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Twenty-seven West Sixty-seventh Street  
New York, N. Y.

June 27th, 1944

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My dear Mr. Barr,

Enclosed please find my revised notes about Picasso. I felt, after reading the original draft, that a somewhat different approach was necessary. For example, when he said "pero no sé" he gave to this phrase a meaning that I cannot translate, so I left it in the original Spanish. I tried to be very careful when quoting him, eliminating anything of which I was not positive.

Regarding the roosters, I recall he also said something about the "chantclair", but I do not remember well the details. That particular afternoon he was the affectionate countryman. He spoke at length and it is vivid in my mind the struggle I had as I was walking with Ethel toward Montparnasse trying to recapture his expressions and the significance of what he said. I came to the conclusion that among other things, he emphasized the need for intolerance in matters of art; not to compromise; and to look "adelante" (forward).

Please thank Miss King for her patience in taking down those hurriedly made notes of mine.

I have my research about accidents ready for you and Mr. Soby to see at your convenience.

I am,

Sincerely yours,

*Xavier Gonzalez*

(Xavier Gonzalez  
1899 -

Mr. Alfred H. Barr, Jr.,  
Advisory Director,  
The Museum of Modern Art,  
New York 19

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NOTES ON PICASSO

December 15th, 1937

I telephoned Picasso. He answered and we spoke in Spanish. He asked me to come, not to his residence, but to his studio on Rue de Grand Agustin #7 the next afternoon at three o'clock. It was a large house with a courtyard at the entrance and parked in the courtyard near the steps Picasso's Hispano Suiza was waiting. The concierge told us that Picasso lived on the third floor. At the top of the stairs there was a small door that could hardly be seen. I pressed the bell and Picasso, himself, opened it. I was surprised to notice how small in size he is, he has wide shoulders, a large head and dark piercing eyes. After a while he became again the giant that I had previously visualized. There was a certain kind of reserved look on his face. His voice is high and his accent Andalusian. Occasionally a few French words entered into his conversation like "campagne" instead of "campo" (open country). There was not an unoccupied chair in the studio and to my recollection everything was covered with books, colors and brushes. He was looking at us with a peculiar smile as though he was amused by some inner thought. "Look out", he said, "for the electric wires. They are taking pictures in color." Pictures that I thought were still echoes of the mural of Guernica, except these were painted in rich purple and flesh. It was cold in his studio. He had on a couple of sweaters; one dull green, the other a smaller one, had that indefinite color of something that has known perspiration, sun and rain. The studio was large and it formed an L. The ceiling of the largest room had enormous beams sunken by years of strain. Toward the rear there

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was a stove that looked like a monument. We spoke of travels and places. And when I told him that I was originally from Almeria, he said he had lived there long years before and looking at me carefully, "You are certainly a typical Spaniard, but where did you lose your accent?" When I told him I had lived many years in Mexico, he asked me if I had known a painter by the name of Gonzalez who originally came from Guatemala. After a while we noticed a dog sleeping on a dilapidated sofa, it was a thin dog with a black pointed nose. A narrow stairway at the left hand side of the entrance was piled high with books. Among these I noticed several dealing with Catalonian Art and several editions in different languages about the works of Picasso. He took us into another room that was a sort of gallery for his paintings. There were many large canvases placed around resting precariously here and there against each other and the wall. I recall especially large pastels, heads and figures of a certain neo-classical structure. On the right wall there was a large tapestry made from a cartoon by Picasso and on a little bookcase there were long, thin bronze figures, the skull of something like a large cat and some other amorphous objects. On the walls hung some African musical instruments; one, a large mandolin broken in the center and receding at an angle from the body of the instrument. In the center of the room was a massive piece of furniture more like a carpenter's bench than a table; black, damp and of a velvet unhealthy quality. The floor was covered with "esteras" (mats) of a sort of rough "esparto" (jute). After a while he came in and as I was attentively looking at some of his pictures at a very close range he asked me what I was doing. I answered that I was smelling them. He laughed and said, "I, too, like to smell them and particularly to touch them." As we were leaving he said, "Come back often and I will show you many things." I

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told him that I had seen Miss Stein in Paris, but I did not know her  
Xnew address ; that the last time we saw her she said she was moving  
to a place closer to his studio. Then he wrote her address on a  
scrap of paper and said, "Go to see her." I asked, "Don't you think  
I should telephone her first." "No", he answered, "don't bother about  
that, just go." As we were shaking hands, he added, "Don't forget,  
I'm here every afternoon after three o'clock."

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No date

The second visit to Picasso's studio was marked by warmer reception than the first. "We came to wish you 'Merry Christmas'," I said. As we were shaking hands his attention was focused on a heavy woolen Mexican blouse, embroidered with figures and animals of an indigenous character, which Ethel was wearing. He felt the rough handloomed material looking at it carefully and liked it so much that Ethel took it off and gave it to him. "I have something for you both, also," he said, and after a while he asked us if we would like to see some pictures. "Since you are going to America soon, just as well see everything I have here." He went into another room through a small door at the right-hand side of the main studio and brought out several paintings, then more and more stacking them up like a house of cards. One of them, which I thought was still wet, painted with rich emerald greens, was a composition of several heads of women. I believe it was the displacement of a head in space indicating by the profile and front view a feeling of more complete vision of the subject. We spoke at length about painting. I did most of the talking. Among other things I said that it was becoming increasingly clear to me that a painting began and ended in the canvas; a complete thing in itself, and often a painting was a richer source of material than Nature itself. "I have known many painters and I have seen many pictures and the more I know and the more I see, the clearer I realize the influence of your work on the art of today." "You will see", he said, becoming rather excited and quickly brought a small painting. "Many years ago I painted this canvas; Derain wasn't thinking of

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doing anything like this when I painted this."

Note: This canvas, as I recall was about 2' X 3' or smaller. It seemed influenced by the school of Cezanne. Enclosed please find sketch of same made from memory right after this visit. I believe it's the same painting reproduced in the M. of M. A.'s publication Picasso - Forty Years of His Art, No. 80.

There was a long silence. "I'm going to show you what I am doing now." And he brought out several paintings obviously done in the outdoors. One particularly held our attention. It was like rich, thick confetti thrown upon a pattern of rectangular forms. In the lower lefthand side there were several wheels, either gears or windmills - perhaps sunflowers. "These I painted in the Midi." We petted the dog but he was shy and nervous. "Poor Casbeck", said Picasso, "he just arrived from the hospital." Ethel said, "The dog looks like something escaped from a painting by Modigliani." "That's right, that's right", Picasso said smiling.



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No date

He was painting a large picture, using for a palette, a piece of cloth stretched on a table. The picture was half finished and big surfaces of emerald green were dominant. It was a large stylised figure of geometrical design. He seemed to be having great difficulty with it as he had superimposed several colors (the same surface was eventually covered with white enamel paint). The dog was barking. Picasso made him stop. He wasn't in a good humor that day. Too much activity, too many people, too much noise in the studio, so we said "goodbye". He came to the door and said "Come in again in the afternoon, any afternoon you please, and bring your paintings." "Well, Don Pablo," I said, "frankly I am sort of reluctant to show you my efforts." "Oh, don't worry about it. Bring them to me, you'll see, I'm a good doctor." And then looking at Ethel who was looking at one of his paintings near the door, he asked me "Is she interested in art too? Does she paint? What does she do?" I answered, "She's interested in painting everything." Since it is so cold outside she's now doing self-portraits and still-lives." Then winking at me, "She's very young, isn't she?" At this time he remembered a booklet I had sent him dealing with the activities of an art colony in West Texas of which I was the Director. He was intensely interested in that country. "It must be enormous," he said, "and so simple. I guess there is some advantage in painting in a large country where there are so few painters." The chauffeur was waiting for him and we left his studio. The figure of Picasso framed by the door, with its loose, baggy pants and his carelessly tied bow-tie, the quality and textures of his clothes, the color of his different garments, gave the impression



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January 26th, 1938

This afternoon when we went to see Don Pablo, we arrived a few moments before he did so we sat on the stairway waiting for him. Fifteen minutes later he arrived with his dog on a leash. He was speaking out loud and then I noticed a lady walking up a few steps behind him. This was the lady whom previously he had introduced to us as Miss Dora Maar, the photographer. We entered the studio and I noticed that he had finished the painting on which he was working during our previous visit. I brought a large number of my watercolors to show to him and he asked me to put them against one of his paintings so he could see them. He, himself, brought the canvas and helped me to lean my watercolors against it. He cleared a large chair of Arabian design, covered with red velvet and sat down. I sat on the floor and as quickly as I could I began to show him my work. "You'll see", he said, looking at the first sketches, "what Paris will do for you. We Spaniards have lots of talent and rich imagination." And as we were getting to the last pictures of the group, or my most recent one, he said, "You have advanced ten years in the time you have been in Paris." His comment on looking at water colors which I made during the trip coming over was, "How beautiful is a ship." When I had finished showing him the paintings, he remained silent, whatever he said later, there was not a direct criticism or any comment about the paintings. I recall he occasionally asked me to show him something that he had seen previously. As my notes on design were on a table his interest was immediately concentrated on them. He looked through them several times, and as he looked at me questioningly, I explained

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to him what I was trying to do in the discovery of textures and accidents. His interest in these notes was intense. We spoke of the Surrealist Exhibition in which I had seen some books of poetry written by him, and he asked me to see him at his apartment and he would give me copies of his most recent poems written in French and Spanish. On the floor there were pieces of newspaper which had been used as a palette, perhaps because the paper absorbs the oil, as the texture of his finished canvas was even and flat.

*I noticed also photographic enlargements of Spanish peasants, about 8 feet high, like the ones they had at the Spanish house on Rue des Capucines.*

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April 20th, 1938

This afternoon with Picasso. His face was a golden brown; that sunburn produced in Mediterranean people by southern climate. I asked him if he had been out of town. He said 'yes', he had been in the country. He was very happy. Two small kittens were at that moment were running around the studio sharpening their claws on the canvases. I asked him if the kittens had any respect for art. He said, "No, no respect at all." Then his chauffeur came in with an engraving. I think it was a drypoint. He looked at it carefully, getting closer to a window. He passed it to me and we began to speak about Juan Gris. He said, "He worked very hard, and the life of misery which he lived killed him. Sometimes he lived with only a few sous a week. Just when he began to do something, he died." To my question regarding the possibility of his visiting America someday, he said, "They want me to go there. It will take time to get there; more time to remain there and get adjusted; and eventually return. I haven't got that time to spare."

*I recall also the deep attention with which his eyes followed the kittens around the room*

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April, 1938

No date

We just left Don Pablo and I have been trying to read the notes that I took hurriedly in his studio while he was talking to us. He had given us three reproductions of his paintings. Never before was he so affectionate and friendly. He was doing a large charcoal drawing of a rooster terrifically dramatic. "Roosters", he said, "we always have roosters, but like everything else in life we must discover them. Just like Corot discovered the morning and Renoir discovered little girls. Everything must be discovered, this box, a piece of paper. You must always leave the door open, always open and the main thing is never to turn back once you pass through that door. Never to dismay and never to compromise. Roosters have always been seen but seldom as well as in American weather vanes. Artists must have freedom. The things that you sent me (referring to photographs of the American Southwest), they are like the landscape in Almeria." In answer to my question: "Is there something that you wish me to tell the artists of America"; he said, "We must work, each must do what he can, we must go ahead and never, never compromise." Then, "I haven't seen you in quite a long while. I thought that perhaps you had gone back to America without seeing me."

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Occasional notes

One afternoon I was talking to him about his studio. It happened that I was smoking Lucky Strikes and as I offered Picasso the last cigarette he took the empty package and threw it carefully in a corner with other papers. "Everything in this studio has the characteristics of belonging to you", I said. "It is you and no one else." Then he said, "Not long ago, an English photographer who had a Leica like yours took pictures all around the studio and", he added smilingly, "those pictures had something, because, after all, things are affected by the character of the individual."

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On one occasion I had just left the Metro, when I saw him and I said, "I have seen workers removing the old posters from the Metro and pasting up others. Some of these surfaces are covered with fragments of previous posters and some of the affects are beautiful." "Yes", he answered, "nothing is an accident. A man destroys here, puts some there. There is something mysteriously conscious and deliberate that takes place in the mind of the man who pastes and tears these posters. The result is not only accident."

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When I showed him some reproductions on postcards of paintings he had done in Barcelona many years before, he got furious. He said, "That's not the color. That was not blue, that was pink."

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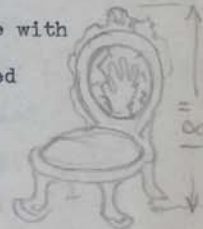
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of wine. Without taking off their caps, they came in and greeted Picasso with a kiss on each cheek. Picasso looked over at me and blushed (in Spain this manner of greeting among men is not customary).

Often his studio contained paintings of students or friends brought to him for criticism. Most of these paintings were of the Surrealistic school, meticulously executed, in which the pornographic element was the obvious subject matter.

In Gertrude Stein's apartment there were two tiny chairs. One day Picasso made a tracing of his hand on the back of the chairs. And using the space between the hand and the rest of the surface with beautiful design. Alice B. Toklas and Gertrude Stein embroidered these chairs according with the colors specified by Picasso.



We were talking about the Guernica mural. He asked me if I had seen it. And when I answered that I had not seen the original, he said, "It is now in Stockholm<sup>(?)</sup> on exhibition." Then I said, "Don Pablo, I have been following your painting carefully for years, and never before have I seen any type of propoganda in your pictures. "I do not know what is the matter with me," he answered, "I have never been interested in propoganda, 'pero no sé', poor Spain. It is something that happens inside, and you cannot help it. The same thing happened to Goya." In answer to my question about El Prado Museum and whether the pictures were safe, he answered, "Don't worry about El Prado. The

about

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The paintings are well taken care of."

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Picasso was examining a copper plate. I think it was a dry point. As I recall, in the subject matter, there was a minotaur. He was examining it very attentively with a peculiar attention that he gives to everything he sees, slowly and deliberately. He was close to a window. He is short and stocky. His hair is grey and long and looks as though it has been whacked off with a knife from time to time. It was winter. My impression on this melancholy afternoon, was that I was near a man interested in the essence of painting. A painter's painter. Always influenced by new discoveries, someone possessed with the idea of creating something new out of new materials; cardboard, paper, glass, glue and paint. Pigment as pigment, graphic symbols, human gestures of a dignity not previously realised. A man moved by many different winds. A prophet of new emotions; a builder of cardboard castles; a mirror of our time and one who makes us understand that to be able to mark a surface in order to communicate our ideas by calligraphy or graphic elements is the basis of pure painting.

END

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PICASSO

*Julio Gonzalez*

June 8, 1944

*Am. Painter*

December 15, 1937

I called Picasso by telephone. I called him and we spoke in Spanish. He gave me a date to see him in his studio on the Grand Augustins, #17 for the next day at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. It was a large house with a courtyard at the entrance and waiting was a large Hispan Zuiza. The janitor told me that Picasso lived on the third floor. We went upstairs. There was a small door that hardly could be seen. I pressed the bell and Picasso himself came to open. He is of small size, with wide shoulders, large head, needing a hair-cut badly. He has a certain kind but reserved look and his nose is round. We went in and we began to talk in Spanish. His voice is high and his accent is Andalusian. Occasionally a few French words entered into his conversation. There was not an unoccupied chair. Everything was covered with books, colors and brushes. He was looking at us with a peculiar smile as though he were amused by some inner thought. "Look out," he told me, "for the electric wires. They are taking pictures in color." Pictures that I thought were still echoes of the mural of Guernica. It was cold in his studio. He had a couple of sweaters on. One was green, the other, a smaller sweater, had an indefinite color, the color of something that has known sun and rain. The room was a large and rectangular, forming a large "L." The ceiling of his studio had enormous beams sunken by years of strain. In the back of the studio was a enormous stove that looked, as I said to Picasso, like a monument to something or other. We began to talk in Spanish about places that we had seen and recent travels. He asked me where I was originally from and when I said I was from Almeria, he said that he had lived there long years ago. Then looking at me carefully he said, "You're certainly a characteristic Spaniard. Your type is typical of the South." After a while I noticed a dog sleeping on the sofa, a large dog with pointed nose, extremely thin and refined. On a stairway to my left there were great quantities of books, piled one on

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top of the other. Among these books I noticed many about Catalan art and several editions in different languages <sup>about</sup> of the works of Picasso. After a while he took us to another room that was more like an exhibit room. Here there were several large canvases placed around, resting precariously on the edges against the wall. On the front wall there was hanging a queer musical instrument. Also there was a large tapestry made from a cartoon by Picasso. In a little bookcase by the wall there was a skull, something like a large cat, and some strange objects hard to describe. Over the bookcase there were several long bronze figures. In the center of the room was a large massive piece of furniture more like a carpenter's bench, black and damp and of a velvet unhealthy quality. The floor was covered with a sort of rough skeleton of gears. This picture I painted in the Midi in a little town in southern France.

After a while he called us back to the first studio. As I was attentively looking at some of his pictures, he asked me what was I doing. I remarked that I was smelling the pictures. He remarked that he also liked to smell them and also to touch them. And as we were ready to depart he said, "Come back often and I will show you many things." I told him that I had seen Miss Stein in Paris, but I did not know her address, so he wrote it for me on a piece of paper and said, "Go and see her." I asked him, "Don't you think I should telephone her first?" and he said "No, don't bother about that, just go." Then he said I'm here every afternoon after three o'clock.

No date

The second time that we went to see Picasso he was much more affectionate than the first time. I told him that we had come to wish him a Merry Christmas, and since on the previous occasion he had admired Ethel's Mexican blouse, Ethel made him a present of the blouse and he said, "I have something for your wife, too." Then he said, "Would you like to see some pictures?" and he entered another room through a small door at the right hand side of

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the main studio, and he brought out something he had just finished painting. I thought it was still wet, and were heads of women of rich emerald greens. I said, "I know many painters and many pictures and the more I see, the more I realize the influence of your work in the art of today." "You will see," he said, "many years ago I painted something I am going to show you." And he brought me a picture about 2 x 3' and he said, "Derain wasn't thinking or doing anything like this when I painted this picture." And after a long while "I am going to show you what I am doing now." And he brought several paintings of unusually rich color. One particularly caught our attention. It was like rich thick confetti thrown upon a pattern of rectangular forms. On the lower left hand side of the painting there was something like a skeleton of gears. "This picture I painted in the Midi in a little town in southern France." "The dog, which caught our attention, was an extremely thin animal and his name is Casbeck. He has a black nose." He has a black nose. I asked me to put them against one of his paintings as he could see them. He himself brought the large canvas and helped me to arrange my watercolors against it. While he sat in a large chair of red velvet, I sat on the floor stretched on a table. The picture was half finished and big surfaces of emerald green were dominant. It was a large stylized head over a geometric body. The surface of this painting he seemed to have a great deal of difficulty with. He had several colors superimposed. (The same surface which was emerald green, in a later version he had covered with white enamel paint.) Picasso's dog was barking, he made him stop. He wasn't in a good humor that day, so I said goodbye, and he asked me to come back again soon. "Come in the afternoon, any afternoon that you please and bring your things." "Well, Mr. Picasso, I am ashamed, frankly, to show you any of my efforts." "Oh, don't worry about it, bring it to me, I'm a good doctor." And then looking at Ethel who was examining one of his paintings, he asked "Is she interested in art too? What kind of painting?" I said, "She does self portraits, still

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life, she paints all the time." Then winking at me he said, "She is very young, isn't she?" We spoke of Texas for a while and he said when I finished, "it must be enormous, so simple and so big. As we knew that the chauffeur was waiting, we said goodbye and he took us to the door. I don't think his pants had ever been pressed. I had not seen him for quite a while. He

January 26, 1938

We went to see Don Pablo. We arrived a few moments before he did and we sat on the stairway waiting for him. He arrived with his dog on a leash. He was speaking out loud and then I noticed a lady was walking up a few steps behind him. This was a lady whom previously he had introduced to us as Miss Dora Maas, the photographer. We entered the studio and I noticed that he had finished the picture on which he had been working the previous visit.

I brought a large number of my watercolors to show to him and he asked me to put them against one of his paintings so he could see them. He himself brought the large canvas and helped me to arrange my watercolors against it. While he sat in a large chair of red velvet, I sat on the floor and as quickly as I could I began to show him my work. "You'll see," he said, "what Paris will do for you. We Spaniards have lots of talent and rich imagination. You've advanced ten years since the time you arrived in Paris." And later on, "How beautiful a ship is." But nothing else, not anything direct, no comments. He looked quietly at my work. Occasionally he asked me to show him something he had seen previously. Then I showed him my book of design and immediately all his interest was concentrated on my notes. He looked at my book several times and I explained to him what I was trying to do. Later he brought a box of dates and I spoke to him about his literary activities. He asked me to see him at his home and he would give me copies in French and Spanish. The palette that he was using

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was newspapers, probably because the paper absorbs the oil, and the texture of the canvas was flat.

April 20, 1938

This afternoon with Picasso. His face was a golden brown. I asked him if he had been out of town as I had not seen him for quite a while. He said, yes, he had been in the country. He was very happy today. He had two small kittens that were at that moment around the studio scratching the canvases. I asked him if the cats had any respect for art. He said, "No, no respect at all. Then his chauffeur came in with an engraving and dry-point. He spoke of Juan Gris and he said he worked very hard and the life of misery which he lived killed him. Just when he began to do something, he died.

We spoke about Texas. "They wanted me to go to United States," he said. "This place is full of mice, and the mice spoiled my dates, that is why I got the two kittens."

No date (April)

We just left Picasso. I had never seen him as nice, as affectionate. He was doing a large charcoal drawing of roosters, terrifically dramatic roosters. "Roosters," he said "we always have roosters. But like everything else we must discover them. Just like Corot discovered the morning and Renoir, little girls. Everything must be discovered, this box, a piece of paper. You must always leave the door open. Always open, and the main thing is never to turn back, never to dismay, and never to compromise. Roosters have always been seen, as in weather vanes. Artists must have freedom. The things that you sent me, how marvelous they are," referring to photographs of western Texas. "They are just like the landscapes in Almeria. We must all work, can, we must go ahead." I felt that his emotion was produced by feeling a

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sincere affection toward us. Then he said, "I haven't seen you in quite a while. I thought perhaps you had gone back to America without seeing me." Along that have three things." Afterward Picasso loved to tell that story.

Occasional Notes:

Another occasion Picasso said, "Don't go back to America, remain here." On one occasion I was talking to him about his studio. I said that every corner was full of paper, oil brushes, broken boxes, etc. and I said, "Everything in this studio has the characteristics of your work. It belongs here and nowhere else." He said, "Not long ago an English photographer who has a Leica like yours took pictures of ~~the~~ the corners and papers. He went all around the studio taking pictures. 'Because after all,' he said, 'things affect the character of the person.'"

Notes about Picasso written in preparation for an article:

On one occasion I had just left the Metro and I said to him "I have seen workers removing the old posters from the Metro and pasting up others. Some of these surfaces are covered with fragments of previous posters and the effect is beautiful." "Yes," he said, "nothing is an accident. The man destroys here, puts there. There is something unconscious, but logical, that takes place in the mind of the man that places or tears these posters. The result is not only accident."

When I showed him some reproductions on post cards of paintings he had done in Catalonia, he got furious. He said, "That is not the color, that was not blue, that was pink."

On another occasion I was talking to him about a shoemaker who was fixing my shoes while I was looking at an old magazine with reproductions of Picasso's paintings. As the shoemaker was looking over at the book while he was working, I showed him the book and I said "This

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is the work of one of your countrymen." The shoemaker looked at it carefully and said, "You know everything in life has two things and there are things that have three things." Afterward Picasso loved to tell that story.

Another occasion Picasso said, "Don't go back to America, remain here."

On another occasion he arrived on a Monday from his country place bringing with him a large group of photographs of himself in a bathing suit and very humorous positions, some of them with skull of a cow over his head like a minotaur.

Notes about Picasso written in preparation for an article:

Picasso was examining a copper plate with a minotaur drypoint, examining it very attentively. He was close to a window. He is short and stocky. His hair is gray and long and looks as though it had been whacked off with a knife from time to time. It was winter. My impression on this melancholy afternoon was that he was a man interested in the essence of painting, influenced by new discoveries; someone possessed with the idea of creating something new out of new materials, cardboard, paper, glass and glue. Pigment as pigment, graphic symbols, human gestures, of a dignity not previously understood. He is a weather vane moved by different winds, a profit of new emotions, a builder of cardboard castles, mirror of our time. Master of the art of painting, understanding that to be able to make a mark on a surface either in writing or in plastic form is the elemental basis of pure painting.

He brought me his dates and the mice had left their mark in the dates and he said, "Los ratones se hacen caca en mis datiles."

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"Poor Casbeck," he said, "he just arrived from the hospital." Ethel said to Picasso, "It looks as though the dog were signed by Modigliani." He said, "Surely that is true." By the way, did you know Miss Stein when she was in United States?"

Then I said, "Don Pablo, I've been following your painting carefully for several years and never before have I seen any type of propaganda in your pictures." We were talking about the Guernica Mural. He said, "Have you seen my Guernica Mural?" I said, "No I haven't, I have seen reproductions." "My Guernica is now in Stockholm on exhibition." And answering my question about propaganda he said, "I don't know what is the matter with me, I have never been interested in propaganda. But I don't know what, poor Spain. It is something that happens inside and you cannot help it. The same thing happened to Goya." In answer to my question about the Prado Museum, whether the pictures were safe, he said, "Don't you worry about Prado, the pictures are well taken care of."

Then speaking of Juan Gris, "He lived a miserable life in Paris. Sometimes he had only a few sous a week."

One day the studio was full of important people of France, long coats, etc. A Javanese woman wore the most beautiful costume I have ever seen. These important people were looking at the pictures with many ahs and ohs, when the bell rang loudly, not gently and discreetly as before, but vigorously, and in came two workmen. They must have been working in a sewer, judging from their clothes, smelling of wine, and gay. Without taking off their caps, they came in and greeted Picasso with a kiss on each cheek. Picasso looked over at Gonzalez and blushed. (In Spain men don't greet each other in such a manner.)

Often his studio contained paintings of students brought to him for criticism. Most of these paintings were a sort of surrealism

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meticulously done in which a pornographic element was the obvious subject matter. (It is the small man who must resort to such subject matter for his painting, not so the master.)

In Gertrude Stein's house there were two tiny chairs. One day  
of his hand  
Picasso made a tracing/on the backs of the chairs. Alice B. Toklas and  
Gertrude Stein embroidered the design like a 1927-28 painting of Picasso -  
in grays, white and black and subtle colors.