

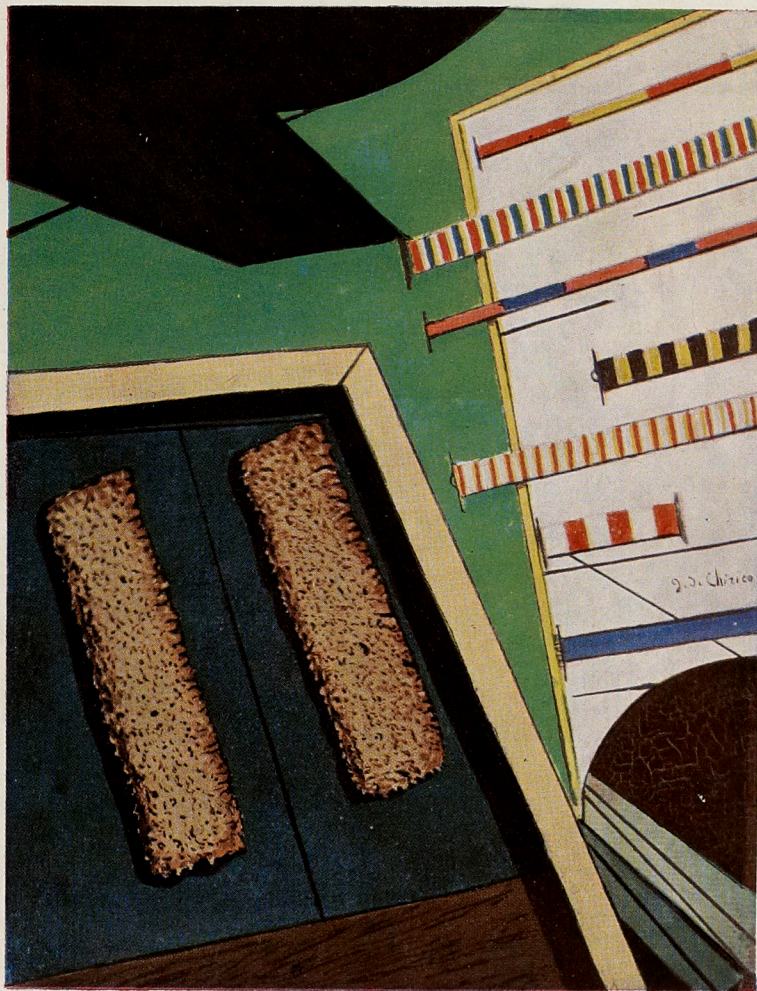
LONDON

JUNE 1940

BULLETIN

FIVE SHILLINGS

EILEEN AGAR
JOHN BANTING
VICTOR BRAUNER
ANDRE BRETON
J. B. BRUNIUS
J. BUCKLAND-WRIGHT
PAUL DELVAUX
MATTA ECHAURREN
PAUL ELUARD
MAX ERNST
ESTEBAN FRANCES
S. W. HAYTER
LEN LYE
PIERRE MABILLE



F. E. McWILLIAM
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ROBERT MELVILLE
E. L. T. MESENS
LEE MILLER
HENRY MOORE
G. ONSLOW-FORD
ROLAND PENROSE
BENJAMIN PERET
E. RIMMINGTON
BRIERY RUSSELL
YVES TANGUY
JOHN TUNNARD

GIORGIO DE CHIRICO

THE WAR

18-20

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NO dream is worse than the reality in which we live.

No reality is as good as our dreams.

The enemies of desire and hope have risen in violence. They have grown among us, murdering, oppressing and destroying. Now sick with their poison we are threatened with extinction.

FIGHT
HITLER
AND HIS IDEOLOGY
WHEREVER IT APPEARS
WE MUST

His defeat is the indispensable prelude to the total liberation of mankind.

Science and vision will persist beyond the squalor of war and unveil a new world.



1945
NATIONAL ARCHIVES
RECORDS ADMINISTRATION



LEN LYE

THE CARELESS HAVE INHERITED THE EARTH

by JOHN BANTING

The beautiful white belly of the dawn was our love-silked pillow when after brief and wakeful nights we started the new day by ending yesterday in sleep upon the warm cradle of the sun's beams. Our days were not measured into twenty-four hours portions but greedily stretched in accordance with the needs of our appetite. Two days became one. Sometimes "Monday" was not ended until "Wednesday" which might be left out entirely or not started until "Thursday". So weeks flew by not composed of seven days but of three or four longer and more satisfying ones. But now it is not so easy to use the clock's disc as a plate, the hour and minute hands as a knife and fork, devour the once savoury and nourishing twenty-four morsels of hours and then with the second's pointer pick the teeth. It is becoming a storming lunatic-tock-clock-god, three-armed with hours, minutes and seconds, thrusting out salutes, cannoning orders, clicking-to link by link our chains, and using our aching skulls as parade ground pavings.

Already most of the shop-front intellectuals wishing to be on the safe side have cast aside their masks frankly revealing Janus faces, and have made neat packages for travelling and for storing, of their superfluous artistries, scented mirrors of truth, elaborately designed furniture for love-making, and geared steering apparatus for warming their plush hearts.

The evidence that death comes to all at last is often not accepted by quite mature Englishmen of the protected classes owing to the innocence in which they have been preserved about the "facts of life". Standing stone still with one foot still in the womb and the other already in the grave, they have a sensation of uneasiness. From hole to hole they go—a simple golf ball. The "yearning for returning" is not unreasonable, if from the padded cell of the womb issues an ever-increasing horde of raving lunatics who are a danger to each other and to themselves.

The rich kill time and the poor are killed by it, for the careless have inherited the earth and, braver and braver carousing at the bottles of their intoxicating Power, are throwing it away—which is hopeful.

May 1940

FAITS-DIVERS INTRADUISIBLE, STATISTIQUE et CRITIQUE

à Paul Nougé

Un homme

Deux fois plus grand que nature

Trois heures avant sa mort voit

Quatre personnages au lieu de

Cinq apparaître vers les

Six heures du matin et ce n'est qu'à

Sept heures que

Huit policiers arrivent n'apportant rien de

NEUF.

Total : **45**

Statistique—*Homme : Un.*

Heures : Seize.

Personnages : Neuf.

Policiers : Huit.

$$1 + 16 + 9 + 8 = 34$$

Vérification : *Quarante cinq moins trente quatre égale NEUF.*

Critique—*Facile à faire*

Difficile à défaire

Impossible à refaire.

E. L. T. Mesens

Londres août 1939.



JOHN BUCKLAND-WRIGHT

Sibling (1940)
Original Woodcut

SKULL AND CROSS - BONES

by J. B. BRUNIUS

Hardly more than a decade ago, cartoonists portraying a bandit conducting a night raid, would often put into his mouth the command "*Your money or your life*",—a sort of bargain where the choice is given between despoiling oneself, or dying merely to be despoiled afterwards—this command is therefore comparable to such a conundrum as "*What was the colour of Henri IV's white horse?*"

The sphinx of that time can be distinguished from the sphinx of today by the fact that the latter, having learnt the value of words at the school of the American gangster, prefers machine guns to charades and has ceased to ask Oedipus the solution of enigmas just good enough to measure the mental development of a seven year old child.

* * *

Bourse . . . Bourses . . . the French word denoting both the object which contains money and that which holds seed.

Bourse . . . Stock Exchange . . . stock in English denotes not only money but the family. To enumerate the identifications of money with virility would be never-ending.

The same applies to weapons. This is proved by the slang in all languages. A weapon not only gives to him who carries it the power to kill but also power in its most general sense. Whence the taste for uniform and more especially the most expensive uniform.

The act of love is also universally considered as a partial death. A death which begets life. Similarly the syllable *vie* in French has two homophonic significations.

* * *

Down the ages and throughout the world, the idea which men have had, and still have of life, and consequently of death, seems to vary sometimes with their religion, sometimes with the climate, sometimes with the stage of evolution reached by their civilisation, sometimes even with the density of the population. The degree of regard for human life will perhaps one day be measured by means of a statistical calculation similar to that of the path of an electron.

* * *

Among primitive peoples, human life is by no means regarded as a precious thing nor death as formidable.

People of the far east, with a highly evolved civilisation, but with over-peopled territories, have a religious scorn for death.

At the time of the feast of the dead, the Mexican Indians dress up skeletons with false hair and garments to simulate living persons, while they themselves cover their faces with death masks and eat with relish crisp and succulent death's heads made of sugar. These macaberesque rites are accompanied by a great public rejoicing.

The natives of Haiti, before the funeral ceremonies of a parent, set up the body dressed in his best clothes at the head of the table, and celebrate a "funeral orgy" in the course of which the corpse drinks, smokes and participates in the general gaiety.

* * *

The fear of death, on the contrary, is the attribute of the western judeo-christian civilisations. The flag of Captain Kidd, the shako of the Death's Head Hussars, the badge of the "*Croix de Feu*", the "POISON" label, the notices "DANGER DE MORT" on electric pylons, are intended to give a shock which produces fear.

The skeleton of "*The Revenger's Tragedy*", the ossuaries and the ghosts of the novels of Lewis and Radcliffe, all the funereal arsenal of Poe and the romantics, finally in our time the mythology of sudden death whose Jack the Ripper and Fantomas have impregnated the detective story—prove well enough the trauma that the idea of death is capable of exercising over our minds.

* * *

It is the christian idea of Hell which above all has allowed death to display its terrifying powers. The changing pattern of the notions of Good and Evil never defined, always subordinated to the often divergent interpretations of priests, judges and sociologists, the disaccord between the moral of the day and the confused dictates of conscience, make it difficult for a christian to feel definitely and indisputably righteous, to face death without dread of infernal torments. The contradiction between the definition of a good God and the harshness of the punishments which he inflicts on earth and in after life,—the

fog of uncertainty which the power of the Devil creates around the omnipotence of this God, only confirm this feeling of insecurity, of anguish in the face of death. The heretic catharists, the only christians who have attempted to resolve this contradiction, declare that the world, this wicked world, far from being a creation of God, was the work of the Devil, and that nothing would please God more than to allow the human species to die out systematically. It was this solution, not devoid of grandure, that the cruelties of the Inquisition simplified to the pure and simple extermination of troublemakers.

* * *

Thus, notwithstanding its depravities, in spite of its lack of discipline, the christian civilisation more than any other allows the instinct for life to come into the limelight.

Through conditions mediocre or painful, mean or sordid, made for humanity in all parts of the globe, the desire to go on living is expressed in violent and irrational impulses.

The instinct of death, the instinct for life, courage and fear, hope and despair, always in conflict, predominate in one civilisation and another; the unstable equilibrium which is established, in a fashion, between the one and the other, makes it possible for war and revolution to break out at the first crisis.

Contempt or fear of death; we may not attribute to one of these two attitudes any ethical superiority over the other. Both appear equally primitive, static, fragile, unworthy of the very high idea which man has formed, often fairly accurately, of his species; both express in a crude manner the slowness of the moral evolution of man compared with his technical and scientific evolution.

No civilisation has yet attained the reconciliation of courage in the face of death with desire for life, which resolves itself into the pure and simple respect for human life. That is respect for one's own life and that of others.

On the one hand, the fanaticism recently sprung to life in central Europe, only produces the return to contempt for death—which seems to some a sign of grandure—at the expense of a social and mental retrogression of several centuries.

On the other hand, each time that human societies, in a higher or lower state of evolution, feel themselves menaced by forces of repression, they can only steel themselves on the defensive “*To conquer or die*”, more tersely expressed “*Liberty or Death*”.

The possibility of a deliberate choice ought not to be considered in a dilemma of this kind. It should be taken as a tragic gamble, a problem of heartbreaking statistics where the chances of death and of liberty are in principle equal for everyone; a gamble which, all trickery excluded, carries with it a renunciation.

Moreover, to defend liberty, its champions are often called upon to renounce that half-reality with which they gamble, thus totally casting aside the alternative balanced between liberty and death. This represents a victory for the oppressors and their slaves which must not be conceded.

* * *

True liberty, of such a kind that few today are able to imagine, can only base itself on a respect for life arrived at its highest form.

The aspiration towards liberty is still not precise. Nevertheless, at this moment, it is in this aspiration that respect for life is prefigured most clearly. It is important to try to define it in order to avoid the equivocal.

Actually, respect for life is different from what it is believed to be today. It implies the resolution of the contradiction contempt—fear of death. Equally, it implies the resolution of the contradiction between the taste for murder and the absolute refusal to kill.

Such a respect does not consist in merely not killing. On the contrary, it would accommodate itself without difficulty to the extermination of half the human race provided that this act constituted once for all the condition and the guarantee of its accession to the universal conscience and its establishment in the world. It is essential to exact for others as well as for oneself the enjoyment of earth, water, fire and air. It is essential to replace respect for the dead by respect for the living, respect for virtue by respect for love, respect for might by respect for liberty.

At the utterance of this word “*liberty*”, philosophers dare go no further in the classical discussion on the subject of free will, for fear of being laughed at. Their interpolators know quite well what is meant by that word.

Liberty is all that is left today that can exalt man and arouse, in opposition to the fanaticism of deluded slaves, a fanaticism valid and triumphant.

(Translated from the French by SYBIL STEPHENSON)

THE VISITATION—1911-1917

by ROBERT MELVILLE

Between the years 1911 and 1917 the privacy of Giorgio de Chirico was invaded by the hatreds, fears, jealousies and desires of childhood, and as long as the visitation lasted, as long as he was at the mercy of the vindictive logic of the child, his hand was firm, his vision unwavering and profound.

No paintings belonging to these seven wonderful years of creation and revelation provide us with more evidence of an implacable collaborator than the two versions of *The Jewish Angel*, in the Roland Penrose collection, for in these two works we see the child's sacrilegious images of God; images, that is to say, of that all-seeing personage which is imposed upon the child by repressive adults.

The first version, painted in 1915, depicts the active and passive attributes of God. The active image is evil and menacing: it is an iron casque surmounted by a wig which has a fringe of hateful little curls. There are two long holes in this casque which are really two openings from those long colonnaded palaces which are never penetrated by light and which teem with unseen watchers. But now, the darkness which fills Chirico's palaces occupies the foreground of the painting and confronts us with its vast, unmitigated, eyeless stare.

The passive image is behind the other and comes into the picture only because it leans sideways, like an unimportant person who nevertheless wishes to be seen. It is an image of the goodness of God, but the child has been supplied with no material for this image, and it is a featureless, egg-like form signifying nothing.

This God, split in two by the child's logic, mutilated by the child's superb understanding, is an indictment of His atrocious inventors. At the same time, the two images, brought together on the canvas by a necessity which pays no regard to the requirements of composition, achieve a unique decorative unity which could not have been realised by a merely decorative intention.

The 1916 version is equally consummate and goes much farther as a poetic and materialistic destruction of anthropomorphism. This again is the all-seeing God from Whom it is impossible to hide: it is purely and simply an eye, represented as a graph-like drawing on a square piece of paper with one dog-eared corner. The strange construction composed of heterogeneous objects, which is the particular glory of this painting, is not a part of God; it has been hastily erected out of odds and ends lying about in Chirico's studio, so that the eye can be pinned up at an appropriate height. The eye is not quite at the top; there is one set-square above it. Am I going a little too far in suggesting that this set-square resembles a dunce's cap?

One thing is certain, this chance erection is a peculiar, impudent triumph of the unfettered imagination, and gathers so much interest to itself that the drawing of the eye is very nearly forgotten and in any case is of minor importance. The logic of the child has insisted upon a support for God's eye, and he has become so absorbed in his task that he spontaneously creates a personage of his own.

Gordon Onslow-Ford, who owns several early Chiricos and has a profound understanding of their content, has made it clear to me that this personage is feminine, and it was after he had pointed out the significance of the striped decorations in the painting reproduced on the cover of the present issue of "The London Bulletin", that I suddenly realised that in the second version of *The Jewish Angel*¹ there is a love affair depicted in the crucial phase which we are so rarely privileged to witness. You will remember the young Marcel, taking his lonely walks along the "Méséglise way", consumed by the desire to see rise up before him a girl whom he might clasp in his arms; you will remember, too, his admission that if he had met her he would have been too shy to speak. Well, it seems to me that this feminine construction of Chirico's is the result of a similar desire and a similar self-awareness: but since it is the child's own creation he feels free to take possession of it in a ritual act. The nature of this act is sufficiently indicated by the curious striped board which is thrust between the delicately balanced, tenderly conceived arrangement of laths and set-squares,—and let us not forget that whatever is happening in this painting happens under the very eye of God!

The graph-like drawing of an eye appears again in *The Greetings of a Distant Friend* (1916)², as a guardian of tea-time biscuits. The eye is a sign vouchsafed to the child

¹ See "London Bulletin" No. 6, p. 18.

² See "London Bulletin" No. 14, p. 10.

that the biscuits are not to be eaten. It is the all-seeing God which looks after the interests of the parents when they are not present, the sinisterly flimsy and unreal representative of insidious foes. There is a biscuit behind the eye and another in front of it. The biscuit in the foreground is very close to us, and impinges on our imagination as powerfully as the empty helmet in the first version of *The Jewish Angel*.

Always when looking at an early Chirico, I feel the presence of the child, as if he were standing beside me, gazing at his own dazzling creations. To take the biscuit, he has only to stretch out his hand, but a thousand unseen forces are at work, to which the child himself contributes his almost mystical sense of the unassuageability of desire.

This biscuit, roughly shaped into a cross, terribly disquieting in its passionate golden splendour, is one of the most mysterious creations in the history of European art. The precious substance of which it is composed resembles that cabalistic light, heavy with spermatozoa, whose coagulations are living flesh. It is the image of everything desirable, the image of all untasted pleasures and experiences.

* * *

I have spoken of the child's "insidious foes". Their shadow falls across all these paintings; they work like terrorists and are rarely seen. But in *The Child's Brain* (1914), a painting in the possession of André Breton, the chief of these foes is summoned into our presence by the fury of the child. It is a jealous and malicious image of the father, and we see him as Ham saw his father, Noah, "uncovered within his tent".

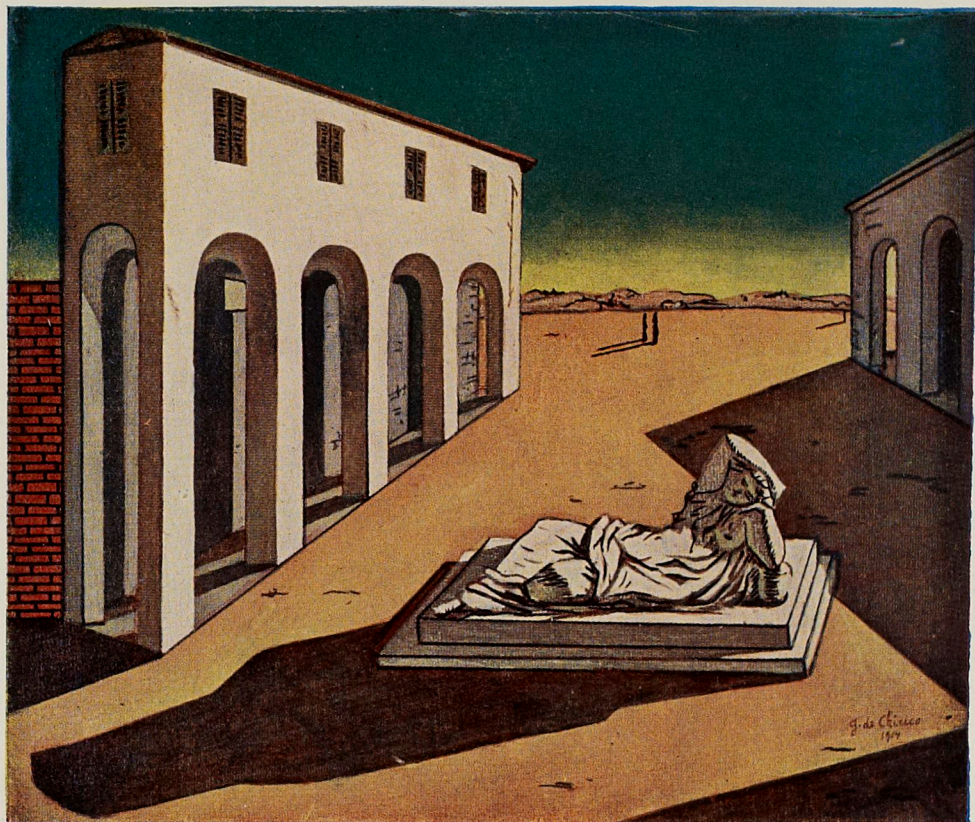
A curtain has been drawn aside to reveal a middle-aged man stripped of every emblem of authority except his comic moustaches and little rag of a beard. Nothing could be more ludicrous than this flabby naked father, and here again my feeling that the child is beside me when I look at these paintings is reinforced by the peculiar potency of the image. The father's eyes are closed; they are closed for the simple reason that the child would not dare to look if they were open. This likeness, conceived in reckless and unforgivable mockery, is a deliberate invasion of the father's privacy and if the eyes were open they would be filled with the knowledge of what had been done. They are sealed by the child's instinct of self-preservation. The father has a criminal power of retaliation and must therefore remain unaware of his shaming.

The reason for so spiteful a visualization of the father is not far to seek. The body is cut off just above the thighs by a dark green table, and in the centre of this table, in the foreground of the painting, lies a book with golden covers. So we are confronted by a situation not unrelated to that which is expressed in *The Greetings of a Distant Friend*; but because in the present instance the father has not delegated his authority, but appears in person, the significance of the book, coveted but inaccessible, is plain; it represents the child's mother. The scorn poured upon the father is the measure of the child's frustration, and the derision is seen to be carried to even greater lengths if we examine the painting a little more closely. The father's relationship to the mother is represented as a limp little vermilion ribbon, marking a page in the book. But through the open window, in the top right hand corner of the painting, we observe another vermilion form. It is related to those chimney stacks which appear in other paintings, but it would seem that the painter's vigilance has been somewhat reduced in this instance, and what this form gains in forcefulness it loses as simulation. It is raised up in triumph above the father and is alongside a huge building, neutral in colouring, which is another of Chirico's feminine constructions.

You will not misunderstand my references to the femininity of Chirico's buildings. His eroticism is as subtle and innocent as Watteau's. Watteau's marble goddesses palpitate, are always on the point of yielding to a metamorphosis, for only in the depiction of statuary did he feel free to paint the nude,—and yet how marvellously his goddesses propose the dénouement to which the elegant conversations are leading.

Yes, Chirico is subtle and innocent. The objects in his early works are painted as if nothing else mattered, as if, for the time being, nothing else existed, but when they are completed and no harm can come to them as objects, then they begin to stir with life, and we discover the truth because it is not mitigated but is simply protected by the integument of poetry.

For seven years Chirico was possessed; his hand could not go wrong, and in his paintings all the children of the world tell us their grievances and their dreams. After 1917 he was left to his own devices, and his later works are invocations to the "disquieting muses", executed with the uncertain hand of the forsaken.



GIORGIO DE CHIRICO

Solitude d'un Après-midi d'Automne (1914)

Collection G. Onslow-Ford

THE WOODEN GIANTESS OF HENRY MOORE

Psycho-analysis has revealed that there is often a connection between wood and the woman. A table laid for a meal, a forest, a boat usually represent a woman in dreams. This relationship has frequently been brought to our notice by painters and sculptors. I will quote the first examples that come to my mind :

Georgio de Chirico's metaphysical landscape "*Le Regret*".

We see a complicated wooden machine made of planks traversed by a red rod. Surely this represents a passionate love affair. I think the wooden machine symbolises a woman and the red rod a man.

André Masson's pen and ink drawing "*La Forêt*".

Instead of destroying the female form with lines as Picasso would have done 30 years ago during his cubist period, André Masson destroys his nude by making it slowly metamorphose into a forest.

Henry Moore has just carved an enormous woman in wood. When I first saw her in his country studio I could not help thinking of the opening verse of Baudelaire's "*Géante*".

*" Au temps que la nature en sa verve puissante
Conçevait chaque jour des enfants monstrueux
J'eusse aimé vivre auprès d'une jeune géante
Comme aux pieds d'une reine un chat voluptueux."*

I was at once certain that this giantess held many mysteries and like Baudelaire I wanted to live in admiration at her feet until I had learned more about her.

Moore told me that he got tremendous satisfaction out of making holes in his work. The most exciting moment was when he saw the first speck of daylight coming from the other side.

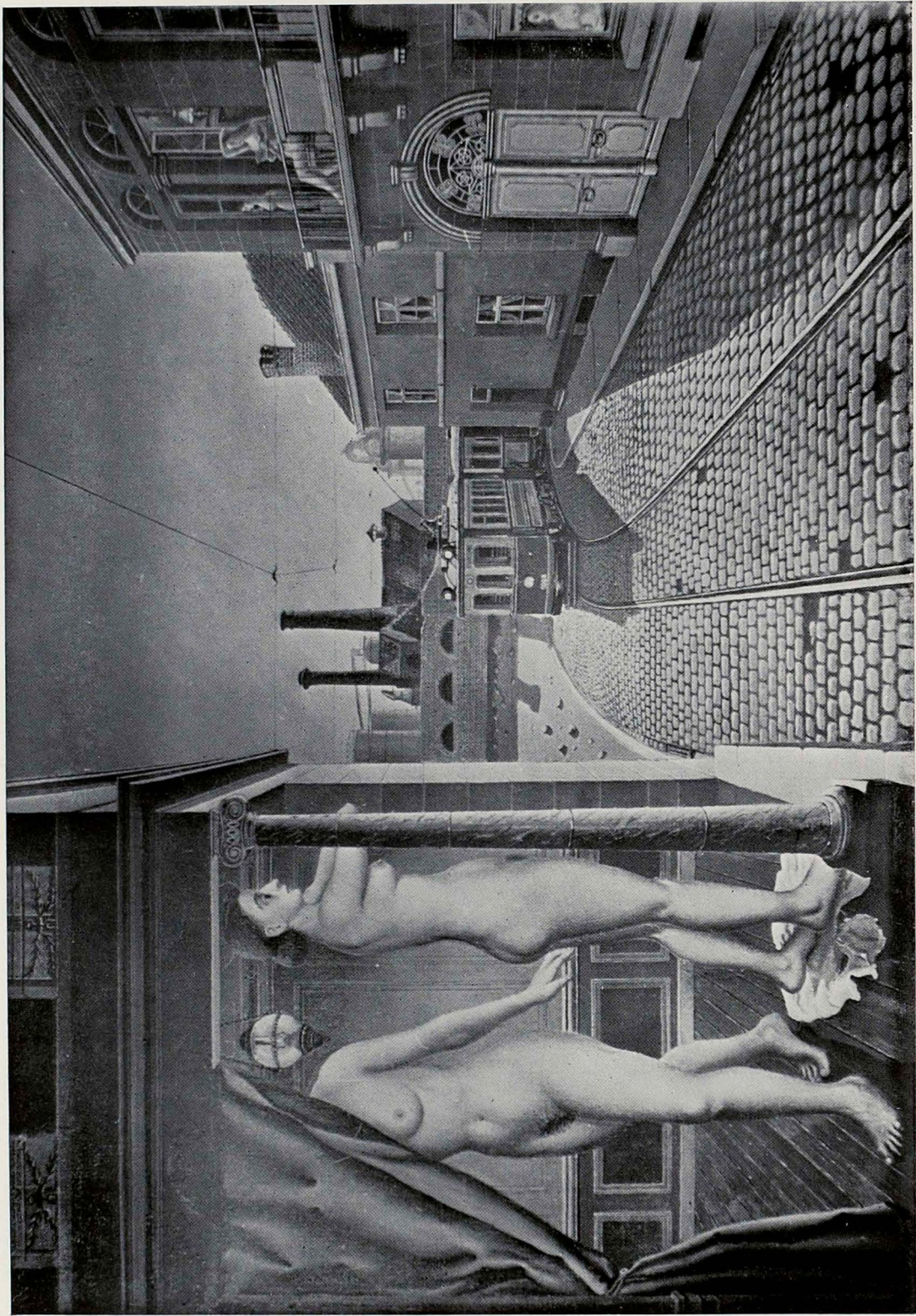
Picasso during his cubist period slashed his canvas with lines until the mutilated subject and its surroundings became one whole. A spacial freedom was thus created by bringing parts of the background into the foreground and vice versa, but Picasso's so-called cubist sculpture, isolated in a solid block on the pedestal, remained oblivious to the surroundings, and can only claim to have added a more brutal technique to the sculptor's language.

Moore has tackled the cubist space problem in sculpture. By boring holes in his work the subject is made to communicate with the background, and we cannot look at his creations without being conscious of the landscape in which they are placed. Picasso proposed something definite with each slash of his brush, Moore proposes something definite with each hole bored.

Looking at the Giantess psychologically as a woman we see that there is a wound across the face and a hole through it. Daylight can be seen through the length of the body. The two breasts are held out invitingly on a narrow arm. Every curve and shape is exciting. We can truly say that this work possesses the sadistic and erotic values expressed from the unconscious that are to be found in great creations of the past.

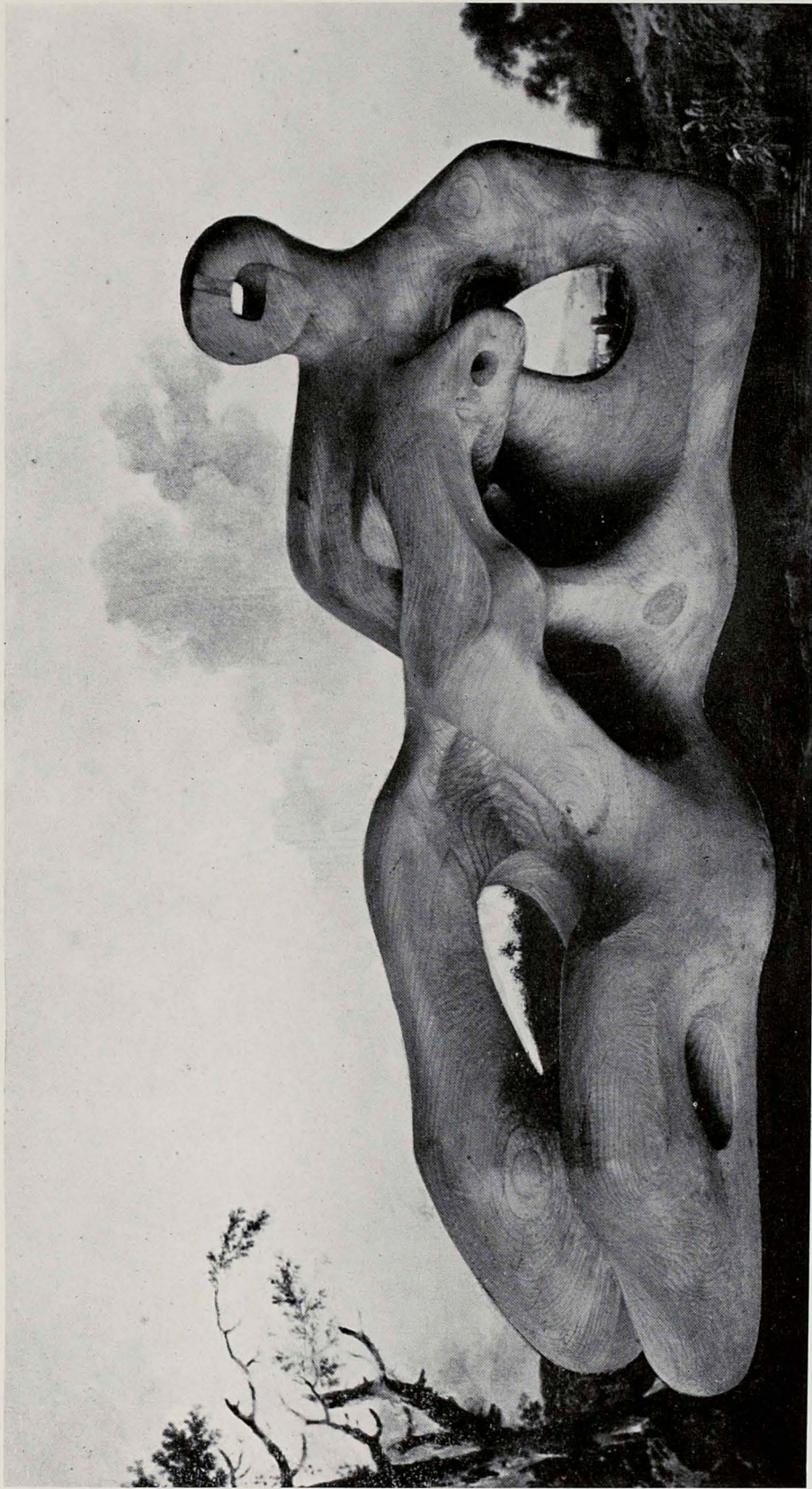
Although Moore has used the characteristics of a woman, he is in no way dependent on anatomy. This work is pure morphological creation. The similarity that exists between the mathematical object and the sculptor's morphological research cannot long be ignored, and I welcome the day when the work of artists who look into the secrets held by the unconscious mind will be regarded as material worthy of profound study.

GORDON ONSLOW-FORD



PAUL DELVAUX

L'Arrière-saison (1939)



HENRY MOORE

Reclining Figure (Elm) 1939

Exil

à Raul Delvaux

Parmi les bijoux les palais des campagnes
Pour diminuer le ciel
De grandes femmes immobiles
Les jours résistants de l'été

Pleurer pour voir venir ces femmes
Régner sur la mort rêver sous la terre

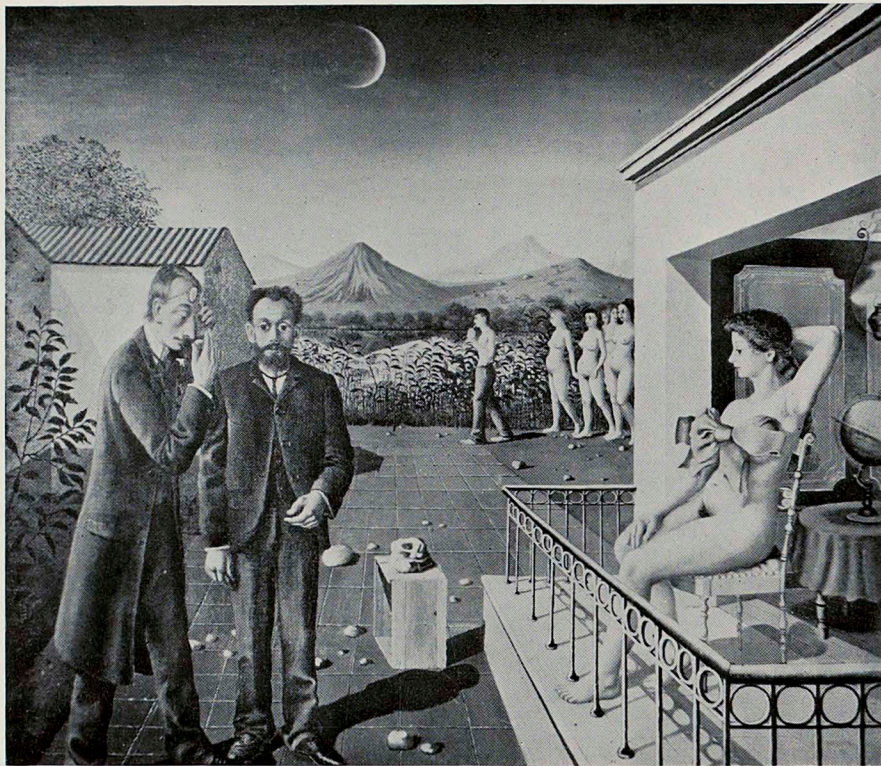
Elles ni vides ni stériles
Mais sans hardiesse
Et leurs seins baignant leur miroir
Œil nu dans la clairière de l'attente

Elles tranquilles et plus belles d'être semblables

Loin de l'odeur destructrice des fleurs
Loin de la forme explosive des fruits
Loin des gestes utiles les timides

Livrées à leur destin ne rien connaître qu'elles-mêmes.

Raul Delvaux



PAUL DELVAUX

Les Phases de la Lune (1939)

EXILE

to Paul Delvaux

Among the jewels the palaces of the fields
 To diminish the sky
 Great immobile women
 The enduring days of summer

Weeping to see these women come
 Reigning over death dreaming under the earth

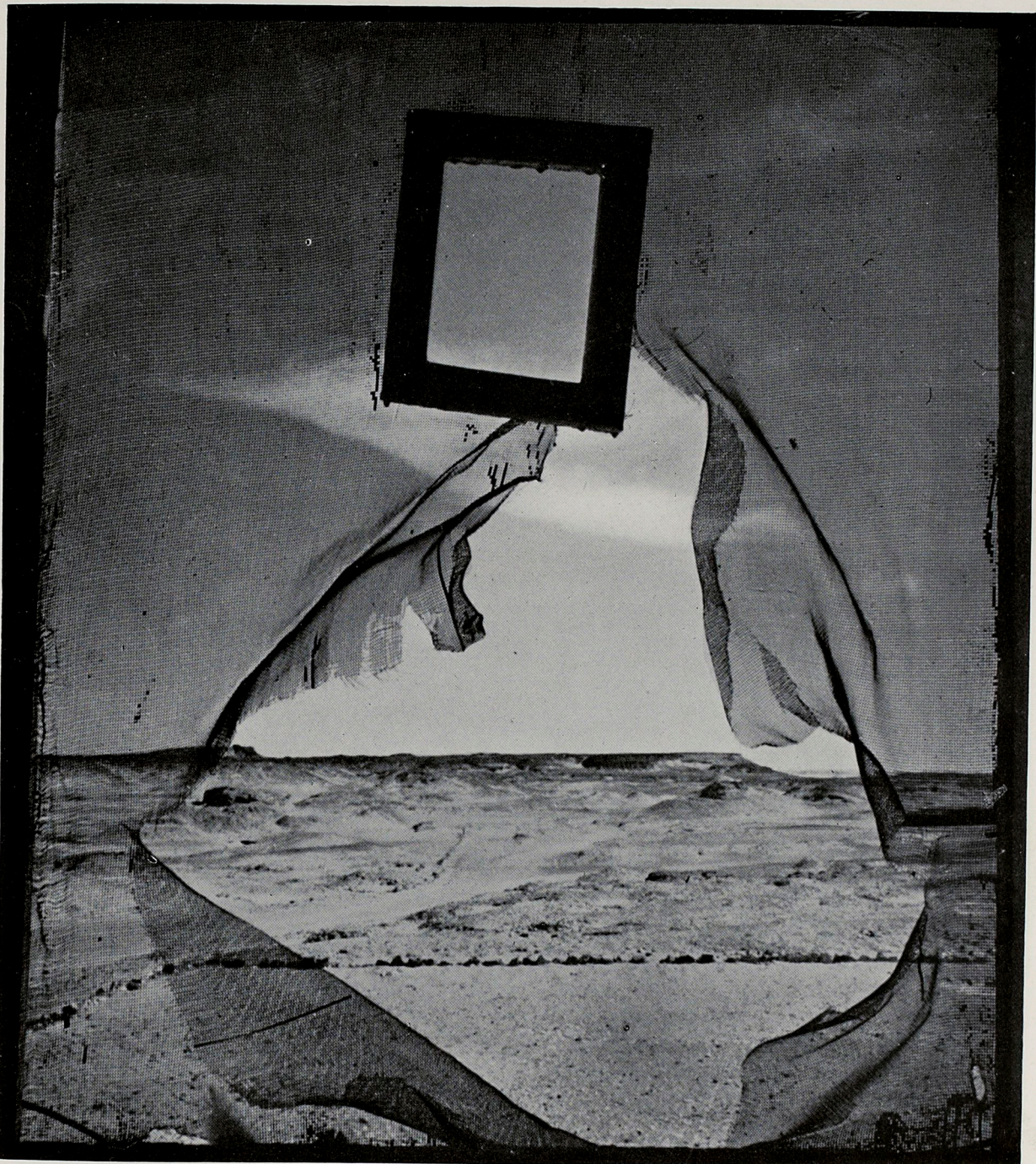
They neither empty nor sterile
 But without boldness
 And their breasts bathing their mirror
 Naked eye in the glade of waiting

They calm and more beautiful being alike

Far from the destructive scent of flowers
 Far from the explosive form of fruit
 Far from useful gestures timid

Left to their fate to know nothing but themselves.

PAUL ELUARD
 (Translated by R.P. and e.l.t.M.)



LEE MILLER

Portrait of Space

←



YVES TANGUY

Collection G. Onslow-Ford

Arrière pensées

LA MAISON D'YVES TANGUY

La maison d'Yves Tanguy
Où l'on n'entre que la nuit

Avec la lampe-tempête

Dehors le pays transparent
Un dôme dans son élément

Avec la lampe-tempête

Avec la scierie si laborieuse qu'on ne la voit plus

Et la toile de Jony du ciel

- Vous, chassez le surnaturel

Avec la lampe-tempête

Avec la scierie si laborieuse qu'on ne la voit plus

Avec toutes les étoiles de sacrebleu

Elle est de lassos, de jambages

Couleur d'écrasse à la rage

Avec la lampe-tempête

Avec la scierie si laborieuse qu'on ne la voit plus

Avec toutes les étoiles de sacrebleu

Avec les tramways en tous sens ramenés à leurs seules antennes

L'espace lié, le temps réduit

Erane dans sa chambre-étui

Avec la lampe-tempête

Avec la scierie si laborieuse qu'on ne la voit plus

Avec toutes les étoiles de sacrebleu

Avec les tramways en tous sens ramenés à leurs seules antennes

Avec la crinière sans fin de l'argonaute

Le service est fait par des sphinges

Qui se courent les yeux de linges

Avec la lampe-tempête

Avec la scierie si laborieuse qu'on ne la voit plus

Avec toutes les étoiles de sacrebleu

Avec les tramways en tous sens ramenés à leurs seules antennes

Avec la crinière sans fin de l'argonaute

Avec le mobilier fulgurant du désert

On y meurt on y qu'iert

On y complète sans abri

Avec la lampe-tempête

Avec la scierie si laborieuse qu'on ne la voit plus

Avec toutes les étoiles de sacrebleu

Avec les tramways en tous sens ramenés à leurs seules antennes

Avec la crinière sans fin de l'argonaute

Avec le mobilier fulgurant du désert

Avec les signes que se font de loin les amoureux

C'est la maison d'Yves Tanguy

Chambrier, juin 1939.

Jurii Brekoff

THE HOUSE OF YVES TANGUY

by

ANDRÉ BRETON

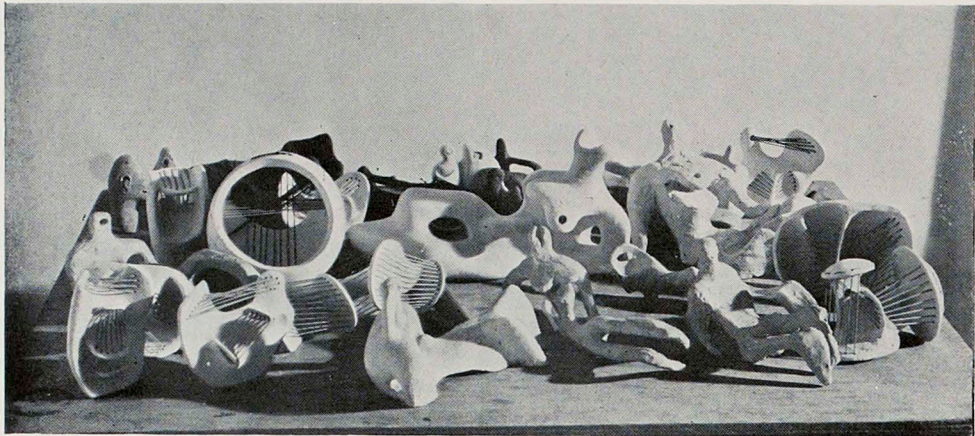
(Translated by G.O-F. and e.l.t.M)

The house of Yves Tanguy
Where one enters at night only
 With the hurricane lamp
Outside the transparent landscape
A seer in his element
 With the hurricane lamp
 With the sawmill too fast to be seen
And the printed cloth of the sky
—Go, chase the supernatural
 With the hurricane lamp
 With the sawmill too fast to be seen
 With the damned host of stars
It is built of lassos, of down-strokes
Colour of boiled crayfish
 With the hurricane lamp
 With the sawmill too fast to be seen
 With the damned host of stars
 With escaping trams brought back to their single antennae
Bound the space, reduced the time
Ariadne encased in her closet
 With the hurricane lamp
 With the sawmill too fast to be seen
 With the damned host of stars
 With escaping trams brought back to their single antennae
 With the endless mane of the nautilus
Attendance is given by sphinx-moths
Who cover their eyes with linen
 With the hurricane lamp
 With the sawmill too fast to be seen
 With the damned host of stars
 With escaping trams brought back to their single antennae
 With the endless mane of the nautilus
 With the desert's dazzling furniture
There one kills there one cures
Without cover one conspires
 With the hurricane lamp
 With the sawmill too fast to be seen
 With the damned host of stars
 With escaping trams brought back to their single antennae
 With the endless mane of the nautilus
 With the desert's dazzling furniture
 With the signs that lovers exchange from afar
That's the house of Yves Tanguy.



ROLAND PENROSE

Octavia (1939)



HENRY MOORE

Group of sketches for Sculpture (1939)

The letter which we reproduce hereunder was addressed to the editor of "The New Statesman and Nation". Its receipt was acknowledged but it was never published.

The Editor,
"The New Statesman and Nation,"
10 Great Turnstile,
High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

26th February 1940

Dear Sir,

Though I do not always agree with the ideas of your collaborators, I have often noticed how sincerely your paper is devoted to a genuine intellectual liberalism and to social and economic points of view impartially directed towards the interests of all and not of those classes who wish, at all costs, to preserve their unique privileges. But I have frequently observed that your art criticisms have not the same orientation as your articles devoted to politics and to international, colonial or economic questions.

Indeed your contributor, Mr. Raymond Mortimer, defends in his articles a point of view that is not merely conservative but definitely reactionary. His wavering talent as a critic is ever ready to serve an increasingly restricted coterie, for whom are reserved eulogies concerning young geniuses unheard of six months afterwards.

But now when Henry Moore exhibits, Mr. Mortimer exerts himself to find in his repertoire all that is most sweetly treacherous and most hypocritically hostile. This phrase, for instance, is particularly well designed to impress simple souls: "*Some of his large carvings in the past have seemed to me positively shocking—ferocious objects such as might serve a despot to cow a conquered population, symbols fit for a Hitler or a Stalin*". One might think that this phrase were written by Camille Mauclair! It is as like as two lice to those phrases which were applied to the cubist works of Picasso and Braque by the blindest critics of that time.

In this perfidious style, with a great deal of foolishness and misunderstanding, he goes on to say: "*The large Reclining Figure in his new exhibition reminds one of an objet trowé, one of those dead tree-trunks to which natural forces have given an accidental expressiveness. (Mr. Paul Nash may here have afforded a suggestion.) But, in fact, it is a highly intellectual edifice, an elaborate system of subtle curves that demands long consideration*". But the big wooden

sculpture in question has nothing, absolutely nothing in common with a "found object" as the surrealists have defined it. Further, it is not because Paul Nash, with full justification, has chosen to classify branches of dead trees as "found objects", or because it pleases him to make these objects take on the rôle of creatures in his paintings of atmosphere and dream, that it should be implied that this sculpture by Henry Moore—also carved, as it happens, in a piece of wood—is derivative from either the work or the ideas of Paul Nash. In short, the Reclining Figure has, on the one hand, nothing accidental, on the other, nothing intellectual. I do not know any tree which has the form of this sculpture and I do not see to what logical proposition it can be reduced.

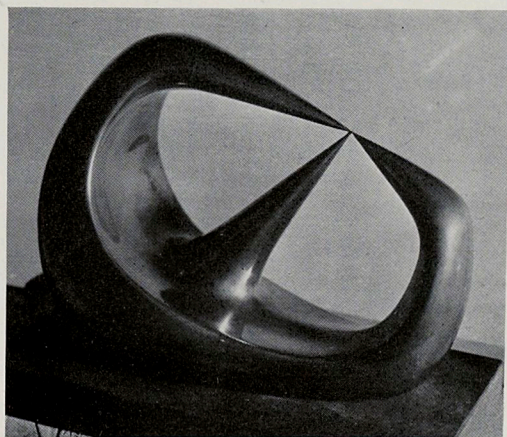
Is it because, in the past, sculptors have consecrated their talent to representing human beings or animals and because art students are still obsessed by this past; because the bones of living models have always been covered by muscles and even by skin, that Henry Moore, who portrays neither muscles nor bone, so profoundly shocks Mr. Mortimer? "*Where most sculptors have been fascinated by muscle, Mr. Moore seems obsessed with bones.*" What is the significance of this phrase? Muscle—life, bone—death? That is probably why Mr. Mortimer admires so much the paintings in which there are muscles but no bones! But I will not insist. . . .

At the beginning of the article it is also stated: "*He is an eclectic, who has taken hints from a variety of sources, from Picasso conspicuously, from the Surrealists, from the Constructivists, from the art of savage people and from the Renaissance.*" It is precisely what has been said of Picasso himself! One could not then do greater honour to Henry Moore than to say that even if he does absorb all these different products, his works remain genuinely his own. England has not many contemporary artists capable of comparison with the great of other European countries. Is it because Henry Moore surpasses the mediocrity of certain home-made celebrities that Mr. Mortimer does not understand him? Probably. So much the worse for Mr. Mortimer and his readers. All the same, such articles have not the power to interrupt the progress of so well-balanced and gifted a personality.

Henry Moore is not only a technician of the first order, he is an authentic, poetic and powerful creator.

Yours faithfully,

E. L. T. MESENS.



HENRY MOORE *Three points (lead)* 1940

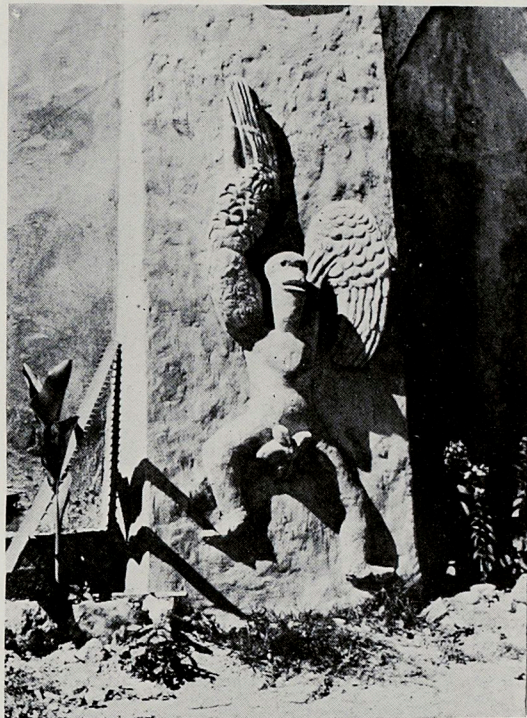
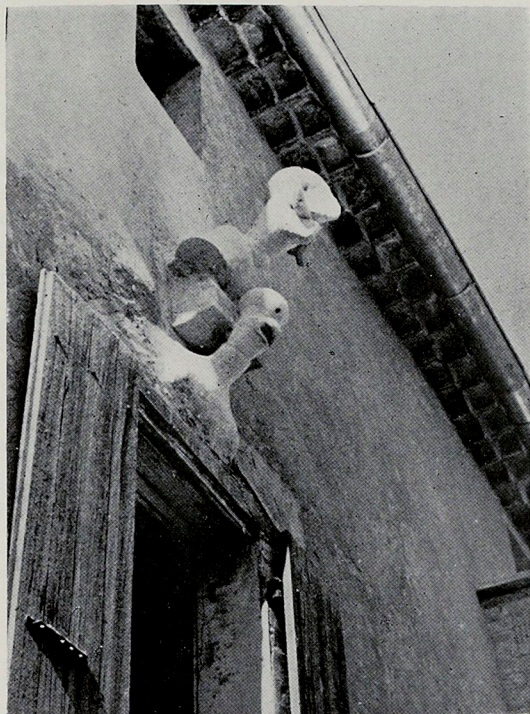


GORDON ONSLOW-FORD

The Determination of Gender (1936)

Collection E. L. T. Mesens

HOUSE AT ST. MARTIN D'ARDÈCHE



photos Roland Penrose

REBUILT AND DECORATED

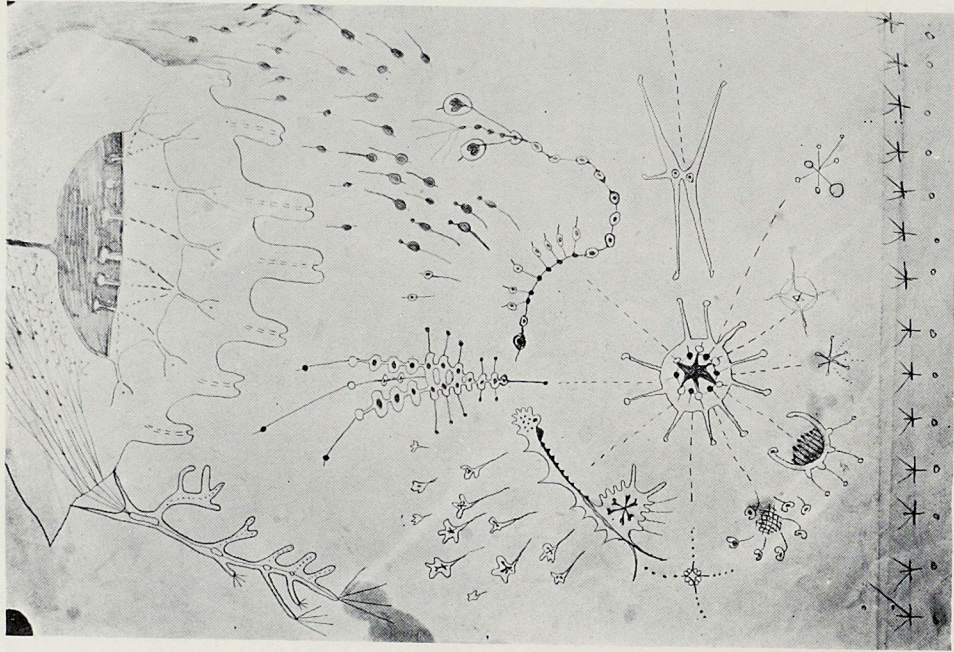


photos Lee Miller

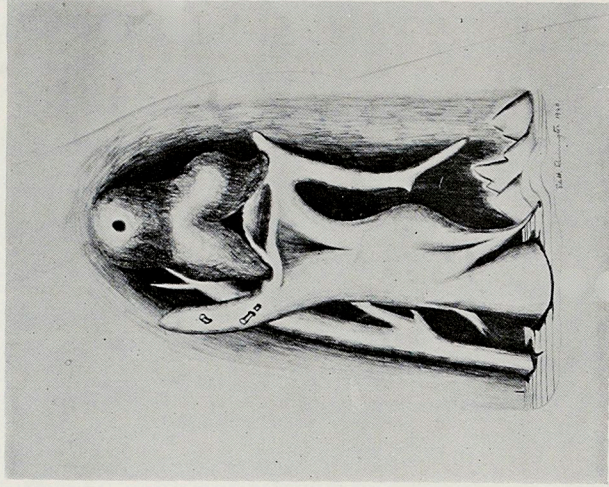
BY MAX ERNST

Drawings

LEN LYE

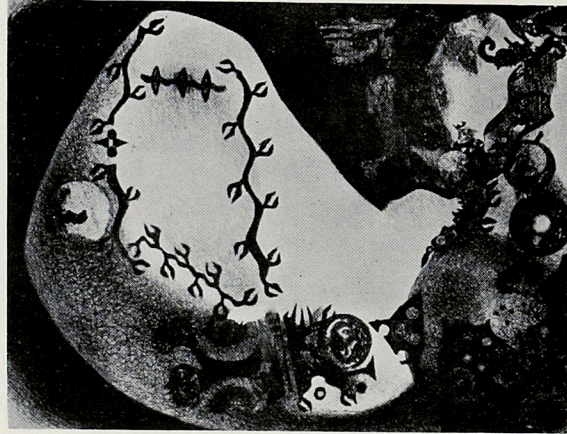


EDITH RIMMINGTON



Land-locked Growth

EILEEN AGAR



The War of Ants

Verso :

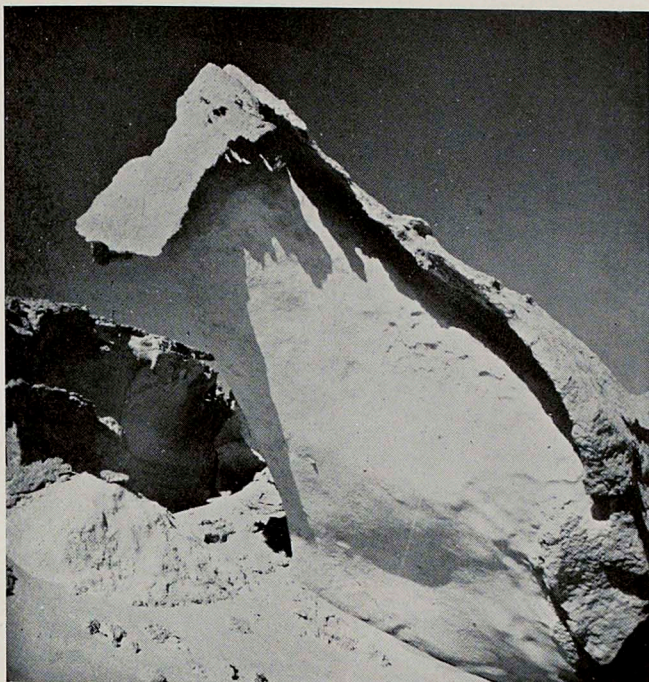
S. W. HAYTER

Woodcut in two colours
engraved by J. Buckland-Wright



JEWELL

5WH INV



LEE MILLER

The Native

PETIT POEME EN PROSE

Je suis l'ami de tous les Présidents, étant Président moi-même. Entre Présidents on sait ce que parler veut dire, l'on se comprend à demi-mot.

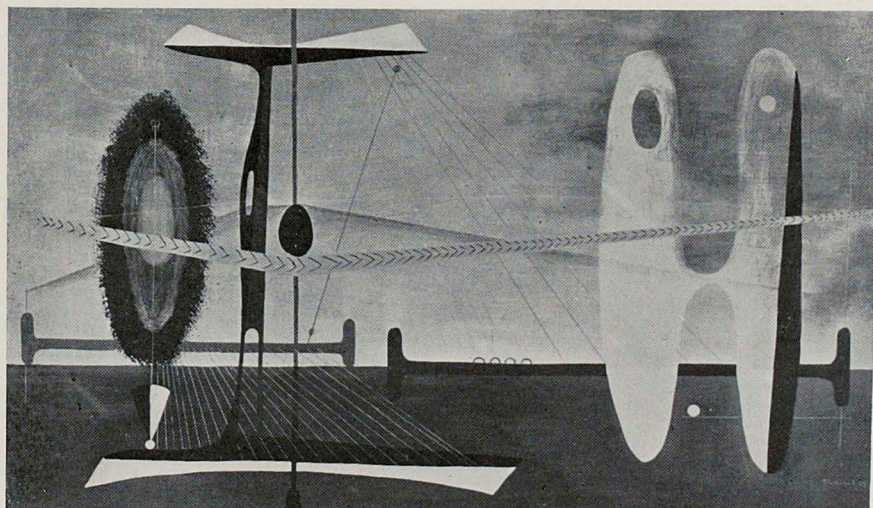
Nous marchons ensemble jusqu'aux confins de la ville. Puis nous gravissons une montagne ; la plus haute. Lorsqu'enfin nous pouvons embrasser du regard tout le panorama, l'ainé des Présidents prononce sentencieusement ces quelques mots : " C'est cela, Messieurs, que nous n'avons jamais compris." Succède un grand silence.

Derrière un arbrisseau, au versant opposé de la montagne, un enfant est assis sur un petit pot et semble souffrir.

Personne ne l'aperçoit, à part moi. Je suis saisi d'une immense compassion.

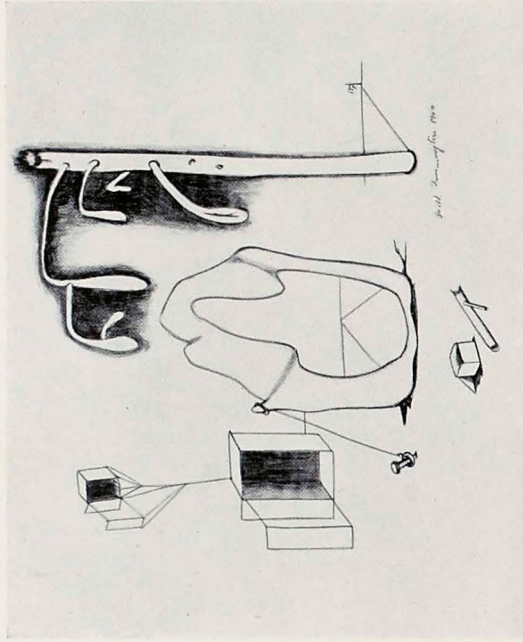
Bruxelles, Septembre 1939.

E. L. T. MESENS.



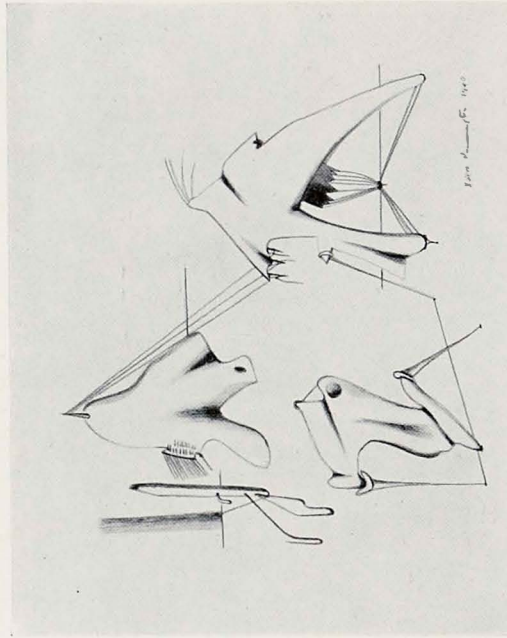
JOHN TUNNARD

Fulcrum (1939)



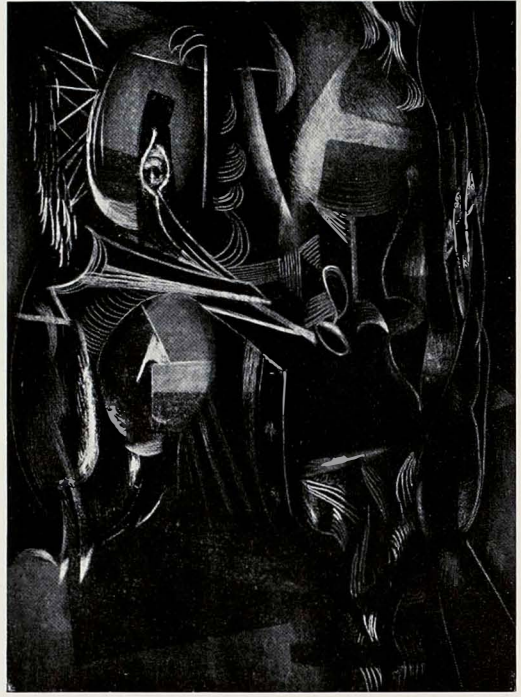
EDITH RIMMINGTON

Release



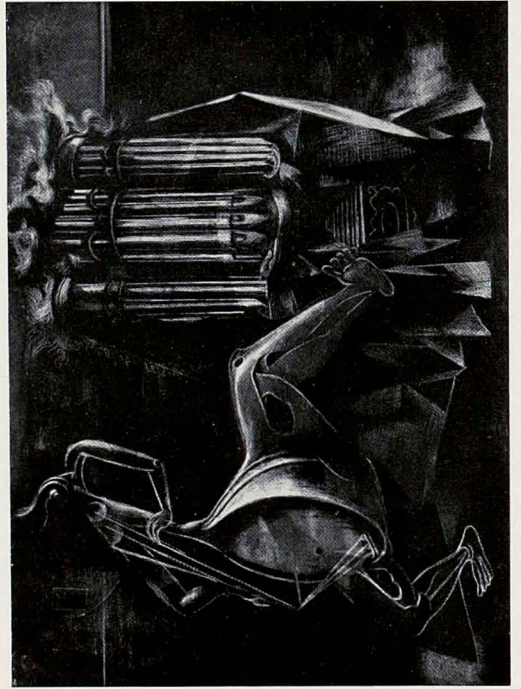
EDITH RIMMINGTON

Limits of Experience



ROLAND PENROSE

Cryptic coincidence



ROLAND PENROSE

Orchestra



MATTA ECHAURREN

Psychological Morphology no. 104

In the top left hand corner there is a floating tree-star. Trapped in its branches are pieces of sky. This tree-star is bleeding down to a stone floating in its private air compartment. In the middle of the picture is a luminous "personnage" connected by flesh-light to another "personnage" on the right. Along the bottom and rising between the two "personnages" is an architectural construction brutal in its rigid lines. All the characters are bound together by lines-of-force-shadows. The atmosphere is alive with influences hidden to the naked eye. These are interrupted from time to time by floating thought-objects.

G. O-F.

THE PAINTER LOOKS WITHIN HIMSELF

In times of crisis it is only natural that those who have confidence in man's power to create a better world should consult the artist, as he is one of the most sensitive members of society who tends to live in advance of his time.

In this search for knowledge we must discard the school whose aim is reproduction of the rational world, and the school whose aim is æsthetical. The former has only sentimental or historical value, and the latter has come to a dead end in abstract harmonies of lines and colours. The work of both these schools reacts on the senses in much the same way as music and is equally incapable of adding to the knowledge of man.

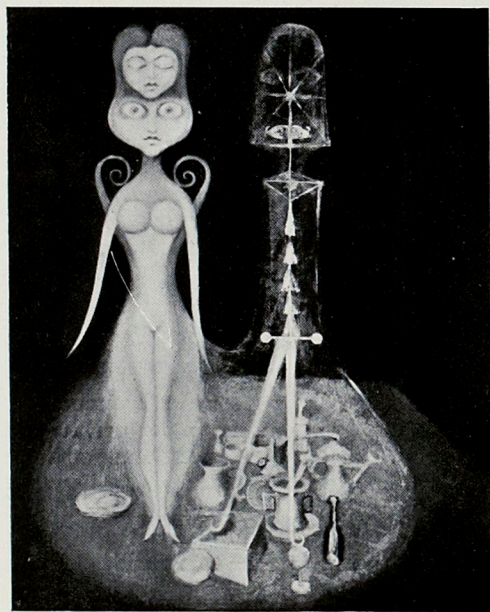
If we look back about 30 years to the beginning of fauvism and cubism we find a clear prediction of the coming change in man's outlook. Painters, in their struggle to find a new and satisfying reality, proclaimed in their various ways their dissatisfaction with all that the eye saw. Distortion and destruction of the rational world were perpetuated until little remained on the tangled heap of smoking flesh and stone.

A clear example of this common feeling is given in the paintings by Victor Brauner who was so insistent that the eye (a female symbol) had to be destroyed and replaced by a horn (a male symbol) that this obsession actually led to the loss of his left eye as is told in the analysis of the accident and its causes by Dr. Pierre Mabille in *Minotaure* No. 13.

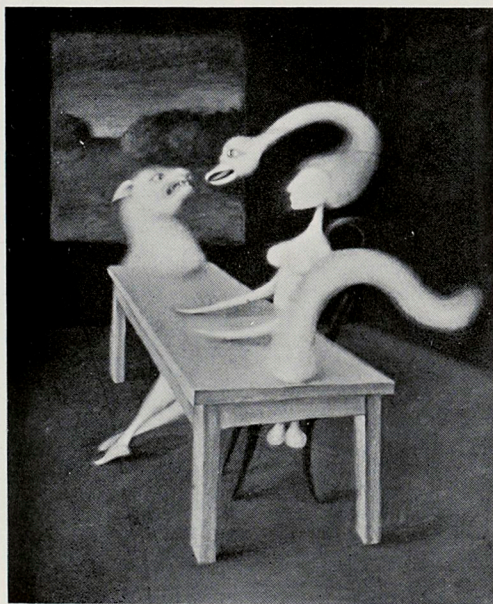
The first glimmering of the new world is given by Giorgio de Chirico between the years 1911 and 1917. Instead of looking at his immediate surroundings for inspiration he looked deep into his unconscious. By abandoning all moral and æsthetical control he was able to dream onto the canvas, and so give us a record of his unconscious thoughts. He painted simple objects mostly remembered from his childhood and was able to tell us of his troubles and desires. We now know from an analysis of his works that he made broadly speaking the same discoveries as those of Freud.

The researches of Max Ernst, Joan Miro, André Masson, René Magritte, Salvadore Dali and others have already been told, though not sufficiently studied. By an automatic arrangement, directed by the desires of the unconscious, of objects in the rational world, dialectical materialism, paranoia, obsessions and complexes were explored. Our minds were enriched and we were brought nearer to the true human being. At last painters, poets and doctors were walking hand in hand. This work continues today, but the vital ground has already been covered. Surrealism was also discovering the need to destroy completely the rational world.

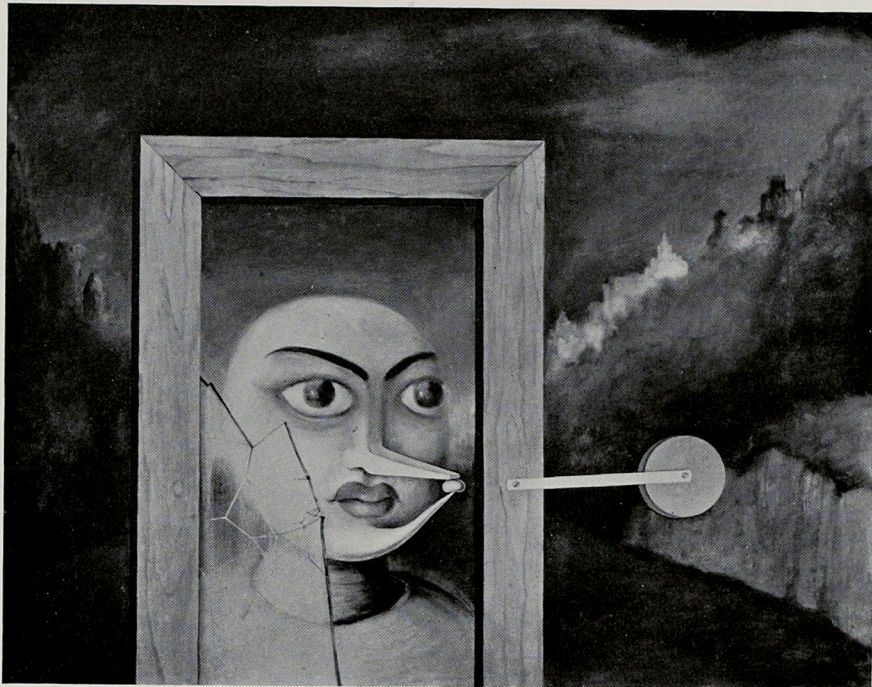
The next big step towards the new world was given by Yves Tanguy who had the



VICTOR BRAUNER *La Vie intérieure*



VICTOR BRAUNER *Fascination*



VICTOR BRAUNER

Triomphe de la Mécanique (1939)

courage through the inspiration of Giorgio de Chirico and his friendship with André Breton to plunge once again into the void. He created a world of his own—a simple world of objects, shadows, lines of force all bathed in an ever-varying atmosphere. These landscapes could be compared to the original cell that will one day develop into a complicated organism.

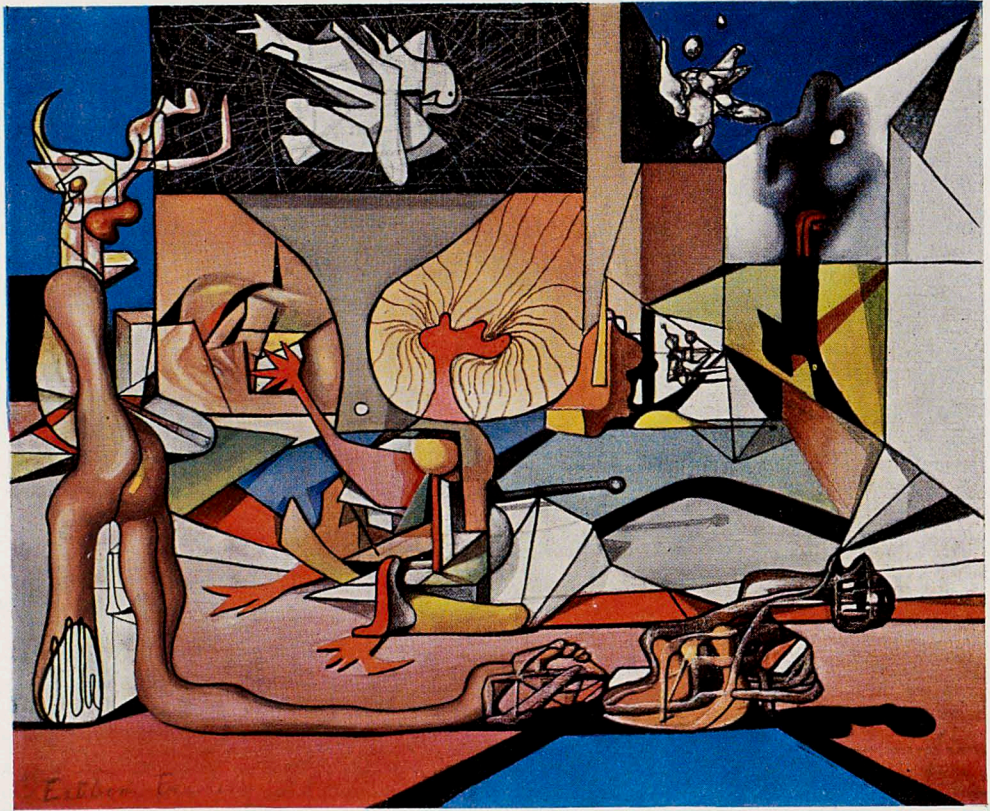
Tanguy has always trusted his first impulse and has never altered or discarded a canvas. His work is pure creation taking inspiration from looking within himself. His internal vision at first sight appears to have no relation to the rational world, yet the two worlds are connected psychologically and morphologically. He has surmounted all the moral, æsthetical and visual prejudices that bias our conscious mind, and I hail him as the first truly automatic painter. Miro, Dali and many other painters were influenced by Tanguy's work, but it was not until 1937 that Matta Echaurren began to develop the enormous possibilities of what he calls psychological morphology. He was soon joined by Esteban Frances and myself.

The world of psychological morphology gives form to our unbridled thoughts. It is a Hell-Paradise where all is possible. The magical achievement of our most deeply buried desire can be realised. There are objects which correspond to "personnages," stars, trees and architecture free to obey the laws of the common desire, and bound into one unity by auras and lines of force. The panic created by cubism in time and space is here developed. The details of the furthest star can be as apparent as those of your hand. Objects can be extended in time so that the metamorphosis from caterpillar to butterfly can be observed at a glance. Objects that can only be seen under the microscope are revealed. Objects containing new mathematical formulæ appear. Chirico spoke of women in terms of arcades, railway engines, boats, boxes, clocks, etc., now all these symbols can be bound into one stronger whole. The secrets contained in the universe of the human mind are being laid bare for study.

In this realm of scientific poetry there lies a philosophy, and we hope to start a bureau of analytical research to study the most important creations of the century in co-ordination with all branches of science. Painters who join our research will be able to play their part in the formation of a new world.

GORDON ONSLOW-FORD.

P.S.—I realise that the description of the illustrations (p. 29 and p. 32) is subjective. Please try and walk round my words to see a fresh meaning as your view-point changes.



ESTEBAN FRANCES

Psychological Landscape

The panic created in time and space by cubism has now been developed in the latest surrealist research. The atmosphere is divided into compartments each containing their own special influence, and we are never quite sure which position one occupies relative to another. Some compartments are sunny—some dark—some happy—some terrifying. Spread across these varying zones and influenced differently by each, live the characters that go to make up the dialogue. There are machine-women, bull-men, disappearing and reappearing phantoms, metaphysical constructions and floating objects.

G. O-F.



CARTE POSTALE

SING - SONG

par

E. L. T. MESENS

à P. G. van Hecke

Ma fatigue est égale à ma misère
 Ma misère livrée à l'échafaud
 Ma fatigue est de plomb
 Et ma misère est d'or
 Calendrier évadé du passé
 Je me souviens du temps des crinolines
 Orangeades orangeades
 Chevelures à jamais éteintes

Ceux qui sont venus pour m'écouter
 M'ont appris le mensonge
 Ceux qui sont venus pour me secourir
 M'ont couvert de poix
 Calendrier égrenant le passé
 Je me souviens du temps des colombines
 Orangeades orangeades
 Chevelures à jamais éteintes

Et me voilà perdu dans le désert
 Immobile mais sans socle
 Lourd comme l'or
 Et mat comme le plomb
 Calendrier tourné vers le passé
 Je me souviens du temps des mandolines
 Orangeades orangeades
 Chevelures à jamais éteintes.

SONG TIME

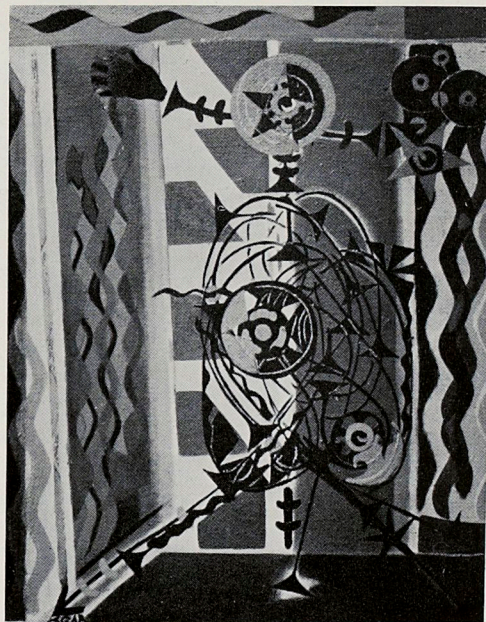
Come be my rainbow a ten year toe. My developing self haze, my ideal solo ; browse once again æ'r yon best quality coasts, flossy moss hills, tree torso trunks, among eve's apples—nature's raw cradle mind-rocking paraphernalia. On a pre-history track of Time. Soft toes stub hard rocks but the core remains : a most enjoyable apple.

Twinning along with old eyecheck there goes you by the grace of god goes me for a selfcheck. Brazen out, Oh You Ye Ya Yo Yay Me, tonic scale la do, that reality realism logic for conclusions, until the mind is put to sleep. The effervescent night sneeze can only be the self standing up before it turns over to sleep again. When sleep is the only eno for thought, and the ebb of thought is the flow of self. Or, on a raft a coon, on a coon a raft, a reversible river, and a non-historical-allegorical mint julip beside me. My ideal-self linked with time's mummie nature for my ten-out-of-ten tag every time. And no more will I philosophical-sentimental-ideal-human-representation roam from my old pre-historic lap of ideal-self home.

*Yours sincerely,
 Len Lye*

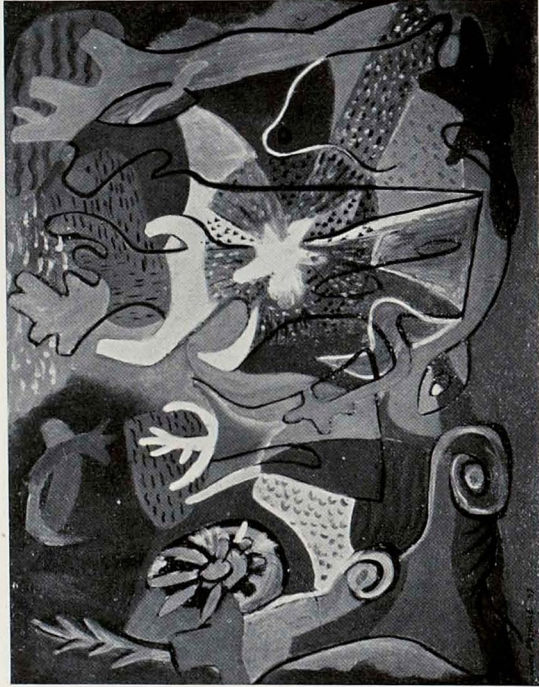
dear You and hello me

P.S.—everything is XXXXcellent and the hum on the double-bass is so extreme that one's cord quivers in sympathetic response or should we say estatic response of quiver yes manner in a yes manner likewise to You.



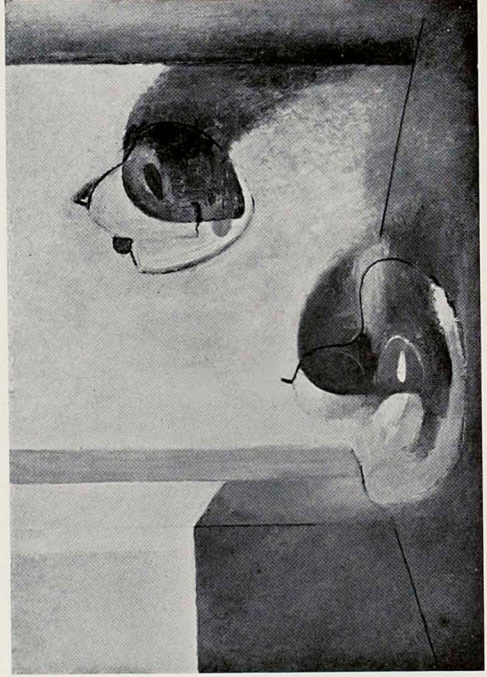
EILEEN AGAR

Personnage à tout faire



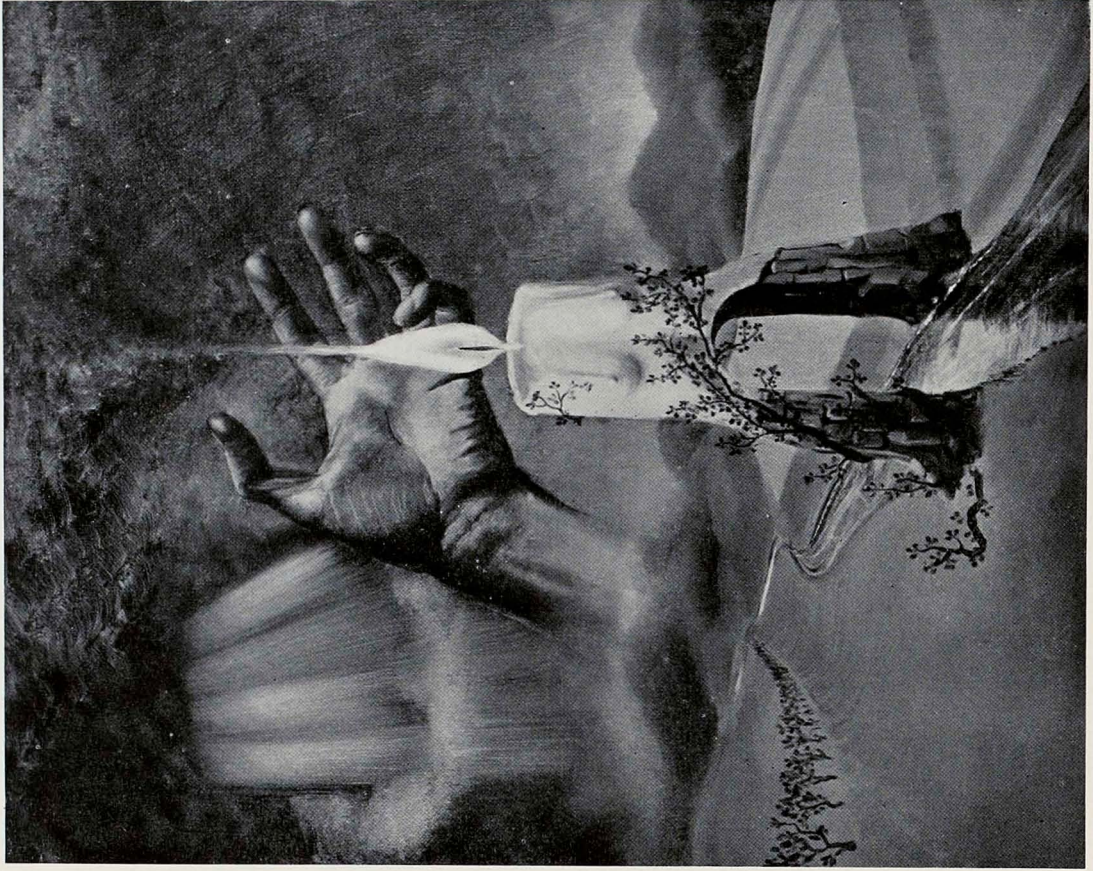
JOHN MELVILLE

In the Forest (1937)



JOHN MELVILLE

Collection, James Archdale



BRIERY RUSSELL

The Lost Generation



Recto :
JOHN BANTING

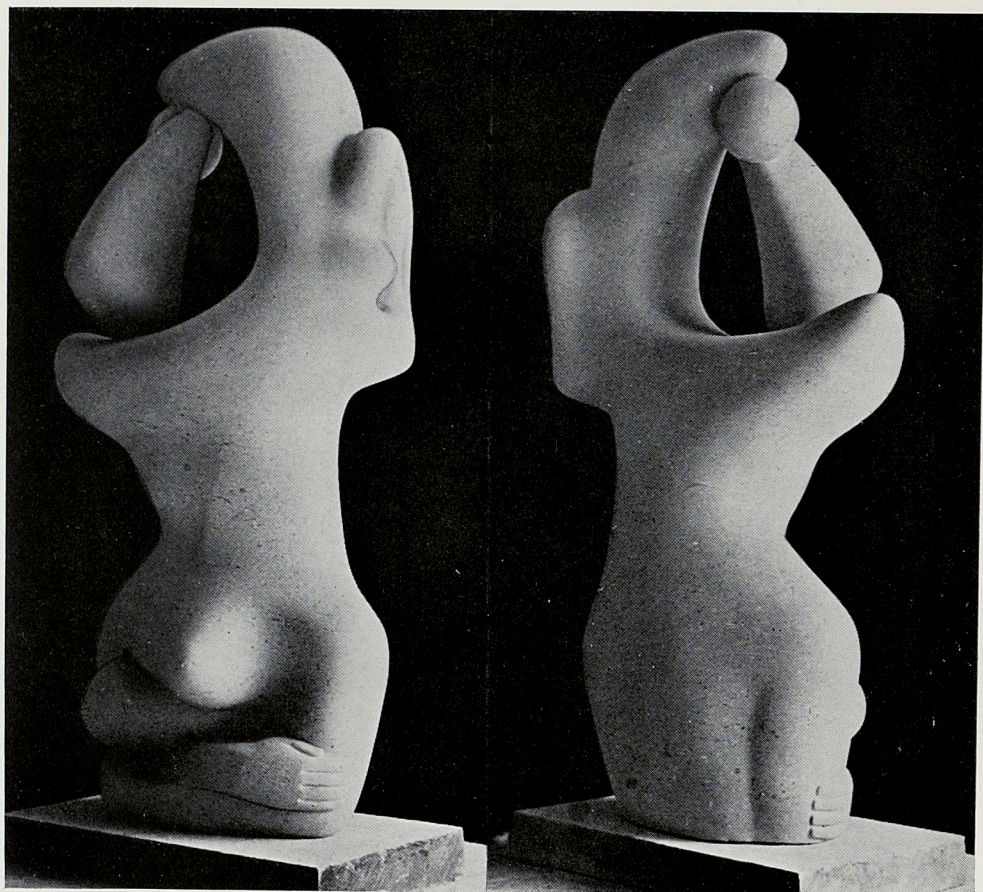
The Adjustable Face
Original Woodcut in two colours



GORDON ONSLOW-FORD

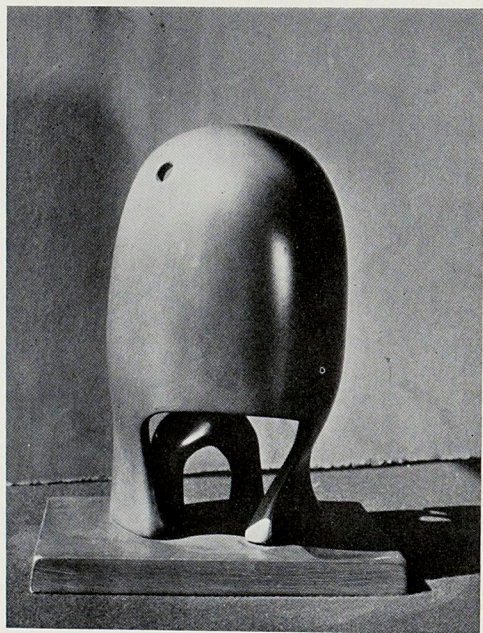
Cycloptomania (1940)

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F. E. McWILLIAM

Woman with Folded Arms (Hopton Wood Stone)

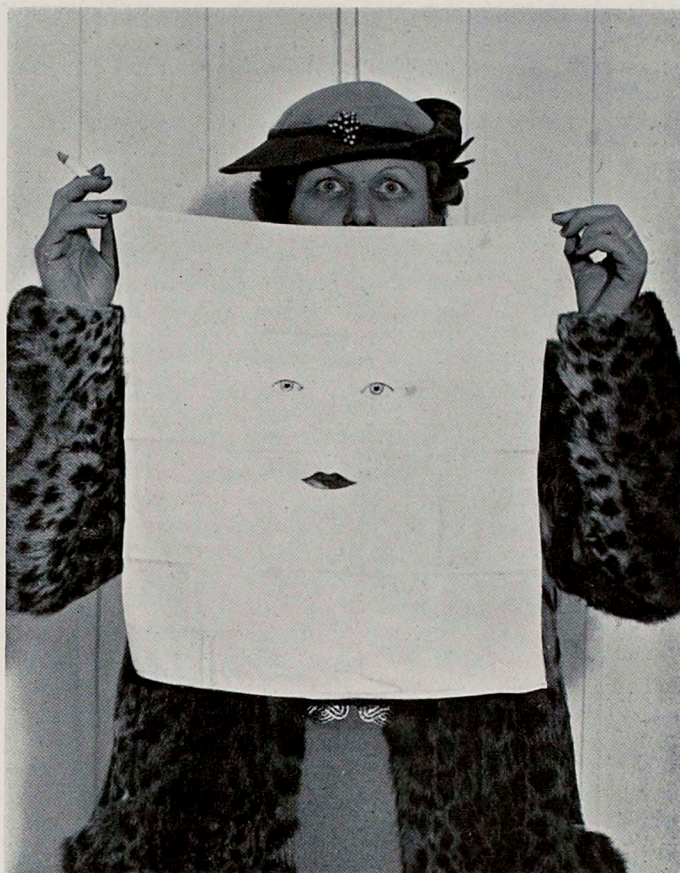


HENRY MOORE



Head (lead) 1939

Collection R. Penrose



E. L. T. MESENS

The Well of Truth (Object)

THE OBJECT IN SURREALISM

by

CONROY MADDOX

By way of introduction let me say that :

1. I have no desire to keep to the middle of the road of exclusive clarity.
2. I do not intend to participate in the sublimation of a natural disquietude.
3. I am not averse even to moving over into that world which we dishonestly suppose to be confined within the walls of asylums.

* * *

Under the sign of the marvellous—and the surrealist temperament is inclined towards the marvellous, towards the fathomless depths of the unconscious—the delirious object-image of surrealism smashes repose. It opens up a gap ; it draws blood ; it discredits completely the world of the immediate reality.

The full importance of surrealist objects cannot be sufficiently emphasised ; nothing ever produced is more authentic and personal. Being symbolic in their function, they not only provide extremely rich material for psycho-analysis, but demonstrate the validity of Lautreamont's contention that poetry can be made by all.

These objects reflect a universe brought back to life. Obeying only the laws of chance or of psychic necessity, they establish a kind of canon of the unexpected, lending coherence to a dream world which identifies itself with a new and exciting poetic experience.

Of a profound and fruitful disquietude, essentially poetic, is the phantom object. Resembling a work of art in that it is brought forth by desire, it nevertheless disobeys all the rules of art; it avoids definition; it is non-cathartic; its uncommunicativeness is an incitement, turning one in the direction of things which are extra-plastic.

Max Ernst's favourite phantom retains tangible traces of the marvellous. He has said of it: "In 1930, when I had, with a passion that was yet systematic, composed my book 'The Hundred-Headed Woman' I had an almost daily visit from the Head of the Birds, called Loplop,¹ a very special phantom of exceptional faithfulness, who is attached to my person. He presented me with a heart in a cage, the sea in a cage, two petals, three leaves, a flower and a girl, and also the man with the black eggs, and the man with the red cloak. One fine autumn afternoon he told me that one day a Lacedaemonian had been asked to go and hear a man who could imitate the nightingale perfectly. The Lacedaemonian answered: I have often heard the nightingale itself.

"One evening he told me some jokes that were not funny. Joke: It is better not to reward a fine action at all than to reward it badly. A soldier had both arms blown off in a battle. His Colonel offered him half-a-crown. The soldier said to him: 'I suppose, sir, you think I've only lost a pair of gloves.'"

Of no less interest is the illegal troubled existence of the self-phantom of Robert Melville. He has said: "And now, at the age of thirty-two, I am a phantom, and as such conform to an easily recognizable type. One of the figures in a picture of masked musicians painted by Picasso in 1921 is a prophetic portrait of myself in 1938 doing my piece on Picasso. I am the figure just outside the limelight, but you can see at a glance that I'm a bit amazed to be in the band at all, and you can see, too, why the limelight has passed me over. I have a stubby little instrument capable of emitting a few hoarse notes, but I'm playing it out of tune—I have no ear for music and Picasso has quite justifiably omitted my ears altogether.

"He has, on the other hand, painted a moustache under my nose, where it doesn't belong. I wear my moustache on my forehead: my hair is going thin; in the front there's only a tuft of it left and this tuft parts in the middle of its own accord and flops down on my forehead like an Edwardian moustache. There's no denying that it gives me a funny look. I look as if I'm gradually sinking through the floor, leaving my moustache behind as a kind of essence, like the Cheshire cat's grin.

"And whereas the other musicians have black masks, I wear the white mask of blacker hypocrisy; this is the masterstroke. The many poets and critics who have affirmed Picasso's greatness have contrived to conceal their love for him under a judicious vocabulary—theirs is the Nietzschean mask, theirs the gift of transmutation—but I, until the present moment, have hidden a certain animosity towards him under declaration of devotion".²

The conception and elaboration of phantoms marks a decisive step in the reclamation of the imagination—they represent a systematic plan of disturbance and demoralisation, against the commonplace and rational.

Exerting an extraordinary and disquieting fascination is a phantom that occupies an important place in my own somnolent vision: Revealing herself in silence, for I am convinced that it is a woman. She is draped in a long black gown. Her head which is completely covered by a minute foliage is alive with brightly coloured lady-birds. From her neck hangs a long glass chain. Each link of this chain is hollow, and contains: a framed print of a well-known lesbian, a black pit, forty years seen from a burning castle, the exact minute, a stone mask, and the skull of a human foetus. She wears long black gloves, and carries with indescribable tenderness a crystal in which a mysterious drama is forever being enacted.

I have no reason to doubt that with this phantom I have only proved to myself that phantoms are a sublimated version as Freud has said of "the nocturnal visitors attired in nightdresses, who awoke the child to put him on the chamber-pot, so that he should not wet the bed, or who lifted the bedclothes in order to see how he held his hands in sleep." This then is the vague figure in white of our childhood seen in some detail, printed on the mind's eye straight from the negative.

¹ There is a painting of this particular phantom by Max Ernst called "Loplop Introduces a Young Girl". See "London Bulletin" No. 14, p. 12.

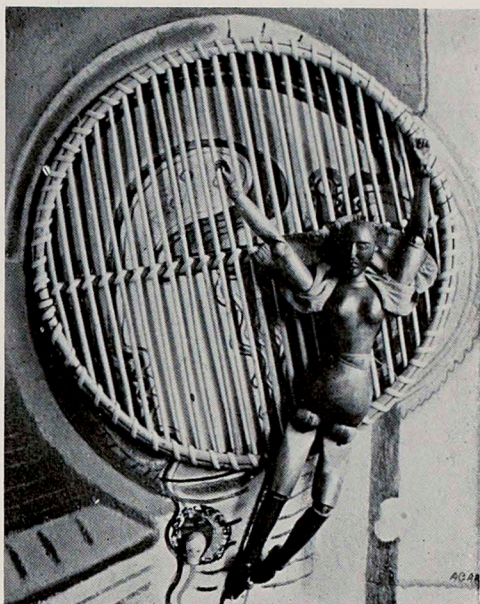
² Picasso Master of the Phantom. By Robert Melville. Oxford University Press, 1939.

We know how civilised and rational people are always willing to satisfy their interests through the back door of the mind, but have nothing but hatred when brought face to face with them. These phantoms illustrate the irrationality of their interests, they are born from what is hated, taking their place in a system of interference.

In 1931, the quite new emotion aroused by Giacometti's object "The Time of Footsteps" led to certain investigations into the creation of objects functioning symbolically. By which is meant objects intended to procure by indirect means a particular sexual emotion.

These objects which are deliberately and systematically conceived, allow us to translate our thoughts, to exteriorise them and render them perceptible.

The Paranoiac-critical activity which Salvador Dali has defined as "Spon-

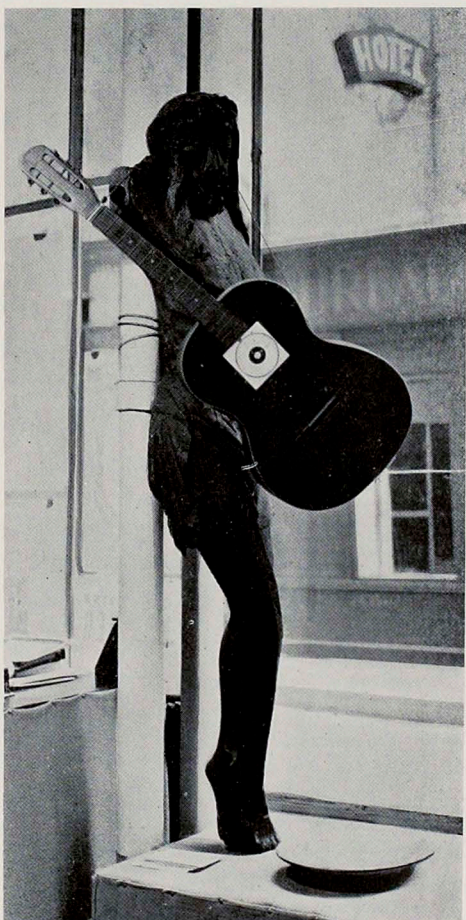


EILEEN AGAR *The Object Lesson* (1940)

taneous method of 'Irrational Knowledge' based upon the interpretive critical association of delirium phenomena'³ This ultra-confusing activity rising out of the obsessing idea has gone to the creation of a number of these objects. Of the deepest significance are Dali's own contributions; the head of a roaring lion with a poached egg in its mouth, "The Aphrodisiac Jacket," "Retrospective Bust of a Woman Devoured by Ants," a woman's shoe in which a glass of warm milk is placed in the centre of a soft paste coloured to look like excrement. A lump of sugar on which there is a drawing of the shoe has to be dipped in the milk, so that the dissolving of the sugar, and consequently of the image of the shoe, may be watched. There are several extras (pubic hairs glued to a lump of sugar, an erotic little photograph, etc.) which make up the article, which has to be accompanied by a box of spare sugar and a special spoon used for stirring leaden pellets inside the shoe. And the two hundred live edible snails which crawl over a semi-nude female wax figure in an ivy-wreathed taxi, are all associated with the mechanisms of paranoiac interpretation. Bringing the world of delirium on to the plane of reality.

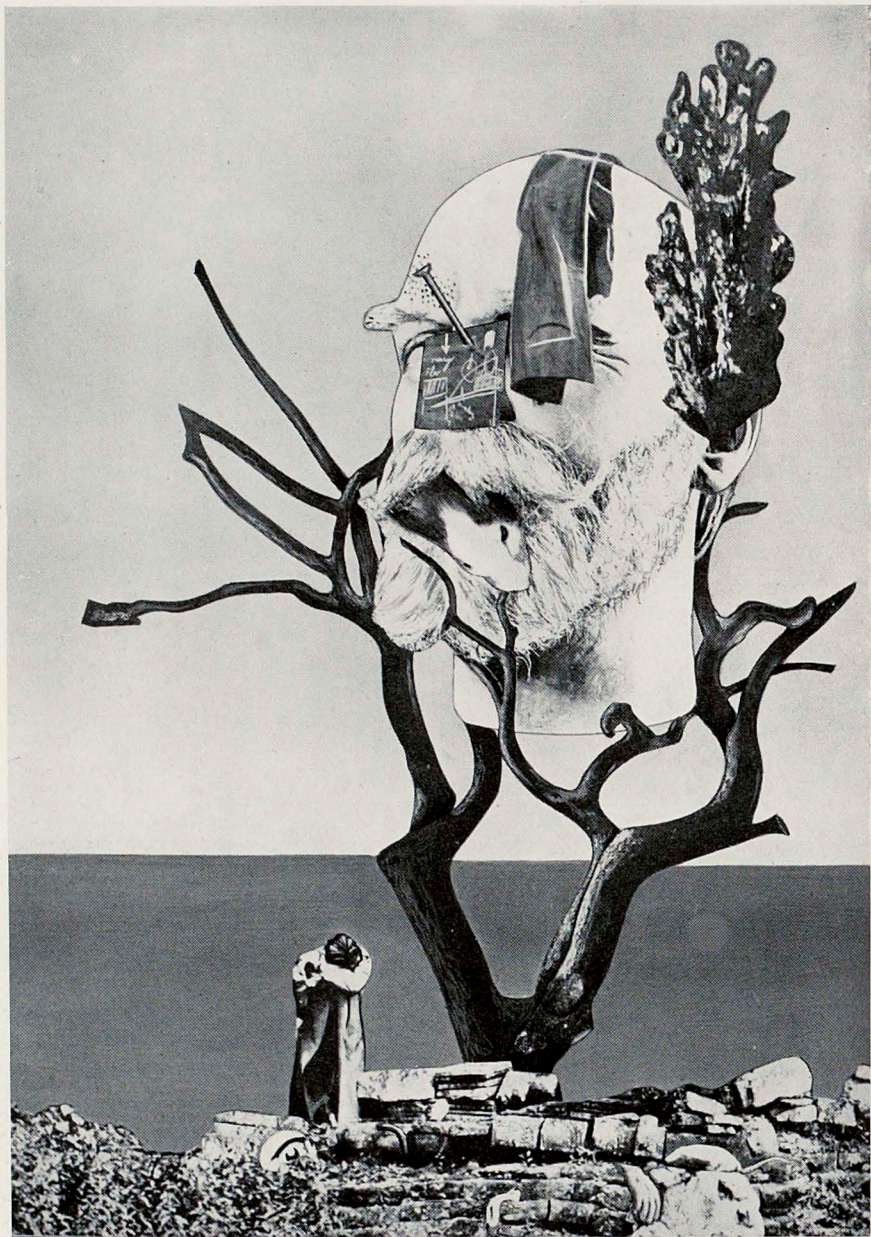
Another typical object operating symbolically is Andre Breton's earthenware

³ Conquest of the Irrational. By Salvador Dali. New York, 1935.



MAN RAY

Object



CONROY MADDOX

The Ambivalent Emotion (Collage-painting)

receptacle filled with tobacco on which are two long pink sugared almonds placed on a little bicycle saddle. A polished wooden globe which can revolve in the axis of the saddle causes, when it moves, the ends of this saddle to come into contact with two orange-coloured celluloid antennae. The sphere is connected by means of two arms of the same material with an hour-glass lying horizontally (so that the sand does not move) and with a bicycle bell intended to ring when a green sugared almond is slung

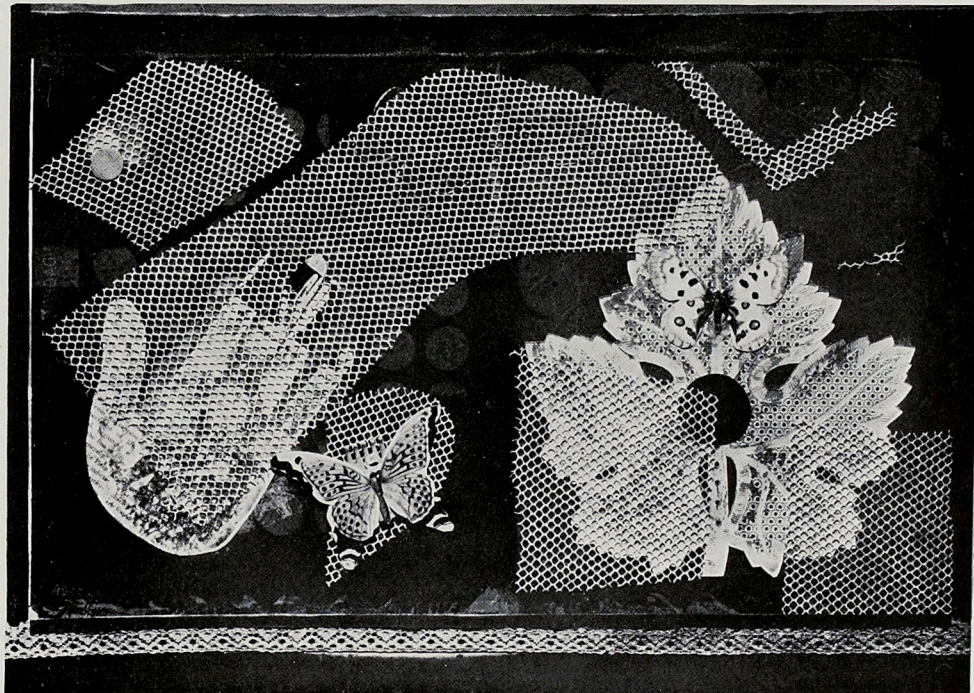
into the axis by means of a catapult behind the saddle. The whole affair is mounted on a board covered with woodland vegetation which leaves exposed here and there a paving of percussion caps, and in one corner of the board, more thickly covered with leaves than the rest, there stands a small sculptured alabaster book, the cover of which is ornamented with a glazed photograph of the Tower of Pisa, and near this one finds, by moving the leaves, a cap which is the only one to have gone off: it is under the hoof of a doe.

In this category can be included my own painted plaster bust of a man. The forehead of which has been cut away, giving place to a red brick wall surmounted by broken glass. From the centre of the left eye, which has been painted out, and forming a loop before disappearing into a hollow in the neck, is a celluloid tube through which runs a dull red liquid. By carefully gripping the top of the wall with both hands and drawing oneself up it is possible to see out through a circular window carved in the back of the head. From the sill of this window hangs a length of fish-net. On the top of the head is a hollow containing a pool of water in which floats the arm of a celluloid doll, and some strands of burnt hair.

Distinguished by a particular kind of mystery and poetry is the following object by Valentine Hugo: Two hands, one white-gloved, the other red, and both having ermine cuffs, are placed on a black roulette board from which the last four numbers have been removed. The gloved hand is palm upwards and holds between thumb and forefinger (its only movable fingers) a die. All the fingers of the red hand are movable and this hand is made to seize the other, its forefinger being put inside the gloves opening which is raised slightly. The two hands are enmeshed in white threads like gossamer which are fastened to the roulette board with red- and white-topped drawing pins in a mixed arrangement.

I am sorry not to be able to reproduce here a photograph of this object, which reminds one of my friends of Pushkin's "Queen of Spades." He explains the correspondence

(continued on page 45)



EILEEN AGAR

The Foot in Hand (Collage)

Collection Sybil Stephenson



ROLAND PENROSE

Black Music (1940)

(continued from page 43)

between what he calls the most marvellous of stories and the Hugo object in the following way.

"In both the Pushkin and the Hugo we see a game being played in which none of us, alas, will ever be able to participate. We cannot produce the equivocal card, like Pushkin's hero, neither can we fall into the trap set by the roulette-board with missing numbers. Yet it would be wrong to envy the players because if we bear witness to the magic of these games we are triumphant croupiers raking in the stakes—which are black and red and white, a shot raven lying on blood-stained snow, the raven-black hair, the blood-red lips and the snow-white complexion of . . . and so on through the heraldry of desire."

The peculiar poetry of the object that has ceased to function is well seen in a photograph, recently reproduced in *Minotaure*, of an abandoned locomotive lying on its side in impenetrable tropical forest.

Differing only because it has been procured by conscious transformation is my "Onanistic Typewriter". On a red plush cushion stands a large typewriter painted white. Sharp-pointed nails rise from the surface of the keys, and the roller holds a sheet of plain black paper.

It is impossible to deny the strong desire I have always had to join actively in the existence of this object, which probably accounts for the fact that the sharp points of its keys have for me, provoked a phantom stenographer, who in gestures of pure silence types on to the black paper a thin spiral of blood.

* * *

Resembling at every point a poetry for the hand are the book objects of Georges Hugnet. Which are in the majority of cases bindings to the writings of various surrealists.

Paul Eluard's "Defense de Savoir" has a sheet of glass splintered by a bullet let into the cover of the book. Another book has been covered with the rough bark off a tree, and André Breton's collected poems has the title "L'Air de L'Eau" written across clear glass, behind which mercury shoots along prearranged channels.

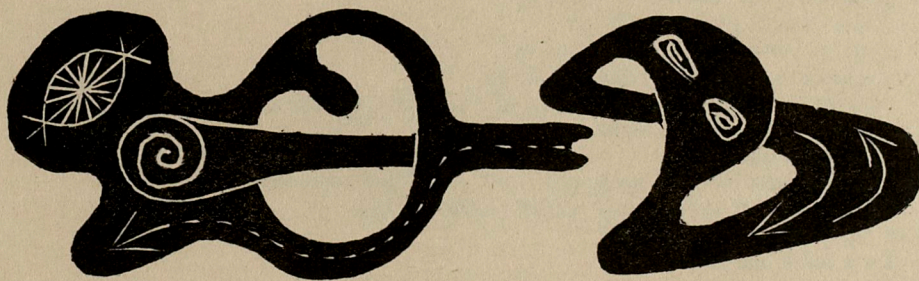
Commenting on them Benjamin Peret has said: "The naked and perfect woman exalts the elegant and cunningly painted woman. The bindings of Georges Hugnet which are, rather, ghostly constructions round books—prepare them and make them up for the greatest ball of their life. Thus he says the book fills its object. It fills it to such a point that it bursts, for the windows star under the bullets shot from the inside, and the mercury, escaping from the thermometer marks indefinitely canicular temperature. Nothing now prevents the book displaying its plumage, from drawing in its wake the thousand sea-gulls of desire approaching the island of its choice."

If in this short article I have but scratched the surface of the surrealist object, I hope I have at least shown that through them tangible traces of the marvellous can be seen in the light of an objective concrete existence. They bring into question our existing conventional reactions to dreams, obsessions, hallucinations, diurnal fantasies, love, fear, insanity, and hysteria.

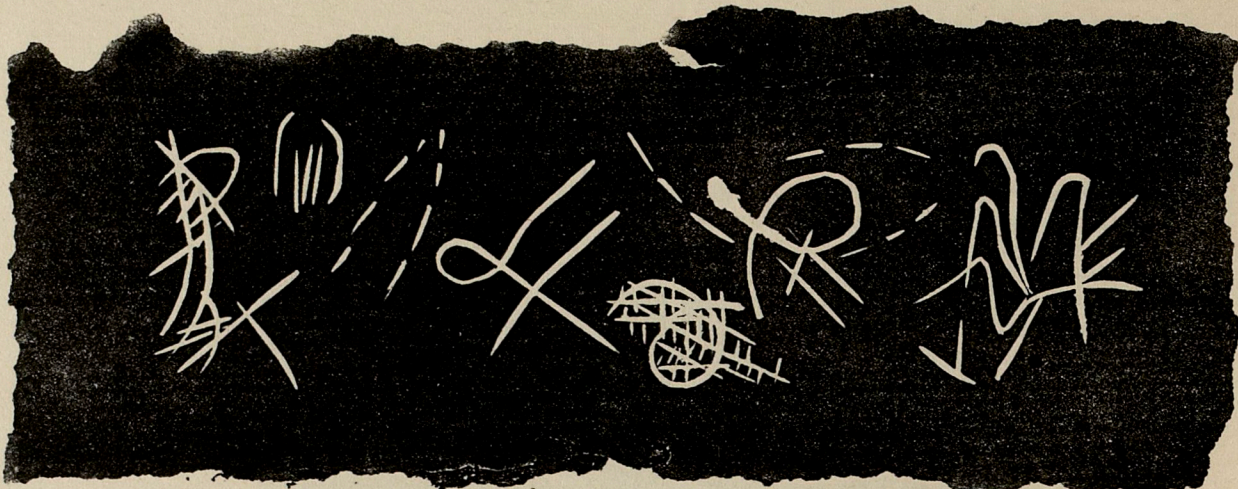
It does not seem impracticable to us to organise a system by which it will be possible to discredit completely the trophies of the rational world of things and happenings.

"The admirable thing about the fantastic" said André Breton, "is that there is no longer fantastic: there is only the real".

CONROY MADDOX



JOHN BANTING



LEN LYE

TWO POEMS

by BENJAMIN PERET

Lobster

The aigrettes of your voice spurt out from the burning bush of your lips
where the Chevalier de la Barre would be pleased to decay
The hawks of your gaze fishing thoughtlessly all the sardines of my head
your breath of wild thoughts
reflecting from the ceiling on my feet
running through me from all sides
follow me and precede me
lull me to sleep and awaken me
throw me from the window to make me come up in the lift
and conversely

Wink

Flights of parrots go through my head when I see you in profile
and the sky of fat streaks itself with blue flashes
which trace your name in all directions
Rosa coiffed by a negro tribe staged on a staircase
where the pointed breasts of women look through the eyes of men
To-day I look out through your hair
Rosa of opal of the morning
and I awake by your eyes
Rosa of armour
and I think by your breasts of explosion
Rosa of lake made green by frogs
and I sleep in your navel of Caspian Sea
Rosa of eglantine during the general strike
and I wonder between your shoulders of milkyway fertilised by comets
Rosa of jasmin on washing night
Rosa of haunted house
Rosa of black forest flooded with blue and green postage stamps
Rosa of kite above a vacant plot where children fight
Rosa of cigar smoke
Rosa of sea foam made crystal
Rosa

(Translated by R. P. and e.l.t.M).

L'ETUDE DU LANGAGE

par

E. L. T. MESENS

à Humphrey Jennings

I. Jeune

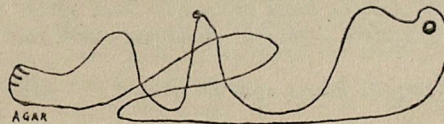
Vieux comme un rendez-vous
Jeune comme un galet
Vieux comme un pointillé
Jeune comme un concombre
Vieux comme un saxophone
Jeune comme un chalutier
Vieux comme une péjoration
Jeune comme une syllabe
Vieux . . .

II. Faible

Fort comme un rendez-vous
Faible comme un galet
Fort comme un pointillé
Faible comme un concombre
Fort comme un saxophone
Faible comme un chalutier
Fort comme une péjoration
Faible comme une syllabe
Fort . . .

III. Amoureux

Etourdi comme un rendez-vous
Amoureux comme un galet
Etourdi comme un pointillé
Amoureux comme un concombre
Etourdi comme un saxophone
Amoureux comme un chalutier
Etourdi comme une péjoration
Amoureux comme une syllabe
Etourdi . . .



B A I S E R

à Sybil

J'ai mis la lampe d'ébène
Sur la tête de la beauté

Elle se roule au creux chaud
De la martre grée
Toute d'éclat et d'action
Infinie en sa sphère
Comme le fini du rêve

Les feuilles de menthe
Qui enveloppent ses doigts
Respirent un printemps historié
Digne de nos pères
Les apaches du vallon.

19 Novembre 1939

E. L. T. MESENS.

"MONK" LEWIS
IN "LE MIROIR DU MERVEILLEUX"

by

PIERRE MABILLE

(Translated from the French by Geoffrey Barratt and Robert Melville)

" . . . Though you shunned my presence, all your proceedings were known to me ; nay, I was constantly with you in some degree, thanks to this most precious gift ! "

With these words she drew from beneath her habit a mirror of polished steel, the borders of which were marked with various strange and unknown characters.

" Amidst all my sorrows, amidst all my regrets for your coldness, I was sustained from despair by the virtues of this talisman. On pronouncing certain words, the person appears in it on whom the observer's thoughts are bent : thus, though I was exiled from your sight, you, Ambrosio, were ever present to mine."

The friar's curiosity was strongly excited. " What you relate is incredible ! Matilda, are you not amusing yourself with my credulity ? "

" Be your own eyes the judge."

She put the mirror into his hand. Curiosity induced him to take it, and love, to wish that Antonia might appear. Matilda pronounced the magic words. Immediately a thick smoke rose from the characters traced upon the borders, and spread itself over the surface. It dispersed again gradually ; a confused mixture of colours and images presented themselves to the friar's eyes, which at length arranging themselves in their proper places, he beheld in miniature Antonia's lovely form.

The scene was a small closet belonging to her apartment. She was undressing to bathe herself. The long tresses of her hair were already bound up. The amorous monk had full opportunity to observe the voluptuous contours and admirable symmetry of her person. She threw off her last garment, and, advancing to the bath prepared for her, put her foot into the water. It struck cold, and she drew it back again. Though unconscious of being observed, an inbred sense of modesty induced her to veil her charms ; and she stood hesitating upon the brink, in the attitude of the Venus de Medicis. At this moment a tame linnet flew towards her, nestled its head between her breasts, and nibbled them in wanton play. The smiling Antonia strove in vain to shake off the bird, and at length raised her hands to drive it from its delightful harbour. Ambrosio could bear no more. His desires were worked up to phrenzy.

" I yield ! " he cried, dashing the mirror upon the ground ; " Matilda, I follow you ! Do with me what you will ! " ¹

* * *

Ambrosio abandons himself to desire ; to satisfy it he delivers his soul to the diabolical powers. Enclosed in a mystic metaphysical system, he endows every thought with a moral value, he is then obliged to choose between the divine order, where desire is annihilated, and a so-called satanic reign, the domain of life and passion ; his mind loses itself in the vertiginous dialectic which constitutes the reality of the universe.

A no less serious danger would be, while escaping from these moral preoccupations, to separate arbitrarily the domain of tangible reality from that of images and thought, the marvellous then, reduced to the play of the imagination, would have lost all objective density.

For me, as for the realists of the Middle Ages, there exists no fundamental difference between the elements of thought and the phenomena of the world, between the visible and the comprehensible, the perceptible and the imaginable.

Consequently, *the marvellous is everywhere*. Comprehended in things, it appears as soon as one manages to penetrate any object. The humblest alone raises all the problems. Its form, testimony of its personal structure, results from transformations which have been taking place since the beginning of the world, it contains in germ the countless possibilities that the future will undertake to realise.

The marvellous is also between things, beings, in that space in which our senses perceive

¹ Extract from "The Monk" by Matthew Gregory Lewis (1775-1818)

nothing directly but which is filled by energies, waves, forces in unceasing movement, where ephemeral equilibriums are evolved, where every transformation is prepared. Far from being independent, isolated units, objects participate in compositions, vast fragile assemblages or solid constructions, realities whose fragments only are perceived by our eyes, but whose entirety is conceived by the mind.

To know the structure of the external world, to reveal the interplay of forces, to follow the movements of energy, this programme is that of the exact sciences. It would seem then that the latter should be the true keys to the marvellous. If they are not such keys to greater extent it is because they do not affect the whole of man, their severe disciplines exclude emotional perception. They reject the individual factors of knowledge in favour of an impersonal and mechanical investigation.

By a curious paradox, the more humanity extends its knowledge, its mastery of the world, the more estranged it feels from the life of this universe, the more it separates the needs of man from the data of the mind. A definite antinomy seems to exist at present between the way of the marvellous and that of the sciences.

Emotion subsists for the scientist at the moment of discovery, he perceives the obstacle overcome, the door opening on to an unexplored domain. Emotion is felt again by the uninstructed, who, without understanding anything, falls into ecstasies before the theatrical character of modern technics.

The others, pupils and professors, do not feel themselves involved in a mechanism in which memory and pure intelligence are at work. Learning is a suitcase they carry. No internal transformation seems necessary to them in order to understand a theory or follow a curve in space. Successively, they learn limited sciences in particular techniques, in a special vocabulary. Their languages, increasingly precise and abstract, shun concrete and poetic images, words which, having a general value, engender emotion.

The biologist would think himself dishonoured if he described the evolution of the blood corpuscle by means of the story of the phoenix, the function of the spleen by the myth of Saturn begetting children to devour them afterwards.

Such parcelling out, such will to analyse are destined to cease. Soon, thanks to a vast synthesis, man will establish his authority on the knowledge he has gained. Science will be a key to the world when it is capable of expressing the mechanisms of the universe in a language accessible to communal emotion. This language will constitute the new lyric and collective poetry, a poetry freed at last from the shudders, the illusive tricks, the obsolete images.

Consciousness will then cease to enclose the impulses of life in an iron corset, it will be in the service of desire; reason, going beyond the sordid plane of common sense and logic where it crawls today, will join, at the stage of the transcendencies, the immense possibilities of the imagination and the Dream.

If I admit the external reality of the marvellous; if I hope that science will permit of its exploration, it is with the certainty that soon the interior life of the individual will no longer be separated from the knowledge and development of the external world.

For it is only too evident that the mystery is as much in us as in things, that the country of the marvellous is, before all else, in our sensitive being.

Adventure travels at once over the ways of the world and in the avenues which lead to the hidden centre of the ego. In the first case, courage, patience, the habit of observation, well conducted reasoning, are indispensable. In the second, other necessities arise for gaining access to the sources of emotion.

He who wishes to attain the profoundly marvellous must free images from their conventional associations, associations always dominated by utilitarian judgments: must learn to see the man behind the social function, break the scale of so-called moral values, replacing it by that of sensitive values, surmount taboos, the weight of ancestral prohibitions, cease to connect the object with the profit one can get out of it, with the price it has in society, with the action it commands. This liberation begins when by some means the voluntary censorship of the bad conscience is lifted, when the mechanisms of the dream are no longer impeded. A new world then appears where the blue-eyed passer-by becomes a king, where red coral is more precious than diamond, the toucan more indispensable than the cart-horse. The fork has left its enemy the knife on the restaurant table, it is now between Aristotle's categories and the piano keyboard. The sewing machine yielding to an irresistible attraction, has gone off into the fields to plant beetroot. Holiday world, subject to pleasure, its absolute rule, everything in it seems

gratuitous and yet everything is soon replaced in accordance with a truer order, deeper reasons, a rigorous hierarchy.

In this mysterious domain which opens before us, when the intellect, social in its origin and in its destination, has been abandoned the traveller experiences an uncomfortable disorientation. The first moments of amusement or alarm having passed, he must explore the expanse of the unconscious, boundless as the ocean, likewise animated by contrary movements. He quickly notices that this unconscious is not homogeneous; planes stratify as in the material universe, each with their value, their law, their manner of sequence and their rhythm.

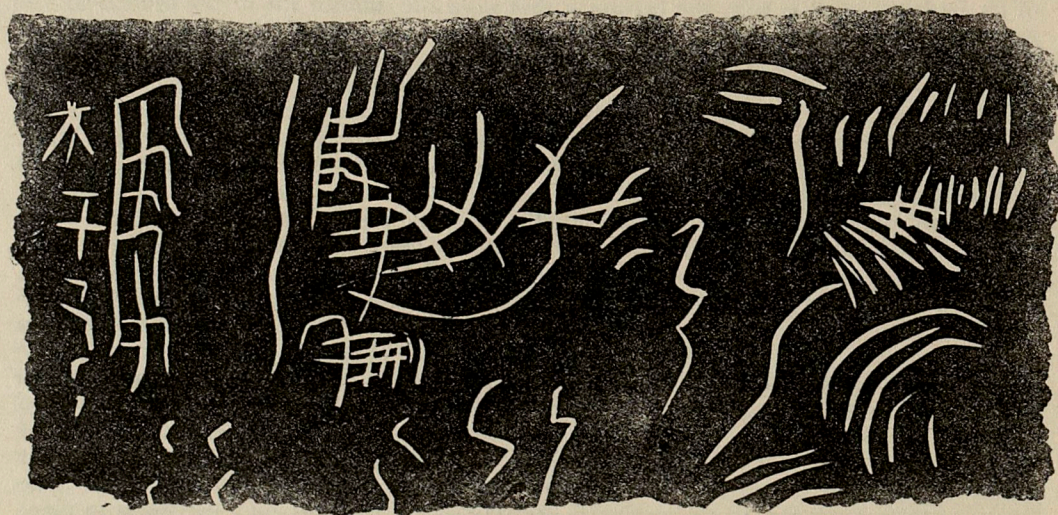
Paraphrasing Hermes' assertion that "all is below as what is above to make the miracle of a single thing", it is permissible to assert that everything is in us just as that which is outside us so as to constitute a single reality. In us, the diffuse phantoms, the distorted reflections of actuality, the repressed expressions of unsatisfied desires, mingle with the common and general symbols. From the confused to the simple, from the glitter of personal emotions to the indefinite perception of the cosmic drama, the imagination of the dreamer effects its voyage, unceasingly, it dives to return to the surface, bringing from the depths to the threshold of consciousness, the great blind fish. Nevertheless, the pearl-fisher comes to find his way amid the dangers and the currents. He manages to discover his bearings amid the fugitive landscape bathed in a half-light where alone a few brilliant points scintillate. He acquires little by little the mastery of the dark waters.

To gain this interior lucidity in a more extensive sensibility is not less necessary to man than to possess scientific disciplines and techniques of action. Magic ceremonies, psychic exercises leading to concentration and ecstasy, the liberation of mental automatism, the simulation of morbid attitudes, are so many means capable, through the tension they induce, of refining the vision, of enlarging the normal faculties; they are ways of approach to the realm of the marvellous.

But the mind is not content to enjoy the contemplation of the magnificent images it sees while dreaming, it wishes to translate its visions, express the new world which it has penetrated, make other men share therein, realise the inventions that have been suggested to it. The dream is materialized in writing, in the plastic arts, in the erection of monuments, in the construction of machines. Nevertheless, the completed works, the acquired knowledge, leave untouched, if not keener, the inquietude of man, ever drawn to the quest of individual and collective finality, to the obsession of breaking down the solitude which is ours, to the hope of influencing directly the mind of others so as to modify their sentiments and guide their actions, and, last and above all, to the desire to realise total love.²

PIERRE MABILLE

² "Le Miroir du Merveilleux" *Ed. du Sagittaire. Paris 1940*



LEN LYE

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