

The committee, seeking to take the edge off the alleged insult, explained the mad art and the juvenile art were being shown only as "comparative material," but that they often were "analogous."

To the layman, wandering confusedly through the galleries, this seems to say that the surrealists realize that they are crazy and have childish minds, whereas the insane and the children might be supposed to have the crazy notion that they themselves are surrealists.

A Grotesque Tragedy

From the Chicago News

The age-old jest, "Don't shoot the piano player—he's doing his best," has become grim reality in Chicago. After closing hours at a "dawn cafe" a customer named Rambert spoke earnestly to Frank Parker, lately forced to earn a meager living by evoking melody for night owls.

"Listen, Buddy, I don't like you—or your music."

Thereupon Rambert shot and killed Parker, calmly finished his drink and left. The nightmare scene was heightened by two circumstances. Parker was a former \$15,000-a-year man. At the time he was killed he was playing "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life!"

The captured Rambert cannot, of course, explain his reason, or lack of reason. Perhaps a psychiatrist will find that music

rouse homicidal mania in some savag, breasts, or that the same chords which make dogs howl may drive weak minds to murder. The tragedy is grotesque; it is also worthy of scientific study.

Noble Work Expose

From the New York Times

Max Eastman's piece on the vanished socialism of soviet Russia bears down hardest on Stalin, of course, but there is one cruel wallop which reaches Trotskyites and Stalinites alike. It is Mr. Eastman's appraisal of that truly blessed word, "ideology." The correct pronunciation, it now appears, does not demand the bated breath, but a laugh.

Karl Marx, according to Mr. Eastman, used "ideology" as a term of derision. "A prime factor in the wisdom of Karl Marx was his perception of the discrepancy between the ideas with which men commonly make and write history and the actual changes that are in progress. He called these loose-floating ideas ideologies, a term of contempt which he borrowed from Napoleon Bonaparte, and which, freely translated into American, means 'applesauce.'"

Can't Visit Brother

From the San Francisco Argonaut

According to the press dispatches, the Duke of Kent, whose foibles have been exposed of late, wanted to go to meet his brother, the late King of England, whereupon Mr. Stanley Baldwin, the British Premier, went to the new King, and said, "This must not be," and the King has since forbidden his brother to visit their common brother.

It is a rather funny situation when brother is forbidden to meet brother, but it is evident that Mr. Baldwin and the Church of England are resolved that the late King shall feel the full brunt of their displeasure at his actions. If he wants Mrs. Simpson, he can have her, but they think his desire for her not only proves him a "simp," but makes him a bad influence with other members of the royal family.

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Elizabeth Arden

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1937

Time 1/27

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New York

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Edouard
Oedipus
+ La belle saison - Max Ernst
- Pieta 1923 "
- Chirico - 1913 - drawing ?
- 2 drawings of mad architect
- Broderie de mad woman
- 2 watercolors of income
- Ernst '20 collage + water color
Katharina Omdulata
> Mir 
Ernst =
Combine Expose 32

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il faut **V** ISITER

l'exposition

SUR.ÉALISTE

7 AU 18 JUIN

à la
G. A. L. ERIE **PIERRE Colle**
29, rue Cambacerès

de 10 h. à 12 h.
et de 2 h. à 6 h.

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Objets désagréables, chaises, dessins, sexes, peintures, manuscrits, objets à flairer, objets automatiques et inavouables, bois, plâtres, phobies, souvenirs intra-utérins, éléments de rêves prophétiques, dématérialisations de désirs, lunettes, ongles, amitiés à fonctionnement symbolique, cadres, détérioration de cheminées, livres, objets usuels, conflits taciturnes, cartes géographiques, mains, buste de femme rétrospectif, saucisses, cadavres exquis, palais, marteaux, libertins, couples de papillons, perversions d'oreilles, merles, œufs sur le plat, cuillers atmosphériques, pharmacies, portraits manqués, pains, photos, langues.

Vous souvenez-vous encore de cette époque où la peinture était considérée comme une « fin en soi » ?

Nous avons dépassé la période des exercices individuels.

Autre chose est l'autorité. Celle-ci, la peinture surréaliste a su l'acquérir aux dépens de tout opportunisme personnel.

Le temps passe.

Par le caractère affectif de vos rendez-vous.

Par les recherches expérimentales du surréalisme.

Nous ne voulons pas reconstruire des arches. Partisans sincères du mieux, nous avons essayé d'embellir un peu, physiquement **et** moralement, la physiologie de Paris.

En tournant le dos aux tableaux.

Le mot délit n'a en général, pas été compris.

Vous souvenez-vous ?

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PAUL ELUARD
RENÉ CHAR
ALBERTO GIACO
ARTHUR HAR
GEORGES HUGNET
JOAN MIRÓ
PABLO PI
MAN RAY
LE CADA
ARP
ANDRÉ BRETON
RENÉ CREVEL
MARIE-BERTHE ERNST
MAX ERNST
METTI
FAUX
MAURICE HENRY
RENÉ MAGRITTE
VALENTINE HUGO
BENJAMIN PÉRET
CASSO
MARCEL JEAN
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TRISTAN TZARA

GRAINS ET ISSUES

Par delà les écoles littéraires et les contradictions qu'elles engendrent, par delà leurs « tics » qui tiennent lieu de connaissance, par delà les sacrifices de l'ordre idéologique à un nivellement par la moyenne, par delà la sclérose des formes consacrées, par delà la tendance des méthodes d'investigation à devenir une *fin en soi*, par delà la politique de malentendus sentimentaux dont, seules, la routine et la fatigue peuvent s'accommoder pour faire croire à l'existence *réelle* d'une école, l'auteur essaie dans cet ouvrage, sous une forme poétique, narrative et théorique, de dégager les données de quelques problèmes tels qu'ils se posent aujourd'hui à l'ensemble de la jeune génération.

Mêler la poésie à la prose est une tâche à laquelle on s'est souvent employé par le fait même que, d'une manière toute naturelle, ce mélange est déjà contenu dans le trouble qui caractérise les différents états d'esprit de l'homme. Mais, considérer l'une et l'autre, dans les fondements de la pensée, comme des disciplines essentielles à l'acte du penser et non plus comme des techniques particulières, successivement employées, cela amène l'auteur à établir les circonstances dans lesquelles l'activité dite « d'art », — elle-même fonction du devenir de la pensée, — pourrait être comprise dans le débat de la lutte des classes. L'atrocité du monde extérieur doit être assimilée aux manifestations économique-sociales qui y prennent place. L'interpénétration des *pensés dirigé et non dirigé* prend ici, sous la forme de « *rêves expérimentaux* » et de « *contes philosophiques* », une tournure nouvelle par l'édification d'un monde imaginaire qui, hors des cadres de la sensation, mais participant néanmoins d'elle, se propose

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de transgresser la notion habituelle de la réalité environnante, formée de la simple superposition des éléments productifs rationnels et irrationnels.

Mais, dans l'état actuel de croissante divergence entre l'individu et la société moderne, où *l'angoisse de vivre* arrive à une puissance d'absorption telle que tout intérêt humain ne saurait emprunter une voie en dehors de son champ d'influence, il n'est plus possible de reculer. C'est à partir de la surface offerte qu'il s'agit d'édifier un système valable pour les fonctions permanentes de l'homme et pour le monde de ses désirs.

L'auteur analyse les éléments de survivance du type archaïque de l'angoisse de vivre dans la société moderne et la forme de cette angoisse due aux conditions actuelles d'existence. Il conclut à la nécessité de la révolution dont le caractère *total* implique la transformation de l'homme. Il traite de la conclusion métaphorique et du problème du langage en tant qu'attitudes mentales. Il se propose de démontrer que la saturation conceptuelle des mots empêche la science de se développer, mais que les profondes secousses sociales facilitent la transformation du langage et son essentielle mise à jour avec les nouvelles notions. Les écluses humaines de la raison, en faisant transporter les connaissances de jour à celles de nuit et inversement, laissent à découvert le résidu irréductible de l'espoir, celui de voir, dans un monde métamorphosé, la satisfaction des désirs amoindris et avilis par la société actuelle. L'intégration de cet espoir et des caractères psychiques auxquels il est subordonné, dans la théorie de la révolution, est donc une inéluctable nécessité. Malgré la forme poétique qui embrasse les domaines de la pensée et celle de la spéculation qui désagrège la poésie, tout en faisant intervenir les manifestations du cannibalisme et du délire non systématisé, qui est une activité poétique, dans l'explication de certains phénomènes, par le caractère combatif et constructeur que l'auteur voudrait donner à ses recherches et par les problèmes qu'il soulève, cet ouvrage se place avant tout sous l'éclairage violent de l'immédiate actualité. Bien plus qu'à présenter une œuvre fermée, il s'attache à désigner une orientation révolutionnaire dans les démarches de la pensée moderne qui ne saurait exclure celles de la nécessité de l'homme en tant que dépôt d'une ancestrale angoisse de vivre dont est chargé son devenir.

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DU 7 AU 18 JUIN

EXPOSITION
SURRÉALISTE

SCULPTURES - OBJETS
PEINTURES - DESSINS

PIERRE COLLE
29, RUE CAMBACÉRÈS, 29

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CATALOGUE

ARP

1. Tête couverte de trois objets désagréables : une mouche, une mandoline et une paire de moustaches.
2. Une cloche qui est un marteau.
3. Dessin.

ANDRÉ BRETON

4. Objet.

SALVADOR DALI

5. Harpe invisible.
6. Méditation sur la harpe.
7. Planche d'associations démentielles.
8. Chaise atmosphérique.
9. Cuillère atmosphérique.
10. Œufs sur le plat atmosphériques.
11. Buste de femme rétrospectif.
12. Académie atmosphérique.

MARCEL DUCHAMP

13. Pharmacie.

PAUL ELUARD

14. Objet basé sur la perversion des oreilles.

MARIE-BERTHE ERNST

15. Portrait de Max Ernst.
16. Portrait d'André Breton.

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MAX ERNST

17. L'Europe après la pluie. (Carte géographique en relief et en couleurs).
18. Vol nuptial.
19. Un libertin attaqué d'une maladie mortelle...
20. Réponse d'un jeune chrétien.
21. Couple de papillons.
22. Une lettre.
23. Objet sans prétention.

ALBERTO GIACOMETTI

24. Table.
25. Palais.
26. Mannequin.
27. Sucre minéral.
28. L'heure des traces.
29. Objets.

ARTHUR HARFAUX

30. Objet.
31. Dessins.

MAURICE HENRY

32. Les Architectes.
33. Le voyageur fébrile.
34. Triste, triste.
35. Les dernières fouilles.
36. Le désastre imminent.
37. Le visible et l'invisible.
38. Le vernissage.
39. L'aurore après l'amour.
40. Objet.

GEORGES HUGNET

41. Le poil de la bête.

VALENTINE HUGO

42. Objet.
43. Quatre illustrations pour les Contes bizarres d'Achim d'Arnim.
44. Portrait d'Achim d'Arnim (lithographie).
45. La religieuse portugaise.
46. « Gagner au jeu du profil qu'un oiseau reste dans ses ailes ». (Paul Eluard).
47. « Tu dois être puissant, car tu as une figure plus qu'humaine, triste comme l'univers, belle comme le suicide. » (Lautréamont).
48. « La barque de l'amour s'est brisée contre la vie courante. » (Majakowsky).

MARCEL JEAN

49. Dessins.

RENÉ MAGRITTE

50. Tableau.
51. Tableau.

JOAN MIRO

- 52 à 55. Objets.

PABLO PICASSO

56. Sculpture.
57. Sculpture.
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- 59. Rideau diaphane.
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- 65. Le ruban des excès.
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TUTUNDJIAN

- 70. Dessin.

LE CADAVRE EXQUIS

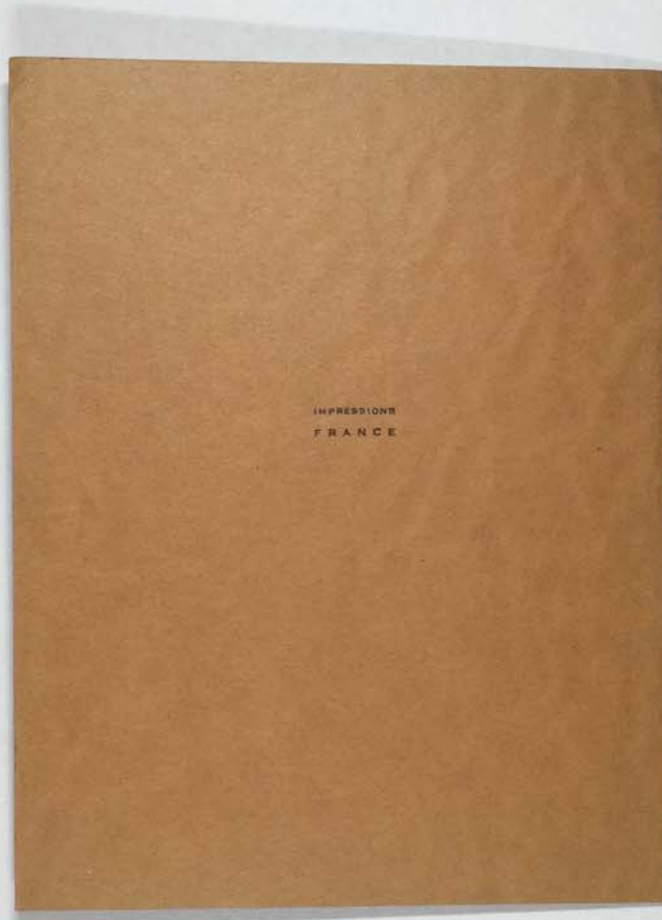
- 71. Dix dessins.

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Nothing

CARY ROSS

The blue water lies flat at the end of the plank,
Splash to expect
but gurgles of round bubbles blurrp
on the keel of the white yacht.

See no despair in the sun over the haze of water.
neither the keen aquaplane
Nor the bright red streak of sport on the water
are more than what you can see.

Spank the blank waves' little ripples
curved under your belly.
Ladies on beaches and poets remember,
the concept of zero is more difficult to realize than number.

Soluble Fish

ANDRE BRETON

The birds lose their form after their colors. They are reduced to an Arachean existence so deceptive that I throw my gloves away. My yellow gloves with black clocks fall upon a plain dominated by a fragile belfrey. I cross my arms and watch. I watch for the laughs that come from the earth and become at once flowering umbels. The night is here, like a carp leaping to the surface of a violet stream and the strange laurels interlace in the sky which comes down from the sea. They bind a faggot of boughs inflamed in the wood and the woman or the fairy who puts them on her shoulders seems to be flying (stealing) now, as the champagne-colored stars grow motionless. The rain begins falling; it is an eternal favor and admits of the most delicate reflections. In a single drop, there is the passage of a yellow bridge by lilac caravans; in another which passes it there is a buoyant life and crimes in an inn. To the south, in a cove, love shakes out its shadow-filled locks and there is a propitious boat which circulates over the roofs. But the water-rings break one by one and upon the tall pile of nocturnal landscapes these rests the aurora of a finger. The prostitute begins her song more roundabout than a cool rivulet in the country of the nailed Wing but it is only absence after all. A real lily raised to the glory of the stars undoes the thighs of the awakening combustion and the group they form goes off to the discovery of the strand. But the soul of the other woman is covered with white feathers that fan it gently. The truth rests upon the mathematical rattans of the infinite and all goes forward in the order of the eagle sitting up behind whereas the genius of the vegetable flotillas claps its hands and the oracle is rendered by the fluid electric fishes.

The photograph — As a Wife Has a Cow — By George P. Lynes.

NOTES ON SURREALISME

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A. E. A. Jr.

THE AFTER-WAR SPIRIT IN LITERATURE

(From the general introduction, by Samuel Putnam, to the *chick Austine* EUROPEAN CARAVAN) *Walt Whitman*

The men in the trenches died thirsting for life, the new generation is doing its utmost to find life, in literature and in life. It has seemed to many that the war struck at the very bases of civilization, and that the superstructure is today tottering, if not fallen. This with the young has produced an intellectual crisis. The older ones might go on; they might go back and pick up where they left off in 1914; they might go back to the rear-guard of Symbolism or the advance-guard of a prematurely slain Imagism; they might like M. Paul Claudel, write charming introductions to Rimbaud — but the younger men will tell you that it is hopeless. The young demand certitude, — the certitude, in any event of the uncertain, — and certitude is another name for faith; the smiling, the "elegant", the "pretty" and the indifferent scepticism of an Anatole France is not for them. But certitude? Where is it to be found in the world left by the war? In this world an utter disorientation would appear to be the keynote. Jean Cocteau, facing a cosmos of unclassifiable bric-a-brac, takes refuge in the church; and whatever the refuge, whether a haven be sought or disdained, it is, in a manner, a universe of bric-a-brac which the writer who has come up, say, since 1920 looks out upon and endeavors to portray, when he does endeavor to portray it — he is, as a rule, little concerned with setting it to rights.

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UNKNOWN MASTER

- 50 AMBIGUOUS SUBJECT. Collection Mr. and Mrs. Alfred J. Barr, New York

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT, NOVEMBER, 1931

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EUROPEAN CARAVAN) *Walt Smith @ Museum*

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American or the normal-going citizen anywhere will find difficult to understand, for the 'acte gratuit,' some action which shall assert one's power of doing, of choosing, as when in the "Caves du Vatican," Gide's Lafcadio, for no other reason, pushes an innocent victim out the door of a railway carriage.

Impotence, one way or another, it is that.

To begin with, the doctrine of art for art's sake is dead. Mr. Clive Bell, with his "significant form" and his fine aesthetic tremor, was, perhaps, its expiring gasp. The art of the young century aims at being popular "in a modern sense". It aims at being, first of all interesting, exciting, amusing, and the old popular theatre, now defunct, the cinema (but not the avant-garde variety) and the Nick Carter or detective thriller are its models, while American jazz, with its high strung emotive tension, taps out the beat. Its appeal is to the uncultivated, even the illiterate and the foreign reader, the sort of reader who turns to the back of the book, "to see how it ends". The cult of beauty, as has been said, is done away with; beauty is too feminine in an age of virile ugliness; in place of it, we are to have something resembling a new Homeric age, with the creation of myths, of fables and legends as the objective of the poet, who is thereby restored to his primitive etymological rights as a maker!

The art work, in short, is no longer regarded as a subject; it has become an object . . . this escape into an expressionistic objectivity is especially visible in Germany, where a 'Neue Sachlichkeit', or New Reality, is being sought in the impersonality of things.

Something has been said of a "new vision of the world". What we have is not merely a new vision, the striving for such a vision, but the attempt at the creation of a novel and magic universe. Cocteau says, "a work of art is born as magic".

Out of it all has emerged a doctrine — for it is a doctrine, with an aesthetic of its own as well as a creative practice, — known as Super-realism. 'Surrealisme' would solve the problem of the present unrest by denying the possibility of any solution. It erects the non-existence of an absolute into an absolute. Its credo, as set forth by its nominal founder, M. Andre Breton, is the spontaneous and uncontrolled play of the personality, unhampered by any of the fetters of civilization. The 'Surrealist' claims affinity with Plato and Berkeley. Morally, he exhibits a categorical pessimism. "As though there were any reasons," exclaims Louis Aragon, "to go on living!" In this "age of ashes," an age in which energy and violence have become the mysticisms that rule mankind, the young man of the century is inclined to look upon progress, that idol of the Nineteenth Century, as does the Cocteau of "Le Potomak," as a biologic vaudeville. With the Italian poet, Ricardo Bacchelli, he would say:

Then, it is no longer worth the while to die.
I live a 'de profundis', sluggish and unclean.

He is a 'humoriste desesperé'; or if he rallies, it is to a vision beyond Nietzsche: no longer to will the good, the rational, the eternal, the just. The ideal surrealist act would be: "to run down into the street, a revolver in each hand and start firing at random into the crowd".

Suicide, for the one who believes in 'l'inutile theatre et sans joie de tout,' would impress one as being the logical and inevitable conclusion; and indeed, the first 'enquête' which the surrealists conducted was on the question: "Le suicide est-il une solution?". Suicides have occurred. There was that of Jacques Rigaut, in November, 1929. Rigaut had previously written: "There are no reasons to go on living; but no more are there any reasons for dying. . . . The only way left in which we can manifest our contempt for life is to accept it."

Back of Super-realism, there is the parent Dada; and Dada really started in 1916, at a time when what is known as civilization seemed to have degenerated into a world farce; it may be said to have started with the meeting of Andre Breton and that despairing dandy, Jacques Vache, in a military hospital at Nantes; its roots are obviously sunk in social chaos. And both Dada and its successor, 'Surrealisme', are but the foam on the crest of a wave of irrationalism. The young age has a veritable hatred of the intellect and its reasons; it demands, with the Dadaists, the "derisive abolition of the brain"; it is 'l'esprit contre la raison'. This revolt against reason, an apotheosis of unreason, is looked upon by some as the expression of a romantic mysticism, and such it not unlikely is. 'Surrealisme', following the world war, offers more than one parallel to that romanticism that followed the Napoleonic campaigns. . . . And since ordinarily the younger movement has been rather woefully lacking in critics, both from within and without, it is not surprising if, not infrequently, the attitudes of the 1830's, having become in reality the platitudes of 1930, are palmed off as the latest modernisms without any authoritative challenge of the essential newness of the theory or the attitude involved.

There is an aesthetic escape, represented by M. Valery, in which art becomes a game, a game played by the intelligence — has not M. Valery defined poetry as a "solemn festival of the intellect"? It is the intellect against the chaos of the visible world, over against the bewilderments of a "pluralistic universe," or the multiple temptations of the "inepuisable moi".

The Dadaists started out with the determination to produce "strong works, works forever incomprehensible," and in this they were following the footsteps of Mallarme, who defined a poem as: "a mystery, of which the reader is to seek the key". The artist will tell you that the desire to comprehend frequently veils the real beauty of a work; but this doctrine is a galling one to those, including a good part of the active social revolutionists who believe that the function of language is a social one, — who believe, in other words, in communication as the meaning of speech.

(Further notes from the French Section of the EUROPEAN CARAVAN)

If one must generalize, I should say that this "modern spirit," this "Super-Realism," of which so much is heard, consists, in all the arts: (1) "in intention," in drawing directly, without any rebound from the ego, in connection with the written, plastic or sonorous material, upon those unknown currents that surround us; (2) in practise, in breaking up all the forms of speech, all the veinings of the medium, all those constructive elements which seem likely to lead to canalization, or likely to give to "things" (whatever is to be understood by this word) the outlines of a likeness.

Art (if even this word may still be preserved) becomes thus a completely dehumanized activity, a supersensory function, so to speak, a sort of creative astronomy. And it may be that not only the idea of literature, but that of painting, of music, and perhaps even of poetry are to disappear before the idea, if one chooses to call it such, of "catalysis," the creative "ego" being but a body which, by its mere presence, and without any chemical participation, brings into play the affinity of two foreign bodies.

For a period of four years, during the years 1921, 1922, 1923 and 1924, the end-of-the-War Dadaistic spirit had slumbered; it seemed that the spirit as well as the Movement was dead, if not forgotten. Early in the year 1924, however, we have witnessed something like a crisis in literary and aesthetic thinking; and in the month of October of the same year, we have beheld the future 'Surrealists' staging a "funeral" for Anatole France. The death of France and the world-wide tributes paid to him appear to have brought matters to a head; and on the first of December, 1924, we have the appearance of a new review entitled "La Revolution Surrealiste". Dada had been resurrected!

The new movement represented a grouping of those "humoristes desesperes" who, spiritual disciples of Jacques Vache, may be looked upon as the true and original Dadaists. Among the contributors to the first number of "La Revolution Surrealiste," we find: Andre Breton, to become the leader and, with Aragon, the aesthete of the movement; Louis Aragon; Benjamin Peret; Pierre Naville; Paul Eluard; Roger Vitrac; J. A. Boiffard; Robert Desnos; Pierre Reverdy; Philippe Soupault; Joseph Delteil; Andre Masson; etc. Among the plastic artists associated with the foregoing, we find: the American Man Ray; Giorgio de Chirico; Max Ernst; Pablo Picasso.

For 'Surrealisme' started with a certain scientific background. Of its three real founders Breton, Aragon and Soupault, two were physicians and neurological specialists, interested in the psychic and the subconscious and unconscious and in the labors of such men as Janet, Myers, Freud and Jastrow, as well as in metaphysical researches of Richet, Gelle and the British spiritualists. In other words the background of morbid psychology and pathology, which provides a certain bond of sympathy with the 'poetes maudits' of the

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nineteenth century. (The fondness of the 'surrealists' for such "precursors" as Lautreamont and Rimbaud is to be noted; Baudelaire, like the American Poe, they are inclined to reject as "bourgeois".)

"It is with bad faith," says Breton, in his "manifest," "that our right to employ the word 'surrealisme' in the very special sense in which we understand it has been disputed; for it is obvious that, before we came along, the word had not won a foothold. I shall therefore define once for all:

'SURREALISME', n.m. Pure psychic automatism, by means of which one proposes to express, either verbally or by means of writing, the real functioning of thought. Dictated by thought, in the absence of any control exerted by reason, and without regard to any aesthetic or moral pre-occupations.

"ENCYCL. 'PHILOS.' 'Surrealisme' is based upon a belief in the superior reality of certain forms of association which have been hitherto neglected, in the omnipotence of the dream, in the disinterested play of thought. It tends definitively to ruin all the old psychic mechanisms and to take their place in the solution of the principal problems of life."

In his book, M. Breton takes occasion to describe the actual process of automatic writing, and his "Poisson soluble" may be taken as a sufficiently lucid attempt at this kind of writing. He also has a good deal to say concerning freedom, the imagination, freedom of the imagination, madness and the fear of madness, the stupidity of contemporary novels, psychology, logic, the marvelous and the supreme value and significance of the marvelous, etc. On this last point: "Let us cut the question short: The marvelous is always beautiful, anything that is marvelous is beautiful, and only the marvelous is beautiful."

A brief extract from the "Poisson Soluble" (see catalogue) will give an idea of the manner in which M. Breton puts his theories into practice.

A CHRONOLOGY

TWO PRECURSORS: GUILLAUME APPOLINAIRE AND JEAN COCTEAU

1916: THE BIRTH OF DADA

DADA AND THE REVOLT AGAINST "LITERATURE" (1916-1920)

THE INFLUENCE OF DADA ON EARLY AFTER-WAR POETRY

THE DEATH OF DADA

THE JULES VERNE INTERLUDE (1920-1924)

1924: A CRISIS

THE REVOLT AGAINST ANATOLE FRANCE (October 1924)

THE REVOLT AGAINST REASON (The Super-Realist Revolution)

Wadsworth Atheneum
Hartford, Conn.
November, 1931

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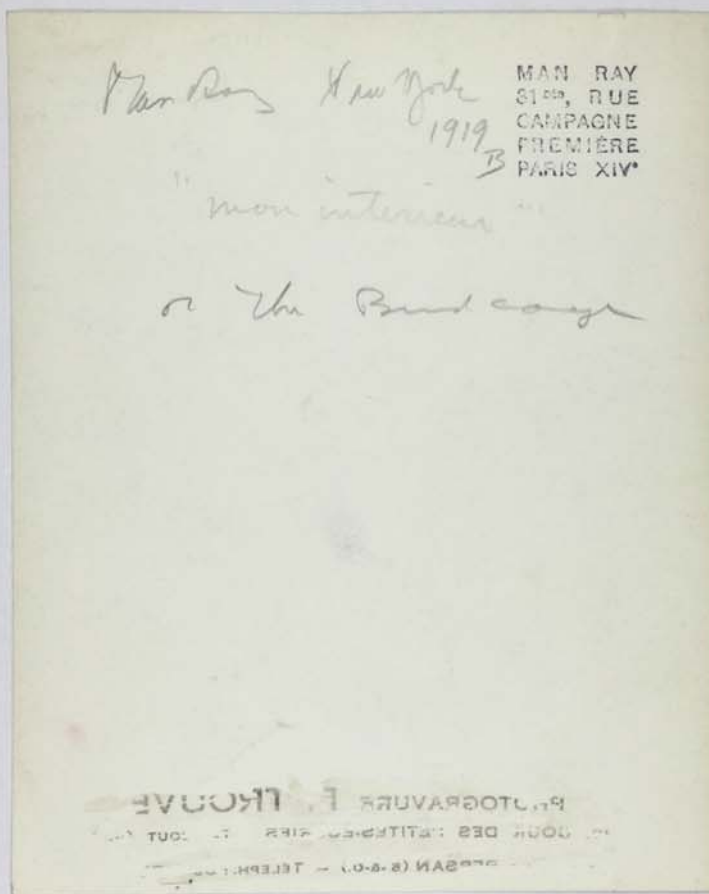
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M. M. A.

GALERIE SIMON
29^{bis}, RUE D'ASTORG (8^e)

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PHOTO ARANIS

~~80, RUE DES FONTAINES~~
33 route des faïences
Bellevue S. et O.

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Duchamp

Photo Man Ray

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ART FRONT

10c.



Woodcut: LEOPOLDO MENDEZ

SURREALISM and REALITY

A Discussion:

I DEFY ARAGON

By *Salvador Dali*

**THE MAN IN THE
BALLOON**

By *Clarence Weinstock*

**SURREALISM and
MARXISM**

By *Samuel Putnam*

**National Conference
of Artists Unions**

The Rental Issue

MARCH, 1937 **21**

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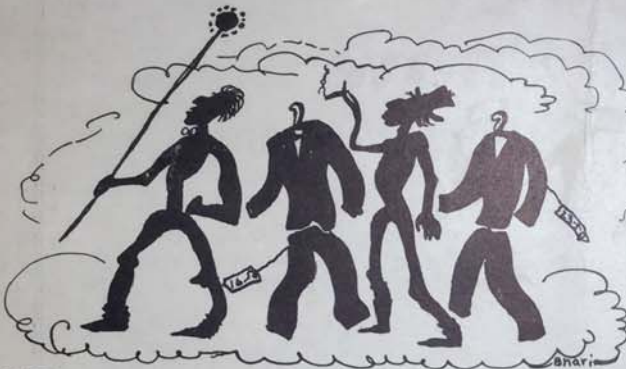
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The Museum of Modern Art

de galerie surréaliste "Gradiva"
le jour de son ouverture (juin 1937)

photo Georges Huguier

Porte de Marcel Duchamp

Personnage (à gauche) par Max Ernst

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The Museum of Modern Art
Photo prise par Georges Hugnet
pendant l'arrangement de la galerie surréaliste
Mai 1937

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la porte de Marcel Duchamp
vue de l'intérieur

photo Georges Hugnet
(juin 1937)

The Museum of Modern Art

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EXPOSITION
SURREALISTE

D'

OBJETS

du 22 au 29 Mai 1936
de 14 h. 30 à 18 h. 30

chez

CHARLES RATTON

14, Rue de Marignan, Paris (VIII^e)

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Le disque blanc a fait place au disque rouge et l'on commence à se presser sur le quai pour le passage du train qui ne s'arrête pas, qui n'est ni un train de voyageurs ni un train de marchandises. Aux vitres, des êtres-objets (ou objets-êtres?) caractérisés par le fait qu'ils sont en proie à une transformation continue et expriment la perpétuité de la lutte entre les puissances agrégeantes et désagrégeantes qui se disputent la véritable réalité et la vie. Le Mouvement-maitre! L'agglomérat appelé garçon ou carafe dans la partie correspondant au wagon-restaurant est parcouru par une inscription lumineuse intermittente: « Mangez-les vivants » et tout au long du convoi l'étiquette « Fumeurs » a été répandue à profusion comme une affiche électorale. Les coffrets de bagages sont en forme de chrysalides et les serpents ont élu domicile dans les accordéons. L'échafaudage de maçon, surprise classique, qui abrite ordinairement la girafe, transporte une tour qu'habite une dame aux cheveux de

lierre. C'est l'exposition d'objets surréalistes, chez Charles Ratton, en mai 1936. Enfin voici des allées de jardin pavées d'agates, bordées de feux-follets: la nature nous a prêté fort obligeamment son concours. Il y a aussi les objets trouvés dans un escalier — toujours dans un escalier: « Le chemin vers le haut et celui vers le bas est le même » (Héraclite). Toute épave à portée de nos mains doit être considérée comme un précipité de notre désir. Alternant avec les précédents et seuls fixes, seuls épargnés par le rire panique que dispensent le déroulement des derniers dessins animés et la contemplation à bonne distance des cyclones, les objets-dieux de certaines régions et de certains temps, distingués entre tous en raison de l'échec éclatant qu'ils infligent aux lois de représentation plastique qui sont les nôtres, dont nous jalouons très particulièrement le pouvoir évocateur, que nous tenons pour dépositaires, en art, de la grâce même que nous voudrions reconquérir.

André BRETON.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
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CATALOGUE

OBJETS NATURELS

Règne minéral :
 Coll. M^{me} Divonne Charles Ratton.
 Coll. Marcel Coard.
 Coll. Man Ray.

Règne végétal :
 Sensitive.
 Coll. M^{me} Lise Deharme.
 Plante carnivore.
 Coll. M^{me} Lise Deharme.

Règne animal :
 Grand tamanoir.
 Œuf d'apyornis.
 Coll. Rognon.

OBJETS NATURELS
INTERPRÉTÉS

Fougère.
 Coll. M^{me} Divonne Charles Ratton.
 Masque, coll. Paul Chadourne.
 — coll. M^{me} Divonne Charles Ratton.

OBJETS NATURELS
INCORPORÉS

Objet incorporé, par Max Ernst.
 Objets incorporés, par Max Ernst.

OBJETS PERTURBÉS

Bouteille, verre, fourchette et cuillère, trouvés après l'éruption du mont Pelé, à Saint-Pierre, en 1902 (coll. du gouverneur Merwart, Musée de la France d'Outremer).

Objet trouvé après un incendie, par Maurice Henry.

OBJETS TROUVÉS

par Hans Bellmer, André Breton, Serge Brignoni, Max Ernst, Madeleine Fabre, Léonor Fini, Maurice Heine, Maurice Henry, Marcel Jean, Dora Maar, Alberto Magnelli, Léo Malet, Man Ray, Marie-Louise Mayoux, W. Paalen, Henry Pastoureau, Jeannette Tanguy, Yves Tanguy.

OBJETS TROUVÉS
INTERPRÉTÉS

Messages océaniques, appartient à Serge Brignoni.
Portrait d'Ubu, appartient à M^{me} Dora Maar.
Racine, appartient à Alberto Magnelli.
La varlope, appartient à Man Ray.

Objet portatif, appartient à Man Ray.

La Leçon du puits, appartient à W. Paalen.

OBJETS AMERICAINS

Masque esquimau, coll. André Breton.
 Masque esquimau.
 Masque esquimau.
 Masque esquimau.
 Poupées Hopi, coll. H.-P. Roché.
 Poupée Hopi, coll. Paul Eluard.
 Poupées Hopi.
 Poterie Zapotèque (Mexique).
 Groupe, sculpture en pierre (Antilles), coll. Georges Salles.
 Tête momifiée Mundurucu (Rio Tapajoz).
 Têtes momifiées Jivaro.
 Coll. Antony Moris.
 Poteries péruviennes.
 Coll. vicomte de Lyrot.

OBJETS OcéANIENS

Masque en écaille (Déroit de Torès), coll. Georges Salles.
 Masque en vannerie (Nouvelle-Guinée), coll. André Breton.
 Masque en bois (Nouvelle-Guinée).

Figure d'ancêtre (Nouvelle-Guinée).

Appui-tête (Nouvelle-Guinée).
 Sculptures (Nouvelle-Irlande).

Masque (Nouvelle-Bretagne), coll. Pierre Lœb.

Masque en racine de fougère (Nouvelles-Hébrides).

Sommet de case (Nouvelles-Hébrides).

Galet gravé (îles Loyauté), coll. Paul Eluard.

OBJETS MATHÉMATIQUES

READY-MADE
ET READY-MADE AIDE

Marcel DUCHAMP : *Porte-bouteille* (1914).
 Marcel DUCHAMP : *Why not sneeze?*

OBJETS SURREALISTES

Hans ARP : *Trousse de naufragés* (1920), coll. Tristan Tzara.
 — *Mutilé et apatriote* (1936).
 Hans BELLMER : *Jointure de boules*.
 André BRETON : *Poèmes-objets*.

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Jacqueline BRETON : *La femme blonde*, coll. Paul Eluard.

— *Pour la poche* (coll. Man Ray).

— *La liberté*.

— *Aux lèvres de vermouth*.

Jacqueline et André BRETON : *Le grand paranoïaque*.

— *Le petit mimétique*.

Serge BRIGNONI : *Alcool*.

Claude CAHUN : *Un air de famille*.

— *Souris valseuses*.

Alexandre CALDER : *Mobile*.

Gala DALI : *L'escalier de l'Amour et Psyché*.

Salvador DALI : *Le veston aphrodisiaque*.

— *Monument à Kant*.

Oscar DOMINGUEZ : *Le tireur*.

— *Exacte sensibilité*.

— *Spectre du silicium*.

— *Conversion de la force*.

— *Arrivée de la belle époque*.

— *Pérégrinations de Georges Hugnet*.

Marcel DUCHAMP : *La bagarre d'Austerlitz* (1921).

MAX ERNST : *Objet mobile*.

Angel FERRANT : *Hydravion*.

Alberto GIACOMETTI : *Trois figures mobiles sur un plan* (1932).

— *L'heure des traces*. Coll. André Breton.

S. W. HAYTER : *Tout sauf la main*.

— *Victoire ailée* (photographie).

— *Porte étroite*.

— *Tournevis*.

— *Handshake*.

— *Torse*.

Georges HUGNET : *Niveau d'air*.

— *La profanation de l'hostie*.

— *Objets-livres*.

Marcel JEAN : *Le spectre du gardénia*.

René MACRITTE : *Table-porte*.

— *Les menottes de cuivre*.

— *Ceci est un morceau de fromage*.

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— *Architecture modern-style*.

— *La passagère captive*.

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— *Boardwalk*.

— *Ce qui nous manque à tous*.

— *L'orateur*.

— *Mon rêve*.

MARINEL-LO : *Objet*.

E.-L.-T. MESENS : *Les Caves du Vatican*.

— *Le Puits de vérité*.

Joan MIRO : *Objet*.

Paul NOUGÉ : *Le Perce-Neige*.

Meret OPPENHEIM : *Tasse, soucoupe et cuillère revêtues de fourrure*.

W. PAALEN : *L'heure exacte*.

— *Le cerveau de Rembrandt*.

— *Aux bons soins du navigateur*.

— *Le passage à niveau*.

Roland PENROSE : *Le paradis des alouettes*.

Pablo PICASSO : *Le verre d'absinthe*. Coll. Paul Rosenberg.

— *Nature morte*.

— *Nature morte*.

— *Nature morte*.

— *Figure*.

— *Figures*.

Jean SCUTENAIRE : *Pêle-mêle* (1929).

Max SERVAIS : *L'Aide-mémoire*.

Yves TANGUY : *L'industrie du pays*.

— *De l'autre côté du pont*.

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Howard Putzel, Hollywood
should

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Heine, Maurice Henry, Marcel
Jean, Dora Maar, Alberto Ma-
gnelli, Léo Malet, Man Ray, Ma-
rie-Louise Mayoux, W. Paalen,
Henry Pastoureau, Jeannette
Tanguy, Yves Tanguy.

OBJETS TROUVÉS

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gnelli.*La varlope*, appartient à Mau
Ray.*Objet portatif*, appartient à Man
Ray.*La Leçon du puits*, appartient à
W. Paalen.

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Pierre Løeb.Masque en racine de fougère
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OBJETS MATHÉMATIQUES

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Frige des peintures
automatique de calcomanie
sans objets, dérivés de
Dominguez

Jacqueline BRETON : La femme
blonde, coll. Paul Eluard.

> — Pour la poche (coll. Man
Ray).

— La liberté.

— Aux lèvres de vermouth.

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Serge BRIGNONI : Alcool.

Claude CAHUN : Un air de fa-
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> — Monument à Kant.

Oscar DOMINGUEZ : Le tireur.

— Exacte sensibilité.

— Spectre du silicium.

> — Conversion de la force ^{effective}

— Arrivée de la belle époque.

— Pérégrinations de Georges
Hugnet.

Porte Boutilliers 1914

Marcel DUCHAMP : La bagarre
d'Austerlitz (1921).

> Why not sneeze
(Roché) 1921
Max ERNST : Objet mobile.

Angel FERRANT : Hydravion.

Alberto GIACOMETTI : Trois figu-
res mobiles sur un plan
(1932).

— L'heure des traces. Coll. An-
dré Breton.

S. W. HAYTER : Tout sauf la
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— Victoire ailée (photogra-
phie).

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— Tournevis.

> — Handshake.

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Georges HUGNET : Niveau d'air.

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mage.

Léo MALET : Ce mouvement doit
être répété dix fois.

— Architecture modern-style.

— La passagère captive.

— ~~Saron~~ - miroir photo

Man RAY : Lanterne sourde et
muette.

? — Boardwalk.

— Ce qui nous manque à tous.

> — L'orateur.

— Mon rêve.

> — ~~Objet Portatif~~
MARINEL-LO : Objet.

E.-L.-T. MESENS : Les Caves du
Vatican.

— Le Puits de vérité.

> Joan MIRO : Objet ^{lettre}
Galerie Pierre

Paul NOUGÉ : Le Perce-Neige.

Meret OPPENHEIM : Tasse, sou-
coupe et cuillère revêtues de
fourrure.

> Tête de Noye

Verre d'alcôve - Gallatin

W. PAALEN : L'heure exacte.

— Le cerveau de Rembrandt.

— Aux bons soins du naviga-
teur.

— Le passage à niveau.

Roland PENROSE : Le paradis des
alouettes.

Pablo PICASSO : Le verre d'ab-
sinthe. Coll. Paul Rosenberg.

— Nature morte. ^{a qui tar}

— Nature morte. ^{par}

— Nature morte. ^{Nonché}

— Figure. ^{avec tassulo}

— Figures.

Jean SCUTENAIRE : Pêle-mêle
(1929).

Max SERVAIS : L'Aide-mémoire.

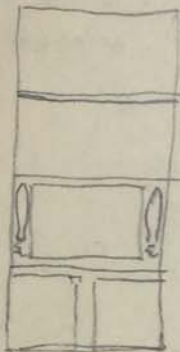
Yves TANGUY : L'industrie du
pays.

> De l'autre côté du pont.

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Bioton
Bioton objet



> Art c 1920 - Bioton -
aquarium

- > Ermita - Le chien qui chie le chien
- > Nos Ermita - Bon chien
- > Miro - long head
- > Art - Femme - c 1926 - manger (C)
- Dora Maar - Un large
- 7 Bellini - drawing à jacqueline Bioton
18146 - Naples

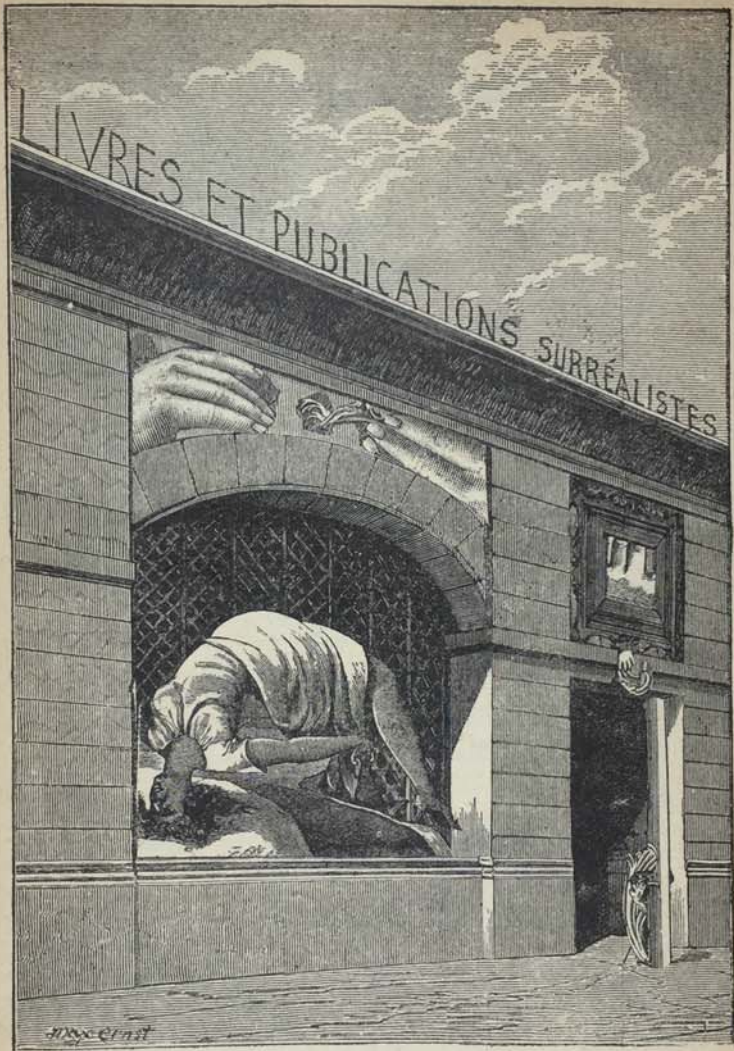
Mao - objet 1931

- > Original block 1913 by Roy after Clinico
- Vida Hugo - dessin automatique - soleil sans la nuit
696
- Dessins Etouffés
Ed. Laoniel

- > Picabia - Catch as catch can.
- > J. Duchamp - collages - portraits 1925
Obligation de cinq cents francs
- > Mao - portrait of Duchamp by
Roy under "la vie"

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LISEZ :	NE LISEZ PAS :	LISEZ :	NE LISEZ PAS :
Heracrite.	Platon.	Lautréamont.	Kraft-Ebbing.
Lulle.	Virgile.	Rimbaud.	Taine.
Flamel.	St Thom. d'Aquin.	Nouveau.	Verlaine.
Agrippa.	Rabelais.	Huysmans.	Laforgue.
Scève.	Ronsard.	Caze.	Daudet.
Swift.	Montaigne.	Jarry.	Gourmont.
Berkeley.	Molière.	Becque.	Verne.
		Allais.	Courtelaine.
	La Fontaine.	Th. Flournoy.	M ^{me} de Noailles.
La Mottrie.		Hamsun.	Philippe.
Young.		Freud.	Bergson.
Rousseau.	Voltaire.	Lafargue.	Jaurès.
Diderot.			Durckheim.
Holbach.	Schiller.	Lénine.	Lévy-Brühl.
Kant.	Mirabeau.	Synge.	Sorel.
Sade.		Apollinaire.	Claudet.
Laclos.	Bern. de St Pierre.	Roussel.	Mistral.
Marat.	Chénier.	Léautaud.	Péguy.
Babeuf.	M ^{me} de Staël.	Cravan.	Proust.
Fichte.		Picabia.	d'Annunzio.
Hegel.	Hoffmann.	Reverdy.	Rostand.
Lewis.		Vaché.	Jacob.
Arnim.	Schopenhauer.	Maïakovsky.	Valéry.
Maturin.	Vigny.	Chirico.	Barbusse.
Rabbe.	Lamartine.	Savinio.	Mauriac.
A. Bertrand.	Balzac.	Neuberg.	Toulet.
Nerval.	Renan.		Malraux.
Borel.	Comte.		Kipling.
Feuerbach.	Mérimée.		Gandhi.
Marx.	Fromentin.		Maurras.
Engels.	Leconte de Lisle.		Duhamel.
Baudelaire.	Banville.		Benda.
Cros.			Valois.
			Vautel.
			Etc., etc., etc...

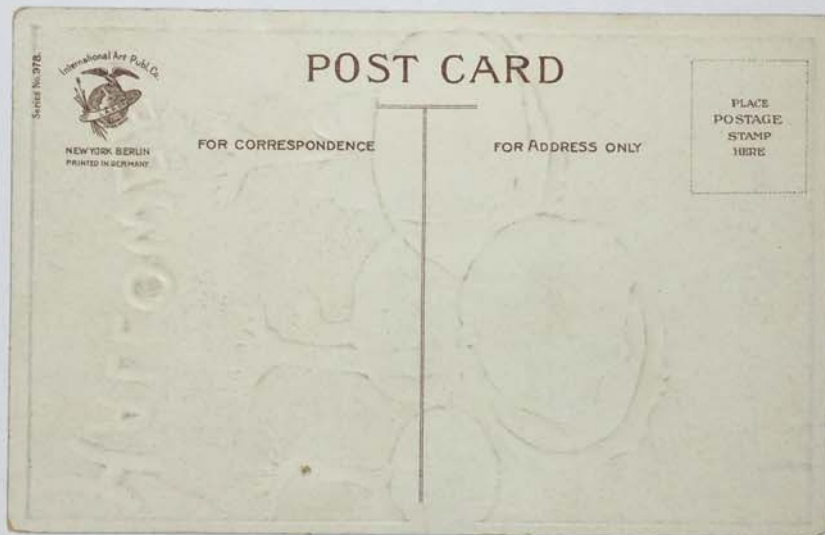
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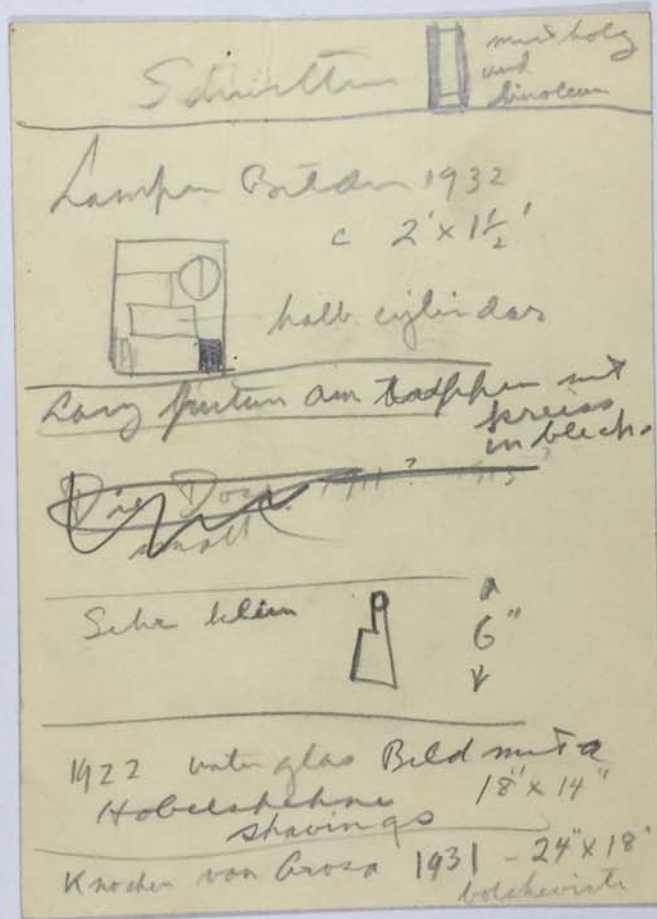
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13 - malen Hermann
14 - Kandinsky - abstrakt
17 - Marc Blane Ritter

Hannover
Der Präsident
1920
2x9
und oben Dada
1919

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André Breton
Manifeste du Surréalisme, 1924

p. 43
"Poë est surréaliste dans
l'aventure."

André Breton
Second Manifeste du Surréalisme, 1930

p. 14
"Crachois, en passant, sur
Edgar Poe."

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Roland Thual

7

Jules Goumans
Baden
Rott

an Alsatian
minister
through Arch
in Strasbourg.
Rott dominated by
Goumans Jean
Bressols ^{with Guffé} - prim
of Roguette - had
run Correspondence
a mag (one shut) in
Bressols - and Jules La
Vierge Toupin
- descended Roguette

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Dali - James

I would like to be chronological in these notes. Salvador Dali has in his own biography told the world his prenatal experiences, to which even the family obstetrician would be hard put to add anything, were that Catalonian doctor who helped to bring him into the world still alive.

But I recall certain anecdotes from his childhood memories which he has not put in his biography. And the earliest of these relate to his grandmother, his uncles, his father and his schoolmasters.

The death of his cousin Carolinetta is probably among the earliest of these childhood souvenirs of which I recall his exact description. She had been a consumptive, a frail and poetic figure whom the painter always remembers in flowing, rather Blake-like drapery; she resembled one of those figures that were the popular heroines of midnight in early 19th century literature, and earlier - when Correggio was the most popular painter in Europe. And to be dying of tuberculosis was the most romantic thing a young heroine could do. So la cousine Carolinetta might have stepped out of an early novel by Disraeli translated into the idiom of Catalonia. Dali has put her in quite a few of his pictures dating from around 1935-36. This was the period in which he would often paint small shorescapes on wood. And the spectre of his defunct cousin, who must have been about seventeen when she passed away, is seen hovering frailly near a sculpturesque Cyprus tree whose roots rise out of the skeleton of a fishing boat half keeled over on the deserted strand against an evening horizon.

Dali was about twelve when the family, who had been anticipating for some time the tragic demise of their niece, were all assembled at supper in the living room (I think it was at Cadaques, but it may have been in the Figueras house). The doorbell rang, and a telegram was announced. All the uncles, aunts and cousins knew at once what this portended. In almost any little bourgeois family a telegram

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could only announce a birth or a death. They had been prepared for some time for it. They steeled themselves to enjoy the bad news. Only Dali's grandmother lost in her usual reveries did not at first seem to apprehend the grief which she was going to feel the most.

The grandmother must be described as Dali described her to me: "Il y avait une petite (b)ieille qui fut ma grandmère ..." Since the last three years - I am writing in 1944 - I have noticed that Dali's tendency to pronounce the French 'v' as if it were a 'b' and to add 'e' before 'sp' and 'st' in French where they do not exist (such as les "estatués" and les "espectrés") has considerably lessened. I have even noticed him catching himself up pronouncing the word right and correcting himself carefully to the wrong pronunciation and remembering that it had always made a hit from his earliest years in Paris to call a widow une "beuve" and his workroom un "estudio." But in 1934 when he first described to me the scene of the announcement of the death of his tubercular cousin, the mispronunciation of 'v' was still entirely natural and unconscious.

His grandmother, like his uncles, struck me as veritable Dickens-like characters when he first described them. The grandmother was a tiny old lady dressed in black bombasin most of the time. Her white hair was getting very thin on top, so that the rosy pink scalp shone through the timid strands tightly combed back from her forehead. Convention of the province necessitated that the ends of these thin gray locks be twisted up into a little chignon at the nape. This was an emblem of respectability and her pride.

She evidently loved her grandchildren: and naturally Dali relates that she loved him the best. On her own deathbed she is reported to have declared - as almost her last words - "I have a grandson who will be a great Catalonian painter." Note the emphasis on Catalonia and not the world. For their own home province was for the Dali family the world and their thoughts hardly stretched beyond Barcelona in the South or to the confines of the Pyrenees to the North. Even to that

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imaginative old lady it would never have occurred that any offspring of her family might extend his fame beyond this into other countries and even other continents. To be a great painter for Catalonia was already a phenomenon, a stupendous distinction.

But what had always impressed Dali most about his grandmother was her extraordinary gift for making cut-out pictures with her little scissors. She would amuse her grandchildren all day long --- even managing to keep Salvador out of mischief by creating a whole landscape out of a flat white sheet of foolscap. Snick, snick, snick, would go her little scissors until trees laden with minute leafage, oxen whose horns were outlined upon a precipitous hillside, olive groves, little towers and spires would detach themselves against a void, while even the smoke of a distant railway train passing would come into being in amazingly minute silhouette upon her lap. "Et à la fin de la journée les genoux de ma grandmère furent couverts d'une fine neige." This light snow were the tiny clippings fallen from her scissors. Dali was awed by this intricate gift of his grandmother's and he declares that it must have been from her that he inherited his own talents of precision and his gift for minute detail.

Thus when his grandmother showed any particular emotion Dali was inclined to respect it more than he would those of his other relations. To return to the scene of the telegram's arrival. In the middle of the room stood Dali's father, the prototype of Guillaume Tell in those nightmare pictures dating from 1932-33 in which a young adolescent stands appalled with averted countenance from the more than peculiar behaviour of his male parent. But to any other observer he would have appeared a comparatively sane and typical country lawyer of Northern Spain, in a dark greasy suit and starched cuffs. As head of the family the telegram was handed to him. The family had been, as I said, at supper and everybody had been chatting before the telegram arrived. Some of the conversation still continued and the clutter of spoons and forks had not wholly died down until the brown

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envelope was torn open and the stentorian voice of the head of the family announced what most of them had already guessed: "La cousine Carolinetta est morte."

"Alors," relates Dali (and I remember his exact words) "il sortit de cette petite vieille qui fut ma grandmère un cri d'une telle qualité que toute la chambre en fut émue; et de cela se leva un gémissement commun qui envahissa la pièce de sanglots domestiques ainsi qu'une vase se remplit d'eau. Dès que mon père avait annoncé la mauvaise nouvelle toute la famille avait déposé leurs couteaux et fourchettes, et cessèrent de mastiquer tout de suite par respect de la mort. Moi seul, sachant très bien qu'il ne le fallait pas, je continuais de manger ce qui était sur mon assiette, parce que c'était très bon. Ma bouche était ainsi pleine, mais j'étais fasciné par le bruit curieux et spéciale émis par ma grand-mère, et tournant ma tête pour regarder de près l'auteur de ces sanglots j'étais saisi de voir les grosses gouttes de cristal qui couraient dans les rides de ses joues." Becoming thus aware of his guilt, little Dali ... "conscient d'un sentiment de culpabilité essaya d'avaler ce qui était dans sa bouche." But this simple physical reflex did not meet with immediate success. "Car, du à ma soudaine honte, la bouchée resta dans ma gorge comme un ascenseur en panne entre deux étages."