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Picasso 50
(Gaffé)

10 OCT 1949

Cher Monsieur:

le 12 avril 1949

Parce que Monsieur Barr n'est pas au musée en ce moment, je vous donne des renseignements sur le livre Picasso.
Cher Monsieur:

Parce que Monsieur Barr n'est pas au musée en ce moment, je vous donne des renseignements sur le livre Picasso.
50 Years of His Art. Son prix est \$6.50 (50 cents sont pour les frais de port) payable au Musée d'art moderne de New York par le mandat-poste international ou une cheque sur, peut-être, la Banque de Bruxelles, S.A., ou la Banque d'Anvers, S.A., à Bruxelles. Il vous faut faire cette paiement à l'avance, s'il vous plaît.

Veuillez agréer, Monsieur, de mes sentiments respectueux.

Olive L. Bragazzi

Monsieur René Gaffé
116 rue Terre-Neuve
Bruxelles, Belgium

ob

René Gaffé

116 rue Terre-Neuve
Bruxelles.

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17. 3. 49
 Cher Monsieur Barr,

J'ai vu chez un ami le
 livre que vous avez publié sur Pirasso
 et ce document me paraît si plein
 d'intérêt pour moi que je vous demande
 de bien vouloir me l'envoyer, en me
 communiquant son prix et l'adresse de
 votre banque afin que je vous fasse
 verser le montant de la contre-valeur
 de ce volume, plus les frais de port.

A vous, cher Monsieur Barr,
 et dans l'espoir de vous rencontrer
 un de ces jours prochains en Europe,
 je vous prie de croire, cher Monsieur
 Barr, à mes très sincères
 salutations.

René Gaffé

116 rue Pierre. Neve
 Nouvelle.

D. K. B.

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le 4 avril 1949

Cher Monsieur:

Parce que Monsieur Barr n'est pas au musée en ce moment, je vous donne des renseignements sur le livre Picasso: 50 Years of His Art. Son prix est \$6.⁵⁰~~00~~ (^{est} avec \$.50 pour les frais de port) payable au Musée d'art moderne de New York par le mandat-poste international ou une cheque sur, peut-être, la Banque de Bruxelles, S.A., ou la Banque d'Anvers, S.A., à Bruxelles. Il vous faut faire cette paiement à l'avance, s'il vous plaît.

Veuillez agréer, Monsieur, de mes ~~très~~ sentiments respectueux.

O. Buscaghi

Alfred - Is above ok, then you can either write when you have more time (!) or not.

O.

O. K. B.

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PICASSO
(STEIN)

PICASSO
(post -50)

April 22, 1947

THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

Date September 18, 1947

To: Mr. Wheeler

Re: attached clipping

From: Mr. Barr

Dear Monroe:

I was very pleased by the review of the Picasso in the attached clipping from Lettres Francaises. As I recall, we have very rarely used quotes from reviews but in any case I thought you might like to read this. Won't you please return it to me if you have no use for it.

Sincerely,

Miss Diane Cohen
140 Vine Street
Hartford, Conn.

P.S. The name of the dog is Basket.

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PICASSO
(STEIN)

April 22, 1947

Dear Miss Cohen:

Part of your letter of April 14 has been referred to me by our Publications Department. If you reread the caption to Horst's photograph in US Camera 1947, I believe you will find that the text does not actually state that the picture of the dog is a portrait of Miss Stein.

Picasso's portrait of Gertrude Stein was painted in 1906 and is reproduced in Alfred H. Barr's Picasso: Fifty Years of his Art, page 50. The book is published by our museum.

The painting of Miss Stein's dog is by Sir Francis Rose. For more information about the dog see Paris France by Gertrude Stein published in 1941 by Scribners.

Sincerely,

William S. Lieberman

Miss Diane Cohen
140 Vine Street
Hartford, Conn.

P.S. The name of the dog is Basket.

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W. W. Norton

Norton

M. D. HERTER NORTON
1 LEXINGTON AVENUE
GRAMERCY PARK
NEW YORK

April 9, 1942

Dear Alfred,

One day last week I was cleaning up the guestroom & found among the books the Picasso volume which I was about to lay aside as not belonging to me. When on opening it I looked the beautiful & appalling truth. Beautiful, since you so kindly sent me the copy (though your thanks are exaggerated!) & appalling in that I must seem to have ignored this thoughtful gift of yours. I was very little in town this last fall, & I think I must have opened the book & put it into some others, so that it had all this time escaped my notice. Please forgive the apparent discarding & most assuredly I am very grateful for the book - even if I don't see eye to eye (you can pick the angle to the plane!) most of about this remarkably

will shortly, as soon as I get to the house
I'll let you know how it goes. I hope you'll
be able to get it. I'll let you know.
W. W. Norton

W. W. Norton

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W. W. Norton

clever Spaniard. It is a document I am very glad
to have, & contains a tribute to J. L. G. G.

I hope some day we can all each other some
time together -

& send by hand to Mr. & Margaret & the
family -

As ever, W

Polly Norton Norton

Polly Norton Norton

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W. W. Norton

Witten. Conn.

Sept. 17. 1845

Dear Alfred,

I'm rather mortified to find yr
note about the Talle item in a pile
of unattended papers on my desk -
I'm sorry to be late it bears. That's a
bad record, & when I see yr next yr
will find me still tumbled at my
undersiders. I'm very glad to have the
initiation, & am most grateful for
yr taking the trouble to send it me.

The book of Letters is out at last.
I'm sorry when it came along, so I
had not time to get a copy made to go at
once. If it has not appeared yet, it
will shortly, as I am going to the printer
this week to make up the proofs. I hope
it will be ready by the time you receive it.

W. W. Norton

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W. W. Norton

Norton

ONE LEXINGTON AVENUE
GRAMERCY PARK
NEW YORK

June 5th 1940

Dear Alfred -

So glad you like the
"Do We Know" Etchings (as a
Princeton bookstore once had it!)

Hande says it is ok. to
phot a few lines from them in
writing about the picture. I shall
be interested to see the results.

Sorry there seems no indi-
cation of a pre-Mexico - pre-
war interest in U. S. ...

Keeged away of a change
again.

Yours

W. W. Norton

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W. W. Norton

March 2, 1945

March 29, 1947

Dear Agnes,

If it is the Stravinsky portrait in my
Picasso book you ask about in your note of March 24,
it is in the collection of Marie Kravitz (1894-1964) who
lived in Los Angeles 34, California) who I am sure would
be glad to have the Harvard Press use it, since he
is a great admirer of Stravinsky as well as Picasso.

Dear Polly:

To my horror I recall suddenly that I haven't
thanked you for the Duino Elegies. I am delighted
to have them not only because they seem to me very
beautiful poetry but because the elegy on the Picasso
salonbanque, with the possible exception of certain
poems by Paul Eluard, the most important literature
inspired by that painter's work.

I would like to quote a few lines from the Elegies
in the passage about the picture. May I take it that
I have your and Warder's permission?

Many thanks again.

Sincerely,

Mrs. W. W. Norton
1 Lexington Avenue
New York 10, New York

AHB:bk

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MONGAN
(PICASSO)

March 19, 1947

Dear Agnes,

If it is the Stravinsky portrait in my Picasso book you ask about in your note of March 14, it is in the collection of Merle Armitage (3060 Patricia Avenue, Los Angeles 34, California) who I am sure would be delighted to have the Harvard Press use it, since he is a great admirer of Stravinsky as well as Picasso.

There are at least two other Stravinsky portraits, but I think the Armitage one is the best.

It is good to hear from you, even eight little lines.

Sincerely,

Miss Agnes Mongan
Fogg Museum of Art
Harvard University
Cambridge 38, Mass.

AHB/ob

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van Schaack

HARVARD UNIVERSITY · FOGG MUSEUM OF ART
CAMBRIDGE 38, MASSACHUSETTS

March 14, 1947

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

Dear Alfred:

The Harvard University Press is getting out a book on Stravinsky and they wish to use the Picasso portrait drawing as the frontispiece. Do you know the present whereabouts of the drawing? Also, do you think that the owners would permit the Harvard University Press to reproduce it?

Hurriedly,

Agnes Mongan
Agnes Mongan

AHB/ob

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van Schaack

March 6, 1947

Dear Connie,

Many thanks for your letter. I am delighted to hear from you and to know that you read and liked the Picasso book, and to find that you are using it for your classes. It was certainly thoughtful of you to have written.

My very best to you,

Sincerely,

Mrs. Connie Rogers Van Schaack
4312 47th Street
Long Island City 4, N. Y.

AHB/ob

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Benson

THE COLLEGE OF WOOSTER
WOOSTER, OHIO
DEPARTMENT OF ART

4312 - 47th Street,
Long Island City 4,
March 4, 1947.

Dear Alfred,

Though you probably
have only the vaguest idea -
if any - of who I am, after so
many years, I want to make
a small contribution to your
fan mail.

You see, I've just finished
reading "Picasso", and find
myself in a state of such un-
diluted enthusiasm that I
can't resist telling you about
it. I took it all in one big
dose, principally because, having
started, I couldn't stop, and
it was certainly one of the most

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Benson

THE COLLEGE OF WOOSTER
WOOSTER, OHIO
DEPARTMENT OF ART

exciting intellectual experiences
I've had in ages.

Of course I could enumerate all the reasons why what you've done with it is so exactly right, but naturally you've heard them all scores of times, so I won't bore you with repetition — except of my own delight in the book!

I am about to "do" Picasso with a class, and I am certain that it's going to go over far more effectively because I've just read what you wrote about him, and absorbed the pictures with such effective guidance. I shall

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Benson

THE COLLEGE OF WOOSTER
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DEPARTMENT OF ART

pass the book on to the
girls, with confidence that
it's been so skillfully done
that the young as well as
the middle-aged can get
an immense satisfaction
from it.

Very sincerely -
Connie Rogers Van Schaack

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Brenson

THE COLLEGE OF WOOSTER
WOOSTER, OHIO
DEPARTMENT OF ART

December 18, 1946

Mr. Alfred H. Barr, Jr.
Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street
New York 19, New York

December 23, 1946

Dear Mr. Barr:

Dear Mr. Brenson, I received your new book on Picasso and I would like to tell you how very much I am enjoying it. May I say how happy I am to have your letter of December 18. You were very kind to take the trouble to write; I am delighted to know that you liked the Picasso so much. It is not only the most complete record on Picasso's life but also the most revealing on his development. I feel very grateful for this superb contribution which you have made.

Sincerely yours,

Sincerely yours,

Theodore Brenson

Theodore Brenson

Mr. Theodore Brenson
Department of Art
The College of Wooster
Wooster, Ohio

TB:um

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THE COLLEGE OF WOOSTER
WOOSTER, OHIO
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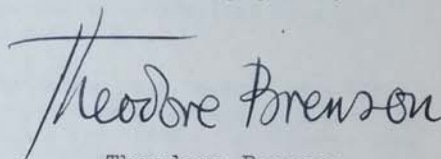
December 18, 1946

Mr. Alfred H. Barr, Jr.
Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street
New York 19, New York

Dear Mr. Barr:

I just received your new book on Picasso and I would like to tell you how very much I am enjoying it. I have rarely seen the life of an artist described with more understanding and pertinence. The material which you have assembled is really wonderful and the way it is presented gives the book almost the intimacy of a personal diary. It is not only the most complete record on Picasso's life but also the most revealing on his development. I feel very grateful for this superb contribution which you have made.

Sincerely yours,



Theodore Brenson

TB:mm

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December 13, 1946

Dear Mr. Brown,

Thank you for your letter; I am glad to know that you got to Paris safely.

After a good deal of phoning I finally got the Picasso back again.

I am glad to know that you weren't responsible for the magazine article. Why the editor assumes the right to butcher an article in such a way I don't understand. While I was disappointed that the book was not mentioned, although I think you used it considerably in the article, I was really outraged at the Times using so many photographs from the Museum of paintings on the Museum walls (four to be exact) without in any way mentioning the fact. (I don't consider the Museum's name along with five or six private collectors in the photo acknowledgements at the back of the book to be of any value whatever except to protect the Times against legal action.)

I look forward to seeing your reports from Paris, and would indeed appreciate a private report should you have the time, of what Zervos and any others may think of my Picasso book. You know how hard it is to get frank opinion. I would of course respect your confidence should you be able to send me any news.

I remember our talk with real pleasure and hope that we shall meet again before long.

Sincerely yours,

Mr. John Lacey Brown
79 bis Blvd de Picpus
Paris (12) France

AHB/ob

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79 bis Evd de Picpus,
Paris (12) France.
November 5, 1946

Kahnweiler, P. CASSO
(post 50)

53^{bis} QUAI DES GRANDS-AUGUSTINS-VII

ODÉON 18-61

le 13/11/46
Dear Mr. Casso,
Heaviest thanks for
your new book and the fine
dedication. May I congratulate
you for this book. It is really
wonderful. Exactly the thing
I like. Serious, fact! From
now on nobody will be able to
write about Picasso without
consulting it on many questions,
or, may I say, on every question.
There is just now quite a tide-
wave of books about Picasso and
you only have a premonition, a
sense, and it is going to last.

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I am awfully busy but
 I hope to find time to write
 a few lines about "new books
 in review" in "criticism"
 and to say what makes the
 outstanding importance of
 your book.

My book on French
 folk - folk edition - is co-
 ming out just now. I am
 going to send you a copy
 in the end of the week. Please
 tell me how you like it. We
 tried to make the book as cheap
 as possible, so as to allow to

many people to read it. The
 english - american edition is
 going to have more illustrations.

With best wishes for
 a prosperous new year for Mrs
 Fran and for you

Yours sincerely

J. Lacey Brown

John Lacey Brown.

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79 bis Blvd de Picpus,
Paris (12) France.
November 6, 1946.

Mr Alfred Barr, Jr.
Museum of Modern Art,
West 53 Street,
New York City.

Dear Mr Barr:

I regretted very much the delay in returning your book. I had left it with a friend with full instructions that it should be returned to you that day. (I had left the 42nd Street air terminal at 7:30 in the morning). She said that she 'phoned your office about it and has taken it back by now. You have all my apologies.

I learned about the matter only on my return to Paris from the Basque country at the end of October. I sent you a note from there, which I hope you have received by this time.

The Magazine section sent me a clipping of the article--- which is barely recognizable. There were wholesale cuts and gratuitous additions. But I suppose that is the way things are done.

I am looking forward to a busy winter here--- doing my column "Readers & Writers in Paris" for the literary supplement and representing Houghton Mifflin in Europe. I do hope that you will let me know if I can be useful to you in any way, bibliographically or otherwise. Zervos wanted to be remembered to you and looks forward to seeing your book. The season has opened excitingly here and there are expositions in all the galleries. Charpentier is showing Portinari, who is having a mixed reception here. It would be pleasant if you got over here during the winter and if I could return the hospitality you accorded me on my visit to the Museum.

With all my best regards, I am

Cordially,

John L. Brown

John Lacey Brown.

jlb/sh

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Gonzalez

December 13, 1946

Dear Mr. Gonzalez,

Thank you very much indeed for the photograph of your sketch of Picasso. This seems to me a very vivid likeness of the old pirate. May I keep it for our files?

Cordially,

P.S. - I have not forgotten your invitation to come to see your pictures and shall try to do so shortly.

AHB

Mr. Xavier Gonzalez
27 West 67 Street
New York 23, N. Y.

photo in Picasso file of photos

AHB/ob

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New York —
Nov 29 - 1946

My dear Mr. Barr —

Enclosed please find
photograph of a water-color
sketch I did in Paris
in 1938.

I think it is a very
good impression of the
Picasso I knew.

Can you use it?
The original belongs
to Hazel Guggenheim

27 w 67th
NY 23

Sincerely
Katharine

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Gonzalez

July 19, 1945

JACQUES SELIGMANN & Co. Dear Mr. Gonzalez:

How very kind of you to send me the photograph of the Picasso studio. It is the only one I have seen of the outside.

Dear Mr. Sartre:

I am in the middle of the Picasso book now, and hope to refer to your notes about Picasso's interest in American weathervanes. I am glad that you published them.

Following correspondence of the last few days, I take pleasure in sending you by some courier, some thirty odd photographs of paintings, pastels, water-colors, and drawings by Picasso, which have passed through my firm's hands and which, I hope, will be of interest to you.

Sincerely,

As I wrote you, I feel certain that the majority of them are well known to you, but on the other hand, some may not be.

Mr. Xavier Gonzalez
27 West 67th Street
New York 23, New York

AHB:vh

(Jacques Seligman)

Mr. Alfred H. Barr Jr.
Museum of Modern Art
11 W 53rd St.
New York 19, N.Y.

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Seligmann

JACQUES SELIGMANN & CO., INC.

5 EAST 57TH STREET

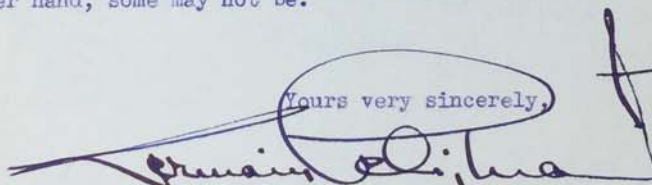
NEW YORK (22) November 23rd., 1946

Dear Mr. Barr:

Following up our correspondence of the last few days, I take pleasure in sending you by same bearer, some thirty odd photographs of paintings, pastels, water-colors, and drawings by Picasso, which have passed through my firm's hands and which, I hope, will be of interest to you.

As I wrote you, I feel certain that the majority of them are well known to you, but on the other hand, some may not be.

Yours very sincerely,



(Germain Seligman)

Mr. Alfred H. Barr Jr.
Museum of Modern Art
11 W 53rd., St.
New York 19, N.Y.

AHB/ob

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Seligmann

November 20, 1946

Dear Mr. Seligmann,

Of course we should be delighted to supplement our collection of Picasso photographs with those of your photographs which we do not already have. It is most generous of you to suggest it. Could you perhaps send the photographs so that we may check them against our files and return those we do not need?

What you say about the Picasso book gives me great satisfaction. Thank you for writing.

Sincerely,

Mr. Germain Seligmann
Jacques Seligmann & Co., Inc.
5 East 57 Street
New York 22, N. Y.

Mr. Germain Seligmann
Jacques Seligmann & Co., Inc.
5 East 57 Street
New York 22, N. Y.

AHB/ob

AHB/ob

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Seligman

December 12, 1946

Dear Mr. Seligman,

JACQUES SELIGMANN & CO., INC. Many thanks for the letter and the Picasso photographs. Mr. Lieberman is checking them against our collection. We shall return those that we already have.

I greatly appreciate your courtesy in letting us fill out our files. What an interesting group of things have passed through your hands!

Dear Mr. Seligman:

Reading the acknowledgment and preface to your new book "Picasso - 50 Years of His Art" I suddenly became conscious of my seeming lack of cooperation, when I realized the number of collectors, dealers, and professional men whom you thank for information and photographs. Though it is belated I am wondering whether you could make use of some thirty odd photographs I have, of paintings, drawings, and water-colors of works by Picasso, which have passed through my hands.

Mr. Germain Seligman
Jacques Seligmann & Co., Inc.

Should you be so kind as to send these to you or bring them to New York, we could go over them together. Quite a number, of course, will be of little interest as the original works are still known to you, but you may wish to keep some. Do let me know how you feel about this.

May I take advantage of these lines to congratulate you on this new publication of such tremendous artistic interest. I discovered in it the same qualities which ten years ago I found in "Cubism and Abstract Art", an indispensable book to any student of this particular period of art, simultaneously so scientific and so very human in the manner of its outlooks.

S.S.V.P.

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Kauffer

E MCKNIGHT KAUFFER

21 east 57th street new york 22 plaza 8-1277

JACQUES SELIGMANN & CO., INC.

5 EAST 57TH STREET

NEW YORK (22) November 15th., 1946

Dear Mr. Barr:

Reading the acknowledgment and preface of your new book "Picasso - 50 Years of His Art" I suddenly became conscious of my seeming lack of cooperation, when I realized the number of collectors, dealers, and professional men whom you thank for information and photographs. Though it is belated I am wondering whether you could make use of some thirty odd photographs I have, of paintings, drawings, and water-colors of works by Picasso, which have passed through my hands within the last few years.

Should you think so I would gladly send these to you or bring them up myself, and we could go over them together. Quite a number, of course, will be of little interest as the original works are well known to you, but you may wish to keep some. Do let me know how you feel about this.

May I take advantage of these lines to congratulate you on this new publication of such tremendous didactic interest. I discover in it the same qualities which over ten years ago I found in "Cubism and Abstract Art", an indispensable book to any student of this particular period of art, simultaneously so scientific and so very human in the number of its outlooks.

t.s.v.p.

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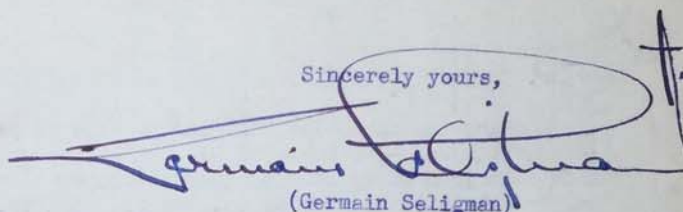
Kauffer

E MCKNIGHT KAUFFER

21 east 57th street new york 22 plaza 8-1277

Looking forward to hearing from you,

Sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in blue ink, which appears to read "Germain Seligman". The signature is stylized with a large, sweeping loop at the end.

(Germain Seligman)

Mr. Alfred H. Barr Jr.
Museum of Modern Art
11 W 53rd., St.
New York 19, N.Y.

AHB/ob

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series/Folder:
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Kauffer

E MCKNIGHT KAUFFER

21 east 57th street new york 22 plaza 8-1277

11/22/44

RICHTER

7 Mall Studios
Parkhill Road
N.W. 3.

Nov. 22nd.

Dear Mr. Barr

Thank you very
much indeed for your
kindness and thoughtfulness
in sending me your
Picasso book - it was
a wonderful surprise,
especially the very
undeserved words
at the beginning -

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Kauffer

E MCKNIGHT KAUFFER

21 east 57th street new york 22 phone 8-1277

London is a fine town -
 but it has too many paintings
 to be nestled in it - a
 good fault nevertheless.
 The latest problem is a
 very fine 1930 Max Ernst,
 much blitzed.
 Over Christmas I'm
 going to take a brief
 holiday in Madrid, Barcelona
 and Majorca - but you
 will be seeing Miro
 just about then, so I
 can't pay him a
 visit, alas.
 I hope the Henry Moore
 exhibition will be a great
 success. He is amazingly
 excited about his visit.

Thank
 you
 again - with
 sincerely,
 E. M. Kauffer

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Kauffer

E MCKNIGHT KAUFFER

21 east 57th street new york 22 plaza 8-1277

November 18, 1946

November 20, 1946

Mr. Alfred H. Barr, Jr.

Dear Ted, 5th Street

New York, N. Y.

It is good of you to write me about the Picasso

Dear Alfred:

book. Believe me I attach great value to your opinion.

Your new edition of the Picasso is such a splendid, exciting and scholarly work. Sincerely, I cannot withhold my praise and appreciation. I know of no monograph on any artist possessing the stature of this work.

One of these we will meet—definitely. In the meantime, my very best wishes to you and Mrs. Barr.

Sincerely,

Ted McKnight Kauffer

Mr. E. McKnight Kauffer

21 East 57 Street

New York 22, N. Y.

AHB/ob

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E MCKNIGHT KAUFFER

21 east 57th street new york 22 plaza 8-1277

November 16, 1946

Mr. Alfred H. Barr, Jr.
49 East 96th Street
New York, N. Y.

Dear Alfred:

Your new edition of the Picasso is such a splendid, exciting and scholarly work that I cannot withhold my praise and appreciation. I know of no monograph on any artist possessing the stature of this work.

One of these ^{days} we will meet—definitely. In the meantime, my very best wishes to you and Mrs. Barr.

Sincerely,

Ted McKnight Kauffer

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Pandora

97 BATTLE ROAD • PRINCETON NEW JERSEY

November 20th, 1946

Dear Alfred,

you must think Dora and myself rather rude or insensitive because we have not yet thanked you for your Piranesi with its dedication to both of us - a dedication which touched poor Dora more than anything in a long while. I say "poor Dora" because the reason of our silence is this: as soon as the book was unpacked, and the inscription read, she at once began to read it, with great enthusiasm and little notes, and I could hardly glance at it. She wanted to read it right through before thanking you. Then, quite of a sudden, about three days ago, she fell ill with a mysterious kidney affair which is not yet identified but has certainly nothing to do with her general condition. She was at once carried off to the hospital, and they are now trying to treat her with penicillin and stuff, with results not yet known. If it is an infection, this should cure her in time, but even then it is a shame that she has been hit by this thing just after she was feeling almost happy after our successful summer in Maine. If it is not an infection - God alone knows what can be done. So you will forgive both of us. I cannot very much concentrate ~~now~~ now, but from what I read and saw of the book, I can only bow in admiration.

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Penetrating, affirming, and perfectly sane. No one else
 can so write about things not yet described by Turgenev
 perspective for others; and shall it does credit to
 your modesty to love this splendid and inwardly con-
 tinuous text painted, as you write, as a "servant to
 the pictures," it seems almost a pity that you should
 have done so (which, by the way, must have been
 simply devilishly difficult to arrange - how have you
 done it? made decisions with the gallery proof and then
 cut out or added to the text? I just cannot imagine
 it from a purely technical point of view, and all this
 in addition to the incredible apparatus of footnotes -
 or, rather, tailnotes - and bibliographies). You have
 done homage to the artistry of the painter but in a
 sense you ~~thoroughly~~ have thereby obscured the artistry of
 a first-rate writer, your only excuse being that this
 writer is yourself. Perhaps I shall say more, if I can and
 dare, when I have really read your book. But I wanted
 you to know that I do admire it and, more im-
 portant, that your co-dedicating it to Dora was the
 greatest joy she has had for a long time and will remain
 that, I am afraid, for a long time to come.

Blessings on all the three of you!

Yours as ever,

Pau.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
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"Let me tell you what makes the piston push, Pop"

Father may be befuddled when it comes to explaining the mysteries of puffing steam engines, rolling ships, and soaring airplanes—but his son is not!

Junior has been exploring the fascinating phenomena of science and nature in his new book, *IT SEEMS LIKE MAGIC*. He has been learning how steam pushes pistons, and pistons turn wheels... how turbines revolve like windmills and power ships over the sea. Even the miraculous eye of radar is no mystery to him. All these like-magic things are not beyond Junior's comprehension when they are as simply and lucidly described as they are in this book.

IT SEEMS LIKE MAGIC is a carefully written, lavishly illustrated book

especially designed to tell five-to-nine-year-olds how things work.

If your child says "How?"... if your child asks "Why?"—here is the book that will satisfy his active, inquisitive mind. Simple diagrams and explanations tell how a gasoline engine works, why airplanes can fly through the air, where coal and oil come from... and hundreds of other wonderful facts that will give him a sound introduction into the wonderland of science.

Rand McNally is very proud to present this newest book by the creators of the popular *THIS IS THE WORLD*—Josephine van Dolzen Pease and Esther Friend. It is priced at \$2.50, at your bookstore.

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

1856—Our 90th Year—1946

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more like pure emotion. He twisted women, dogs, Greek heroes, horses and table lamps into paroxysms of rage or frustration. He built monuments of painted bones, drew "pictures" that were nothing but dancing lines and dots, made a "Bull's Head" out of a bicycle seat and handle bars. He protested the German bombing of Guernica (in the Spanish Civil War) with a massive mural whose ugliness is its strength. "What do you think an artist is?" asked Picasso. "An imbecile who has only his eyes? . . . No, painting is not done to decorate apartments. It is an instrument of war for attack and defense against the enemy."

Picasso went through one six-month stretch when the only picture he did was a rag cut by a piece of string; and through another period when he tried his restless hand at poetry. Currently he calls himself a Communist, but his art would please no commissar. Author Barr more correctly calls Picasso an "intransigent" individualist.

Picasso is at work on a huge canvas which will never fit anyone's idea of interior decoration. Entitled *The Charnel-House*, it is still in the drawing stage (see cut). Says Barr: "Its figures are facts—the famished, waxen cadavers of Buchenwald, Dachau and Belsen. The fury and shrieking violence which made the agonies of *Guernica* tolerable are here reduced to silence. For the man, the woman and the child this picture is a *Pietà* without grief, an entombment without mourners, a requiem without pomp."

Point of View

As an abstract picture, it was almost good enough to flutter the dovescots on Manhattan's arty 57th Street. It won Baltimore Photographer Aubrey Bodine first prize in a *Camera* magazine contest. Turned on its right side, it proved to be nothing more than a sunlight-&-shadow shot of a row of Baltimore's white marble stoops (see cut).



A. Aubrey Bodine

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ART

The Price of Forgery

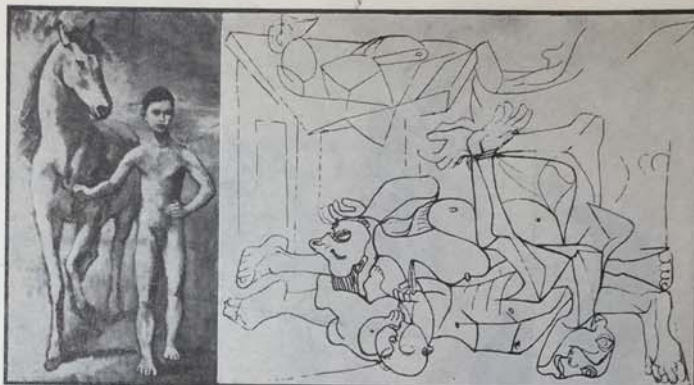
It was far too much money for an honest Dutchman to have made during the German occupation. But when Artist Hans van Meegeren was accused of collaborating and was asked to explain his quick fortune of \$3,024,000, he had an answer ready. Said Van Meegeren: he had made his pile not by collaborating but by forging seven Vermeers and two Pieter de Hooches; one phony Vermeer he had patriotically palmed off on Göring (TIME, Sept. 10, 1945). To prove it, he painted still another "Vermeer," *Jesus in the Temple* (see cut), in his cell. It looked unlike Vermeer's cool, clean interiors, but did remind Dutch art experts of one of the master's few religious paintings: *Christ with Mary and Martha*.

The experts, some of whom had solemnly verified the forged Vermeers, were now at work with their biggest X-ray machines and subtlest chemicals to prove Van Meegeren a fraud when his case comes up next month (although The Netherlands Government's information service has already said that "there can be no doubt that this mad genius did paint the seven pictures attributed to Vermeer").

Last week Van Meegeren had been cleared of collaboration but not of forgery. He was out on bail, painting new pictures, signing his own name to them, and collecting heavily. Connoisseurs were beating a path to Van Meegeren's antiques-crammed mansion on an Amsterdam canal. His own paintings brought five times what they had before he confessed. Van Meegeren said he had an offer from a Manhattan gallery to come to the U.S. and paint portraits "in the 17th Century manner" at \$6,000 a throw.



VAN MEEGEREN & HIS EIGHTH "VERMEER"
No X-rays needed.



William S. Paley Collection
PICASSO'S "BOY LEADING A HORSE" (1905) & "CHARNEL-HOUSE" (1945)
Owned by the Artist

No more blue beachcombers.

Fifty Years in Front

Anyone who paints elephant-nosed women and six-sided guitars, and calls them art, should obviously see an oculist—or a doctor. But what if the patient can draw like Raphael when he chooses?

Pablo Picasso is this sort of irritating exception. In a half-century of painting he has ranged from classic perfection to near chaos, without once mislaying the sureness in execution and the vitality which are his only consistent characteristics. That half-century was summed up by scholarly Alfred H. Barr Jr., research director of Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art, in a comprehensively illustrated monograph out last week (*Picasso, 50 Years of His Art*; \$6). Its 330 pictures were the work of a restless giant in a restless era, who constantly invented new worlds to conquer, then tired of them.

The illustrations start with the year 1895, when Picasso was 14 and a coming artist in Spain. He set up on his own in a

Barcelona studio, decorated the walls with paintings of sumptuous furniture he could not afford.

Pink & Blue Beginnings. Already schooled by his father, an art teacher, Picasso went to Paris at 19 to rule, not to worship. He did go around to see the paintings of Toulouse-Lautrec, whom he admired enormously, "but all the same," Picasso decided, "I paint better than Lautrec." He set out to prove it and for three years painted starved laundresses, absinthe drinkers and grave, bearded beachcombers in blue. Nowadays they seem a bit stogy and sentimental; Barr suggests that they reflect Picasso's "room without a lamp, his meals of rotten sausages, even his burning a pile of his own drawings to keep warm."

For a while Picasso tried pink. His blue period "gave way to the more natural style and melancholy sweetness of a long series of circus people." His *Boy Leading a Horse* (see cut) which even a know-nothing in art could see was first rate, has, says Barr, "an unpretentious, natural nobility of order and gesture which makes the official guardians of the 'Greek' tradition such as Ingres and Puvis de Chavannes seem vulgar or pallid."

Walk-Around Art. Picasso saw no point in doing things perfectly more than once. He left the imitating to his growing army of imitators. He began painting faces, tables and guitars from every angle, interlocking his various views of them in tight, infinitely complicated and almost unrecognizable compositions. Why paint from a single viewpoint, he argued, when you have legs to walk around the model and see it from behind as well as in front?

By the time the critics got the point of Cubism, Picasso had moved on. He paused with a neoclassical manner which combined the flowing, controlled line of Raphael and a sculptural mass and weight new to painting. But the beauty came too easily, and there was a hint of something false about it. "When we love a woman," said Picasso, "we don't start measuring her limbs."

Are Artists Imbeciles? Then, 20 years ago, the master stopped measuring; his art grew more & more violent, more &

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Alfred got a PhD from Harvard with his Picasso 50! Dehnatel

M.B.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY · FOGG MUSEUM OF ART
CAMBRIDGE 38, MASSACHUSETTS

Mar. 6. 1946.

Dear Alfred,

Thanks very much for the copy of the Picasso. It is a most work which sets a standard for an Ph D thesis which will never be equalled.

I still feel sorry that we put you to so much trouble to get the degree - although I enjoyed very much your brief visit to Cambridge.

I have hopes of getting to New York before winter. If I let you know when I am coming can we have lunch together?

My very best to you and thanks for your very important book.

Fred Lehmann.

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Sicre

Morgan

HARVARD UNIVERSITY • FOGG MUSEUM OF ART
CAMBRIDGE 38, MASSACHUSETTS

November 7, 1946.

Dear Alfred,

My fear and trembling is mine! If you will set such high standards, how can any of us follow in your wake? Of course it is pure delight to have such a marvellously thorough job, all compact and every page with its particular fascination & interest adding something to the one which has gone before. But who can hope to rival you in completeness & in complexity? Who of us could manage that mountain of material & never lose the thread or the reader's interest! You are a cause of admiration and despair. And you do it over & over again.

I suppose - in fact I know you had your dark moments. They do not show. As for the book itself, it immediately sets a new mark - in scholarship, research, synthesis & presentation. I've not yet finished it, but the pages I've read, I've already re-read. Really what you've put together will be mine, just as the physical volume itself is mine, thanks to your more than thoughtful generosity. I've always admired what you've done. This time you've done something so

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far beyond all previous monographs that I am left without enough words, for I'm panting along far in the rear while you streak along so far ahead as to be nearly out of sight.

Have mercy on other poor art historians & don't do anything more for awhile, please!

Affectionately

Agnes.

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Sicre

Washington, November 6, 1946

Dear Alfred:

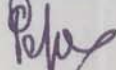
Thanks so much for sending me your marvelous book on Picasso which I have received days ago and has confirmed my idea that it is the most complete and vital study on the work and personality of the Malagueño, as well as the most exhaustive guide to introduce anybody into the complex Picassian world.

I shall write a review for the newspaper El Nacional of Caracas, a review that surely will be a large article under the title Barr y Picasso in which I shall intend point out the importance of your work of useful clarity trying to approach and present to the world a work such spoiled by cheap literature as the Picasso's has been, with vagueness and abundant stupidity from many authors.

I am so sorry this book is not published in Spanish too because it would be a great help for our public in Latin America.

Thank you again for such wonderful gift. My best regards to you and your wife.

Sincerely



José Gómez Sicre

Mr.
Alfred H. Barr, Jr.
The Museum of Modern Art
New York, 19, N.Y.

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Crowninshield

The Condé Nast Publications Inc.

420 LEXINGTON AVENUE - NEW YORK 17

October 29, 1946

October 30, 1946

Dear Alfred,

Dear Frank,

Picasso Book. All my How thoughtful of you to take the time to write me about the Picasso book. I am delighted to think that it has met with your critical approval. Actually it is an interim sketch for a book which should be written some time after Picasso corrects all my mistakes.

Certainly Thank you for writing. completest, and most authoritative work ever written about him.

Affectionately,

You are a great boy, dear Alfred, and I am proud to think that I knew you when you were a simple, rosy-cheeked, bare-footed boy.

With affection and admiration,

Mr. Frank Crowninshield
The Condé Nast Publications, Inc.
420 Lexington Avenue
New York 17, NY

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Steamp

Crowning hild

The Condé Nast Publications Inc.

420 LEXINGTON AVENUE • NEW YORK 17

October 28, 1946

Dear Alfred,

All my congratulations on the
Picasso Book.

It is an extraordinary achieve-
ment and you ought to be extremely proud of it.

Certainly it is the best and
completest, and most authoritative work ever
written about him.

You are a great boy, dear Alfred,
and I am proud to think that I knew you when you
were a simple, rosy-cheeked, bare-footed boy.

With affection and admiration,



VOGUE incorporating VANITY FAIR • HOUSE & GARDEN • GLAMOUR • VOGUE PATTERN BOOK • VOGUE PATTERNS
BRITISH VOGUE • HOLLYWOOD PATTERNS • VOGUE STUDIOS • CONDÉ NAST PRESS AND ENGRAVERS

Sincerely yours
W. R. Roche

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Stroup

THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

Date _____

To:

Re: _____

From: _____

October 30, 1946 New York.

28th October '46.

Dear Jon,

I meant to write you before to thank you for your very flattering words about the Picasso book. I have so much respect for you as a writer that what you say really means a lot to me.

Sincerely,

Vous remercier d'avoir fait votre livre sur Picasso

Mr. Jon Stroup
Town & Country
572 Madison Avenue
New York 22, N.Y.

AHB/ob

je vous remercie de m'avoir écrit avant mon
proche voyage pour Paris - et être de
nouveau ici en mai prochain - avec des
moyens plus étendus pour l'exposition de
peintres américains à Paris que je désire
provoquer

Sincerely yours
H. Roché

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Roche

THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

Date _____

To:

Re: _____

From: _____

28th October '46.

New York.

Cher Monsieur Barr,

je suis venu pour vous féliciter et pour
vous remercier d'avoir fait votre livre
sur Picasso

j'espère revenir vous voir avant mon
proche départ pour Paris — et être de
nouveau ici en mai prochain — avec des
moyens plus étendus pour l'exposition⁽⁺⁾ de
peintres américains à Paris que je désire
provoquer

sincerely yours

H P Roche

(+) j'ai aimé ici
les "14" exposés

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Newberry

THE DETROIT INSTITUTE OF ARTS

Detroit 2 - Michigan

ARTHUR CLAMMINGER, EDGAR E. WHITCOMB, President - MRS. EDSEL B. FORD - K. T. KELLEY - ROBERT H. LANTIER

EDGAR E. RICHARDSON, Secretary

CAYLOR H. BURROUGHS, Secretary

September 23, 1946

October 16, 1946

Mr. Alfred H. Barr, Jr.
Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street
New York City, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Barr: Congratulations on your fine Picasso drawing. So far as I know it was never developed into a painting, although the same subject appears in a somewhat more elaborate cross-hatch drawing on page 35 of Pablo Picasso by Eugenio D'Ors, New York, E. Weyhe 1930. There are several pastels and paintings of about 1921 which include as a motif the heavy nymph pouring water from a jar like the ancient spring divinity. I am enclosing a drawing by Picasso which you may find out particularly if there is any information re the ancient spring divinity. I will be most interested hearing from you. I hope that we may get together again before long.

What other things have you got recently? My best to you; always.

With kindest regards,

Sincerely,

Very sincerely yours,

John S. Newberry, Jr.

John S. Newberry, Jr.
Curator of Graphic Arts

Mr. John S. Newberry, Jr.
99 Lake Shore Drive
Grosse Pointe Farms 30,
Michigan

Photo is in Picasso Photos file

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THE DETROIT INSTITUTE OF ARTS

Detroit 2 • Michigan

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EDGAR P. RICHARDSON, *Director*

CLYDE H. BURROUGHS, *Secretary*

September 30, 1946

Mr. Alfred H. Barr, Jr.
Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street
New York City, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Barr:

I am enclosing the photograph of what I consider a very fine drawing by Picasso which I have just acquired for my personal collection from Paul Rosenberg. You may already know the drawing and could perhaps give me some additional information regarding it. I am trying to find out particularly if there is any painting for which it may be a study.

I will greatly appreciate and will be most interested hearing from you. I hope that we may get together again before long.

With kindest regards,

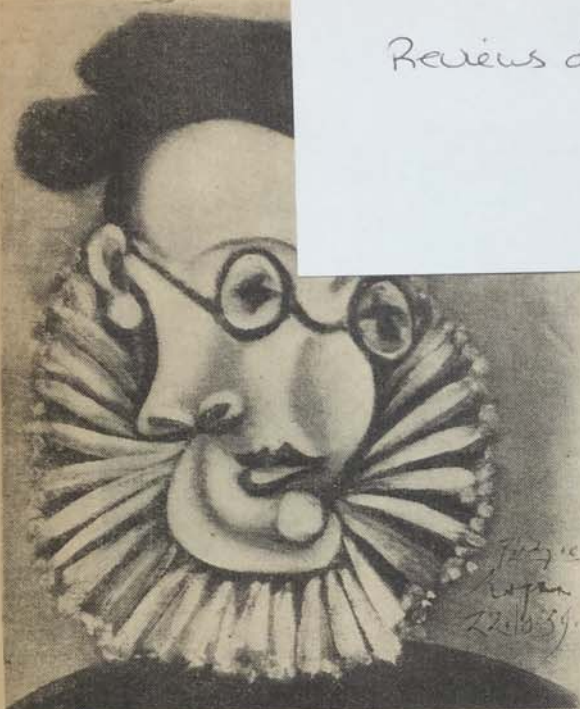
Very sincerely yours,

John Newberry, Jr.

John S. Newberry, Jr.
Curator of Graphic Arts

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Reviews of Picasso: 50



Portrait of Jaime Sabartés by Pablo Picasso
From "Picasso: An Intimate Portrait"

THIS book is exactly described by its sub-title. It is neither a biography nor an esthetic analysis, but an "intimate portrait" of the painter, by a poet who was a friend of his youth and who has been Picasso's secretary since 1936. Jaime Sabartés first met Pablo Picasso when the latter was eighteen, in Barcelona in 1899. They spent the next five years as members of the same literary-artistic circle of friends in Barcelona, Madrid and Paris. Then Sabartés did not see the subject of his "portrait" again until 1936.

Thus the book falls naturally into two parts: the young Picasso of the "Blue Period" and the mature and restless innovator of the past decade. The work is informal, fragmentary, uncritical, admiring.

came to do various of the eleven portraits of Sabartés with which the book is illustrated.

The critical esthetic apparatus of the writer is by no means equal to his subject. A few remarks on the "sadness" of the "Blue Period," an attempt to connect each change of style with a change of environment, the drawing of a parallel between Picasso's writing style and his painting style which does grave injustice to the latter and gives too much importance to the former. Everything is left informal, gossipy, charming, affectionate and fragmentary. This is due not merely to the fact that for more than two decades author and artist did not see each other, for, even for the period from 1936 on, we are given only informal bits: a brief comment on the effect of the Spanish Civil War on Picasso, for instance, without any mention of his Guernica mural. The whole book has the air of desultory studies for an intended biography, just as so much of modern art has the air of studies for an intended painting. But there is more esthetic excitement in studies for unfinished paintings than there is in notes for an unfinished biography. For those who already know a great deal about Picasso, his life and work, the "intimate portrait" by Sabartés will prove to be interesting talk and to contribute a number of minor, additional insights. Those who are not already familiar with the artist will need to supplement this by reading something like Alfred Barr's "Picasso: Fifty Years of His Art."

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PICASSO: 50

Ever-Changing Picasso

PICASSO: An Intimate Portrait.

By Jaime Sabartés. Translated by Angel Flores. With eleven portraits of Sabartés by Picasso. . . . 230 pp. . . . New York: Prentice-Hall. . . . \$5.

Reviewed by
BERTRAM D. WOLFE
Author of "Diego Rivera, His Life and Times"

THIS book is exactly described by its sub-title. It is neither a biography nor an esthetic analysis, but an "intimate portrait" of the painter, by a poet who was a friend of his youth and who has been Picasso's secretary since 1936. Jaime Sabartés first met Pablo Picasso when the latter was eighteen, in Barcelona in 1899. They spent the next five years as members of the same literary-artistic circle of friends in Barcelona, Madrid and Paris. Then Sabartés did not see the subject of his "portrait" again until 1936.

Thus the book falls naturally into two parts: the young Picasso of the "Blue Period" and the mature and restless innovator of the past decade. The work is informal, fragmentary, uncritical, admiring.

It consists of fragments of reminiscences concerning Picasso's childhood as they came out in the course of conversation, supplemented by occasional, unsystematic and unpersistent questioning, with no attempt to separate truth from blague; pen portraits of Picasso eating, drinking, talking, littering up his studio, covering staircases, walls, paper, canvas, writing, traveling, resting, uneasily moulting one style to take on another; accounts of how Picasso came to do various of the eleven portraits of Sabartés with which the book is illustrated.

The critical esthetic apparatus of the writer is by no means equal to his subject. A few remarks on the "sadness" of the "Blue Period," an attempt to connect each change of style with a change of environment, the drawing of a parallel between Picasso's writing style and his painting style which does grave injustice to the latter and gives too much importance to the former. Everything is left informal, gossip, charming, affectionate and fragmentary. This is due not merely to the fact that for more than two decades author and artist did not see each other, for, even for the period from 1936 on, we are given only informal bits: a brief comment on the effect of the Spanish Civil War on Picasso, for instance, without any mention of his Guernica mural. The whole book has the air of desultory studies for an intended biography, just as so much of modern art has the air of studies for an intended painting. But there is more esthetic excitement in studies for unfinished paintings than there is in notes for an unfinished biography. For those who already know a great deal about Picasso, his life and work, the "intimate portrait" by Sabartés will prove to be interesting talk and to contribute a number of minor, additional insights. Those who are not already familiar with the artist will need to supplement this by reading something like Alfred Barr's "Picasso: Fifty Years of His Art."



Portrait of Jaime Sabartés by Pablo Picasso
From "Picasso: An Intimate Portrait"

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BOOKS

THE HISTORY OF IMPRESSIONISM. By John Rewald. The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53d St., New York. 474 pp. Illustrated. 21 color plates. 10 1/4 in. x 8 in. \$10.

Pretentious and expensive as some of the Museum's larger prewar publications, Rewald's study of this nineteenth century group of painters is exhaustively documented and detailed. In the introduction, E. A. Jewell is quoted as having said: "It would be impossible now, I'm afraid, for anyone to piece together a full and in the minutest degree accurate report of the developments that led up to the first impressionist exhibition . . . An exclusive record such as that would cover the germinating decade, and to it we should want added, of course, as full and minute and accurate a report covering the decade that followed with its triumphs, its setbacks, its slow and often painful success in breaking down the barriers of critical and popular disesteem." This pessimistic statement outlines precisely the scope and purpose of Mr. Rewald's book.

Impressionism has long since been accepted as a valid and popular form of artistic expression and, compared to some of its successors, seems comfortably comprehensible to the lay mind. It therefore follows that the average person tends to bracket all impressionist painters as close contemporaries who exercised their option on the canvas in general over a period of years. Actually, their battle for recognition was as long, difficult and dramatic as any in the history of art. Starting off with Pissarro's youth in Spain, Mr. Rewald narrates in chronological order, introducing fellow painters as the story expands. The climax of the book is the eighth impressionist exhibition in Paris which coincided with Durand-Ruel's successful introduction of the school to the U. S. Though the picture is a clear one, it has a quality of unreality due to its very intimacy of detail. It may be true that the impressionists were a tightly-knit, self-sufficient little band; nevertheless, more retrospective correlation with the major events of the times, artistic and otherwise, would be welcome.

The text, generously sprinkled with quotations, is on the dry side and none of the artists stands out as having been either personally dynamic or individual which, after all, is a flourish most people expect. It is, however, a valuable book for connoisseur and layman alike for its faithful historical portrayal. To the student it offers a brief but enlightening biographical chart which efficiently interrelates the various careers. There are many black and white plates. Color reproductions, though good, do not compare with the truly outstanding ones in earlier Museum publications. M.S.

PICASSO: Fifty Years of his Art. By Alfred H. Barr, Jr. The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53d St., New York. 314 pp. Illustrated. 7 color plates. 10 1/4 in. x 7 1/2 in. \$6.

When the famous exhibition *Picasso: Forty Years of his Art* was staged by the Museum of Modern Art in 1939, it was accompanied by an excellent catalogue. Mr. Barr's current book, which is a vast amplification of the first publication, adds the decade that included World War II.

Picasso has probably been more written about than any living artist and is notably a controversial figure. But whether you are owner of a Picasso library or simply an ignoramus in transition, this book is definitely on the must list.

Although the accompanying text is reserved in artistic criticism, it is very ably written, and the author succeeds in bringing to life Picasso's astounding versatility, the mercurial about-faces characterized by his early "periods" (blue, negro, etc.), his strong and unpredictable personality. Of greatest

interest, of course, is the work of the past ten years—much of it still unfamiliar to Americans. Supplementing the main body of the book are several pages of notes received too late to be incorporated in the text. Many of these are highly interesting and serve as valuable documentation, although fitting them in to the larger picture is a somewhat tedious job. Significant as ever are Picasso's own statements of 1923 and 1935 concerning his art which are fortuitously included. M.S.

ART OF RUSSIA. By Helene Rubissow. Philosophical Library, 15 E. 40th St., New York. 196 pp. Illustrated. 164 b&w plates. 11 in. x 8 1/2 in. \$6.

Since the market is completely without up-to-date books on this subject, it is disappointing to discover what the Philosophical Library largely terms a "history of Russian art" in their advance publicity. Since there is no other writing, it is assumed that they mean the introductory text, which gallops from the thirteenth halfway through the twentieth century in 25 pages. Its inadequacy is positively startling. Baedeker is long-winded in comparison. What the "history" amounts to is a jumbled roster of artists' names with vague hints of their attachment to one group or another. It is not until she reaches the section on *Social Realism* that the author pauses to catch her breath. At last finding herself on surer ground she states: "Stalin has designated the trend of art in contemporary Russia as 'social realism'. 'Social', communal, as contrasted with the 'individual'. . . that is what is now of concern. Social realism is a successor to the realism of genre and subject . . . In accord with the times, the theme of social struggle was replaced with that of social construction. But the artist is almost completely controlled by the theme. He simply has no time to think of anything else. He is accountable—his 'line' is checked and 'straightened out' (by means of reprimand and a sermon) if it does not happen to coincide with the ideology and system of work of the State. The State Committee for Affairs of Art . . . sees to that. It organizes exhibitions, grants subsidies and stipends, manages the funds appropriated by the State for art. It also supervises schools, theaters and clubs." Though Miss Rubissow finds that artistic construction has bloomed since the thirties, she does a masterful job of fence-sitting, evading the issue and understating from there on. The result is zero.

As for the reproductions, which are pretty good, it is a pity that some, at least, are not in color. The range of artists, subjects and techniques is both impressive and significant. It's too bad that someone hasn't given it a little more sincere attention. M.S.

FOR THIS WE FOUGHT. By Stuart Chase. The Twentieth Century Fund, New York. 123 pp. 8 in. x 5 1/2 in. \$1. Series of 4 books: \$5.

This book is the sixth and last of a series of reports written for the Twentieth Century Fund by economist Stuart Chase to give an understanding of the great issues of postwar America. Like its five predecessors, it is short (123 pp.), pithy and eminently readable.

Mr. Chase has the happy faculty, so often lacking in today's bewildering whirl, of presenting complex sociological and economic facts in easily understood form. Opening with an analysis of veterans' attitudes, he presents a summary of "What The Veteran Wants" distilled from a number of surveys. According to Mr. Chase, "Unemployment is the major worry, greater in veterans' minds than World War II."

With "What The People Want," Mr. Chase again summarizes a series of public opinion polls. ". . . By and large," he

(Continued on page 120)



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Car Digest



By JUDITH K. REED

Explaining Picasso

"Picasso: Fifty Years of His Art," by Alfred H. Barr, Jr. 1946. New York: The Museum of Modern Art. 312 pp. of text, 330 plates. \$6.00.

"Picasso: The Recent Years 1939-1946," by Harriet and Sidney Janis. 1946. New York: Doubleday & Co. 211 pp. of text, 135 plates. \$7.50.

Published in time to add fact and fuel to discussions of the first post-war Picasso exhibitions in New York City—at the Kootz and Rosenberg Galleries—are these recent books. Now, since an incomplete bibliography of books and articles on Picasso lists 550 works, among them no less than 46 monographs, the most obvious questions regarding each new one should be: will they confuse or clarify general understanding of the art of the most controversial artist of the 20th century?

The answer, relating to Mr. Barr's survey, is an enthusiastic affirmative. The most comprehensive volume yet published on Picasso, the book is also perhaps the best. The author, a trustee of the Museum of Modern Art, does not attempt to convert his readers to a personal interpretation of Picasso, but presents the facts of his life and art with scholarship and clarity. The history of Picasso's myriad, puzzling changes and reversions of style is told chronologically—in 330 plates (7 in color) and in a lucid, running commentary which uses a minimum of esoteric language. The book is both a reference volume and a picture gallery—an ideal combination for exposition of so complex a subject.

All phases of a phenomenal career are thoroughly analyzed, while a special section is devoted to work executed during the war years and the liberation of Paris. For all who want a compact, straightforward and authentic presentation of the work of an artist whose career—right up to the present—continues to provide source material for those who follow, this volume is a must.

The second book on Picasso under review, by Harriet and Sidney Janis, presents an exhaustive study of works executed during the past seven years—which comprises a staggering total of between 300 and 400 oil paintings, five or six as many sketches and drawings, a quantity of graphic illustration; four or five large bronze sculptures and dozens of small works in metal, clay and plaster. During this time Picasso wrote a six-act play and designed a ballet. All this in a studio without heat.

Of special interest in this thorough survey are the various series of reproductions and photographs, well designed to illustrate Picasso's working methods. These include the series of portraits of

Dora Maar, which begins with a photograph of the model and continues to present six portraits painted by Picasso, over a 4-year period. These progress from a sweet, representational study through various phases of abstraction to complete distortion and re-arrangement of features. This latter, incidentally, is the earliest of the portraits and indicates that Picasso does not work in any conventional sequence of styles but turns restlessly from one to another—his vision at all times adjusted to his intellectual concept of the moment.

Summarizing their impression of Picasso's recent work, the authors observe: "The World War II period was a highly productive and wrathful one. Much of it was a continuation of work done in the second half of the 30s. However, the latter, in spite of physiognomical displacements and anti-naturalism, had gaiety and humor, with the exception of the *Guernica*. If this painting and its many studies were the recording at white heat of an outburst of titanic anger, they were at the same time full of the deepest compassion and humanity. By the 40s this anger had turned almost fatalistically sardonic."

The Janises found the portraits most impressive of all work created during this period. In them they see that "Picasso has projected the violence of the war years, not in deliberate or obvious statements of Spanish blood and death, but through an emotional, sometimes symbolic imagery which cuts deeply and lastingly into the most inaccessible levels of consciousness. . . . Picasso's portraits are not of people posing, but of people remembered with the special, selective and pitilessly penetrating clarity of the artist's memory." Although less objective and more limited than the Barr survey, the book should help bewildered observers understand Picasso better.

William Sawtitzky, Expert

William Sawtitzky, dean of the specialists in early American art who examined over 10,000 native paintings and miniatures, famous lecturer and writer, died at his home in Stamford, Conn., on February 3 at the age of 67.

He came to this country in 1911 as a special correspondent for several European papers. In 1913 he became librarian for Knoedler & Company, and in 1924-25 edited the four volume work on Gilbert Stuart for the Frick Reference Library. Seven years ago, under a special grant from the Carnegie Corporation, he became advisory curator of American art at the New York Historical Society, lecturer on fine arts at New York University's Institute of Fine Arts, and started a series of monographs. The first of the monographs on Matthew Pratt (1734-1805), was published in 1942, and two others, *The Life and Works of Ralph Earl* and one dealing with three early New York painters, were nearing completion.

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The Art Digest

February 15, 1947

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Look South to the Polar Star. By Holger Cahill. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York, 1947; 554 pages. \$3.

The wisdom of China has at last achieved verbal form in Mr. Cahill's book within a book: The sagacity and sensibility of the Orient has found a voice that makes itself felt between the lines, whereas before the data of Chinese thought had been merely transliterated. The spirit of Oriental paradox, as we of the West so aptly label it, becomes a vital and organic reality in the pages of this strange and absorbing novel. One cannot exercise the "one page, one glance" modern reading method here; there are too many significant shapes that stand as enlivening stimuli in the path. One must halt and feel, halt and refer, not to the theory of living, but to its facts—each page is a center around which the other pages equilibrate like the component parts of a universe.

"Look South to the Polar Star" is written on a plurality of levels of awareness, and is conceived as Lao Tzu conceived his wheel, thirty spokes joined to a hub make a wheel, but it is the empty space at the center which makes it useful." It is made evident throughout the book that the smallest facts are of significance, not to the furthering of a literary plot, but as small acts in reality are significant for the understanding of life's genesis. Indeed, the facts that one senses, but which are never mentioned and never come into objective expression, become the moving force that controls the segment of action, thought, feeling, and understanding. Like life, moving through the pool of time, the book begins in the middle, moves in all directions, and ends outside the aegis of all traditional consummations. Materially it ends because the pages end, but the values of the book go on and on, the repercussions one feels go on and on. Its action makes surface movement, but one is made to understand that the vast and unsoundable depths of existence are generating these visible phenomena. In the conception and writing of the book there is the almost aphoristic suggestibility of Chuang Tzu and the Taoist writers, lying upon and within the statement, and the sudden grasp of long pondered facts expressed with the immediacy of a psychic explosion. There is the spirit of confounding opposites suggested in the Confucian tale, *look south to the polar star*, no compartmentalization, no speculation, just an intuitive expression of the unity of life forms and living thoughts when all dualities have been transcended.

In reading the book one can have no favorites; there are no heroes or villains, men or women. One is placed in the seat of nature which never plays favorites but sees humanity simply as life grows following paths that are the groundwork for all organisms, as well as the very solution in which they exist. One thing that struck me continually was that while the continuous descriptions were progressing, there was also an unconscious motivation that became symbolical and that, in its dynamism, forced the outward events into being, and even forced the writer into movements he had not planned. For instance, when Ryall awakens one morning (chapter 15), there are two pages of magnificent analysis of man's struggle to overcome the old incest taboo and creep back into the mother's womb, and at the same time there is the solution to the victory over the complex by a psychic meaning that projects his revolt on the specific point of the girl, Ailes. The ex-missionary, Teigne, who is the still space at the center of

Max. of Art

the book's events, is also the inescapable immanence that comes and goes as faith strengthens or weakens, and I prefer to consider his end as being wholly ambiguous—he is always around when one really wants him, like the *Tao*.

Not only in what it says, (and "Look South" has large sections devoted to Chinese painting, sculpture, and architecture) but even more in how it says these things, the book exemplifies the way of the Chinese artist who "becomes bamboo" or tiger or mountain. Its intuitive penetration of the Oriental acceptance of life and its vicissitudes is so thoroughly lived by the author that better than any book yet to come to my knowledge, it imposes its pattern of sympathy and understanding on the reader. For this reason I have indicated it as a curricular imperative in my Oriental esthetics classes. I am certain that within these pages is to be found a key that will open the door of organic understanding to the serious student of Eastern art and life; a sort of healing way to the unfamiliar, but august and unsovereign world vision that Oriental man has expressed for millennia.

Dates and facts are the cold and mortal mechanism of man's conscious desire for order—the living spirit lies elsewhere in the warm pulse of life itself. This book lives, and living, gives us a new breadth of horizon.

—STANTON MACDONALD-WRIGHT.

Picasso: Fifty Years of His Art. By Alfred H. Barr, Jr. The Museum of Modern Art, New York, 1946. 312 pp. and 330 plates. \$6.

Picasso: The Recent Years. By Harriet and Sidney Janis. Doubleday & Co., Inc., New York, 1946. 212 pp. and 135 plates. \$7.50.

Picasso is our most famous contemporary artist. Also our most publicized. Alfred Barr in "Fifty Years of His Art" prints a bibliography of nearly six hundred items, including forty-six monographs, while almost daily, more articles, reviews and books pour from the press. It is not Mr. Barr's intention to add one more interpretation to the list; rather he wishes to furnish "a balanced, condensed survey of Picasso's art: first, by means of reproductions; second, by a running commentary which is closely integrated page by page with the illustrations and supported by notes; lastly, by a series of appendices which include chronologies, lists and reprints of Picasso's own statements."

The volume is a continuation and amplification of the remarkable catalogue which in 1939 accompanied the exhibition of Picasso organized by the Museum of Modern Art, in collaboration with The Art Institute of Chicago. Not only is the section dealing with the first forty years of the artist greatly expanded but Mr. Barr has surveyed the tumultuous, baffling work of Picasso's last decade, including the products of those war years which, until the liberation of France, were hidden in mystery.

In the first two-thirds of the study, Mr. Barr has succeeded magnificently. His careful, analytical approach to the ever-changing forms of Picasso's art, his deep knowledge of sources on which the artist based his new intuitions, his command of simple and exact words to describe the essence of the man and his accomplish-

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"Picasso is based on a hunger for something deeper, more spiritual."

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ment, could not be improved. The arrangement of plates, the quality and progression of the commentary, constantly show the author as a brilliant and perceptive mind at work upon one of the most difficult artistic problems of our day.

In the final sections, however, Mr. Barr strikes me as less convincing and clairvoyant. The form of the study becomes a little tiresome and one could wish that, instead of this series of analytical notes, the volume had been cast into an extended essay which would allow the author to generalize and conclude rather than simply describe. Picasso's quick shifts and multiple changes during the thirties make this part of the analysis particularly difficult. It is not until we reach *Guernica* that the book picks up again and that we have some of Mr. Barr's most trenchant comments.

There is another reason for this decline. Though the author, on the last page, scores those defenders of Picasso who "ignoring the psychological tensions of his recent art," still try "to seek refuge in the esthetic of form and color so dogmatically popularized in the 1920's," he does not, I feel, ever come to grips with the symbolic elements in the artist's post-cubist development. Mr. Barr is rightfully wary of over-emotional reactions to Picasso's art. But in dismissing all these as "subjective" he leaves unsolved the major preoccupation of the artist's later days: how Picasso plays constantly with the theme of metamorphosis, from nature to art and back again to nature enhanced. Mr. Barr does not avoid subjective values entirely. He finds certain works "powerful" and "great," and indeed, a psychologist could point out that even in his formalist judgments there are strong elements of "subjectivism," but his scrupulous insistence on objectivity robs the final portion of his book of a certain warmth and insight. This is particularly true of the section dealing with the years 1939 to 1946 where, unfortunately, he was unfamiliar with most of the originals. Here the study grows somewhat remote and though there are instructive notes on Picasso's conversion to Communism, the recent exhibitions in Paris and London, etc., one has a slight feeling of things dealt with at second hand.

If Mr. Barr's last pages seem a bit removed from the present, those of Harriet and Sidney Janis are breathlessly contemporary. At the end of the war they hurried over to Paris; invaded Picasso's studio; spent "many weeks" studying and photographing his latest work and returned to produce a handsome book. Only seventeen of the illustrations in Mr. Barr's book occur in theirs; over a hundred other new canvases and sculptures are reproduced. We are given a very clear visual report of what Picasso did during this period when he turned out those hundreds of paintings and thousands of sketches which are, according to these authors, "the most forceful and authoritative" of his career. The plates are well produced; the juxtaposition and order are consistently interesting. (By the way, it might be fair to ask why many of the illustrations in Mr. Barr's "Fifty Years" are strikingly inferior to the Picasso catalogue of "Forty Years" and poorer than the Janises? Is "bad paper"—that constant alibi—or bad printing, to blame?)

The text which Mr. and Mrs. Janis have written, both in a series of chapters and in comment on the plates, is so full of hero worship and extravagance that we instantly side with Mr. Barr in his dislike of mere "subjectivism." The authors have turned Picasso not only into hero but god; he is The Creator, no less, "gigantic," "fecundating," and "universal." They are constantly awed and amazed and overwhelmed by his activity, and they alternately tip-toe and genuflect before such majesty. I should like to remind them of a remark made in 1935 by the master, himself, which Mr. Barr has included in his volume: "If they [people] would only realize above all that an artist works of necessity, that he himself is only a trifling bit of the world, and that no more importance should be attached to him than to plenty of other things which please us in the world." Had the Janises taken this salty observation to heart they would have avoided many of the hyperboles which destroy the insights and good reporting of which they have shown themselves capable.

In essence the war years show Picasso as continuing with the formal distortions and violences exploited so magnificently in *Guernica*. They show him still the artist who commits easily and without inhibition all that he instantly feels to canvas or paper or plaster. They display his rage, agony, horror, and disgust with the state of the world. The works which he turned out in such profusion

(the Janises would call it "herculean"—another, more cautious, might find it "reckless") undoubtedly vary in importance. There is more than a hint that certain of these canvases represent the triumph of exterior power over interior emptiness; that Picasso's tremendous facility is now and then his undoing and that, in constant repetition of a theme, he is in danger of approaching that master of monotony, Rouault. Before such painting it might be well to remember the words of his rival, Matisse, whose expressed intention is "*faire passer l'esprit dans le main et non le main dans l'esprit*."

—DANIEL CATTON RICH.

Forty Illustrators and How They Work. By Ernest W. Watson. Watson-Guption Publications, Inc., New York, 1946. 318 pages, plates. \$10.

This book comprises a series of articles, most of which were formerly published in *AMERICAN ARTIST*. As such, the material is not new, but the compilation in one volume should bring much deserved attention to a phase of contemporary art all too often neglected. Whether or not the fact is liked, it cannot be gainsaid that it is the illustrator who largely determines the artistic taste of the vast majority of Americans.

Mr. Watson has concentrated his attention on tracing the creative process as seen in each artist's work from Alajalov and Artzybasheff to Wortman and Wyeth. He has not made the mistake, however, of establishing his own formula into which each artist's work is to be fitted, but changes his approach according to the nature of the individual's work. The result is a lively group of articles, each differing, yet each containing much technical data. Descriptions of the various artists' choice of tools and materials, and, particularly, detailed accounts of their use of photography as an aid should make the volume of real value to the budding illustrator. To the author's credit is the fact that this practical data is handled in such a way as to be of unusual interest to the general reader as well. Readability is immeasurably aided by the careful selection of plates (of which some twenty-four are in color), in many cases graphically portraying the growth of an illustration, from the conception of the idea or the acceptance of the commission, to the final published version.

Ever lurking in the background of any discussion of commercial work is the inevitable question, "It may be illustration, but is it 'Art'?" To those who answer in the affirmative this book should sell itself. For the skeptical purists, however, with the term "prostitution" ever ready on their lips, certain facts arise from this survey of illustrators which commend it to study by them as well as by confirmed illustration addicts. To be sure, it has its quota of horse opera heroics, lovable old codgers, and simplified sex. And yet, for each banal example, completely subordinate to story or product, one finds imaginative creations by Boris Artzybasheff, penetrating portraits by Ernest Hamlin Baker, the forceful, earthy subjects of Robert Riggs, and the youthful delights of Aldren A. Watson and Robert Lawson. These are but a few of the artists who are rapidly erasing the arbitrary line drawn between fine and commercial art. Finally, in the work of all, despite the debatable value of some end products, is a mastery of means which will certainly rival, and in some cases surpass, the technical competence of many untainted practitioners of the "fine" arts. "Forty Illustrators and How They Work" thus holds forth promise of better days to come for American illustration, at the same time underlining the fact that we are, even now, extraordinarily rich in proficient craftsmen.

—THEODORE L. LOW.

Grandma Moses, American Primitive. Edited by Otto Kallir with an introduction by Louis Bromfield. The Dryden Press, New York, 1946. 37 pages of text, 40 plates. \$5.00.

Grandma Moses is the most effectively publicized of the contemporary unsophisticated painters known as "primitives." This book, edited by her dealer, Otto Kallir, gives us an insight into the approach used to make her a popular success.

Louis Bromfield, himself the best publicized of our rich, part-time farmboys, writes an introduction. He tells us that Mrs. Moses' appeal is based on "a hunger for something deeper, more spiritual,

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enough praise to that fine effort, *West Point Proud's Neck*, of 1900, but here again, although he speaks of the painting's power and of its freshness of color, he fails to hint at its rawness. It is this rawness of color that keeps Homer from joining the ranks of the great masters in oil in these particular paintings.

The present reviewer feels that emptiness and rawness will eventually be pointed out as Homer's major defects. Mr. Goodrich indeed says of him that he lacked the deeply emotional apprehension of form of the supreme masters, but does not sufficiently analyze, one feels, the great sea-paintings, *North-easter*, *Cannon Rock* and *Eastern Point* for their virtues and defects.

On nearly everything else this reviewer is in literal agreement with Mr. Goodrich, who has written a thoroughly delightful book. It has 96 plates, chronology, bibliography, notes, and an appreciative essay by the painter's friend, John W. Beatty. Mr. Goodrich has done us an invaluable service of pointing out that the reason Homer gave up engraving was because he had discovered water-color in 1874. Thereafter, at Minerva in the Adirondacks, at Gloucester, and at Lakes Tourilli and St. John in the Province of Quebec, as also in the West Indies, whatever he discovered through water-color may have helped his oils. But the latter never really did catch up, even when he took the ladies out of them.

JAMES W. LANE
National Gallery of Art

✓ GERMAIN SELIGMAN, *The Drawings of Georges Seurat*. 94 p. 46 pl. New York, 1947, Curt Valentin. \$15.00.

As Seurat seems to be superseding Cézanne, in recent criticism, in the role of "real chief of the revolutionary cubists and abstract artists," the systematic exploration of his complete work is very timely. The author of the present study holds that the previous publications by

Cousturier, Rey, Coquiott, de Laprade, Goldwater, and Rewald concentrate too much on Seurat's "great seven" compositions, and neglect the drawings, about four hundred of which have been preserved.

These are sharply divided by Mr. Seligman into "related" and "unrelated ones"; the former are studies for known paintings, whereas the later, made "for his personal enjoyment . . . follow an entirely separate trend." "It is as if the great master, concurrently with his accomplishments in oil, had undertaken an entirely separate task unrelated to the other" (p. 21). In other words, the author's intention is to reveal another Seurat, the unknown draughtsman.

Mr. Seligman states that the great paintings which he calls "official products," follow an impersonal and "scientific" evolution while the independent drawings alone reveal the artist's thus far hidden emotional personality, characterized by humility and austerity (p. 35).

The features common to all unrelated drawings are: mass, volume, weight, and three-dimensionalism, in sharp contrast to the studies for paintings, which show a progressive "flattening of space." One of the studies for the *Parade*, however, (Catalogue No. 22) has such a pronounced "spacial quality . . . that although it is a related drawing it could be considered an independent one" (p. 21).

In splitting Seurat's production the author wishes to emphasize that only the "official" paintings betray a stylistic progression, while in the unrelated drawings and some "informal" paintings, done over the same period, "subject and mood were his sole problems irrespective of the separate development of his style" (p. 22). Consequently the latter should not be classifiable chronologically; but by grouping drawings "technically and stylistically belonging together" into three main sections and three sub-sections and thereby reaching conclusions as to dating, the author has

very convincingly demonstrated that there is a stylistic development, thus undermining his thesis.

In going through the plates of the unrelated drawings one can indeed perceive the consistent development of Seurat's style in these drawings, very distinct, of course, from his pictorial style. Had the author chosen to delve more deeply into this very central problem, his study would have been of greater value.

It is in the penetrating analysis of individual drawings that Mr. Seligman shows a distinguished connoisseurship, and the text makes interesting reading despite certain trivial or awkward expressions. The catalogue is done with great care, but since only drawings in this country are studied and even in this field completeness is not intended, one wonders why thirteen more items are listed than those shown in the reproductions. To the very inclusive bibliography should be added the contributions of Roger Fry and Ozenfant, among the first to point out Seurat's significance.

To sum up, the assets of this publication are to have raised the problems of Seurat's free drawing style, to have given some suggestions for their solution, and to have brought together some of the best and most important documents of the art of drawing in an extremely handsome volume. Indeed the plates render the velvet-like quality of these conté crayon drawings superbly. Any college library should consider the acquisition of this book, if only for the reproductions, half of which are not included in any other work on Seurat. The only other publication devoted exclusively to Seurat's drawings (Gustave Kahn, *Les Dessins de Georges Seurat*, 2 vols., Paris, 1928), long out of print, is available in only a very few libraries in America.

KLAUS BERGER
Washington, D.C.

ALFRED H. BARR, JR., *Picasso—Fifty Years of His Art*. 314 p., 330 ill. (7 in color). New York, 1946. The Museum of Modern Art. \$6.00.

It is a special tribute to the excellence of the catalogues issued by the Museum of Modern Art that so many of them are sold out within a short time after publication and become unobtainable except at premium prices. *Picasso—Forty Years of His Art*, the catalogue of the great Picasso retrospective exhibition of 1939, has been no exception to this general rule: it went through several printings in rapid order, but the demand for it so exceeded the available supply that a new edition has been eagerly awaited for a number of years. Now that this new edition has finally reached us, we have every reason to be thankful for the war-time difficulties which delayed it for so long. While the present volume incorporates all the material of the original catalogue and acknowledges its relation to its predecessor even in the title, it is a work of far greater scope and completeness, so that it almost merits the status of an entirely new publication. The most important feature of the *Fifty Years* is not merely the increase in the number of illustrations or the very considerable additions to the text, but rather a change in point of view. The Picasso exhibition, admirable as it was, had inevitably suffered from certain important omissions, and the *Forty Years*, conceived primarily as an elaborate exegesis of the works included in the show, did not quite overcome this handicap. In the *Fifty Years*, on the other hand, the choice of material is no longer influenced by the contents of the exhibition. By judiciously filling in the weak spots of the earlier work—actually over one third of the *Fifty Years* consists of new material—Alfred Barr has achieved what will probably remain for many years to come the best-balanced and most comprehensive study of Picasso's stupendous career. Perhaps the book might best be described

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as the catalogue of an ideal Picasso exhibition, for the material is still presented in the form of an annotated catalogue, which places the burden of continuity on the plates rather than on the text. The great advantage of this method is, of course, that it has permitted the author to compress a vast amount of research and study into a comparatively limited space and thus to keep the price of the volume within the financial range of the general public. For the casual reader, the text may be too compact; but then the subject itself is not one to reward mere passing attention. Fundamentally, the work of Picasso is no different from that of any other artist of similar stature in the severe demands it makes upon the public. Unfortunately, in our era of digests and popularizations, few are willing to meet these demands, and the literature on modern art has, as a whole, catered alarmingly to the universal desire for short-cuts. In dealing with Picasso, whose name has almost become a synonym for incomprehensibility with the general public, oversimplification is particularly tempting and dangerous. It is the great merit of Alfred Barr that he has steadfastly refused to make any concessions in this respect, even though his book is not addressed to the specialist. Armed with the vast factual knowledge resulting from fifteen years of continuous contact with his subject, he calmly sets out to organize into a coherent pattern what he calls "the complex but, in the end, recognizable counter point in Picasso's development." His methods are as varied as the problems he has had to face; he may at times proceed like a cautious philologist, painstakingly weaving together scattered bits of evidence, but when the occasion demands he proves himself equally capable of bold juxtapositions and striking flashes of insight. Yet he is unfailingly lucid, restrained, and imbued with a profound respect for his material.

If, in the introduction, Alfred Barr disclaims any intention to argue an

interpretation or to draw any conclusions, this is true only in the sense that he refuses to provide a general theory applicable to Picasso's entire *oeuvre* to date, out of the sound conviction that any such attempt would be, to say the least, presumptuous as long as Picasso himself continues to create new forms every year with undiminished vigor. For those already equipped with full-fledged theories about him, Picasso's relentless productivity has come to be an increasingly uncomfortable fact. As a consequence, there has been a considerable tendency since the end of the war to disparage his recent work, apparently on the assumption that at his age Picasso has no right to keep us any longer from wrapping him up in a neat ideological package. Among the *cognoscenti*, the news that the Great Man has gone stale at last is being whispered about with a curious mixture of regret and relief. It is thus a particular pleasure to read Alfred Barr's thorough and carefully documented study of Picasso's activities since the Nazi occupation of Paris. Of even greater importance perhaps is his extensive presentation of the artist's earliest years, with special emphasis upon the manifold artistic and literary impressions whose influence played a decisive part in moulding Picasso's personality. Another outstanding section of the book is the greatly expanded discussion of Cubism; even though the author has retained the terms "analytical" and "synthetic" for the two main phases of the style—a nomenclature that has never seemed entirely acceptable to this reviewer—he demonstrates much more fully than before the crucial importance of *collage*, not only for the further development of Cubism itself but also as an important source of inspiration for Surrealism. Here, as throughout the rest of the book, the author's main concern is the strangely prophetic nature of Picasso's genius, which links his development with all the important phases of contemporary art. It is this quality of Picasso that accounts, more than any other,

for his unique significance in our civilization.

H. W. JANSON
Washington University

HARRIET and SIDNEY JANIS, *Picasso, The Recent Years, 1939-1946*, xii + 211 p., including 135 pl. (5 in color). Garden City, 1946, Doubleday, \$7.50.

In spite of the difficulties of life in occupied Paris, perhaps because of them, Picasso produced an extraordinary number of paintings, sketches, *collages*, constructions, and works of sculpture during the war years. The authors, by means of a visit to Paris in the spring of 1946, had the opportunity of seeing most of this wartime accumulation before it began to be dispersed, and also of obtaining first hand information from the artist and his friends. Their book, published almost simultaneously with Alfred Barr's *Picasso: Fifty Years of His Art* (reviewed in this issue) offers an abundant supplement of information on this latest period.

Printed on good coated paper of ample format, its foremost value is for the large number of illustrations, many of full-page size and a few in color. These present graphically and incontrovertibly the tremendous vitality and variety of Picasso's work. I wish the authors had been able to include at least one color plate of the paintings in sombre gray, purple and olive green which seem to me, despite the opinion of the *New York Times* art critic, to have great depth and power.

Instead of the conventional chronological sequence, the illustrations are grouped for the most part according to subject matter: figure paintings with variations in the treatment of the nude; portraits of Miss Dora Maar ranging from idealized naturalism to monstrous dislocations; three or four series of still life themes, the skull and leeks, the tomato plant, the lamp and pitcher and others. One of the surprises of the war period is the series of Paris landscapes.

Doubtless they were motivated by a vicarious escape from the confinement of the occupation but they are much more powerful than the occasional landscapes done in the thirties at his Chateau of Boisgeloup and seem to stem from the early cubist paintings at Horta. The two largest paintings of the period are the *Night Fishing at Antibes* (1939), a lyrical subject raised to a high pitch of dramatic intensity, and the unfinished *Charnel House* (1944) which is a variation on the *Guernica* theme of expressionistic suffering.

There are several photographs of the recent gallery exhibitions held in Paris and London that have documentary value, and of equal interest are those picture subtitles which give the full date of the painting. It is unfortunate that full dates were not obtainable for every picture, but there is a limit to a man's patience—even Picasso's. One of the best illustrations is the frontispiece, a beautiful photograph of Picasso standing in his studio beside a fuelless stove, taken by Francis Lee during the winter of 1944-45.

The authors' comments accompanying the illustrations provide some of the most enlightening passages, even though not every reader will agree with them. Two or three of the paintings are compared to photographs of the subject and the analysis, particularly that of the *Studio Window* (Pl. 21) should be very helpful in bringing about a better understanding of Picasso.

The brief text is addressed to the intelligent reader and is reasonably free of the superficialities and generalizations which are supposed to make art books popular. There are short chapters on the artist at work, his political views and the public reception accorded his work in Paris and London. This review is not the place to make an issue of the complex political question, but I think the authors are misleading when they cite the Blue Period as an example of latent social content. This was an expression of inner life, colored by psychic qualities

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BOOK REVIEW DIGEST 1946

651

"Barth, slow-moving, oddly fascinating—though improbable in period and setting."
Kirkus 14:46 F 1 '46 200w

"Definitely not for libraries." E. I. Lewis
Library J 71:587 Ap 15 '46 70w

"It is a difficult task for a reviewer to indicate that a work is readable and yet not quite successful—and I think this would be a fair judgment on Mr. Phelan's novel. He writes well with a simple, direct and pleasing use of language. But the expectations aroused never quite to a focus." D. C. Russell

+ N Y Times p20 Ap 14 '46 400w

Mr. Phelan achieves a very successful atmosphere of horror with his evil old baronet and his villagers and their black magic, but before the end you get the feeling that the whole thing is constructed, rather than born of any possible experience. It's very well constructed, though.

New Yorker 22:36 Ap 27 '46 170w

Mr. Phelan is primarily a story teller, and a good one. He practices his art with a superb combination of natural cunning and careful technique, never letting the cause which he is espousing interfere with the tale which he is telling, yet making his point with strength and clarity. Thomas Sugrue

Weekly Book Review p2 Ap 14 '46 200w

PHILLIPS, ALEXANDRA. Forever possess.
16-1163
16-1163

Historical novel based on the life of the Hudson river estates in the 1690's. Anne, daughter of a New York merchant who married the aristocratic Henri Fox, had to live with him on one of these estates. As the heroine, Leiler's rebellion against the pleasant days of peace to an end, after a time Henri and Anne are parted, which Anne's refusal her husband from her estate, which they were more closely related than ever.

Reviewed by F. H. Thibault

Book Week p3 F 17 '46 650w

Booklist 42:211 F 1 '46

Good handling of little known phase of American history, but not always easy reading.

Kirkus 14:41 F 1 '46 120w

Reviewed by Beatrice Sherman

N Y Times p10 Mr 31 '46 320w

There is too much painstaking historical research in the book and, for that matter, too many words. But if you look carefully, you will see signs of a pleasing talent.

New Yorker 22:57 F 23 '46 20w

Miss Phillips has burrowed deeply into the archives, creating a picture of the lusty 1690s which is both interesting with its dramatic background Leiler's Rebellion. Lisle Bell

Weekly Book Review p24 F 24 '46 140w

Wis Lib Bul 42:60 Ap '46

PHILLIPS, WILLIAM, ed. Great American short novels. 62p \$4 Dial press

45-25132

Text of eight novelettes, with an introduction by the editor. Contents: Reolto Cereno, by Herman Melville; Washington Square, by Edith Wharton; Margie, by Stephen Crane; M. C. M., by Gertrude Stein; False dawn, by Edith Wharton; The Great Gatsby, by F. S. Fitzgerald; Pale horse, pale rider, by K. A. Porter; The pilgrim hawk, by Glenway Wescott.

Booklist 42:209 My 15 '46

Book Week p3 My 26 '46 30w

Kirkus 14:2 Ja '46 60w

"The present collection is to be welcomed, both for its own excellence and for the hope it lends forth as a possible encouragement to the reading, writing and publishing of novelettes in this nation." Isaac Rosenfeld

+ N Y Times p16 My 26 '46 650w

PHILLIPS, WILLIAM, ed. The Partisan reader. See Partisan review (periodical)

PICASSO, PABLO (PABLO RUY). Picasso: fifty years of his art, by Alfred H. Barr, Jr. 311p \$5 Museum of modern art

759.6 Paintings, Spanish 47-30007

"A revision of Mr. Barr's 'Picasso: Forty Years of His Art' (Book Review Digest, 1939) which covers much the same ground. There are about a hundred more illustrations, and the text, which was rather telegraphic in the first volume, has been considerably expanded." New Yorker

"His undisputed brilliance of talent refutes those who call him a blundering fake, and his sense of what might be charlatanous confuses but never defeats his most fervent followers. At any rate he has been at it now for a half-century, and the event has been observed by Mr. Barr with a careful scrutiny of his work that has the calm enthusiasm of a skilful autopsy. The author presents a balanced, condensed survey of Picasso's art as a running commentary closely integrated with 300 illustrations." W. G. Dooley

+ N Y Times p9 D 22 '46 500w

New Yorker 22:146 D 11 '46 60w

"One of the most important aspects of this book is its amazingly complete annotation and documentation. The bibliography alone runs to 538 listings, favorable and otherwise. There isn't much that Barr has overlooked in his wise, tolerant and philosophic way." Alfred Frankenstein

+ San Francisco Chronicle p3 D 1 '46 500w

"So very modern an artist as Picasso naturally deserved modern treatment in the latest books about him. He has received it at the hands of Mr. Barr and the Museum of Modern Art, for here is none of the 'artificiality' of an earlier day, but the most factual history that could be built up by painstaking research. Questionnaires have brought Picasso's own testimony to bear on various disputed points; a bibliography of more than 550 titles and various other matters are appended. But the essential record comes through the imposing series of more than 300 illustrations. Mr. Barr's text, after only about two pages of introduction, confines itself to commentary on the pictures." Walter Pater

+ Weekly Book Review p8 Ja 26 '47 750w

PICKEN, MRS. MARY (BROOKS). Sewing for the home: how to make fabric furnishings in a professional way, with 11 by C. Florence Valentine and Marie Straube, rev. & ed 211p \$3.50 Harper

747 House decoration. Sewing 45-3572

A new edition of the book first published in 1941 (Book Review Digest 1941). Some thirty pages have been added, but there is no statement of the changes.

Booklist 42:302 My 15 '46

"With page after page of the most exact directions for everything from sewing curtains to sewing felt and backed up with keyed text, only a zany could fail to produce the wonderful results. Miss Pickens then presents in color. If you do all this, you can have all that I recommend that husbands of non-sewing wives adopt this book, along with the latest type sewing machine. As a present for birthdays and anniversaries. No spouse could miss the hint. She will doubtless prove to be a surprisingly efficient stitcher." Richardson Wright

+ Weekly Book Review p15 Ag 25 '46 100w

Wis Lib Bul 42:112 Ji '46

PIERSON, DONALD, ed. Survey of the literature on Brazil of sociological significance published up to 1949. 6p \$1.50 Harvard Univ Press (4d Oxford)

016.30181 Brazil: Social conditions. Bibliography. Sociology. Bibliography. A14-552

"The survey is introduced by a brief statement of the problem which faced the compiler

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Picasso as Symbol and Challenge

PICASSO. *Fifty Years of His Art*. By Alfred H. Barr Jr. 314 pp. New York: Museum of Modern Art, distributed by Simon & Schuster. \$6.

PICASSO. *The Recent Years, 1939-1946*. By Harriet and Sidney Janis. 211 pp. New York: Doubleday & Co. \$7.50.

By WILLIAM GERMAIN DOOLEY

THERE is no parallel in literature for Picasso, unless it be James Joyce, or in music, except Stravinsky. In fact there is no close parallel for Picasso anywhere. Imperturbably alone, his hydra-headed art has flourished, twisted and doubled back on itself, shattered the canons of representation and then explored and rearranged the fragments. Like a Pied Piper his career has attracted a continuous following of explainers and narrators. They are not always so well-informed as these two most recent publications, Alfred H. Barr Jr.'s fifty-year survey, and the war years' ecstatic appraisal by Harriet and Sidney Janis. Explaining Picasso is a large order, for his world is not our calendar art of cosy red barns, pretty petunias, nor the genre of everyday life.

If he bothers to borrow from classical or traditional heritage (which is oftener than you might think), he puts it in his own space-time conception with isolated melancholy. His savage grotesqueries are the more devastating for being coldly intellectualized. Ten years ago his horror at the bombing of Guernica foreshadowed John Hersey's study of Hiroshima. Hersey's is a sympathetic parable of mankind stunned; Picasso's mural is the icy rage of a spectator from Mars, viewing the mess modern man has made for himself. If the world is going to hell in a

handbasket, Picasso is the one to show us just how the process looks.

His undisputed brilliance of talent refutes those who call him a blundering fake, and his tinge of what might be charlatanism confuses—but never defeats his most fervent followers. At any rate he has been at it now for a half-century, and the event has been observed by Mr. Barr with a careful scrutiny of his work that has the calm enthusiasm of a skillful autopsy.

The author presents a balanced, condensed survey of Picasso's art as a running commentary closely integrated with 300 illustrations. After this there are pages of documentation, checklists of his book illustrations, designs for the ballet, a chronology of exhibitions from 1897, what works are owned by American museums, where he has lived and when (including street addresses), a bibliography and an index. The bibliography purposely omits hundreds of routine reviews and journalistic notices, yet it records over 550 items, of which forty-six are good sized monographs. This is microscopic study.

FOR instance statements from the master have been divided into four categories, shading from authentic revelation to downright error. These are: those "presumably written by Picasso himself," those "said to be approved by Picasso . . . written by others following conversations with him," "statements apparently not confirmed by Picasso following interviews," "statements said to be rejected by Picasso as false." Every line has a modifying word. "Presum-

ably," "apparently," and other hedges seem to stem from a documentation note about Picasso and his crony, Gertrude Stein: "the memory of neither is dependable." I will venture a guess as to this obscurity. Picasso is a brilliant genius but a very earthy man like his predecessor, Rabelais. To the good-willed and high-minded young scholars who want to record and rationalize his every step, he perhaps would like to say "Go away, don't bother me. You make me feel like an archaeological excavation."

NOW this is not fair, so far, to the author, Mr. Barr, for this is by far the best book yet about Picasso. He has kept the text clear (except for the incredibly bad use of illegibly small italic body type) so that at each step in a pyrotechnic career, what happened and where is recorded in simple lucid prose. A thorough analyst, Mr. Barr has cleared away a mass of error and confusion, and the ground covered will not have to be worked over.

There are color plates that further testify to the versatile perception of this century's most agile talent. Picasso can draw like Ingres, model like Bourdelle, and color like no one else. His periods, from Blue to Bones, have succeeded and repeated each other so rapidly that most followers become sadly confused. Not Mr. Barr, however, who has unerring skill. If Picasso's work was once said to look like an organized accident, the commentator did not realize that he is a seven-letter word for atomic fusion.

Now Harriet and Sidney Jan-



"Coq," Paris, 1943. From "Picasso, The Recent Years."

is have not the detachment of Alfred Barr. They are devotees of the closest sort and have for some time expressed their intention to do "The" book on Picasso and his art. The five years of occupation and the confusion since have only begun to clear away and his work of that period emerges, as it always would, as a fresh shock. Thus it seemed

imperative to the authors to set aside their larger plans and concentrate on the war years. The present book is a richly illustrated, well-printed account.

For almost half a century Picasso has been in art the symbol of the challenge which the concept of the word "modern" creates. His personal and artistic

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Marc Chagall: Two Viewpoints on His Life and Works

BURNING LIGHTS. By Bella Chagall. 268 pp. New York: Schocken Books. \$3.

MARC CHAGALL. By James Johnson Sweeney. Illustrated. 102 pp. New York: The Museum of Modern Art. \$3.

By ALFRED WERNER

ON JUNE 21, 1941 the Chagalls, refugees from Nazi-dominated France, arrived in

New York. On the same day the Hitlerites invaded Russia, and only a short while later virtually obliterated the ancient White Russian city of Vitebsk where Marc and Bella were born in 1889 and 1895, respectively, and where they had been married in 1915. Yet the beloved image of the "sad and joyful city," as the

painter described it in his autobiography, "Ma Vie," continued to live in the minds of its faithful children, each of them having taken with him, "in place of his vanished inheritance . . . like a piece of his father's shroud, the breath of the parental home."

THE painter's wife began writing her memoirs after having revisited the old country in 1935. By the time of her death in 1944, she had covered only part of her life—thus the present volume constitutes merely a fragment of her unfinished autobiography. She wrote it in her mother tongue, Yiddish, that curious blending of medieval German, Hebrew, Russian and various other languages, an idiom lending itself superbly to the expression of tender thoughts and sentimental feelings. There is little action in the unpretentious twenty-five sketches of which the book is composed; they try, at times successfully, to recreate the strangely poetical atmosphere of a world long passed, of a traditional Jewish home with all its splendors and limitations.

Judging by this book, the Jews of Vitebsk seem to have been rather simple, somewhat superstitious and generally good-natured people. Religion played a

paramount part in their lives. There was the joyful Sabbath, ushered in by mother's lighting of the candles, and ending when father snuffed out the lights. There were the solemn holidays when the men would moan and sigh the whole day long in their white prayer shawls, but there were also less dignified festivals when all, including the children, would sing and dance and stomp, and father might even drink too much wine. There was the Purim festival when mother would distribute gifts among the family and the employees, and merry-makers would turn somersaults and show tricks; there was the feast of Passover when no crumb of leavened bread would be tolerated in the house, and when there would be kept a goblet of wine for the Prophet Elijah, and then finally the autumn festival of Succoth when the family would take their meals in a leafy tabernacle.

AS a child, Mrs. Chagall must have been a most sensitive person, enjoying equally laughter and tears. Tears and laughter also fill her memoirs which she wrote in a slow-moving, rather playful style. What the book

lacks in persuasiveness and vigor is balanced by Marc Chagall's masterly illustrations, expressing a wealth of emotion through a few bold lines, depending upon swift suggestion rather than upon precise definition.

ONCE, when Chagall wanted to express his love of Paris where he spent the better part of his life, he fondly, if oddly, resorted to the phrase: "Mon second Vitebsk." In his book Mr. Sweeney duly records the painter's indebtedness to his Jewish orthodox background and to his Russian traditions, but he stresses the influence which classic and modern French art, expressionism and cubism, had exerted upon Chagall before he created a style of his own. Skillfully the author unfolds the career of the young firebrand who, in 1910, arrived in Paris "with a ripe color gift, a fresh, unashamed response to sentiment, a feeling for simple poetry and a sense of humor." The book leads us up to last spring when Chagall, at the height of his fame, opened his most comprehensive retrospective one-man show at New York's Museum of Modern Art.

Mr. Sweeney, who was instru-

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"The Red Cock," 1940. From "Marc Chagall."

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integrity under the Nazis became a question of wide concern. Would he conform to the Realpolitik? Would he freeze up in protesting atrophy? Or would his output continue normally? The authors tell how, after the liberation, Picasso was sought out in Paris by curious correspondents, by artists in the service and by ordinary GI's. For during the war he had been variously reported with the French Army at the front, in Spain, in unoccupied France or in a concentration camp.

The truth is quite interesting. At the outbreak of war Picasso had been at Royan in the south of France. After Paris fell, instead of fleeing further, he stormed defiantly back to Paris.

It was a tough spot to be in. The painter of "Guernica" could well have been high on the purge list but there were only sporadic Gestapo raids at his studio and it seems now as if his fame as a symbol and the probable effect on French morale, if he were molested, served to protect him.

At any rate the rebellious output during the five war years was equivalent to many an artist's lifework—300 to 400 oils, 2,000 sketches and drawings and a quantity of wonderful illustrations that have been slighted in both books. In the midst of war Picasso kept his painter's stroke and lovely color sense and the strong, seething, angry, sardonic wrath at a world which seems more mad to him than anything he ever painted.

Art of Marc Chagall

(Continued from Page 9)

mental in organizing the exhibition, wisely refrains from trying to "explain" Chagall's puzzling pictures to the layman, almost apologetically quoting the artist who claimed that he did not understand them, either, as they were merely "pictorial arrangements of images" which possessed him. Yet no objection can be raised to Mr. Sweeney's attempt to demonstrate how the painter "built" his pictures out of apparently disparate elements which, actually, are based on various recollections, tumbling around, helter-skelter, in the artist's subconscious mind. In general, the elements are drawn in a realistic manner—it is, as Mr. Sweeney points out, their illogical grouping that affords the metaphorical character of the canvases. The author characterizes Chagall's contribution to modern art as "the reawakening of a poetry of representation, avoid-

ing factual illustration on the one hand and non-figurative abstraction on the other." Our debt to Chagall is as an artist "who has brought poetry back into painting through subject-matter, without any sacrifice of his painter's interest in the picture for itself, and entirely aside from any communication that can be put into words."

Carl O. Schniewind, of Chicago's Art Institute, contributes a valuable chapter on Chagall's etchings and drypoints, including illustrations for Gogol's "Dead Souls," La Fontaine's "Fables," and the Bible. He predicts that "when Chagall's prints become better known he will probably prove to be one of the really great printmakers of our day." The lucidly written and instructive volume contains 55 plates and a bibliography listing no fewer than 200 books and major articles on Chagall's work published in nine languages.

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Fifty Years of Picasso's Art

Picasso: Fifty Years of His Art, by Alfred H. Barr Jr. (The Museum of Modern Art, Distributed by Simon & Schuster, \$6).

By LEE WALSH

The most controversial figure in art today is not a new star on the artistic horizon, but a man called by many critics the world's greatest living painter—Pablo Picasso.

Picasso, who was 65 in October, is still the center of artistic argument wherever his paintings are seen or discussed. In his 50 years of painting, he had gone thru so many "periods" that even experts become



Picasso

confused when naming them; followers of the pre-Raphaelites call him a charlatan and are outraged by his distorted canvases; but his admirers call him the supreme genius. The greatest living French poet, Paul Eluard, has called him "sublime."

In spite of this stormy controversy, Picasso continues to paint his canvases and turn out sculpture in his big studio on the top floor of his house in the Rue des Grand Augustins, on the Left Bank in Paris.

However, one may feel about the artist, a study of "Picasso: Fifty Years of His Art" will reveal much new material on Picasso and his work.

Alfred H. Barr Jr., has used plates reproduced in most of the media and techniques that Picasso has used in the most comprehensive book on the artist yet published.

First we meet the younger Picasso in Spain. Son of an artist, he received highly competent academic instruction from his father. The influence of El Greco is seen in a plate, "Old Man With a Sick Girl," Barcelona, 1898, and the influence of Toulouse-Lautrec in "Heads and Figures," Paris, 1900.

In 1901, Vollard, the famous Parisian dealer, gave Picasso his first Paris exhibition, mostly of work done in Spain. The show was not a success; Picasso was criticized as an im-



Girl Before a Mirror (1932), reproduced on the cover of "Picasso: Fifty Years of His Art."

tator of Lautrec, Steinlen, van Gogh. Picasso's "Blue Period" is cataloged from 1901 to 1904; "The Circus Period," from 1905; the first "Classic Period" from mid-1905 to mid-1906.

Mr. Barr devotes quite a bit of discussion to "Les Femmes d'Alger" (O.J.), Paris, 1907, and calls it the first "cubist" picture. "Les Femmes d'Alger" is a transitional picture, a laboratory, or, better, a battlefield of trial and experiment; but it is also a work of formidable, dynamic power unsurpassed in European art of its time," writes the author.

From "cubism," Mr. Barr takes Picasso thru more of his transitional and stormy periods to the Spanish civil war and "Guernica," (early May—June, 1937). On April 28, 1937, the Basque town of Guernica was reported as destroyed. Picasso was then an active partisan of the Spanish republic and he had been commissioned to paint a mural for the Spanish government building at the Paris World's Fair. He began work on May 1st, just two days after the news of the catastrophe, and the mural was finished in June. Subject of an artistic furor, both in Europe and America, the painting has been both praised and damned as have



Les Femmes d'Alger (1906-07)

Museum of Modern Art

most of his more important works. In "Guernica," Picasso certainly has not used the language of the ordinary man, but Mr. Barr says: "... if this work of art does not entirely explain itself, it can be defended very easily; let those who find the "Guernica" inadequate, point to a greater painting produced during the past terrible decade or, for that matter, during our century."

Picasso's conversion to Communism, his association with writers, painters and musicians—among them Gertrude Stein and Igor Stravinsky—are all woven into the story of Picasso and his art.

The authoritative text is accompanied by over 300 plates—seven of them in full color. Paintings, drawings, sculptures, prints and ballet designs are reproduced and discussed. Statements by Picasso, and a bibliography of more than 550 titles, lists of work by Picasso in American museums, of books illustrated by Picasso, and of ballets for which he made designs are included.

Again, regardless of how one may feel about the work of Picasso, a study of his book is certain to further his understanding of the man who, if not the first artist of our time, is certainly the most revolutionary.

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Picasso in His Paris Studio

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Art Digest, Dec. 1, 1947

"Picasso: 50 Years of His Art" by
Alfred H. Barr, Jr. Museum of Modern
Art. \$6.00. The most comprehensive
study of the most controversial painter
working today. Well illustrated. (Re-
viewed Feb. 15 Digest.)

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PHILADELPHIA, PA.
INQUIRER 1/19

Five Decades of Picasso's Art

Spanish Master's Works Mirror Political Thought

PICASSO: FIFTY YEARS OF HIS ART. By Alfred H. Barr, Jr. Published by Museum of Modern Art, New York. Distributed by Simon & Schuster, New York. 314 pp. \$6.00.

Reviewed by
JOHN GROTH

IN a day of high-priced art books, Alfred Barr's "Picasso: Fifty Years of His Art" is a bargain that no one who pretends to any appreciation or understanding of the art of our time can afford to pass.

It has more pictures than a Sears Roebuck catalogue—and as varied. The 330 pictures, seven of them in full color, cover the entire book. They constitute a review of the art of our time in a succession of styles showing every phase of the Spanish master's work which has influenced two generations of painters.

Here are the results of the Picasso laboratory—every new direction in 20th century art has been tested and carried to its highest degree.

The pictures begin with early student painting done in Spain and Paris at the beginning of the century, and range through the Blue, Circus, First Classic, Rose, Cubist, Neo-Classic, Metamorphic, Surrealist and other periods.

In addition to paintings, there are sketches for ballet costumes and sets; illustrations for books; pen portraits of friends; sculptures, etchings and sketches for the famous Guernica Mural.

There are portraits of Picasso himself, ranging from a Ramon Casas drawing of him as a 20-year-old student, to Post-Liberation Day photographs of him in his Paris studio, surrounded by paintings and sculptures.

BARR has analyzed the pictures in easily understood language, placing them in their proper periods, and explaining the backgrounds and other material that influenced their creation.

Besides this text, there are statements by Picasso, lists of his exhibitions, works in American museums and books he has illustrated, and, as if this were not enough, a chronology of the places he has lived, with even the street addresses of his successive Paris studios.

To get an idea of the amount of

work and research that Barr has done in assembling this book, my own experience with him might help. I was fortunate in seeing Picasso in his studio the day after the liberation and was invited to spend the day with him.

On my return to New York, Barr asked me to write my impression and all the details of my Picasso meeting.

Besides this, he phoned me innumerable times, asking questions as to the sizes of pictures, the decor of the studio, what Picasso was wearing and a thousand other questions.

All of this work on Barr's part resulted in but three lines of the many thousands in his book.

SECTIONS of the volume that reflect Picasso the artist in relation to the troubles of his era are dealt with in detail. Picasso, the Spaniard, as well as the artist and man of good will, was moved to indignant action by the heartless bombardment of Guernica by Franco in the Spanish civil war.

Nearly a dozen pages are given to the monumental black, white and gray mural he painted summing up the horror of that event. The composition studies and motifs are presented as well as several views of the mural.

During the German occupation of France, Picasso was a symbol. He remained in Paris painting the great art of the kind that the Germans considered degenerate. The painting of these pictures was one manifestation of his artist's resistance to the enemy. He could have easily departed to a warm welcome in England or the United States.

Since the war, he has been working on the painting "Charnel House," inspired by his horror of Buchenwald and Belsen.

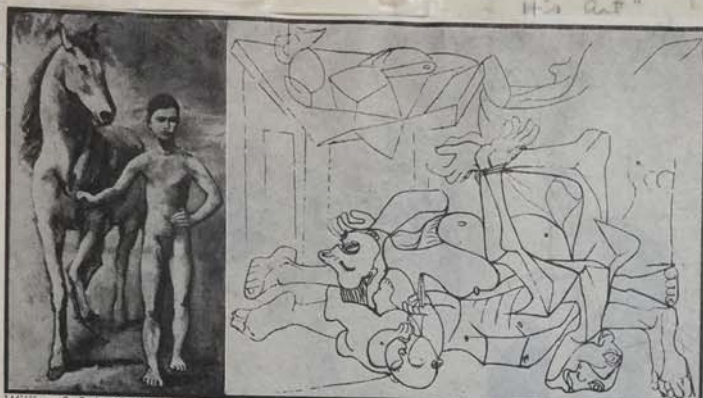
HIS own written statement best tells of Picasso, the artist, in relation to his work:

"What do you think an artist is? An imbecile who has only his eyes if he's a painter, or ears if he's a musician, or a lyre at every level of his heart if he's a poet, or even, if he's a boxer, just his muscles? On the contrary, he's at the same time a political being, constantly alive to heart-rending, fiery or happy events, to which he responds in every way.

"How would it be possible to feel no interest in other people and by virtue of an ivory indifference to detach yourself from the life which they so copiously bring you? No, painting is not done to decorate apartments. It is an instrument of war for attack and defense against the enemy."

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TIME, NOVEMBER 18, 1946



William S. Paley Collection

PICASSO'S "BOY LEADING A HORSE" (1905) & "CHARNEL-HOUSE" (1945)

No more blue beachcombers.

Fifty Years in Front

Anyone who paints elephant-nosed women and six-sided guitars, and calls them art, should obviously see an oculist—or a doctor. But what if the patient can draw like Raphael when he chooses?

Pablo Picasso is this sort of irritating exception. In a half-century of painting he has ranged from classic perfection to near chaos, without once mislaying the sureness in execution and the vitality which are his only consistent characteristics. That half-century was summed up by scholarly Alfred H. Barr Jr., research director of Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art, in a comprehensively illustrated monograph out last week (*Picasso, 50 Years of His Art*; \$6). Its 330 pictures were the work of a restless giant in a restless era, who constantly invented new worlds to conquer, then tired of them.

The illustrations start with the year 1895, when Picasso was 14 and a coming artist in Spain. He set up on his own in a

Barcelona studio, decorated the walls with paintings of sumptuous furniture he could not afford.

Pink & Blue Beginnings. Already schooled by his father, an art teacher, Picasso went to Paris at 19 to rule, not to worship. He did go around to see the paintings of Toulouse-Lautrec, whom he admired enormously, "but all the same," Picasso decided, "I paint better than Lautrec." He set out to prove it and for three years painted starved laundresses, absinthe drinkers and grave, bearded beachcombers in blue. Nowadays they seem a bit staid and sentimental; Barr suggests that they reflect Picasso's "room without a lamp, his meals of rotten sausages, even his burning a pile of his own drawings to keep warm."

For a while Picasso tried pink. His blue period "gave way to the more natural style and melancholy sweetness of a long series of circus people." His *Boy Leading a Horse* (see cut) which even a know-nothing in art could see was first rate, has, says Barr, "an unpretentious, natural nobility of order and gesture which makes the official guardians of the 'Greek' tradition such as Ingres and Puvis de Chavannes seem vulgar or pallid."

Walk-Around Art. Picasso saw no point in doing things perfectly more than once. He left the imitating to his growing army of imitators. He began painting faces, tables and guitars from every angle, interlocking his various views of them in tight, infinitely complicated and almost unrecognizable compositions. Why paint from a single viewpoint, he argued, when you have legs to walk around the model and see it from behind as well as in front?

By the time the critics got the point of Cubism, Picasso had moved on. He paused with a neoclassical manner which combined the flowing, controlled line of Raphael and a sculptural mass and weight new to painting. But the beauty came too easily, and there was a hint of something false about it. "When we love a woman," said Picasso, "we don't start measuring her limbs."

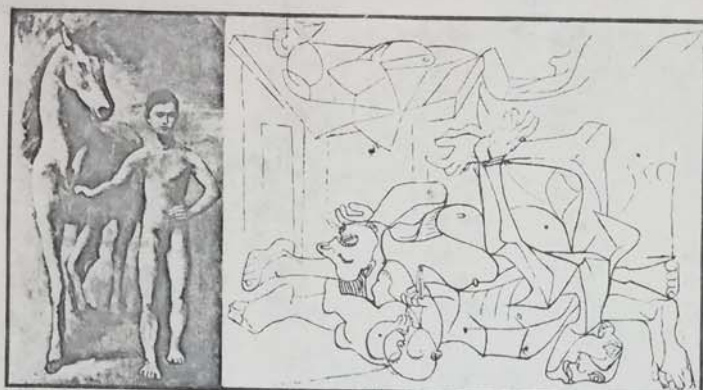
Are Artists Imbeciles? Then, 20 years ago, the master stopped measuring; his art grew more & more violent, more & more like pure emotion. He twisted women, dogs, Greek heroes, horses and table lamps into paroxysms of rage or frustration. He built monuments of painted bones, drew "pictures" that were nothing but dancing lines and dots, made a "Bull's Head" out of a bicycle seat and handle bars. He protested the German bombing of Guernica (in the Spanish Civil War) with a massive mural whose ugliness is its strength. "What do you think an artist is?" asked Picasso. "An imbecile who has only his eyes? . . . No, painting is not done to decorate apartments. It is an instrument of war for attack and defense against the enemy."

Picasso went through one six-month stretch when the only picture he did was a rag cut by a piece of string; and through another period when he tried his restless hand at poetry. Currently he calls himself a Communist, but his art would please no commissar. Author Barr more correctly calls Picasso an "intransigent" individualist.

Picasso is at work on a huge canvas which will never fit anyone's idea of interior decoration. Entitled *The Charnel-House*, it is still in the drawing stage (see cut). Says Barr: "Its figures are facts—the famished, waxen cadavers of Buchenwald, Dachau and Belsen. The fury and shrieking violence which made the agonies of *Guernica* tolerable are here reduced to silence. For the man, the woman and the child this picture is a *Pietà* without grief, an entombment without mourners, a requiem without pomp."

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TIME, NOVEMBER 18, 1946



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Picasso as Symbol and Challenge

PICASSO. *Fifty Years of His Art*. By Alfred H. Barr Jr. 314 pp. New York: Museum of Modern Art, distributed by Simon & Schuster. \$6.

PICASSO. *The Recent Years, 1939-1946*. By Harriet and Sidney Janis. 211 pp. New York: Doubleday & Co. \$7.50.

By WILLIAM GERMAIN DOOLEY

THERE is no parallel in literature for Picasso, unless it be James Joyce, or in music, except Stravinsky. In fact there is no close parallel for Picasso anywhere. Imperturbably alone, his hydra-headed art has flourished, twisted and doubled back on itself, shattered the canons of representation and then explored and rearranged the fragments. Like a Pied Piper his career has attracted a continuous following of explainers and narrators. They are not always so well-informed as these two most recent publications, Alfred H. Barr Jr.'s fifty-year survey, and the war years' ecstatic appraisal by Harriet and Sidney Janis. Explaining Picasso is a large order, for his world is not our calendar art of cosy red barns, pretty petunias, nor the genre of everyday life.

If he bothers to borrow from classical or traditional heritage (which is oftener than you might think), he puts it in his own space-time conception with isolated melancholy. His savage grotesqueries are the more devastating for being coldly intellectualized. Ten years ago his horror at the bombing of Guernica foreshadowed John Hersey's study of Hiroshima. Hersey's is a sympathetic parable of mankind stunned; Picasso's mural is the icy rage of a spectator from Mars, viewing the mess modern man has made for himself. If the world is going to hell in a

handbasket, Picasso is the one to show us just how the process looks.

His undisputed brilliance of talent refutes those who call him a blundering fake, and his tinge of what might be charlatanism confuses but never defeats his most fervent followers. At any rate he has been at it now for a half-century, and the event has been observed by Mr. Barr with a careful scrutiny of his work that has the calm enthusiasm of a skillful autopsy.

The author presents a balanced, condensed survey of Picasso's art as a running commentary closely integrated with 300 illustrations. After this there are pages of documentation, checklists of his book illustrations, designs for the ballet, a chronology of exhibitions from 1897, what works are owned by American museums, where he has lived and when (including street addresses), a bibliography and an index. The bibliography purposely omits hundreds of routine reviews and journalistic notices, yet it records over 550 items, of which forty-six are good sized monographs. This is microscopic study.

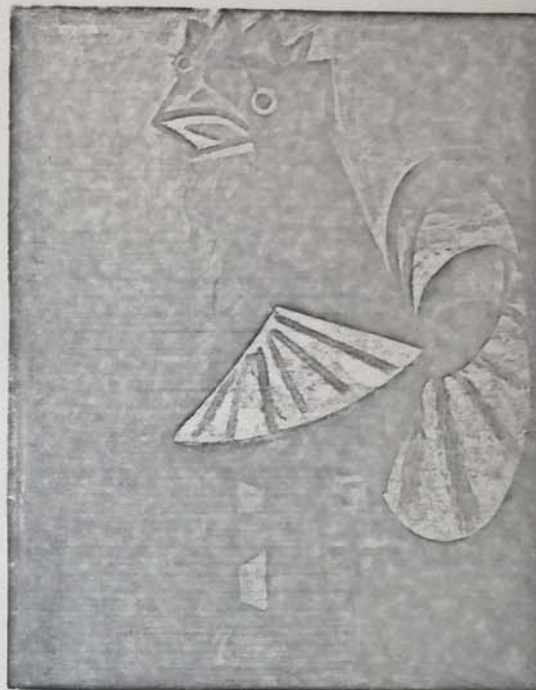
FOR instance statements from the master have been divided into four categories, shading from authentic revelation to downright error. These are: those "presumably written by Picasso himself," those "said to be approved by Picasso . . . written by others following conversations with him," "statements apparently not confirmed by Picasso following interviews," "statements said to be rejected by Picasso as false." Every line has a modifying word. "Presum-

ably," "apparently," and other hedges seem to stem from a documentation note about Picasso and his crony, Gertrude Stein: "the memory of neither is dependable." I will venture a guess as to this obscurity. Picasso is a brilliant genius but a very earthy man like his predecessor, Rabelais. To the good-willed and high-minded young scholars who want to record and rationalize his every step, he perhaps would like to say "Go away, don't bother me. You make me feel like an archaeological excavation."

NOW this is not fair, so far, to the author, Mr. Barr, for this is by far the best book yet about Picasso. He has kept the text clear (except for the incredibly bad use of illegibly small italic body type) so that at each step in a pyrotechnic career, what happened and where is recorded in simple lucid prose. A thorough analyst, Mr. Barr has cleared away a mass of error and confusion, and the ground covered will not have to be worked over.

There are color plates that further testify to the versatile perception of this century's most agile talent. Picasso can draw like Ingres, model like Bourdelle, and color like no one else. His periods, from Blue to Bones, have succeeded and repeated each other so rapidly that most followers become sidly confused. Not Mr. Barr, however, who has unerring skill. If Picasso's work was once said to look like an organized accident, the commentator did not realize that he is a seven-letter word for atomic fission.

Now Harriet and Sidney Ja-



"Coq," Paris, 1943. From "Picasso, The Recent Years."

nis have not the detachment of Alfred Barr. They are devotees of the closest sort and have for some time expressed their intention to do "The" book on Picasso and his art. The five years of occupation and the confusion since have only begun to clear away and his work of that period emerges, as it always would, as a fresh shock. Thus it seemed

imperative to the authors to set aside their larger plans and concentrate on the war years. The present book is a richly illustrated, well-printed account.

For almost half a century Picasso has been in art the symbol of the challenge which the concept of the word "modern" creates. His personal and artistic

(Continued on Page 13)

Marc Chagall: Two Viewpoints on His Life and Works

BURNING LIGHTS. By Bella Chagall. 268 pp. New York: Schocken Books. \$3.

MARC CHAGALL. By James Johnson Sweeney. Illustrated. 102 pp. New York: The Museum of Modern Art. \$3.

By ALFRED WERNER

ON JUNE 21, 1941 the Chagalls, refugees from Nazi-dominated France, arrived in

New York. On the same day the Hitlerites invaded Russia, and only a short while later virtually obliterated the ancient White Russian city of Vitebsk where Marc and Bella were born in 1889 and 1895, respectively, and where they had been married in 1915. Yet the beloved image of the "sad and joyful city," as the

painter described it in his autobiography, "Ma Vie," continued to live in the minds of its faithful children, each of them having taken with him, "in place of his vanished inheritance . . . like a piece of his father's shroud, the breath of the parental home."

THE painter's wife began writing her memoirs after having revisited the old country in 1935. By the time of her death in 1944, she had covered only part of her life—thus the present volume constitutes merely a fragment of her unfinished autobiography. She wrote it in her mother tongue, Yiddish, that curious blending of medieval German, Hebrew, Russian and various other languages, an idiom lending itself superbly to the expression of tender thoughts and sentimental feelings. There is little action in the unpretentious twenty-five sketches of which the book is composed; they try, at times successfully, to recreate the strangely poetical atmosphere of a world long passed, of a traditional Jewish home with all its splendors and limitations.

Judging by this book, the Jews of Vitebsk seem to have been rather simple, somewhat superstitious and generally good-natured people. Religion played a

paramount part in their lives. There was the joyful Sabbath, ushered in by mother's lighting of the candles, and ending when father snuffed out the lights. There were the solemn holidays when the men would moan and sigh the whole day long in their white prayer shawls, but there were also less dignified festivals when all, including the children, would sing and dance and stomp, and father might even drink too much wine. There was the Purim festival when mother would distribute gifts among the family and the employees, and merry-makers would turn somersaults and show tricks; there was the feast of Passover when no crumb of leavened bread would be tolerated in the house, and when there would be kept a goblet of wine for the Prophet Elijah, and then finally the autumn festival of Succoth when the family would take their meals in a leafy tabernacle.

AS a child, Mrs. Chagall must have been a most sensitive person, enjoying equally laughter and tears. Tears and laughter also fill her memoirs which she wrote in a slow-moving, rather playful style. What the book

lacks in persuasiveness and vigor is balanced by Marc Chagall's masterly illustrations, expressing a wealth of emotion—through a few bold lines, depending upon swift suggestion rather than upon precise definition.

ONCE, when Chagall wanted to express his love of Paris where he spent the better part of his life, he fondly, if oddly, resorted to the phrase: "Mon second Vitebsk." In this book Mr. Sweeney duly records the painter's indebtedness to his Jewish orthodox background and to his Russian traditions, but he stresses the influence which classic and modern French art, expressionism and cubism, had exerted upon Chagall before he created a style of his own. Skillfully the author unfolds the career of the young firebrand who, in 1910, arrived in Paris "with a ripe color gift, a fresh, unashamed response to sentiment, a feeling for simple poetry and a sense of humor." The book leads us up to last spring when Chagall, at the height of his fame, opened his most comprehensive retrospective one-man show at New York's Museum of Modern Art.

Mr. Sweeney, who was instru-

(Continued on Page 12)



"The Red-Cock," 1940. From "Marc Chagall."

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Picasso, Symbol and Challenge

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integrity under the Nazis became a question of wide concern. Would he conform to the Realpolitik? Would he freeze up in protesting atrophy? Or would his output continue normally? The authors tell how, after the liberation, Picasso was sought out in Paris by curious correspondents, by artists in the service and by ordinary GI's. For during the war he had been variously reported with the French Army at the front, in Spain, in unoccupied France or in a concentration camp.

The truth is quite interesting. At the outbreak of war Picasso had been at Royan in the south of France. After Paris fell, instead of fleeing further, he stormed defiantly back to Paris.

It was a tough spot to be in. The painter of "Guernica" could well have been high on the purge list but there were only sporadic Gestapo raids at his studio and it seems now as if his fame as a symbol and the probable effect on French morale, if he were molested, served to protect him.

At any rate the rebellious output during the five war years was equivalent to many an artist's lifework—300 to 400 oils, 2,000 sketches and drawings and a quantity of wonderful illustrations that have been slighted in both books. In the midst of war Picasso kept his painter's stroke and lovely color sense and the strong, seething, angry, sardonic wrath at a world which seems more mad to him than anything he ever painted.

Art of Marc Chagall

(Continued from Page 9)

mental in organizing the exhibition, wisely refrains from trying to "explain" Chagall's puzzling pictures to the layman, almost apologetically quoting the artist who claimed that he did not understand them, either, as they were merely "pictorial arrangements of images" which possessed him. Yet no objection can be raised to Mr. Sweeney's attempt to demonstrate how the painter "built" his pictures out of apparently disparate elements which, actually, are based on various recollections, tumbling around, helter-skelter, in the artist's subconscious mind. In general, the elements are drawn in a realistic manner—it is, as Mr. Sweeney points out, their illogical grouping that affords the metaphorical character of the canvases. The author characterizes Chagall's contribution to modern art as "the reawakening of a poetry of representation, avoid-

ing factual illustration on the one hand and non-figurative abstraction on the other." Our debt to Chagall is as an artist "who has brought poetry back into painting through subject-matter, without any sacrifice of his painter's interest in the picture for itself, and entirely aside from any communication that can be put into words."

Carl O. Schniewind, of Chicago's Art Institute, contributes a valuable chapter on Chagall's etchings and drypoints, including illustrations for Gogol's "Dead Souls," La Fontaine's "Fables," and the Bible. He predicts that "when Chagall's prints become better known he will probably prove to be one of the really great printmakers of our day." The lucidly written and instructive volume contains 55 plates and a bibliography listing no fewer than 200 books and major articles on Chagall's work published in nine languages.



Picasso, The Recent Y

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Works

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Fifty Years of Picasso's Art

Picasso: Fifty Years of His Art, by Alfred H. Barr Jr. (The Museum of Modern Art, Distributed by Simon & Schuster, \$6).

By LEE WALSH

The most controversial figure in art today is not a new star on the artistic horizon, but a man called by many critics the world's greatest living painter—Pablo Picasso.

Picasso, who was 65 in October, is still the center of artistic argument wherever his paintings are seen or discussed. In his 50 years of painting, he had gone thru so many "periods" that even experts become



Picasso

confused when naming the 100 followers of the pre-Raphaelites call him a charlatan and are outraged by his distorted canvases; but his admirers call him the supreme genius. The greatest living French poet, Paul Eluard, has called him "sublime." In spite of this stormy controversy, Picasso continues to paint his canvases and turn out sculpture in his big studio on the top floor of his house in the Rue des Grand Augustins, on the Left Bank in Paris.

However, one may feel about the artist, a study of "Picasso: Fifty Years of His Art" will reveal much new material on Picasso and his work.

Alfred H. Barr Jr. has used plates reproduced in most of the media and techniques that Picasso has used in the most comprehensive book on the artist yet published.

First we meet the younger Picasso in Spain. Son of an artist, he received highly competent academic instruction from his father. The influence of El Greco is seen in a plate, "Old Man With a Sick Girl," Barcelona, 1898, and the influence of Toulouse-Lautrec in "Heads and Figures," Paris, 1900.

In 1901, Vollard, the famous Parisian dealer, gave Picasso his first Paris exhibition, mostly of work done in Spain. The show was not a success. Picasso was criticized as an imi-



Girl Before a Mirror (1932), reproduced on the cover of "Picasso: Fifty Years of His Art."

tator of Lautrec, Steinlen, van Gogh. Picasso's "Blue Period" is cataloged from 1901 to 1904; "The Circus Period," from 1905; the first "Classic Period" from mid-1905 to mid-1906.

Mr. Barr devotes quite a bit of discussion to "Les Femmes d'Alger" (O.J.), Paris, 1907, and calls it the first "cubist" picture. "Les Femmes d'Alger" is a transitional picture, a laboratory, or better, a battlefield of trial and experiment; but it is also a work of formidable, dynamic power unsurpassed in European art of its time," writes the author.

From "cubism," Mr. Barr takes Picasso thru more of his transitional and stormy periods to the Spanish civil war and "Guernica," early May—June, 1937. On April 26, 1937, the Basque town of Guernica was reported as destroyed. Picasso was then an active partisan of the Spanish republic and he had been commissioned to paint a mural for the Spanish government building at the Paris World's Fair. He began work on May 1st, just two days after the news of the catastrophe, and the mural was finished in June. Subject of an artistic furor, both in Europe and America, the painting has been both praised and damned. It has



Les Femmes d'Alger (1906-07) —Museum of Modern Art

most of his more important works. In "Guernica," Picasso certainly has not used the language of the ordinary man, but Mr. Barr says: "... if this work of art does not entirely explain itself, it can be defended very easily; let those who find the "Guernica" inadequate, point to a greater painting produced during the past terrible decade or, for that matter, during our century."

Picasso's conversion to Communism, his association with writers, painters and musicians—among them Gertrude Stein and Igor Stravinsky—are all woven into the story of Picasso and his art.

The authoritative text is accompanied by over 300 plates—seven of them in full color. Paintings, drawings, sculptures, prints and ballet designs are reproduced and discussed. Statements by Picasso, and a bibliography of more than 550 titles, lists of work by Picasso in American museums, of books illustrated by Picasso, and of ballets for which he made designs are included.

Again, regardless of how one may feel about the work of Picasso, a study of his book is certain to further his understanding of the man who, if not the first artist of our time, is certainly the most revolutionary.

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PHILADELPHIA, PA.
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Five Decades of Picasso's Art

Spanish Master's Works Mirror Political Thought

PICASSO: FIFTY YEARS OF HIS ART. By Alfred H. Barr, Jr. Published by Museum of Modern Art: New York. Distributed by Simon & Schuster: New York. 314 pp. \$6.00.

Reviewed by
JOHN CROTH

IN a day of high-priced art books, Alfred Barr's "Picasso: Fifty Years of His Art" is a bargain that no one who pretends to any appreciation or understanding of the art of our time can afford to pass.

It has more pictures than a Sears Roebuck catalogue—and as varied. The 330 pictures, seven of them in full color, cover the entire book. They constitute a review of the art of our time in a succession of styles showing every phase of the Spanish master's work which has influenced two generations of painters.

Here are the results of the Picasso laboratory—every new direction in 20th century art has been tested and carried to its highest degree.

The pictures begin with early student painting done in Spain and Paris at the beginning of the century, and range through the Blue, Circus, First Classic, Rose, Cubist, Neo-Classic, Metamorphic, Surrealist and other periods.

In addition to paintings, there are sketches for ballet costumes and sets; illustrations for books; pen portraits of friends; sculptures, etchings and sketches for the famous Guernica Mural.

There are portraits of Picasso himself, ranging from a Ramon Casas drawing of him as a 20-year-old student, to Post-Liberation Day photographs of him in his Paris studio, surrounded by paintings and sculptures.

BARR has analyzed the pictures in easily understood language, placing them in their proper periods, and explaining the backgrounds and other material that influenced their creation.

Besides this text, there are statements by Picasso, lists of his exhibitions, works in American museums and books he has illustrated, and, as if this were not enough, a chronology of the places he has lived, with even the street addresses of his successive Paris studios.

To get an idea of the amount of

work and research that Barr has done in assembling this book, my own experience with him might help. I was fortunate in seeing Picasso in his studio the day after the liberation and was invited to spend the day with him.

On my return to New York, Barr asked me to write my impression and all the details of my Picasso meeting.

Besides this, he phoned me innumerable times, asking questions as to the sizes of pictures, the decor of the studio, what Picasso was wearing and a thousand other questions.

All of this work on Barr's part resulted in but three lines of the many thousands in his book.

SECTIONS of the volume that reflect Picasso the artist in relation to the troubles of his era are dealt with in detail. Picasso, the Spaniard, as well as the artist and man of good will, was moved to indignant action by the heartless bombardment of Guernica by Franco in the Spanish civil war.

Nearly a dozen pages are given to the monumental black, white and gray mural he painted summing up the horror of that event. The composition studies and motifs are presented as well as several views of the mural.

During the German occupation of France, Picasso was a symbol. He remained in Paris painting the great art of the kind that the Germans considered degenerate. The painting of these pictures was one manifestation of his artist's resistance to the enemy. He could have easily departed to a warm welcome in England or the United States.

Since the war, he has been working on the painting "Charnel House," inspired by his horror of Buchenwald and Belsen.

HIS own written statement best tells of Picasso, the artist, in relation to his work:

"What do you think an artist is? An imbecile who has only his eyes if he's a painter, or ears if he's a musician, or a lyre at every level of his heart if he's a poet, or even, if he's a boxer, just his muscles? On the contrary, he's at the same time a political being, constantly alive to heart-rending, fiery or happy events, to which he responds in every way.

"How would it be possible to feel no interest in other people and by virtue of an ivory indifference to detach yourself from the life which they so copiously bring you? No, painting is not done to decorate apartments. It is an instrument of war for attack and defense against the enemy."

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The Washington Post - Sunday, October 30, 1966

Viewpoint on Art

Useful Surveys Back in Print

By Andrew Hudson

THE MUSEUM OF Modern Art in New York has performed a public service in issuing reprint editions (by Arno Press) of 15 of its more important, out-of-print publications.

Of special interest are three books by director Alfred H. Barr, each of which has become recognized as a classic in its field: "Cubism and Abstract Art" (1936); "Picasso: Fifty Years of His Art" (1946); "Matisse: His Art and His Public" (1951).

All three books were conceived as pictorial surveys, a comprehensive illustrated record of the art under discussion. The written text was merely an accompaniment. However, the texts and their footnotes became increasingly thorough from one book to the next as Barr became involved with problems of dating, fact-finding and general scholarly research.

The book on "Cubism and Abstract Art" is a didactic survey of the origins of cubism, its development and its widespread influence on subsequent painting, sculpture, architecture, posters and films—along with that of parallel upsurges of more "ab-

stract" art in German Expressionism and Russian Constructivism.

The reproductions show clearly how artists as diversified as Atp, Klee, Mondrian, Mare and Feininger passed under the influence of Cubism. And by juxtaposing and comparing photographs, Barr points out similarities in style between Picasso's Cubism and Cezanne; between Mondrian's "de Stijl" and Picasso; between Mies van der Rohe's architectural drawings and "de Stijl."

WHILE ITS ANALYSIS of such stylistic developments still remains a valuable piece of groundwork toward the understanding of much of modern art, the book is something of a period piece.

Barr's intuition, at the conclusion of "Cubism and Abstract Art," that "the geometric tradition" in abstract painting was on the decline, and a "biomorphic" trend coming into the ascendant, has been proved right to some extent (Pollock did, after all, develop out of Matisse and Miro).

However, this observation also reflects the altogether too tidy period view of this book, and the false issues raised by Barr's division of abstract art into "two main

traditions": the intellectual and logical on one hand and the intuitive and emotional on the other.

I think that today we would hesitate to place Cezanne or Picasso or Matisse, or even Mondrian, in either category; we realize that it does not help much to discuss their painting in these terms.

This change in our thinking has been brought about by developments in art, by the emergence of the New York "abstract expressionists" and—even more importantly—by the splendid revivification in old age of Matisse.

The renewal of strength and inspiration in Matisse's work of his last years, his increasing influence on younger painters and the decline of Picasso's influence—and also, in a smaller way, the rediscovery of Bonnard—served to upset the 1930s view that the Cubism of Picasso and Braque was of prime importance in modern art, followed by the abstract paintings of such artists as Kandinsky, and that historical stylistic evolution was what principally mattered.

THE "STYLELESS" nature of Matisse's work, and

the difficult task of "sorting out" that was posed by the widely varied output of the abstract expressionists, showed that the basic, essential question about art has to do with quality rather than style.

We see the beginning of this shift in emphasis when Barr quotes from a controversy in 1948 between critic Clement Greenberg and painter George L. K. Morris on the relative importance of Cubism and Matisse.

Barr leaves us in no doubt where his sympathies lie (in 1951) when he remarks of Matisse's great "Piano Lesson" in the Museum of Modern Art's collection that "no cubist ever surpassed the beautiful divisions, the grave and tranquil elegance of this big picture."

Both the Matisse and Picasso books are crammed with incidents and anecdotes and are of absorbing interest.

The Picasso book ends with a watercolor portrait of Francoise Gilot and a photograph of the then unfinished painting, "Charnel House." This, of course, is where the Washington Gallery of Modern Art's summer show of "Picasso since 1945" began.

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• Art Digest, Dec. 1, 1947

"Picasso, 50 Years of His Art" by Alfred H. Barr, Jr. Museum of Modern Art. \$6.00. The most comprehensive study of the most controversial painter working today. Well illustrated (Reviewed Feb. 15 Digest.)

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THE TIMES LITERARY

THE EXPLORATIONS OF PICASSO

ALFRED H. BARR, JUNR.: *Picasso: Fifty Years of His Art*. New York: The Museum of Modern Art. \$6.

The strength and the weakness of Picasso are fully documented in a sumptuous illustrated record recently published by the Museum of Modern Art, New York. More than 300 plates, discreet commentary and full notes make as plain as possible the baffling questions which surround every aspect of this painter's art. The evidence is here to justify those who claim that Picasso is the greatest living painter; so far as this claim depends upon technical accomplishment, fecundity and that occasional dazzling rightness which is the reward of genius, it is not in doubt. As Mr. Barr declares, between the ages of twenty and twenty-five his output "in quantity and quality was such as few painters accomplish in a lifetime"; it included the "Saltimbanques" which so moved Rilke. Forty years ago, in those pictures which led up to "Les Femmes d'Alger," Picasso was already a master; the doubt which it is hard to repress is whether he has not developed from a master into the greatest living art-machine.

There is nothing he cannot do. He extracts a personal elixir from any style of painting or sculpture. He can make a wire construction as airy as those of Mr. Alexander Calder. He produces a line as ductile as Flaxman, as manifold as Ingres. A piece of monumental statuary, a drop-curtain, book-illustrations, a ballet-costume, political propaganda, even—on the evidence of a water-colour head dated 1944—the kind of portraiture which hung on the stairs of late-Victorian rectories: all are within his range. And at any time, in any manner, he may arouse an urgent imaginative response. The early self-portrait in the manner of Van Gogh, the cubist "Musicians" of 1921, the gouaches painted in the summer of 1933, and the best of the studies for "Guernica" have in common only this power. It is as though before each picture the painter were trying to discover afresh the art of painting.

For such vitality, such an authoritative and personal use of that element in art which depends on the combination of unlimited technical skill and curiosity endlessly renewed, there can be nothing but praise. Yet in the end Picasso leaves a total impression not unlike that of a pianist who, as his mastery increases, offers the public little or nothing but Czerny. The display of means has become an end in itself. The greatness is there; but it is scarcely ever used at full stretch. And when it is, it is often marred by unexpected triviality, a fault which, at worst, has led Picasso to exhibit a bull's head from parts of a wrecked bicycle not as a mild joke but as a "metamorphosis" of significant importance. This triviality is greatly responsible for his fashionable success. It comes out very clearly in the personal recollections set down by Miss Gertrude Stein; it gives an uncomfortable metropolitan gloss to the painter's public attitudes, and it excuses the impatience shown

by those whose reaction to his later work is instinctively hostile.

It may be that the high roads of art, like those of politics, required a bulldozer to clear away the wreckage of the nineteenth century. If so, it is not chiefly for their powers of creation that posterity will remember Joyce, resuming all styles in *Ulysses* and rejecting all, Stravinsky carefully searching for an ever-drier objectivity, or Picasso (most powerful of any) turning his perceptive machinery, without much discrimination and with quite unjustified intellectual self-confidence, on to the whole field of visual art. When the roads are clear, artists such as these will have done their work, and it will be useless to argue about their stature in relation to Goethe, Beethoven and Michelangelo. More fortunate than some, Picasso, it may be surmised, will always give delight when his end is closely related to the means he uses. These occasions are becoming rarer, but the most destructive critics of his recent work must admire the magnificent illustrations to Buffon published in 1942.

PROBLEM PICTURES

REGINALD BRILL: *Modern Painting and its roots in European Tradition*. Avalon Press and Central Institute of Art and Design. 8s. 6d.

Assuming, as the author does, that most of what is called modern painting has "roots" in "European tradition," it is nevertheless impossible to dig very satisfactorily at those roots in an essay of some five or six thousand words. The author has plainly set himself, or has been set, a task that cannot be carried out effectively. He has an eye for what is most serious in post-Post-impressionist painting, but in the limited space available to him he can at best establish only a superficial relationship between the Fauves, for instance, or the abstract painters and the centuries of European painting before them.

In any case, for the most part he attempts to establish relationships only on narrowly technical or even theoretical grounds. He scarcely ever pauses to consider whether the attempted solution of a newly discovered technical problem in painting is worth while—whether, in fact, the exploration of colour and surface textures or of shapes and pattern itself constitutes art. Play about with a combination of recession and flat pattern and add extravagant or indiscriminate colour—and, like Micawber, wait for something to turn up: that is the general legacy bequeathed to swarms of the younger generation by the Cubists and the original abstract painters. Hence the hit-or-miss character of a great deal of contemporary work. Mr. Brill, though his estimates of serious latter-day figures are often inflated, rightly insists on their preoccupation with "problems," but he seems to disregard the essential commonplace that the painter's business is not to state problems or even to solve them but to project a vision of reality.

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To: The Files

From: Rachel Garbade

Date: October 31, 2023

Re: Correspondence

This correspondence was added to this file in 2023.

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THE INSTITUTE OF MODERN ART
138 Newbury Street, Boston 16, Massachusetts

Plaut
re. Picasso 50

November 7, 1946

Mr. Alfred H. Barr Jr.
Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street
New York City

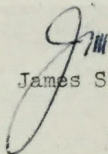
Dear Alfred:

It was very kind of you to send me the Picasso book. I am proud and grateful to have it. I have not had time to go through it thoroughly but I am already aware, as I would have known in any case, that it is a signal contribution to the scholarship of our time. That it is also a labor of love enhances its importance.

With warm congratulations and my very real thanks,

Most cordially,

jsp/m


James S. Plaut