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PAUL KLEE

F. E. MCWILLIAM

PAUL NASH

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SCULPTURE

		Gns.
1.	Man and Wife. *Sycamore* (1935)	14
2.	Figure. *Cherry* (1935)	12
3.	Man. *Cherry* (1935)	28
4.	Figure. *Cherry* (1936)	18
5.	Carving. *Elm* (1936)	25
6.	Landscape. *Elm* (1936)	15
7.	Carving. *Walnut* (1936)	14
8.	Trinity. *Cherry* (1937)	30
9.	Two Forms. *Cherry* (1937)	50
10.	Hollow Woman. *Painted Beech* (1937)	45
11.	Hollow Man. *Walnut* (1937)	25
12.	Three Forms. *Lignum Vitæ* (1937)	15
13.	Carving. *Cherry* (1937)	22
14.	Figure. *Sycamore* (1937)	48
15.	Two Forms. *Hopton Wood Stone* (1938)	60
16.	Carving. *Roman Stone* (1938)	40
17.	Thin Man. *Cherry* (1938)	43
18.	Figure. *Elm* (1938)	40
19.	Head. *Hopton Wood Stone* (1938)	45
20.	Portrait. *Hopton Wood Stone* (1938)	75
21.	Portrait. *Hopton Wood Bird's Eye Marble* (1938-39)	120

MONO-PRINT DRAWINGS (1938-39)

22.	Drawing for Sculpture	4
23.	Stone Figures	4
24.	Combat	4
25.	Drawing for Sculpture	4
26.	Figure Drawings	5
27.	Landscape	3
28.	Drawing for Sculpture	4
29.	Arms	3
30.	Sculpture	5
31.	Landscape	4
32.	Line Drawing	3
33.	Forms for Sculpture	6
34.	Forms for Sculpture	6
35.	Green Landscape	5
36.	Green Landscape	5
37.	Landscape	6
38.	Living Rocks	6
39.	Mars	4
40.	Colne Valley 2 a.m.	4
41.	Forms in a Cage	5
42.	Woman in Furs	5
43.	Drawing for Sculpture	3
44.	Drawing for Sculpture	3
45.	Shapes at Random	3
46.	Wandering Lines	4
47.	Magic Lantern	3

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5.	"Kopf eines Rauchers" (1929)	Watercolour
6.	"Mordbrenner" (1930)	Gouache
7.	"Bebautes Ufer" (1930)	Oil, canvas, and gouache
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9.	"Geist des Gewölbes" (1933)	Gouache
10.	"Coniferen im Park" (1933)	Gouache
11.	"Un ensorcelé au Zoo" (1933)	Gouache
12.	"Equilibriste"	Signed lithograph

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

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CONTENTS — SOMMAIRE

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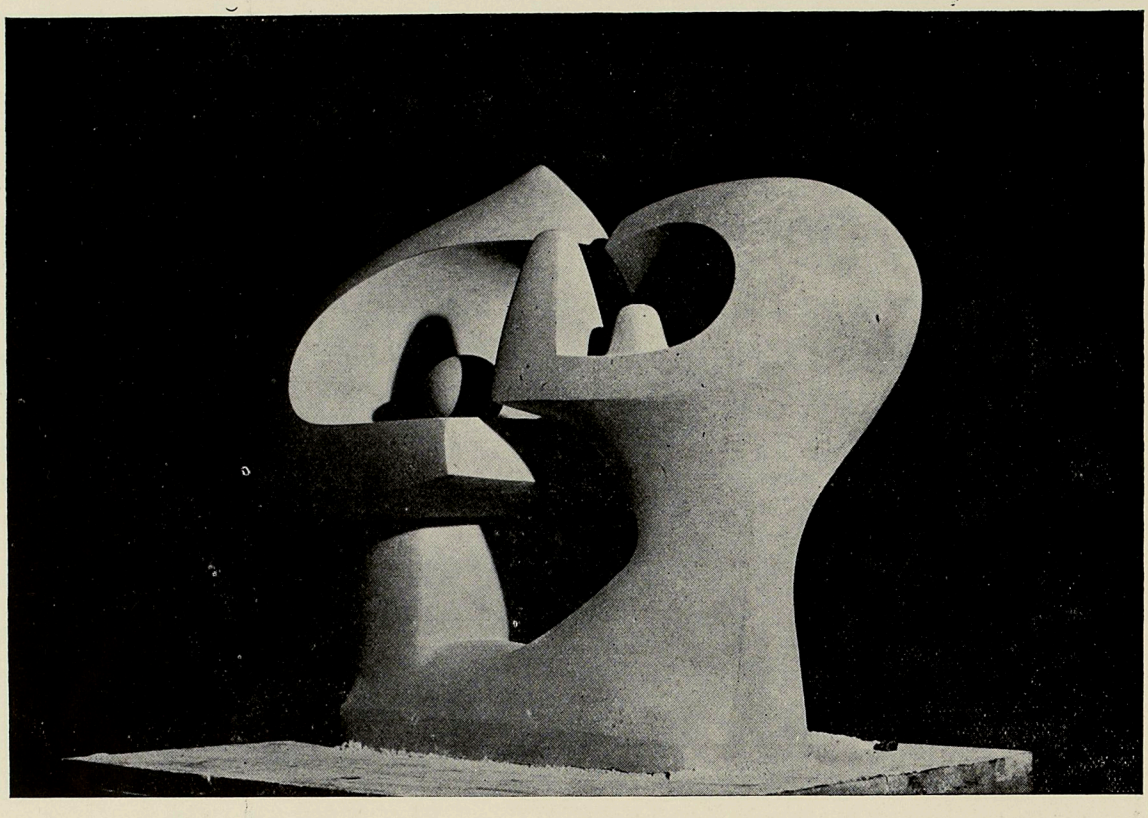


F. E. McWILLIAM *Two forms. Hopton Wood Stone* (1938)

THE CROSSROADS

by

DERWENT

And as the trumpets, compelling & silver, trembled into nothingness, there was silence
Vastly over the earth & in heaven (but there had long been silence in heaven);
And the two heralds, caparisoned like beetles, but bare-headed for the nonce & empty-wristed,
Mounted to the topmost platform of their twin towers, metal step on step, deliberate & even.

And one (let History note it) was called Henry, with a surname or other from the Midlands,
And the far, fair figure's name was Heinrich, & Wurtemberg knows a thousand such;
And as they stood so pinnacled, one above small, square pastures, the other over the roll of pinewoods,
The waiting peoples could see how their light eyes, their pink cheeks, their stature differed not overmuch;

And the islander opened: "Greeting, brother, since you say by blood we are brothers;
I, the yeoman, am instructed to speak to you, the clerk, (for clerk you are inside the casing of your arms),
In order that we may exchange our says, our last civil disputation before steel is shivered,
Before sky splits into clamour and fire, before the loosening of all, before the suffocation of Peace and her charms.

Already eyes look a last embrace, already the late summer trees and the farm and the lamplight
Are as though they no longer were or had never been, already the air is colour of tears,
With us as with you, fifty-fifty, as we say; so now for the last time, I abjure you,
Tell us if we cannot lay this spectre, compound our boldnesses that are only our fears.

But blond Heinrich answered "No!" in what he would have made the tones of a Hohenstaufen;
"Even if we forget our old shock of battles with you, in which you worsted us only by mass
Of desperate-summoned allies, & then hardly, there is more that divides us;
We love not your old, fat richness, your workers that grow idler, your painted women, & more, we cannot let pass

Your buzz of know-all politicasters, greater in gabble than womenfolk, & upstanding,
Jew-press in hand, to rail & prate & unravel the statesman's good." But Henry cut in:
"Do you think, then, that we are enamoured of your stern drills, your muzzling & penning into wire enclosures,
The screech of your leaders' rhetoric, the stiffness of your salutes, & the only din

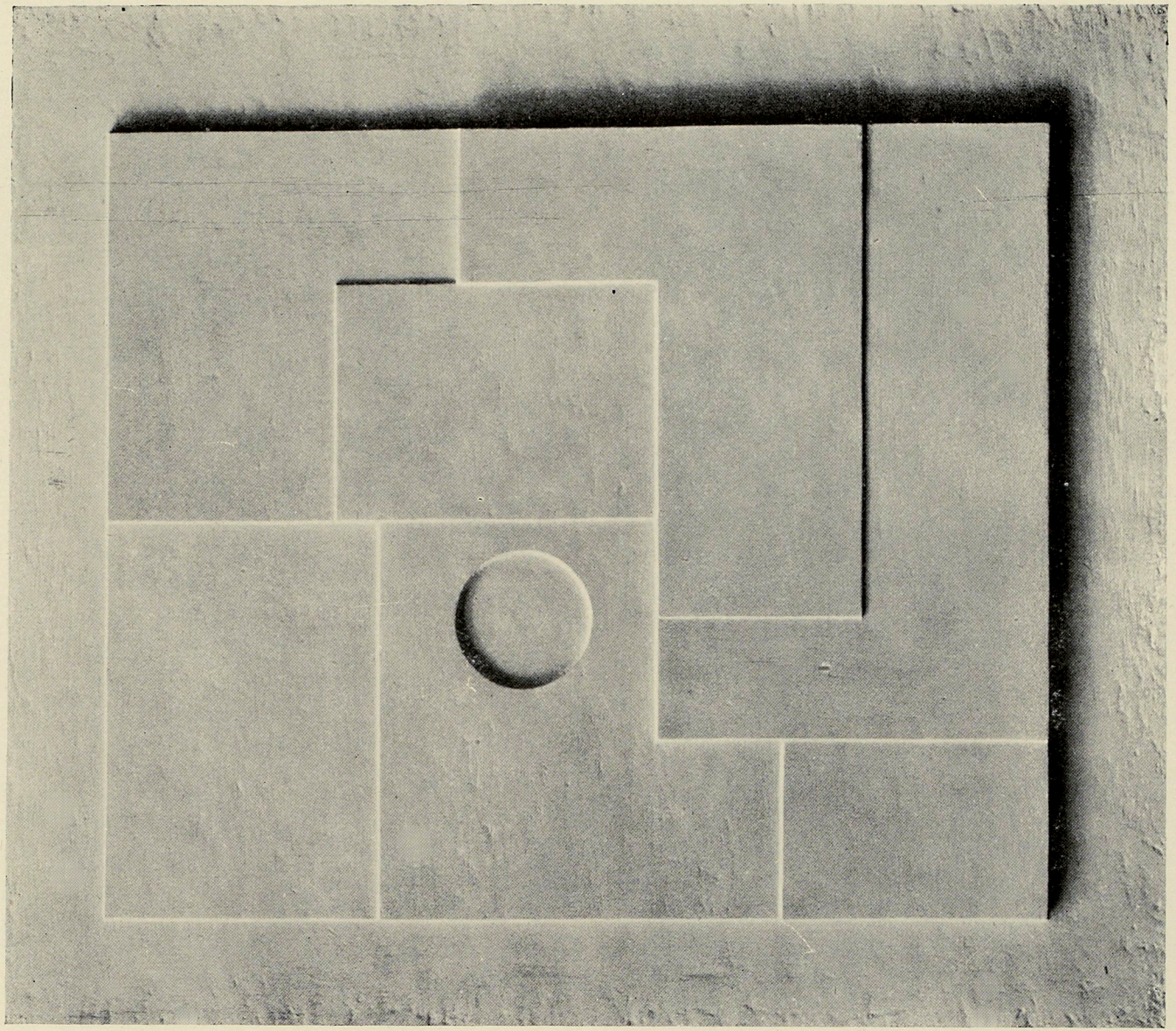
That pleases you, the thunder-clatter of progressing cannon towards all frontiers?"
"Thus is greatness hammered," answered the other, "we are strung as a bow, not towards ourselves, but towards all,
That All being the glitter-goal of greatness, soul & material things fused in a planet
Our to hunger towards, to adopt, adorn, adore: *Deutschland über alles,* that is the call!"

And here we saw from below how the Englishman saved himself from a bubble of laughter
By remembering how grave-terrible was all that hung on his words, & spoke: "Why, yes!
We, too, have in days gone responded to that particular music, & every laud & honour
Be to him that sinks himself in a self-annihilating creed; but, oh! can you not guess

At the future's kernel, at the black womb of Time? Oh, believe me, fair brother, believe me,
The harvest that awaits us (& we are all red with guilt) is not this reaping of precious things,
But one of two destinies, to scramble & scratch fearfully for riches, and to wipe out each other,
Or (oh, will you not at last dream it?) to go forward as two of Civilisation's illumined kings!

"That is rich man's talk! Civilisation can only be built on what you already have & what we covet!"
"No! See, if you will, what supine and reed-like indecisions beset our folk, luxury-bespiced & undone;
No, away with the splendours of acquiring! Take up the Spirit's cause, Humanity yearning
To melt Buddha & Christ & Mahomet, Marx & Ford, Nietzsche, Einstein & Pasteur in one!

Throw down your armour, or dedicate it to a world-service, remembering always
How we are flesh of one making, recall what you have jettisoned, use the trumpet against the old Jericho!" And the other smiled—
But whether in friendship or scorn, we may not know, for a shot rang out from under, and he fell after tottering;
And the silence could not but deepen; and a huge Query shone against the autumn sky, as the armies stood, staring & wild.



BEN NICHOLSON *Relief* (1936)

(Coll. Gabo, London)
from "Creative Art in England" by William Johnston

THE DEVELOPMENT OF BEN NICHOLSON

by HERBERT READ

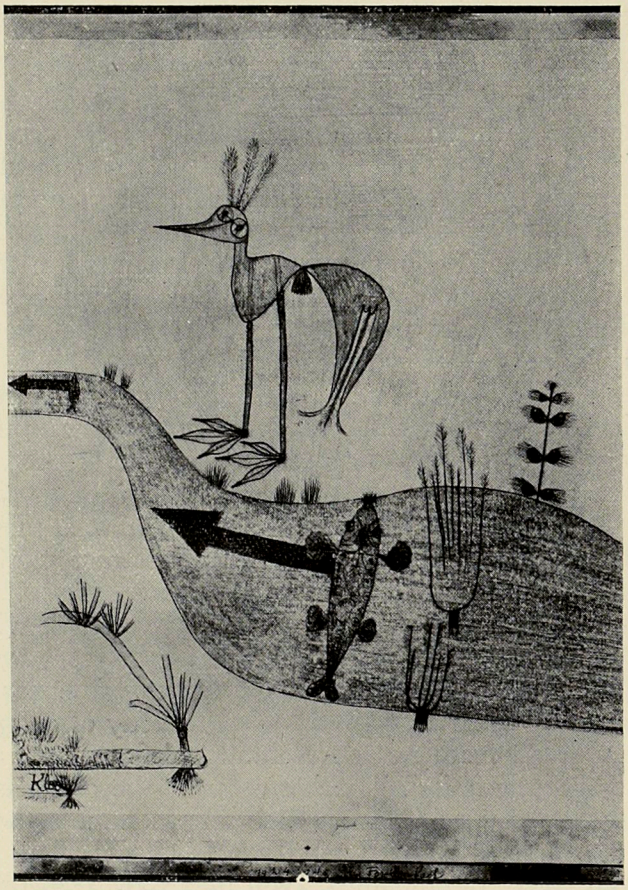
It is often said that abstract or constructivist art must by definition lead to a kind of stalemate. There is a logical development from representational art to cubism, and from cubism to constructivism, but with constructivism we seem to be at a dead end, with only a limited number of variations to be played on a single theme. There is a story of a composer who committed suicide because he suddenly realized that the number of notes in the scale being fixed, an end must come to the number of permutations and combinations in which they could be arranged—an end, therefore, to the art of music. If he had been mathematician enough to work out the figure, he might have had more courage. The elements of graphic art are not so limited, but there is an academic kind of abstract art which deliberately restricts itself to fixed elements. For example, I have just received a publication which consists of "14 variazioni di un tema pittorico" by Luigi Veronesi, accompanied by "14 variazioni di un tema musicale" by Riccardo Malipiero. Veronesi's drawings use six elements: — a straight line, a curved line, a space enclosed by a straight line and a curve, a square, a short oblong and a long oblong—and four colours: green, brown, black and the white of the paper. All the compositions are drawn with the same geometrical exactitude; there is no "personal" quality in the line, no variation in the colours, The appeal of the compositions lies entirely in the arrangement—the permutation and combination—of six graphic forms and four colours. The result is not without its interest, even its beauty. But we have only to compare these compositions with the music of Malipiero which accompanies them to notice a difference. The music is marked with certain indications such as "calmo", "presto molto", "lento" "lo stesso, ma liberamente", which are normal enough in music, but which show that the notes of the music, though fixed and formal, allow for a personal element in their interpretation. No two performers will attach the same value to words like "calmo" and "lento", and the whole art of interpreting music is, of course, highly individual.

It seems to me that abstract art, if it is to retain our interest, must allow for this personal element—not only in the artist, but also in the person looking at the picture. And this, for all its severity, is precisely what the art of Ben Nicholson does. He was, from the beginning, essentially a sensitive artist, and those people who whilst admiring his early work, "see nothing in" his later and more abstract work, are surely blind to its essential quality. Even at its severest, in the white reliefs, there is a sensitivity of line and a play of light and shade which are anything but geometrical or mechanical. In some of the more recent coloured compositions the organization of forms is more geometrical, but that is only, as it were, the counterpoint for a free melody of colour. Now that form has been freed from its representational functions, colour too is released for experimentation. The harmony of the old masters, though often daringly anti-natural (even in such an academic artist as Poussin) always had naturalistic limitations; there limitations still linger on in cubism, though freely interchanged (you may have transposition of the

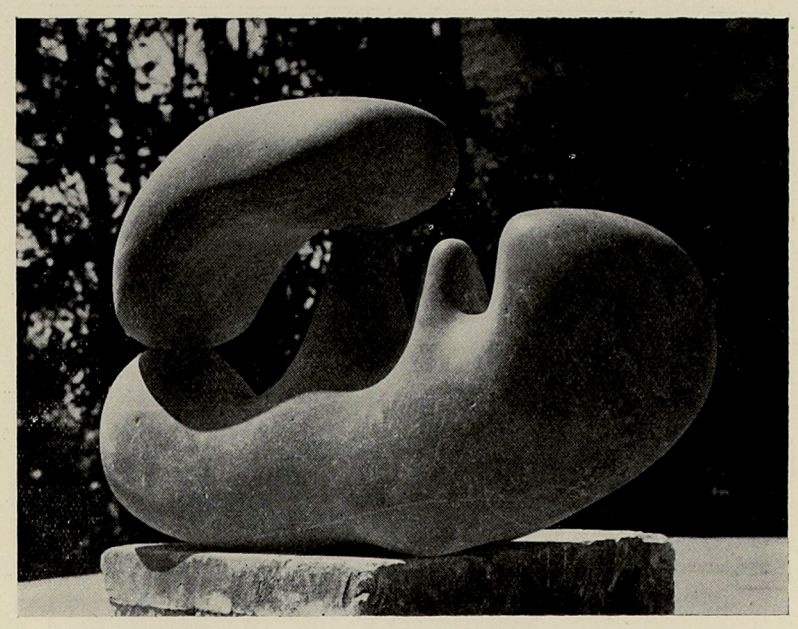
colours of a guitar, a newspaper and a table, but the colours are suggested by these objects). But now that colour is completely emancipated from naturalism, completely new possibilities emerge. Colour becomes a value in itself, and intensity, saturation or brightness, rather than tonality, is the measure of its value. A composition in tone relations is a reduction of intensities to a common denominator or value; a composition in intensities is an exaltation of individual values to their highest harmony of contrasts. We might even say, to their highest dynamic unity. The colours clash, and are then resolved.

All this implies a very personal estimation of the elements involved. Colour in this sense is an imaginative process, exactly as sound is in music. Perhaps to complete the musical analogy the picture should have continuous movement, as in Len Lye's colour films; but when I see such films I always have a strong desire to arrest them, to fix them at selected moments. I would, therefore, prefer to have the static picture and continue its movement in my own imagination; or better still, a series of static pictures which I connect in imagination. This is just what Ben Nicholson provides.

One further consideration—a practical one. No painting—unless it is the narrative painting of the nineteenth century—benefits by reproduction. But this art of colour is almost meaningless in any ordinary process of reproduction: it must be directly experienced if it is to be experienced at all.



PAUL KLEE *Am Forellenbach* (1924)



F. E. McWILLIAM *Carving* (1938) *Roman Stone*

F. E. McWILLIAM

by

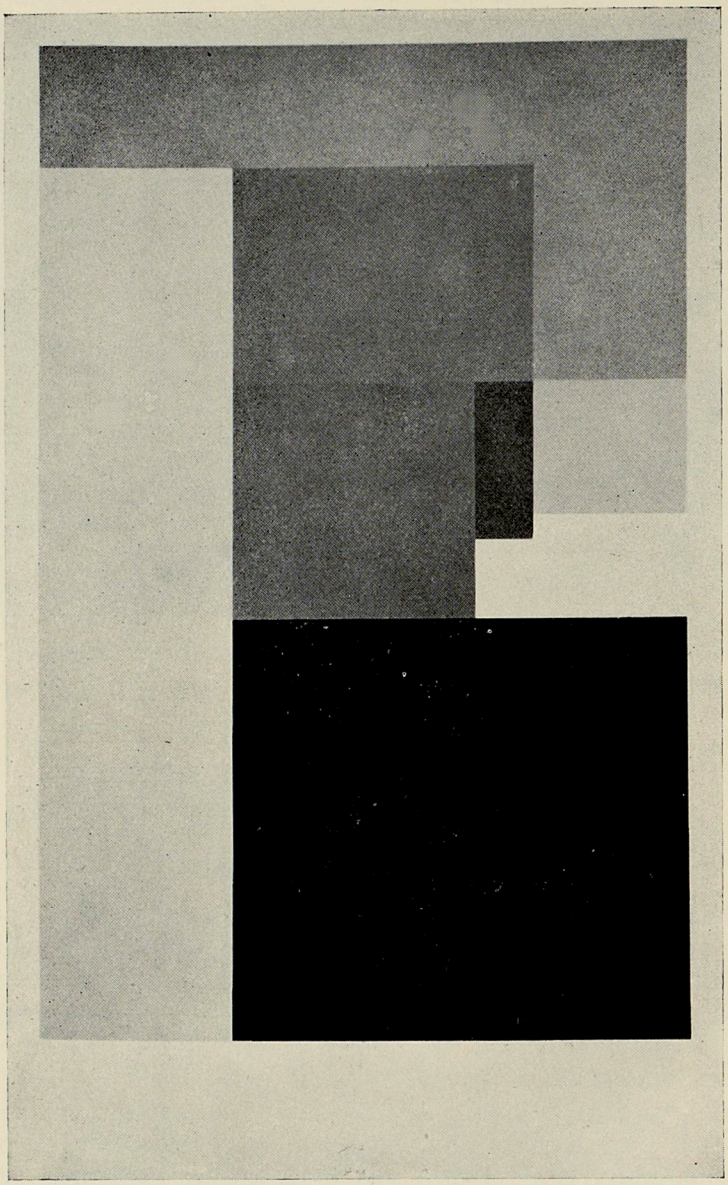
PAUL NASH

In undertaking to write an introduction to an exhibition of sculpture, I am departing from a principle I have so far adhered to, which is, to discuss, publicly, only those matters of which I have a practical understanding. In judging these things I am as uninformed, as inexperienced as you, perhaps, may be. But to borrow a common phrase—in respect to art—*I know what I like.*

I like sculpture. I like the idea of the subject to have a *formal* meaning, and I want it expressed in 'sculptural' terms; just as I want a picture to live in terms of painting. I don't want narratives in marble and wood, nor do I wish to find sermons in stones. I like sculpture.

In England, to-day, we have our popular sculptors, who impose the big idea upon the suffering stone. Or we have finished craftsmen of dull mind. Apart from Royal Academy practitioners, there remain a few serious sculptors with technical power and something to say. I could count them on my fingers and still have my thumbs free to twiddle. But, in this small band, I include McWilliam.

F. E. McWilliam is an Irishman, born in 1909 at Banbridge, Co. Down. He studied at the Slade and worked in Paris. His work first became conspicuous in the Surrealist section of the Artists International exhibition held in Grosvenor Square in 1937. As a sculptor he comes of the breed of Brancusi rather than from the Maillol family. His ancestors are not far to seek but they neither inhibit nor inhabit his work. He has looked on the beauty of Giacometti, yet made his own tenuous beauty.



BEN NICHOLSON *Painting* (176 x 110 *cm.*) 1936

He has submitted himself to the powerful influence of Henry Moore without, apparently, becoming hypnotized. He has left Laurens behind. And now, I think he is beginning to emerge.

Of his work, so far, my personal preference is for those sculptures where human attributes are implied, rather than openly confessed. In the best of these pieces there is something akin to magic—the magic of the primitive's 'object'. They are further remarkable, I think, for their evidence of growth. Undoubtedly, they are alive.

Alongside his carved pieces McWilliam shows an interesting set of *mono-prints*. These are 'taken' from drawings inked upon glass. One drawing yields only one print. They appeal to me as being among the most lively and appropriate room decorations recently produced.

WHO'S BEEN FRIGHTENED BY THE BIG BANG?

by

S JOHN WOODS

The bangs of the dictators and the pirouettes of Mr. Chamberlain have caused a considerable change on the art-front in the last two years. The formation and propagation of groups seems to have ceased, and such exhibitions as 'Living Art in England', which would not have been possible in 1936, are able to show constructivists and surrealists cheek by jowl. This, I think, is the beginning of the 'hermetic phase' of art forecast by Herbert Read: artists realise not only that their art is falling upon ears deafened by Bangs, but that, even if they could make themselves heard, the effort of educating a society, vulgar to the core, would not only require superhuman energy but would be a waste of time, as the collapse of that society is, more or less, imminent. The monastery is the only fruitful hideout and even that is unsafe, since artists, along with all thinking persons, have now been roused to the dangers of the political situation and the necessity for some sort of action in the defence of their liberty. This necessity is a real one and not to be ignored—*but there is a danger of its becoming an excuse for an artist to turn his back on the very difficult problems confronting him as an artist and to find an escape from these problems in making his art the handmaiden (too often the chambermaid) of politics.*

I ADMIRE the attitude of such artists as Henry Moore and Ben Nicholson in preserving their art and developing it in the face of every distraction, and without being politically isolationist.

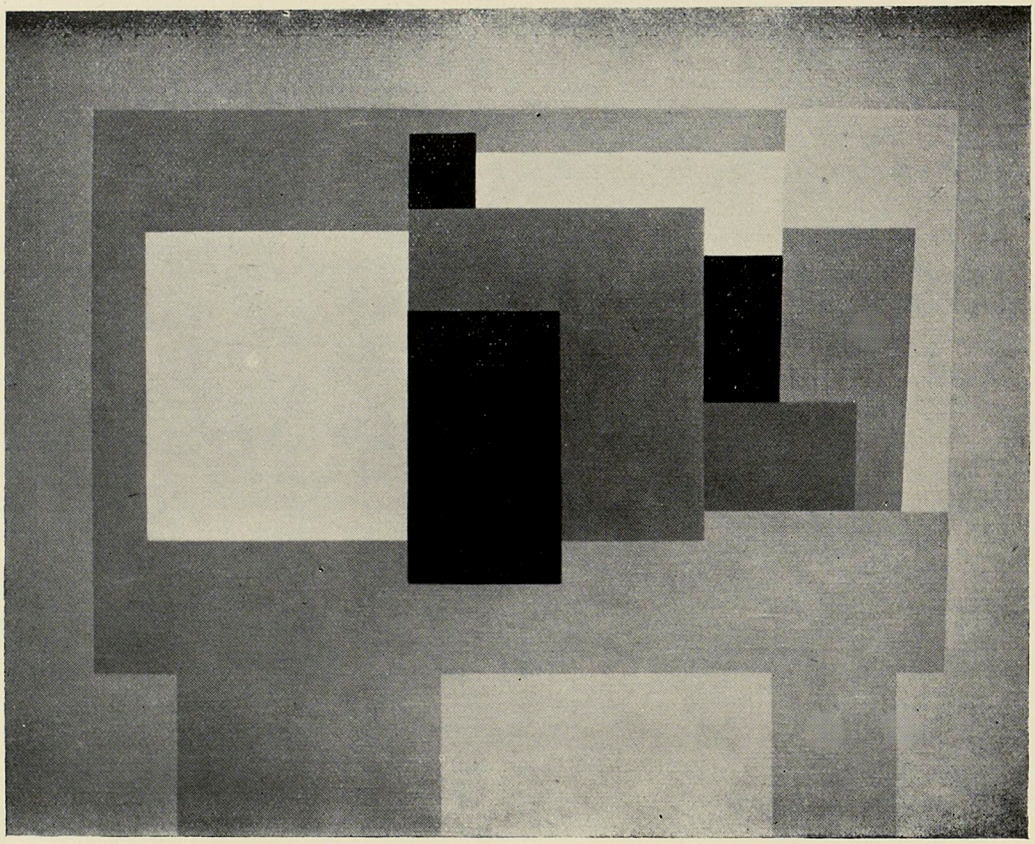
I DEPLORE the attitude of such artists as come under the general heading of Realists in taking their art to the street corner for nourishment and applause.

I am not lauding the ivory tower or saying that art has no influence on social life. But art is, at root, an appreciative affair—it moves to a highly refined pleasure, not to political or any other sort of action and thus, as propaganda, since propaganda presupposes action, it is useless. To seek inspiration in political subject-matter and by the resulting art hope to foster political revolution is to be blind to the social and spiritual functions of art. (This article ignores the totally different problems of left-wing "commercial art", which obviously has immense social importance and requires the support of every artist who feels himself capable).

"Guernica" is often cited as evidence of political art but "Guernica" is, *in its effect as art,* no more political that the caféteriana which provided Picasso with subject-matter during the Great War. Read says of it "It is a monument to destruction. The great canvas is flooded with pity and terror, but over it all is imposed that nameless grace which arises

from their cathartic equilibrium". And that cathartic equilibrium absolutely vitiates the value of "Guernica" as political propaganda to anyone who appreciates the painting as a work of art. Obviously, Picasso could never have painted "Guernica" without Franco and the bombing of Guernica and his feelings about it all. But once the feelings of an artist—whether appreciation of the curve of a belly or horror at Fascist brutality or admiration of human suffering and endeavour—once these feelings have passed through the fire of his creative process and crystallised themselves on his canvas, then the art which results has only incidental relevance to the exterior events which were its motivating force. As for "Guernica" it is of only secondary importance that it is a painting of Guernica rather than of Shanghai—and we might well ask what our reaction would be if Picasso were a fascist and "Guernica" differently titled.

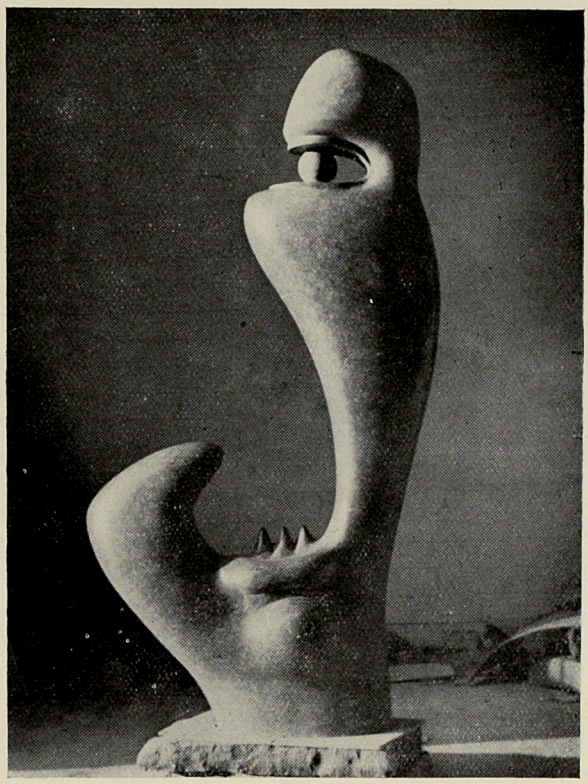
No artist of any worth could live in Europe to-day and not be keenly aware of political events or uninfluenced by them. But that is a vastly different thing from being propagandists for social revolution on the political plane, nor does it mean that the artist is expressing the mass-unconscious (the real level of the mass-unconscious is found in the Christmas editions of the illustrated papers and in the decoration of



BEN NICHOLSON *Painting* (1937)

(Coll. Brumwell)

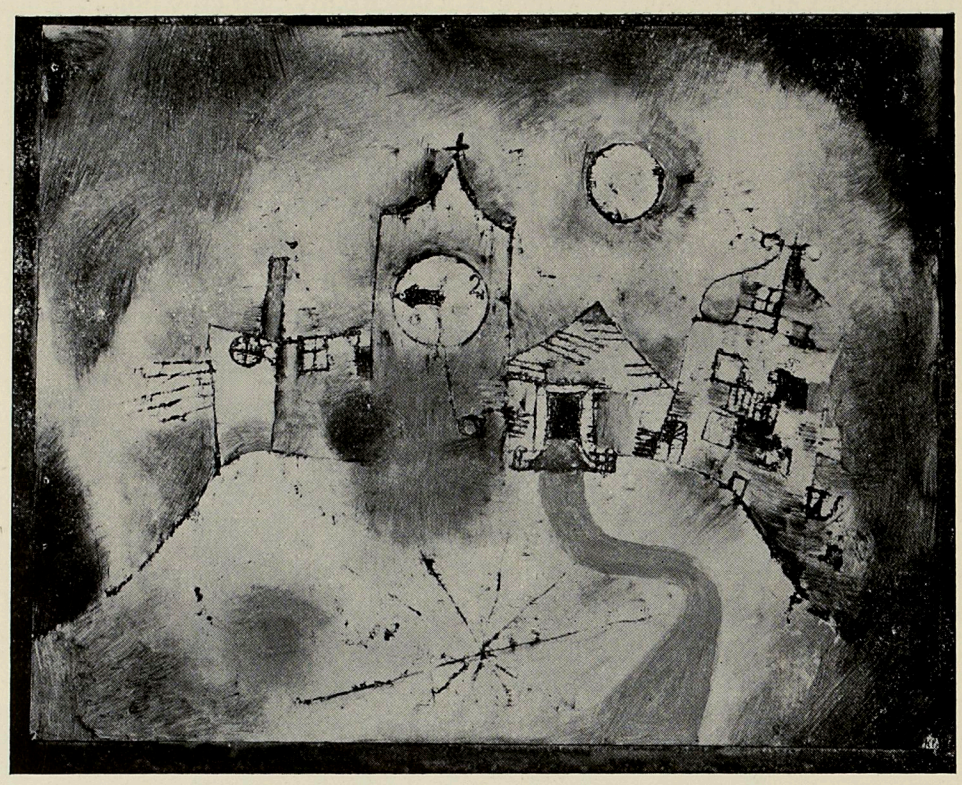
cinemas). Only in a society which is a spiritually unified whole, such as primitive societies, or the Middle Ages in Europe, can art express the mass-unconscious and appeal to the masses. To-day we are at a turning point when a decaying society is in its death-throes and a new society is struggling to be born. Neither state is fruitful of opportunities for an artist; the decaying society demands its Rex Whistler and its Victorian Revival, the new society is too busy with its material problems to have



F. E. McWilliam *Portrait* (1938-39)

time for the refinements of art. Action is a necessity at such a time and art and action just don't mix. Failure to realise this, causes a barren hopefulness and a naive trust in realism—and for a contemporary artist such a trust in realism is a flight from reality. The artist cannot move to the masses—he must wait until the masses can move to him (and do everything in his power to make the masses able to make that move *i.e.* through commercial art, extra-professional activities etc.)

Let us face the fact that there is no social place for art to-day or on the immediate morrow. That does not mean there is no work for the artist to do, but it does mean the work is immensely more difficult. But who ever thought art was easy, anyway?



PAUL KLEE *Das Gesicht eines Marktplatzes* (1922)

LA POESIE

UNE ECRITURE LISIBLE par Georges Hugnet et Kurt Selgmann.

(*Aux Editions des Chroniques du Jour, Paris*).

Mots, poèmes, de Georges Hugnet, images, dessins, de Kurt Seligmann.

Tous les mots servent l'esprit, toutes les images l'esprit et les yeux. Le propre d'un mot comme celui d'une image est son utilité; le même mot et la même image, cernant plus d'une idée, peut soutenir de façon différente tel homme ou tel autre. Avec les images, aussi bien qu'avec les mots, on peut frapper des maximes. Le mot dans la phrase, et l'image dans le tableau, tient sa place mais peut en changer: il est rare pourtant que l'on change de place le mot ou l'image sans les changer eux-mêmes. Il y a de subtils rapports entre les mots et les images: ce qui importe est de ne les point fausser. L'image n'est pas un mot de l'universel langage: l'image n'étant en rien mot et langage universel ne s'étant pas encore sérieusement conçu. Le mot et l'image révèlent immédiatement l'aspect superficiel de la réalité: il importe pour le lecteur, autant que pour le spectateur, de fournir ensuite son effort; car on n'établira point qu' à chaque mot, à chaque image, suffit le sens immédiat, celui qui répond d'enthousiasme. Tous les mots sont valables et toutes les images: pas d'image réservée, pas de mot tabou. Avec les mots on court, grâce aux images on se libère. Les mots et les images se font leur place. Le son avec le mot à des rapports symétriques à ceux de la ligne avec l'image.

L'on se heurte à des mots et des images en conserve. Mais jamais dans "Une Ecriture Lisible". Ceux que les clairs de lune traditionnels font rêver, les esprits de terre immobile, ne tardent pas à s'en rendre compte: qu'ils cèdent la place, qu'ils partent puisque, hélas! pour eux aussi la route est belle. Les "pervers" s'y retrouvent, eux, la perversité consistant à répudier le crime contre-nature, la logique fainéante. Les pervers, ceux qui prétendent à l'héritage tout entier: au savoir, à l'oubli, au vacarme, au silence.

Les mots d'Hugnet, oeufs de pierre, sont indispensables aux images de Seligmann, domaines des étincelles. Les premiers comme les deuxiémes éclairent le monde, ce monde qu'on ne peut changer. Et dégagent les pensées, ravivent les souvenirs que la sable social menace d'engloutir. Ils et elles disposent l'esprit à son ouvrage que, malgré tout, nous exigeons de voir accompli.

L'homme a un autre avenir que se réveiller fourmi, plante ou caillou. Il doit devenir lui-même grâce aux écritures lisibles que ses pareils lui montrent. Usons de nos oreilles et de nos yeux pour recevoir le don d'Hugnet et de Seligmann puisque c'est par eux et par nos mains que nous atteignons notre domaine. Nous n'avons pas d'idées innées: recevons celles de nos amis et leurs objets à percussion. N'en faisons pas des berceuses; ce qu'il nous faut ce n'est point le sommeil mais l'impossible, puisque d'"impossible" on a fait le synonyme de "vie". Et raisonnables ou follement, avec science ou avec fougue—mais têtus, inflexibles ambitieux, opiniâtres à tête serrée—nous l'aurons.

JEAN SCUTENAIRE.

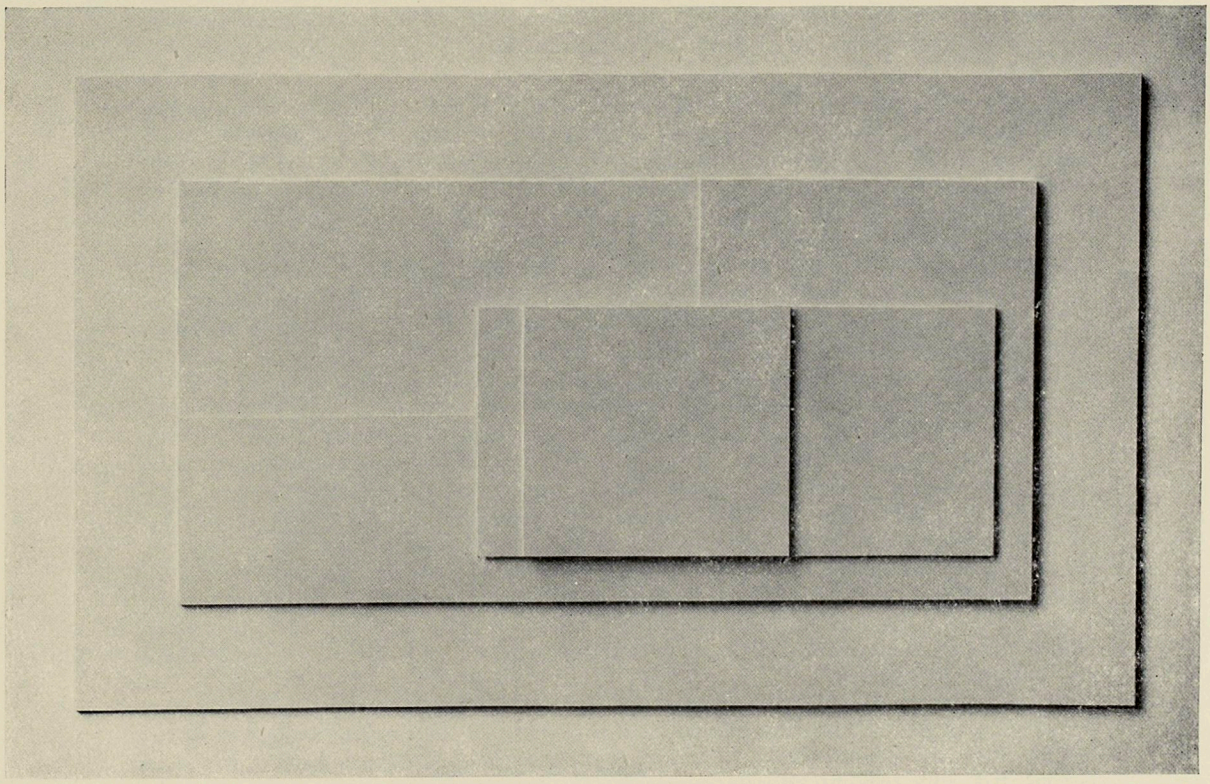
HUMPHREY JENNINGS

par PAUL ELUARD

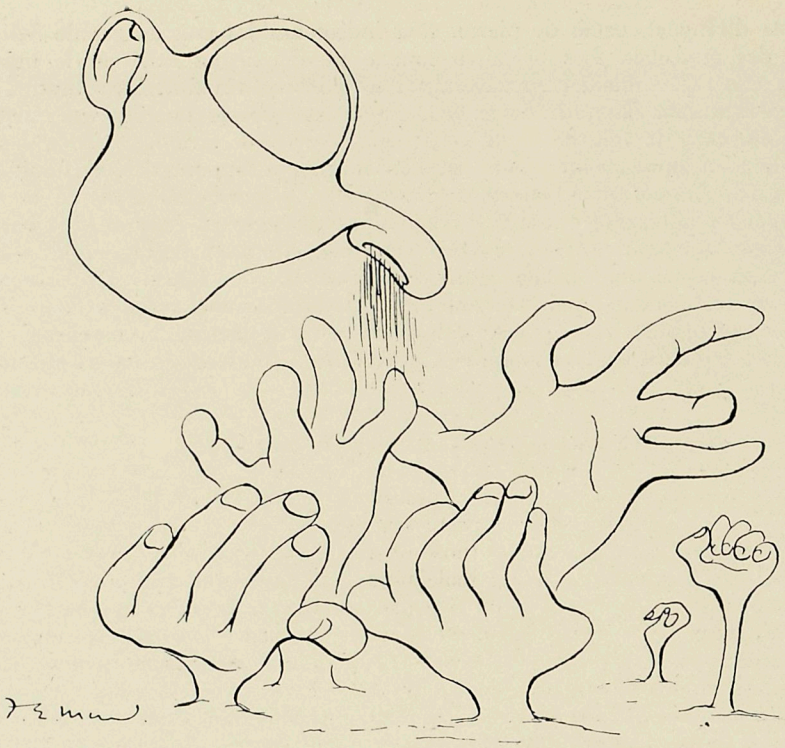
Sous un ciel noir des maisons noires des tisons éteints
Et toi la tête dure
La bouche fléchissante
La chevelure humide
Des roses fortes dans le sang
Désespérant d'un jour infini blond et brun
Tu brises les couleurs gelées
Tu troubles le sillage du diamant

Une barque d'ambre à trois rames
Creuse la mare du désert
Le vent s'étale sur la mousse
Un soir entier soutient l'aurore
Le mouvement a des racines
L'immobile croît et fleurit.

(1938)



BEN NICHOLSON — *Relief* (174 x 111 *cm.*) 1938



F. E. McWilliam *Drawing*

AMERICAN LETTER

by Parker Tyler

Breton's and Rivera's FIARI Manifesto, so universal in meaning, seems to have failed to spark in the soggy minds of most of our cultural representatives. I am vividly reminded of this by Mr. Glenway Wescott, the former novelist, who writes a commentary for the catalogue of the show by the young American mural painter, Jared French. Mr. Wescott's language has many awesome aspects, one of which is—curiously, in view of his hard-hearted Americanisms—the naive translation of French mannerisms into English, as when he casually refers to "my dear painter." Flagrantly, in Mr. Wescott's case, the reaction against European painting (surrealist and abstract) is exposed for what it is: a timely nationalistic synthesis whose ultimate esthetic relevance is no closer than that of real-estate values. We find only realtors, cranks and pedants (inspired, occasionally, by war-mongers) making rules by which the see local landscapes, and Mr. Wescott says, " . . . our continent is not narrow, our atmosphere not opalescent or shadowy." But if he, or indeed, his subject Mr. French, were aware of the universal significance of color harmony, such a thing as "opalescense" wild be understood primarily as *the quality of a medium,* a conception of painting values, and not the static attribute of certain planetary landscapes. Indeed, our continent is not an isthmus, and the atmospheric conditions are subject to change in locality, season and time of day. On this objective plasticity, the painter imposes his own plasticity. Yet Mr. Wescott's Americanism is essentially as hollow as the architectural symbols of the World's Fair, or rather it is a pun for the Bourgeois. "I am . . . American . . . " he says in passing, "a believer in good fortune, good temper and good looks" . . . a rather too simple recipe for bourgeois prosperity.

But what, if anything, is the actual basis for Mr. Wescott's neo-Parisian version of Americanism? As for Mr. French's talent it is less vulgar than most attempts to decorate America with images flattering its size and strength. As I have indicated, the paint is cold, flat, and, even for murals, posterish. The subject matter is the American male,

young and robust, discovered in a series of what might be called impostures rather than postures. Their index system is geographic and geologic rather than social or sociologic, so that they are linked to their environment merely by costumes and other "stage props". Nor do we miss the classic (and thus fairly "European") convention of the streambank full of prospective bathers—of course, men *will* swim everywhere. What, as a whole, are these figures depicted as doing, in the moral rather than the physical sense? Besides working, they are undressing, lounging or apparently just standing on a street corner. Many of them, meaty and muscular—too full to be in the Remington tradition of the spare-limbed cowboy and too soft to be in the Eakins and Remington tradition of angular athleticism—might be idling around a ballet studio, for their bulkiness is of the type produced in the ballet dancer and professional gymnast; their energy, in repose or activity, is choreographic. Truly, as ideologists, we may isolate a sense in which these murals are "American" in the way they are apparently intended, for they are to be installed in an educational institution and a post-office, but we cannot, as mere spectators, avoid referring them to what we know society actually to be; and not alone to the emaciated society symbolized by French's vitamin B-1 farm boys but to the society in which painters and writers (Mr. French and Mr. Wescott) themselves move. From this more realistic viewpoint, the murals cease to be historic and geographic pageants and become formal expressions of certain sentiments and emotional obsessions, not to be detected by innocent students and burghers. Both technically and truthfully, they are charades. But to those observers accustomed to see the world in its worldliness, Mr. French's American male types will possess much more the ensemble gaze of a brothel than a brotherhood. In many of the young faces, we see that almost a-mental tractability of sexual sentiment, socially classifiable, which is a total remove from the virile literary dress of the subjects. Thus, Mr. Wescott's pseudo-proper-minded commentary is revealed as the unholy frost it is.

If Mr. Wescott waves the American flag as though it were a towel, a sensational child seeress, Faith Hope Charity, waves her sibylline tablet at the public as though it were the American flag. Her prophecies, duly registered as they occur with responsible authorities, have added the nature of the factual to their nature of the ominous and appalling. She is said to have foretold the London bombings, the dispute over the national defence of the islands of Wake and Gaum, and the Bermuda plane crash; without greater taxation of her powers, she might have prophesied the gigantic dramatic spectacle just opened, "The American Way"; then, so to speak, she would have prophesied a prophecy. The drama reviewers, without shedding more than dainty asides to show that the spectacle, as art, is not better than it should be, have heralded it as "deeply moving" and "impressive" and so on. Of course it is a brazen piece of "patriotic" flim-flam. But looked in the bare face by this symptom of an international situation, the divinatory critics slid down on their knees and, with one ravenous appetite, licked the boots of Destiny. A thrilling round of soothsaying . . . yet one really can't avoid predicting in the theatrical section what is already on the front page of the newspaper. Closing their eyes, the authors of the opus, Kaufman and Hart, have laid a deliberate and hammy finger on the correct numbered space, which little Miss Faith Hope Charity, if she is also good at spelling, will make out as W-A-R.

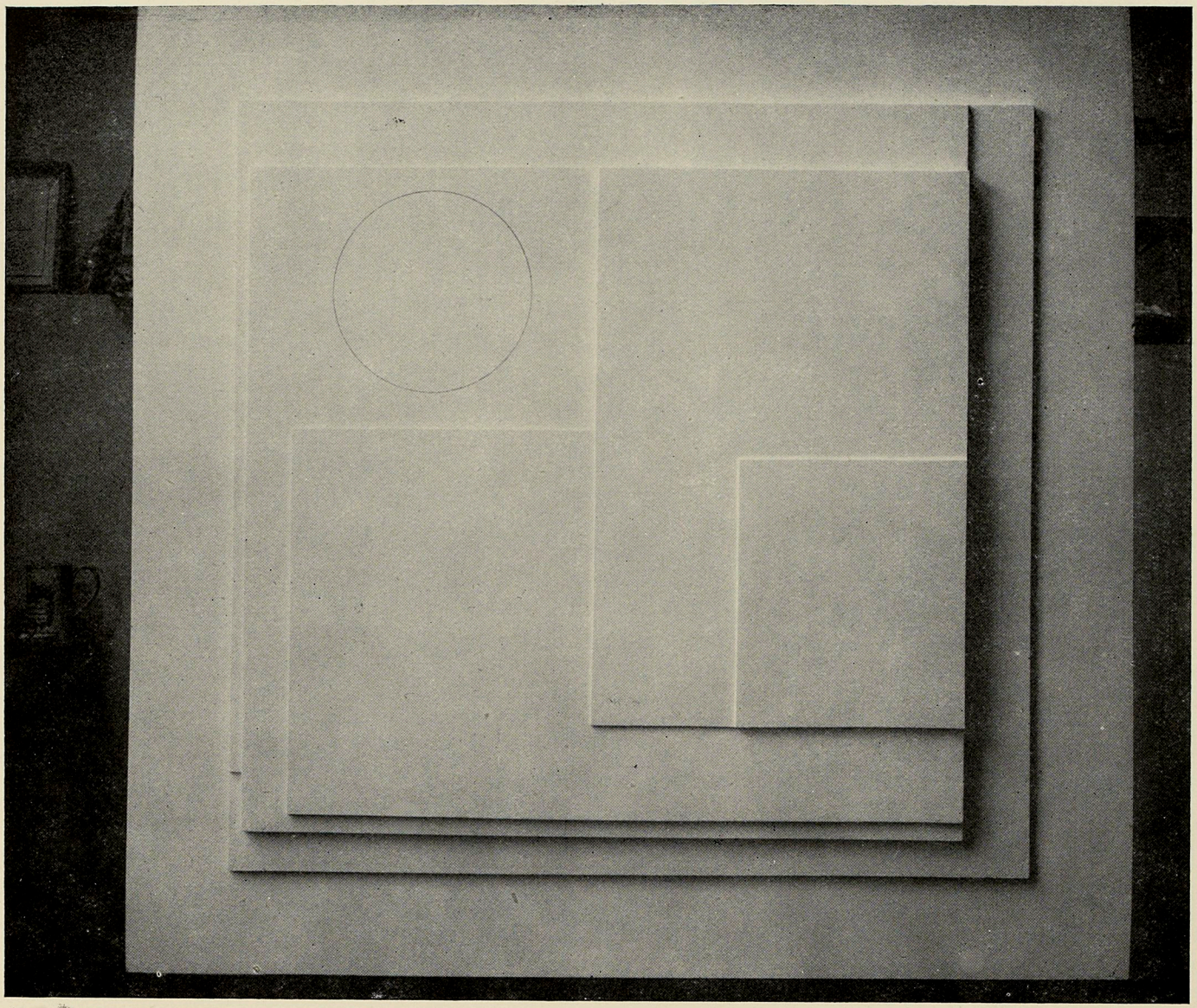
(*continued on page 23*)

TWO AMERICAN POEMS

by HUMPHREY JENNINGS

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

As we journey up the valley
The swift thought of the locomotive
Of the Connecticut
Recovers the old footprints. 1938



LEN NICHOLSON

Relief (117 x 114 *cm.*) 1938

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BEN NICHOLSON

CATALOGUE

PAINTINGS

1. 1937 (200 x 157cm)
2. 1938 (163 x 139cm)
3. 1938 (167 x 122cm)
4. 1938 (143 x 126cm)
5. 1936 (176 x 110cm)
   reproduced in this number
6. 1938 (123 x 97cm)
7. 1938 (132 x 93cm) collection S. & J. L. Martin.
8. 1938
9. 1938
10. 1938
11. 1937 collection R. & J. R. M. Brumwell.
    reproduced in this number
12. 1936
13. 1939
14. 1938
15. 1937
16. 1936 collection S. & J. L. Martin.
    reproduced 'Cahiers d'Art' 1-2, 1938.
17. 1936
18. 1938
19. 1936
    reproduced 'Kingsway Reproductions', 1939.

GOUACHES

20. 1936 series of 12. collection L. & Herbert Read.
21. 1938 series of 6.

RELIEFS

22. 1938 (174 x 111cm)
    reproduced in this number
    reproduced XXth Century, No. 5-6, 1939
23. 1938 (117 x 114cm)
    reproduced in this number
24. 1936 (135 x 104cm)
    reproduced 'Circle', 1937
    reproduced 'Penrose's Annual', 1938
    reproduced 'Cahiers d'Art', 1-2, 1938
25. 1936
    reproduced 'Circle', 1937
26. 1936
    reproduced 'Circle', 1937
27. 1938
28. 1939
29. 1938
    reproduced 'Focus', No. 3, 1939
    reproduced 'London Bulletin' No. 8-9, 1939
30. 1938
31. 1936
32. 1938
    reproduced 'Focus', No. 3, 1939
33. 1936
34. 1938

35. 1936 collection M. & N. Gabo.
reproduced 'Creative Art in England', 1937
reproduced in this number
36. 1938 collection J. L. Martin.
37. 1938 (Project for No. 22)

DRAWINGS

38. 1938
39. 1936
40. 1938
41. 1939

BEN NICHOLSON

Born Denham, Bucks, 1894.

Member of "Unit One", London, 1933.—"Abstraction-Crèation", Paris, 1933-34.
—"7 & 5", London, 1925-36.

Co-editor with J. L. Martin & N. Gabo of "Circle", survey of constructive art, published Faber & Faber, London, 1937.

Works in the collections of The Contemporary Art Society, London: Museum of Modern Art, New York: Museum of Living Art, New York, and in private collections in France, U.S.A., Switzerland, Spain, Denmark, Holland, etc

One-man exhibitions held at:
—Wm. B. Paterson Gallery, 1923.
—Adelphi Gallery, 1924.
—Beaux Arts Gallery, 1926.
—Alex. Reid & Lefevre Ltd., 1930.
—Georges Bernheim & Cie., Paris, 1930.
—Bloomsbury Gallery, 1931.
—Arthur Tooth & Sons, 1932.
—Alex. Reid & Lefevre Ltd., 1933.
—Alex. Reid & Lefevre Ltd., 1935.
—Alex. Reid & Lefevre Ltd., 1937.

Works by Ben Nicholson have also been shown in the following recent exhibitions:
—International Exhibition, Venice, 1934.
—"Abstraction—Création", Paris, 1934.
—International Exhibition, Brussels, 1935.
—"These, Antithese, Synthese", Kunsthalle, Luzern, 1935.
—Loan Exhibition of British Art, Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam, 1936.
—"Cubism & Abstract Art", Museum of Modern Art, New York, 1936.
—Also, Philadelphia, Boston, Springfield, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, San Francisco, 1937
—"Abstract and Concerte", Lefevre Gallery, London, 1936.
—Also, Walker Gallery, Liverpool; Oxford; Cambridge, 1936.
—"Artists' International Association", London, 1937.
—"Constructive Art", London Gallery, 1937.
—"Holding Exhibition", Chicago, 1937.
—"Mars Exhibition", London, 1938.
—"Abstracte Kunst", Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam, 1938.
—"Living Art in England", London Gallery, 1939.

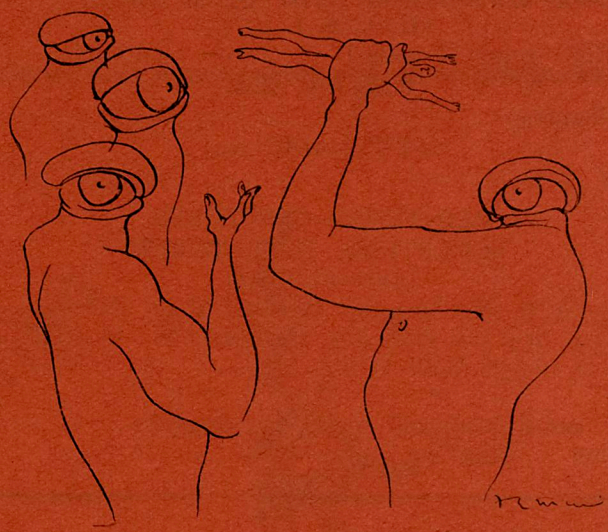
Bibliography.

Articles on Ben Nicholson's work by the writers named have appeared in the following publications:

"Unit One" 1933, page 88; "Axis", No. 2, 1935, Herbert Read, page 14 and Jan Tschichold, page 16; "Gaceta de Arte", No. 36, 1935, Anatole Jakovski; "The Listener", Oct. 9, 1935, Herbert Read, page 604; "The Architectural Review", Oct. 1935, Paul Nash, page 142; "The Arts Today", 1935, Geoffrey Grigson, page 142; "Cubism and Abstract Art", 1936, Alfred H. Barr, Jr., page 200; "Circle", 1936, page 75; "Focus", No. 3, 1939, J. L. Martin.

Meanwhile, a brain-teasing blast comes from the tense region of the Trotskyites: calculated to exile the anti-Bolsheviks from the Bolsheviks. In the form of a 30,000 word article, James Burnham and Max Schactman, editors of the *New International,* have provided an analysis of the "formal program" and an exposure of the "actual program" of the objective bloc of anti-Bolsheviks, among them John Dewey, Sidney Hook, Max Eastman, Eugene Lyons and Benjamin Stolberg. This is a stunningly decisive reply to those critics of Trotskyism, chief among them, of course, the Stalinists, who claim that the Trotskyites are ultimately reactionary. While acknowledging the exceptional talents of some members of the anti-Bolshevik, reactionary, anti-Stalinist bloc, Messrs. Burnham and Schactman have painted a sharp picture of a certain political breed of intellectuals—a breed which, while it has no vital sense of the political medium, is always to be found dealing as writers with political concepts. Without ultimately explaining this literary-psychological-social mystery, the article seems to me to embarrass its opponents severely with very formidable arguments. One anticipates with interest the replies, if any. So far no one has issued a formal reply, and only one, Charles Yale Harrison, obscurely mentioned, has objected by a threat to sue for defamation of character. To express in one sentence the controversial position of the Trotskyites: Stalinism is NOT the inevitable or logical result of Leninism.

That Time which does not stop in its flight has provided little of late to arrest the creative intelligence in reflection, but Charles Henri Ford, a poet familiar to readers of the *London Bulletin,* has announced his proposal of the Chainpoem, a collective creative idea. A poet writes a line, he sends the line to another poet for him to attach a second line; to the second line, a third poet is asked to evolve the created organism with another advancing line. The poem is completed when some poet (perhaps the first poet, or the tenth or twelfth, for the poem rotates) instinctively feels he must write the concluding line. A number of poets here and in England have eagerly contracted to join the chainpoem group. I feel all the poets should profit from this adventure, and perhaps a new laboratory method of poetry will be born.



F. E. McWILLIAM *Drawing*

NOTES

On March 3rd, Alex. Reid & Lefevre will hold an exhibition of "Abstract Paintings by Nine British Artists". Those exhibiting are Merlyn Evans, Douglas Glass, Ashley Havinden, Arthur Jackson, William Johnston, Alastair Morton, John Stephenson, John Tunnard and Matvyn Wright. Five of these artists, Jackson, Johnston, Morton, Stephenson and Tunnard, were represented at the recent exhibition of "Living Art in England", at the London Gallery in January (*see* LONDON BUTTLETIN No. 8-9 pp.20, 22, 31, 39, 41).

A lithograph of 'painting 1936' by Ben Nicholson has just been printed by the Curwen Press Ltd. and published by Kingsway Reproductions. 60 numbered and signed copies are on sale at the London Gallery and the Alex. Reid & Lefevre Gallery, price 2 gns.

INDEX FROM No. 1 to No. 10—FIRST SERIES

(continued from No. 10)

TABLE DES MATIERES DU No. 1 au No. 10—PREMIERE SERIE

(suite)

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EXHIBITION
OF NEW PAINTINGS
AND RELIEFS
MARCH 3—25

BEN NICHOLSON

ABSTRACT
PAINTINGS
BY 9
BRITISH
ARTISTS

MERLYN EVANS
DOUGLAS GLASS
ASHLEY HAVINDEN
ARTHUR JACKSON
WILLIAM JOHNSTON
ALASTAIR MORTON
JOHN STEPHENSON
JOHN TUNNARD
MATVYN WRIGHT

MARCH 3—25

ALEX. REID & LEFEVRE LTD 1a KING STREET, ST JAMES'S, LONDON S.W.1.