

CONDITIONS OF USE FOR THIS PDF

The images contained within this PDF may be used for private study, scholarship, and research only. They may not be published in print, posted on the internet, or exhibited. They may not be donated, sold, or otherwise transferred to another individual or repository without the written permission of The Museum of Modern Art Archives.

When publication is intended, publication-quality images must be obtained from SCALA Group, the Museum's agent for licensing and distribution of images to outside publishers and researchers.

If you wish to quote any of this material in a publication, an application for permission to publish must be submitted to the MoMA Archives. This stipulation also applies to dissertations and theses. All references to materials should cite the archival collection and folder, and acknowledge "The Museum of Modern Art Archives, New York."

Whether publishing an image or quoting text, you are responsible for obtaining any consents or permissions which may be necessary in connection with any use of the archival materials, including, without limitation, any necessary authorizations from the copyright holder thereof or from any individual depicted therein.

In requesting and accepting this reproduction, you are agreeing to indemnify and hold harmless The Museum of Modern Art, its agents and employees against all claims, demands, costs and expenses incurred by copyright infringement or any other legal or regulatory cause of action arising from the use of this material.

NOTICE: WARNING CONCERNING COPYRIGHT RESTRICTIONS

The copyright law of the United States (Title 17, United States Code) governs the making of photocopies or other reproductions of copyrighted material. Under certain conditions specified in the law, libraries and archives are authorized to furnish a photocopy or other reproduction. One of these specified conditions is that the photocopy or reproduction is not to be "used for any purpose other than private study, scholarship, or research." If a user makes a request for, or later uses, a photocopy or reproduction for purposes in excess of "fair use," that user may be liable for copyright infringement.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY

Collection:

AHB

Series.Folder:

XL. H. 3

2 *

PM, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1944

OPINION

AFL Policy
In Politics

The AFL is a kind of closed corporation. It's hard enough for a rank-and-file member to make himself heard, much less a progressive publication on the outside. We wish there were some way we could break through the crust and put in a word about the policy, or lack of it, followed by the AFL in the election.

The AFL purports to follow the line established by the man who was its greatest leader, Samuel Gompers. Gompers gave his allegiance to neither political party. But he did believe in rewarding labor's friends and punishing labor's enemies. And when he thought a public man was really labor's friend, he wasn't afraid to go barnstorming for him, as Gompers did for William Jennings Bryan and Woodrow Wilson.

The old Gompers spirit didn't die out after the death of Gompers. We who know the AFL only as a kind of senile bulk, who remember how it fought unemployment insurance in the early 30s, may be startled to recall that as recently as 1924 the AFL was so militant in its social views, so dissatisfied with both major parties, that it openly and actively supported a great American radical, the elder LaFollette, for President. The AFL in that campaign was up to its ears in political action.

In the light of that past, and in the light of the old Gompers militancy, the record made by the AFL in the past election looks pretty sickly, and at several points downright treacherous and treasonable to the best interests of labor.

In some respects the AFL hierarchy seems to have reversed the Gompers slogan. It seems to have set out to reward labor's enemies and punish labor's friends. Let us look at three items on the record.

¶ Franklin D. Roosevelt, a great and progressive President, who has done more for labor than any other President in our history, was not endorsed by the AFL Executive Council. The Council was neutral—neutral as between a proven friend of labor and a candidate backed by America's leading anti-labor, big-money interests. Was that rewarding labor's friends and punishing labor's enemies—to be smugly neutral between the leader of the New Deal and the Pews, the Weirs, the Sewell Averages and the Rockefeller's of the Republican Party? Is that neutrality or treachery?

Gentle old William Green, head of the AFL, knows better but seems to have been afraid of his Council. He didn't endorse the President. But it is said in his defense that he did consent to come to the Teamsters' dinner, to sit at the President's right hand and to applaud him. Brave fellow!

¶ While the rank and file of labor and progressives generally celebrate the defeat of some of the worst Congressional reactionaries in our history, it is painful but necessary to recall that many of them had AFL endorsements. The AFL has been understandably squeamish about giving out a list of these endorsements—the list is too odoriferous—but it is known that among them were Martin Dies, Gerald Nye and Stephen A. Day, the Fuehrer's admirer and the Chicago Tribune's pet. Is that rewarding labor's friends and punishing labor's enemies?



"Why Don't You Trust Me? I'll Be the Best Friend of the People This Country Has Had Since Mussolini"

¶ In New York, the AFL State Council endorsed State Sen. Frederic R. Coudert, Jr., who ran the Dies Committee of New York, but it did not endorse the father of the Wagner Act, Robert F. Wagner, a great and good man, who has done more for labor than any other person ever to sit in the U. S. Senate. Green came out for Wagner—even he gagged on being neutral in that contest—but George Meany, secretary-treasurer of the AFL, often progressive in the past, did his best to knife Wagner, played Judas to the labor movement for the proffered reward of a Cabinet post if Dewey won. That was punishing labor's friends and helping labor's enemies.

Fortunately in New York the rank-and-file worker of the AFL ignored his leaders, as the rank and file Irish-American ignored the efforts to use the religious issue against Wagner. They voted for Wagner and Wagner had a majority greater even than the President's, much to everyone's surprise. The common man recognized and rewarded merit despite some of its leaders.

It was also fortunate for the President and for the rest of the progressive movement that at least three top leaders of the AFL and the rank-and-file of the AFL refused to be neutral, ignored the Executive Council, worked for Roosevelt. Two of those top leaders, Dan Tobin of the Teamsters and Harvey Brown of the Machinists, even went so far as to co-operate informally with the CIO Political Action Committee. A third, David Dubinsky of the ILGWU, did through the Liberal Party in New York help reelect Roosevelt and Wagner.

In all but a few cities, the AFL's local leaders and many state leaders worked with the PAC in getting out the registration and the vote and in several cities PAC itself was merged into a broader organization representing the AFL, and the Railroad Brotherhoods as well as the

CIO. The AFL worker paid little, if any, attention to his neutral leaders. Obviously there's something wrong with leaders who no longer lead. And there's something wrong with an organization that rewards its enemies and punishes its friends.

There are crucial battles ahead—battles for a permanent peace and for full employment, battles against bigotry and

fascism, battles that mean bread-and-butter, life-and-death for AFL workers as for the rest of us. What are the AFL leaders going to do in those battles? Be neutral?

These are harsh words but we wish somebody would get up on his hind legs and say them in New Orleans when the AFL convenes there on Nov. 20.

—I. F. STONE FOR THE EDITORS OF PM

Paris Shows Its New Colors

PARIS France has, temporarily at least, changed the name of the famous Salon d'Automne to the Salon de Liberation. You see, the Salon d'Automne, the country's premier exhibition of new paintings, was held throughout the occupation—with German residents in Paris showing their pictures, with Germans on the board of judges and with all motifs subject to German censorship. So every picture which has been hung in the Salon de Liberation has something in it which concerns the Calvary through which France has passed.

The picture all Paris is talking about is an untitled one by a little-known artist, Madeleine Dines, who, peculiarly enough, and in line with the general subject of the exhibition, lives on the Rue des Filles-du-Calvaire—the Street of the Daughters of Calvary. Mlle. Dines has painted two prisoners of the one-time-conqueror. Surrounded by misery, circled by brutality, there never were on painted canvas such stares of defiance as glare from the eyes of both unfortunates. The artist has captured the feel of the majority of the French people and has made a record of it for posterity. Already there is talk of governmental purchase of the picture so that it will not be allowed to leave the possession of the people who inspired it.

Titled *The Farm*, there is a picture which shows all the bustle and movement of solid French peasantry. There are the cowsheds, the wagons, the chickens, the duckpond and there is a hay wagon on top of which a cock—the symbol of France—crows triumphantly. All these homely appurtenances of agricul-

ture are set in a frame—a huge shell hole which has smashed the wall around the farm. You are looking through destruction to see defiance meld into victory.

A picture which is in the minds of everybody who was in Paris on Liberation Day has been translated to canvas. The crowds are jammed on the streets, cheering the flower-decked tanks, American and French, rolling along the boulevard. It is the record of day of all days. The *Game of Chequers* gives us a picture of the most popular form of underground meeting of patriots over the four years of resistance. Under the very noses of the Germans, the patriots would gather around the board, and while moves were supposedly being deeply considered, more important moves on a national chessboard were being laid down, almost wordlessly.

In the surrealist section were shown 79 examples of the art of Pablo Picasso; sordid, leering faces. Nightmares of thought, remarked a GI. They did not evoke thrills of pride and sympathy which were the tributes of other pictures. Some people, apparently, did not think they presented France in any true form. On the third day of the exhibition 17 of the pictures were scratched up or had ink from fountain pens squirted on them.

The new murals show the coming colors for the buildings of postwar France—intense, glaring, flaming colors. You might call them the colors of New France, a proud spread which has come by its pride through deep adversity.

(Copyright, 1944, by Chicago Sun and Field Publications.)

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XI. H. 3

Excerpts from Gladys Delmas' article FRENCH ART DURING THE OCCUPATION

Picasso

Picasso, during the occupation, never left Paris and his presence here became of tremendous occult importance. His atelier on the Rue des Grands Augustins was a center for all the left wing intellectuals, poets, novelists and philosophers as well as painters. He was not personally persecuted by the Germans, although his painting was pilloried in several books of German inspiration as the archtype of "degenerate art."

He is probably the only great artist in France to have accepted an active part in the political struggles of the day. His picture "Guernica," his fiercely satiric work, "Dreams and Lies of Franco," his acceptance of the directorship of the Prado from the Republican Government all served to make him a symbol during the days of occupation, and since the liberation his work has become a sort of banner of the Resistance Movement and, particularly, of the Communist Party, to which he adhered with much brio on the opening day of his show at the Salon d'Automne - the first Picasso show ever to reach a large public in France. All this had the unfortunate effect of making people react to it on political rather than aesthetic principles.

Although critics will probably not distinguish his work during these years as a new "period," he has continued to develop with that amazing imaginative fertility which is one of the phenomena of the century. His work has been abundant. At the Salon d'Automne this year more than seventy canvases were shown, in addition to some sculpture, and these represented only a small proportion of his production since 1940. He has been working at one and the same time at painting, sculpture and drawing, as well as writing a play, privately produced. As is usual with him, the act of creation itself seems more important than the plastic expression of it.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XI. H. 3

2.

His drawing of this period seems to be a throw back to his earlier classic period and the etchings he made for an edition of Buffon, published by Martin Fabiani, are disconcerting in their powerful and - almost-traditional naturalism. Those who maintain that Picasso is the last great painter of the Renaissance find an obvious basis for their contention here, although in support of this thesis it would be juster to remark that Picasso's preoccupation with chiaroscuro, perspective and other classic tricks is evident in all his work even if only indicated by the violence of his attempt to break away from them. Be that as it may, the Buffon illustrations seem to me to be among his finest things.

In contrast to the classic inspiration of his line drawings, his painting has continued to probe the succeeding realms of form and color which his astoundingly fertile imagination conjures up with unabated zest. His is not a quiet spirit; he seems constantly driven by a desire to surpass himself, to penetrate beyond the limits of conscious perception, to break down the barriers that hem in our normal vision of the world.

In his recent painting two tendencies may be distinguished. In one group of canvases, he is concerned above all with the possibilities of color, used for itself alone as the chief organizing principle of the picture. In this he joins in the preoccupation of that important section of the younger generation whom Derain has dubbed "tubists." In a second group his interest is in more purely formal research. The colors are the dull shades of brown and gray that marked his cubist period, the forms those violent, tormented, mocking figures that people Picasso's own particular world. Some of them, such as the bleeding rabbit and calf's heads, the skeletons, the strange centaur-like creatures introduce a new macabre note, for Picasso, more than most of his French colleagues, has been touched to the quick by the horrors of these unhappy times.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XI. H. 3

Excerpts from Gladys Delmas' article FRENCH ART DURING THE OCCUPATION

Picasso

Picasso, during the occupation, never left Paris and his presence here became of tremendous occult importance. His atelier on the Rue des Grands Augustins was a center for all the left wing intellectuals, poets, novelists, and philosophers as well as painters. He was not personally persecuted by the Germans, although his painting was pilloried in several books of German inspiration as the archetype of "degenerate art."

He is probably the only great artist in France to have accepted an active part in the political struggles of the day. His picture "Guernica," his fiercely satiric work, "Dreams and Lies of France," his acceptance of the directorship of the Prado from the Republican Government all served to make him a symbol during the days of occupation, and since the liberation his work has become a sort of banner of the Resistance Movement and, particularly, of the Communist Party, to which he adhered with much brio on the opening day of his show at the Salon d'Automne - the first Picasso show ever to reach a large public in France. All this had the unfortunate effect of making people react to it on political rather than aesthetic principles.

Although critics will probably not distinguish his work during these years as a new "period," he has continued to develop with that amazing imaginative fertility which is one of the phenomena of the century. His work has been abundant. At the Salon d'Automne this year more than seventy canvases were shown, in addition to some sculpture, and these represented only a small proportion of his production since 1940. He has been working at one and the same time at painting, sculpture and drawing, as well as writing a play, privately produced. As is usual with him, the act of creation itself seems more important than the plastic expression of it.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XI. H. 3

2.

His drawing of this period seems to be a throw back to his earlier classic period and the etchings he made for an edition of Buffon, published by Martin Fabiani, are disconcerting in their powerful and - almost-traditional naturalism. Those who maintain that Picasso is the last great painter of the Renaissance find an obvious basis for their contention here, although in support of this thesis it would be juster to remark that Picasso's preoccupation with chiaroscuro, perspective and other classic tricks is evident in all his work even if only indicated by the violence of his attempt to break away from them. Be that as it may, the Buffon illustrations seem to me to be among his finest things.

In contrast to the classic inspiration of his line drawings, his painting has continued to probe the succeeding realms of form and color which his astoundingly fertile imagination conjures up with unabated zest. He is not a quiet spirit; he seems constantly driven by a desire to surpass himself, to penetrate beyond the limits of conscious perception, to break down the barriers that hem in our normal vision of the world.

In his recent painting two tendencies may be distinguished. In one group of canvases, he is concerned above all with the possibilities of color, used for itself alone as the chief organizing principle of the picture. In this he joins in the preoccupation of that important section of the younger generation whom Derain has dubbed "tubists." In a second group his interest is in more purely formal research. The colors are the dull shades of brown and gray that marked his cubist period, the forms those violent, tormented, mocking figures that people Picasso's own particular world. Some of them, such as the bleeding rabbit and calf's heads, the skeletons, the strange centaur-like creatures introduce a new macabre note, for Picasso, more than most of his French colleagues, has been touched to the quick by the horrors of these unhappy times.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XI. H. 3

Excerpts from Gladys Delmas' article FRENCH ART DURING THE OCCUPATION

Picasso

Picasso, during the occupation, never left Paris and his presence here became of tremendous occult importance. His atelier on the Rue des Grands Augustins was a center for all the left wing intellectuals, poets, novelists and philosophers as well as painters. He was not personally persecuted by the Germans, although his painting was pilloried in several books of German inspiration as the archetype of "degenerate art."

He is probably the only great artist in France to have accepted an active part in the political struggles of the day. His picture "Guernica," his fiercely satiric work, "Dreams and Lies of France," his acceptance of the directorship of the Prado from the Republican Government all served to make him a symbol during the days of occupation, and since the liberation his work has become a sort of banner of the Resistance Movement and, particularly, of the Communist Party, to which he adhered with much brio on the opening day of his show at the Salon d'Automne - the first Picasso show ever to reach a large public in France. All this had the unfortunate effect of making people react to it on political rather than aesthetic principles.

Although critics will probably not distinguish his work during these years as a new "period," he has continued to develop with that amazing imaginative fertility which is one of the phenomena of the century. His work has been abundant. At the Salon d'Automne this year more than seventy canvases were shown, in addition to some sculpture, and these represented only a small proportion of his production since 1940. He has been working at one and the same time at painting, sculpture and drawing, as well as writing a play, privately produced. As is usual with him, the act of creation itself seems more important than the plastic expression of it.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XI. H. 3

2.

His drawing of this period seems to be a throw back to his earlier classic period and the etchings he made for an edition of Buffon, published by Martin Fabiani, are disconcerting in their powerful and - almost-traditional naturalism. Those who maintain that Picasso is the last great painter of the Renaissance find an obvious basis for their contention here, although in support of this thesis it would be juster to remark that Picasso's preoccupation with chiaroscuro, perspective and other classic tricks is evident in all his work even if only indicated by the violence of his attempt to break away from them. Be that as it may, the Buffon illustrations seem to me to be among his finest things.

In contrast to the classic inspiration of his line drawings, his painting has continued to probe the succeeding realms of form and color which his astoundingly fertile imagination conjures up with unabated zest. He is not a quiet spirit; he seems constantly driven by a desire to surpass himself, to penetrate beyond the limits of conscious perception, to break down the barriers that hem in our normal vision of the world.

In his recent painting two tendencies may be distinguished. In one group of canvases, he is concerned above all with the possibilities of color, used for itself alone as the chief organizing principle of the picture. In this he joins in the preoccupation of that important section of the younger generation whom Derain has dubbed "tubists." In a second group his interest is in more purely formal research. The colors are the dull shades of brown and gray that marked his cubist period, the forms those violent, tormented, mocking figures that people Picasso's own particular world. Some of them, such as the bleeding rabbit and calf's head, the skeletons, the strange centaur-like creatures introduce a new macabre note, for Picasso, more than most of his French colleagues, has been touched to the quick by the horrors of these unhappy times.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XI. H. 3

Excerpts from Gladys Delmas' article FRENCH ART DURING THE OCCUPATION.

Picasso

Picasso, during the occupation, never left Paris and his presence here became of tremendous occult importance. His atelier on the Rue des Grands Augustins was a center for all the left wing intellectuals, poets, novelists and philosophers as well as painters. He was not personally persecuted by the Germans, although his painting was pilloried in several books of German inspiration as the archetype of "degenerate art."

He is probably the only great artist in France to have accepted an active part in the political struggles of the day. His picture "Guernica," his fiercely satiric work, "Dreams and Lies of Franco," his acceptance of the directorship of the Prado from the Republican Government all served to make him a symbol during the days of occupation, and since the liberation his work has become a sort of banner of the Resistance Movement and, particularly, of the Communist Party, to which he adhered with much brio on the opening day of his show at the Salon d'Automne - the first Picasso show ever to reach a large public in France. All this had the unfortunate effect of making people react to it on political rather than aesthetic principles.

Although critics will probably not distinguish his work during these years as a new "period," he has continued to develop with that amazing imaginative fertility which is one of the phenomena of the century. His work has been abundant. At the Salon d'Automne this year more than seventy canvases were shown, in addition to some sculpture, and these represented only a small proportion of his production since 1940. He has been working at one and the same time at painting, sculpture and drawing, as well as writing a play, privately produced. As is usual with him, the act of creation itself seems more important than the plastic expression of it.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XI. H. 3

2.

His drawing of this period seems to be a throw back to his earlier classic period and the etchings he made for an edition of Buffon, published by Martin Fabiani, are disconcerting in their powerful and - almost-traditional naturalism. Those who maintain that Picasso is the last great painter of the Renaissance find an obvious basis for their contention here, although in support of this thesis it would be juster to remark that Picasso's preoccupation with chiaroscuro, perspective and other classic tricks is evident in all his work even if only indicated by the violence of his attempt to break away from them. Be that as it may, the Buffon illustrations seem to me to be among his finest things.

In contrast to the classic inspiration of his line drawings, his painting has continued to probe the succeeding realms of form and color which his astoundingly fertile imagination conjures up with unabated zest. His is not a quiet spirit; he seems constantly driven by a desire to surpass himself, to penetrate beyond the limits of conscious perception, to break down the barriers that hem in our normal vision of the world.

In his recent painting two tendencies may be distinguished. In one group of canvases, he is concerned above all with the possibilities of color, used for itself alone as the chief organizing principle of the picture. In this he joins in the preoccupation of that important section of the younger generation whom Derain has dubbed "tubists." In a second group his interest is in more purely formal research. The colors are the dull shades of brown and gray that marked his cubist period, the forms those violent, tormented, mocking figures that people Picasso's own particular world. Some of them, such as the bleeding rabbit and calf's head, the skeletons, the strange centaur-like creatures introduce a new macabre note, for Picasso, more than most of his French colleagues, has been touched to the quick by the horrors of these unhappy times.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY

Collection:

AHB

Series.Folder:

XL. H. 3

Picasso

The painter who defied the Germans finds himself the hero of a revolutionary mood.

By G. H. ARCHAMBAULT

PARIS (By Wireless).

IN Paris the liberation of art has coincided with the liberation of the city and today Pablo Picasso stands out as the standard-bearer of the artistic movement. In the first place, his attitude during the German occupation has won general admiration. He steadfastly refused to fall for propaganda wiles as did too many French painters and sculptors. He neither exhibited his works in Paris under German auspices nor accepted junketing tours through the Reich under the plea that "art knows no country." And when the German authorities offered him coal with which to heat his studio he replied that he preferred to freeze—like most Parisians.

For these reasons—and others—Picasso occupies the place of honor in the Autumn Salon, which marks the first artistic manifestation in Paris since the Germans were booted out. An entire room is devoted to his works, both paintings and sculpture, seventy-four of the former and five of the latter, a very large proportion when it is considered that the salon accepted fewer than 300 exhibits from nearly 3,000 submitted to the hanging committee. Picasso first came to Paris nearly forty years ago and this is virtually his first show of any size.

It has raised a storm, all the more so since coincidentally with the opening of the salon Picasso announced that he had joined the French Communist party. He is a Catalan, and in Catalonia many men hold advanced views on political philosophy. Picasso, in any case, prefers not to discuss this matter. He holds that a man's views on such matters are his own, however much his art may be a matter for public discussion. And today in Paris it certainly is.

SEVERAL score painters staged a demonstration at the salon the day after its opening. With much noise and shouting they removed some paintings from the Picasso room, but when the police, hastily summoned, reached the spot the demonstrators became lamblike and every frame was soon back in its place. Now the artists whose works were rejected threaten to start an opposition salon, two if need be, as a protest against the great prominence given Picasso and his followers, or, more correctly, his imitators, since he does not consider himself the founder or leader of any school. He is Picasso and only he is Picasso.

So he will tell the visitor to his studio in a vast attic in one of the oldest and most picturesque parts of Paris bordering the Seine River. It is not far from the

Street of the Cat That Fishes, in a medley of narrow lanes which François Villon knew well. The building in which his studio is located bears every sign of having been the mansion of an important nobleman whose duties at court necessitated attendance at the Louvre Palace on the other side of the river. It is notable for its stone carvings and much wrought iron.

The entrance to the main stairway is cluttered with packing cases, for many of the rooms in the building are used as warehouses. To reach the studio the visitor must climb the backstairs, narrow, dark and winding, until progress is blocked by the polished oak door flanked by a number of bell pushes, relics left by former tenants. The one that really works is indicated by a slip of paper bearing a summary sketch by Picasso and the word "Here." When you press "Here" you are admitted forthwith—on condition that you have an appointment. Picasso's time is precious.

THE studio is not heated, for coal is very scarce in Paris just now. So visitors and admirers are recommended not to discard their overcoats. Picasso himself does not seem to feel the cold as he passes from group to group. He hates interviews, but he is always prepared to discuss art by the hour if need be and the more listens the better. "Art has been, is and will be" is one formula he uses to stress the continuity in painting. And he is ever ready to take up the defense of the old masters.

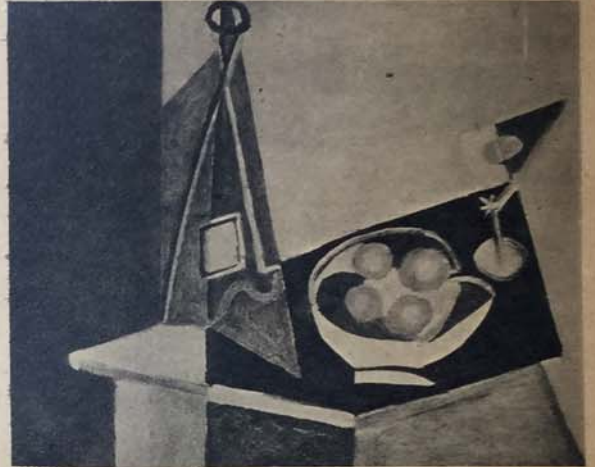
"What did you do during the German occupation?" someone asks.

"I continued to paint," Picasso replies. "But I painted for myself and did not exhibit. Now it is different, and you see the production of four years in the Autumn Salon. By the way, that production seems to have ruffled some feathers."

So many events have been crowded into the period since the liberation that Picasso has not painted much. His most recent canvas at the salon is dated Aug. 16, 1944, only a few days before the Germans were driven out. It represents a tall bloom beside a basket, all in violets and greens and blues on a white ground. When he does resume full activity he does not know in what direction his imagination will strike out.

And therein lies Picasso's personality, as emphasized by those gathered in his cold studio. He has had his blue period, his pink period, his period of subjective cubism. And now comes his 1944 period. In the space of forty years he has evolved several techniques (Continued on Page 39)

EIGHT NEW PICASSOS—



"A SET TABLE"



"STILL LIFE"



"BASKET OF FRUIT"

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XI. H. 3

IT'S A
Towncliffe

... And it's beautifully tailored to the last fine details of shoulder pockets, jacket slits. "Suited" to soft, warm Towntree® Shetland fabric... to crisp autumn days ahead.

About \$40

100% virgin wool, lined in Duchess DeLuxe Rayon Crepe

Colors: Currant, Receda Green, Gold, Coffee Brown
Sizes: 10-20



At all good stores, or write to:
Towncliffe, Inc.
214 West 39th Street
New York 18, N. Y.

Picasso

(Continued from Page 18)
and several new forms of expression only to abandon them one after the other. Some find this disconcerting, others consider it proof of his vitality.

All agree, however, that Picasso cannot be appreciated today except in the light of his past work, nor can he be understood without realization that his eye sees motion even in inanimate objects. That is why he resents being classified with what is now styled the "abstract school."

THOSE who disapproved of his artistic theories suggest that he sees things as reflected by concave or convex mirrors. Picasso merely replies that he paints



Pablo Picasso.

things as he sees them. And he paints violently because he sees violently.

Picasso makes it clear that he is perfectly willing to stand alone. He has outdistanced both Cubists and Surrealists, as is sufficiently indicated by the exhibits in the Autumn Salon. He will be very much interested to note the next trend of French art, which is scarcely discernible at present, seeing that painters and sculptors have only just been freed from that "managed art" which was the rule under German domination.

Picasso believes that artists who have been prisoners of war for more than four years may influence that next trend. They have meditated in the midst of suffering and the result of their meditations may come as a surprise. Picasso agrees that in any case this is a period of transition.

PICASSO smiles when he finds some writers on art describing him as "an elemental force of nature." He laughs outright when others suggest that he is merely pulling the public's leg. But he becomes quite severe when hints are thrown out that there may be some connection between art and politics and he deplores the publicity given to his adhesion to communism.

Yet some admirers point out that the great Goya, with whom Picasso has affinities, chose subjects, especially in his famous etchings, which introduced a political element into his art. Picasso, in any case, well reflects the present violent period with its tragic atmosphere and all its upheavals. Doubtless that explains why he dominates the "Liberation Salon" in Paris.

RELTEX

fabrics



HARVARD SQUARE... your favorite rayon gabardine takes to the superb tailoring of this casually-perfect button-fronter with ease and elegance.

And it's processed for permanent crease-resistance.

Sizes 12 to 20, about \$22.95, at these and other stores:

ROTHCHILD'S Kansas City
DONALDSON Minneapolis
JOSKE BROS. San Antonio
SCHUSTER'S Milwaukee

RELIABLE TEXTILE CO., Inc.
1410 BROADWAY • NEW YORK 18, N. Y.



The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XI. H. 3

PAINTED DURING THE GERMAN OCCUPATION OF PARIS.



"WOMAN IN A BLUE BLOUSE"



"SEATED WOMAN"



"STILL LIFE"



"WOMAN IN AN ARM CHAIR"



"WOMAN SEATED IN AN ARM CHAIR"

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series/Folder:
	AHB	XI. H. 3

**THE ORIGINAL
ROMEIKE
PRESS CLIPPINGS**

220 W. 19th St., NEW YORK 11, N.Y.
Tel. CHelsea 3-8860

Cir. [D 114,765] [S 195,811]

This Clipping From
**SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.
CHRONICLE**

SEP 3 - 1944

Picasso Is Safe

The Artist Was Neither a Traitor To His Painting Nor His Country

By **PETER D. WHITNEY**
Chronicle War Correspondent

PARIS, Sept. 1—Pablo Picasso who must, in justice though perhaps not without controversy, be called the world's greatest painter, is safe and in the best of health.

I called on him this morning in his studio up four ancient, dark and narrow flights of stairs on the Rue des Grands Augustins, half a block from the left bank of the Seine with its famous open air book stalls. He is a browned energetic little man with a strong mobile face, keen brown eyes and gray hair—he is 63 years old. Clad in faded blue cotton shorts and a short-sleeved shirt and wearing worn white sandals, he escorted us with merry exclamations of hospitality into his studio where he has worked for four years. In those four years he has been largely undisturbed, but cold and ill-fed.

The faded old room under a beamed ceiling was crowded with paintings he has been forbidden to sell.

ART AND HITLER

With a smile he showed us a book called "Decadent Art," by a Fascist-minded English expatriate. Its centerpiece and most damning exhibit was a reproduction of Picasso's famous anti-Fascist mural, "Guernica," the original of which is now in the New York Museum of Modern Art.

Guernica was a little Basque town in Northern Spain which the Luftwaffe on a busy market day in 1937 totally erased from this earth. Thousands of human beings were sacrificed to an experiment which was a preliminary to Warsaw, Rotterdam, Belgrade and London.

"Decadence, eh?" Picasso said softly. "Do you know Hitler himself once did me the honor of naming me in one of his speeches as a wicked corrupter of youth? So for four years, I have been personally forbidden to show or sell my works."

"They let me alone mostly, and, of course, I have kept on working as you can see," he said. "The Gestapo has been here three or four times nosing around, but they found nothing, even though most of my friends are Resistance members. The last time was only a month ago."

"MY FRIEND"

"You know Gertrude Stein is a very good friend of mine. It is believed she tried to escape when the Germans removed the Jewish population of Paris in 1942, but was captured near the Swiss border. But I've looked after her apartment down the road and her furniture in spite of the Gestapo." (Yesterday Miss Stein was reported safe in Southern France.)

I had been looking around the room revelling in the good fortune of seeing dozens of genuine Picassos still unknown to the outer world, still unknown to the man from Duveen's or the Metropolitan Museum. His style, I thought, had not changed much: still the cubist angles, the seeming primitive design, the bright but earthy colors.

A portrait of a woman seemed to have two faces, one in profile, one beside it in full face; in one corner were ten small canvases, each representing an essay on the same jug, glass and lemon, but in different degrees of abstraction. In another a huge woman loomed heavily over a child she was obviously teaching to walk, but the figures were a strange blurry patchwork of planes. Among much that was baffling, there was much that was delightful.

"I have not painted the war," said Picasso quietly, "because I am not the kind of a painter who goes out like a photographer for something to depict. But I have no doubt that the war is in these paintings I have done. Later on perhaps the historians will find them and show that my style has changed under the war's influence. Myself, I do not know."

AFTER FOUR YEARS

He spent last Friday when the Allies entered Paris quietly in his studio working and did not go out on the streets until Monday. This seems like an ivory tower sort of performance, but I think Picasso—who has been fighting Fascism harder than most of us for a longer time and with weapons none of us command—was simply too busy painting.

The whole art world of Paris is deeply involved one way or another in the reckoning against the collaborators. Picasso noted with pleasure yesterday's suspension from the French Academy of the writers Abel Bonnard and Abel Hermant.

"But what," he asked, "of the rest of the collaborators?"

He was bitter about Albert Vlaininck, another distinguished painter and once a friend, who after the fall of Paris suddenly appeared with an article denouncing Picasso as a Jewish degenerate. There is a shadow, too, across the reputation of George Braque, a fellow traveler in the realm of the abstract, whose work Picasso admires, but who lent himself to Nazi propaganda by giving a show in Munich shortly after the debacle. Of Derain, a more conventional and less gifted artist, there are similar questions.

Matise, Picasso's friend, of whose subtly lovely work he has in his studio two choice specimens



PABLO PICASSO
War is in his art

remained quietly in the Midi. He is thought to be safe.

Picasso has never been to America.

"My work has been here, and when I could afford it, I was always too busy," he said, "but now I think I would like to go there. You know, I think many of us who have been content with living in Paris in the old days will suddenly start traveling. It is the natural reaction against these four years of oppression."

Alfred Barr:

The attached story showed interest you - but you please return it to us after reading it.

B.T.

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XI. H. 3

ART NEWS

FOUNDED 1902

NOVEMBER 1-14, 1944

Barr
Plano p. 12 50¢



The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XL. H. 3

ART NEWS

FOUNDED 1902

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Copyright 1944 The Art Foundation, Inc.
Entered as second-class matter Feb. 5, 1909, at the Post-Office, New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

CONTENTS: Vol. XLIII, No. 14 Nov. 1-14, 1944

PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR: *Still-Life—Flowers and Prickly Pears*, ca. 1884. Lent by Mr. and Mrs. William W. Crocker, Burlingame, California, to the Twentieth Anniversary Exhibition at the California Palace of Legion of Honor (see article on page 15)...Cover

EDITOR'S LETTERS	4
VERNISSAGE	7
EUGENE DELACROIX: <i>Portrait of Amédée Berry d'Ouille</i> Frontispiece	8
DELACROIX SPEAKS FOR HIMSELF.....Walter Pach	9
FIRST REPORT FROM PARIS.....Emlen Etting	12
TWENTY YEARS IN THE BUILDING...Lt. Thomas Carr Howe, Jr.	14
BIRTHDAY SHOW AT THE LEGION OF HONOR PALACE Jermayne MacAgy	15
NEW GIFT FOR KANSAS CITY.....	17
EXPRESSIONIST AND CUBIST: AMERICA'S VERSION.....	18
MARSDEN HARTLEY: <i>Mt. Katahdin, Autumn, No. 1</i> ..Colorplate	19
ANOTHER GREAT KRESS GIFT.....Alfred M. Frankfurter	21
MARSH GROWS IN MATURITY.....	22
CLARIFICATION IN A NEW WORLD: FLOCH.....	22
NEWARK CELEBRATES ITS PIONEERING PAST.....	23
THE PASSING SHOWS	24
OUR BOX SCORE OF THE CRITICS.....	26
COMING AUCTIONS.....	28
ARTISTS FOR VICTORY: BULLETIN TO MEMBERS.....	34
COMPETITIONS & SCHOLARSHIPS; WHEN & WHERE TO EXHIBIT	34
THE EXHIBITION CALENDAR.....	34

EDITOR: Alfred M. Frankfurter (on leave in service). MANAGING EDITOR: Rosamund Frost. ASSOCIATE EDITOR: Aline B. Louchheim. EDITORIAL ASSOCIATES: Robert Beverly Hale, Malcolm Vaughan. ADVERTISING MANAGER: Robert S. Frankel.

ART NEWS is published semi-monthly from October through May, monthly June through September, by THE ART FOUNDATION, INC., a non-profit membership corporation, 136 East 57th St., New York 22, N. Y. BOARD OF TRUSTEES: Thomas J. Watson, Chairman; Mrs. J. Philip Benkard; Frank Crowninshield; Walter W. S. Cook, Secretary-Treasurer; Belle da Costa Greene; Mrs. David M. Levy; Charles Rufus Morey; Mrs. Moritz Rosenthal; Mrs. William Rosenwald; Maurice Wertheim. PRESIDENT: Alfred M. Frankfurter.

The name, cover, colorplates and entire contents of ART NEWS are fully protected by copyright in the U. S. A. and in foreign countries and may not be reproduced in any manner without written consent.

THE EDITOR WELCOMES and is glad to consider MSS and photographs sent with a view to publication. When unsuitable for publication, and if accompanied by return postage, every care will be exercised toward their return, although no responsibility for their safety is undertaken. Under no circumstances will any objects of art whatever be accepted if sent to the magazine unsolicited for inspection. No opinions on authorship, authenticity or valuation can be given, nor can the magazine act as intermediary or advisor in the sale of works of art.

THE COMPLETE CONTENTS of each issue of ART NEWS are indexed in *The Art Index*, published quarterly and available for consultation in public libraries.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Regular Edition, \$5.50 per year in U.S.A.; Canada and Foreign, \$6.50 per year. Annual Supplement together with Regular Edition, \$7 per year in U.S.A.; Canada and Foreign, \$8 per year. Regular copies in U.S.A., 50c each; Annual Supplement, \$2.00 each.

REDUCED SUBSCRIPTION RATES FOR STUDENTS, ARTISTS, AND SERVICEMEN: The Art Foundation, Inc., as a non-profit corporation, makes ART NEWS available to accredited students and artists, as well as to all members of the U. S. Armed Services, at the Special Subscription Rate of \$4.00 per year in U.S.A., for the Regular Edition, \$5.50 per year for Annual Supplement together with Regular Edition. Such subscriptions must be placed directly (not through agents) and remittance must accompany order.

DUVEEN

MASTERPIECES

OF

PAINTING

SCULPTURE

PORCELAIN

FURNITURE

TAPESTRIES

GOTHIC-RENAISSANCE

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

DUVEEN BROTHERS INC.

720 FIFTH AVENUE

N. W. CORNER OF 56TH STREET

NEW YORK

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XI. H. 3

FIRST REPORT FROM PARIS

By Emlen Etting

Eye-witness to the first fabulous week of Paris' liberation, versatile Emlen Etting spoke with artists, young and old, saw their work, investigated what was happening to theatre, movies, photography, and brings his first-hand report exclusively to ART NEWS. His own watercolor of a focal scene of the liberation appears on the right.



PARIS is still the capital of the arts. Its artists through all the trials they underwent never let the war or politics affect their work, yet it was ever quite clear upon which side of the fence their convictions lay. In France art has always stood its own ground. After the war in the U. S. let us hope we are not going to produce further provincial sourbellies fostering a nationalistic, journalist trend in American art. We have had our dose of reportorial painting dashed off on the spot. In France it has never been deemed necessary for an artist to prove his awareness of immediate surroundings and events by making photographic comment upon them. We are inclined to

forget that a lemon can be just as exciting picture material no matter who is president of our country. The French were never dupes of this business of descending into the street from the ivory tower. Artists have always lived among the people, but painted in their studios. Let us not now waste our time trying to say we owe nought to Europe.

In the first few days of the liberation I had the good fortune to meet many of the younger painters, as well as to spend a couple of hours in Picasso's studio. Picasso has rarely painted better. Forbidden to exhibit, he has worked relentlessly during these years of occupation. During the battles of the liberation of Paris he concentrated on

copying a Poussin reproduction. His canvases are a sort or recapitulation of various of his periods, all unmistakably his, vigorous with movement, and thrilling in color. There is a fascinating portrait of the wife of Paul Eluard, the poet. This is achieved almost entirely in pale grey-greens, with a deft and unerring brush. "She was so sensitive I had to invent a special way to depict her," Picasso said. This canvas should make the house-party portrait painters gnash their teeth, should they gaze upon it.

Matisse, though ill in Nice, has seldom painted with more daring and joy. He devised a way of working while lying in bed. He and Picasso corresponded and bought each other's canvases. Third of the present day leading triumvirate is Bonnard who has been fired anew with youthful vigor. These three men are honored in folios of the Editions du Chêne, printed during the occupation under great technical handicaps. The fourth folio of this edition is entitled *Cinq Peintres d'Aujourd'hui* and present four colorplates, by each one of the following: André Beaudin, Francisco Bores, Maurice Estève, Léon Gischia, Edouard Pignon.

It would seem that for older and younger artists of importance Van Gogh has supplanted Cézanne as the master of the day. Directly from him have come the radiant yellow, orange, purple, and flaming red one finds lavishly filling the frames. It is a re-discovery of light and singing color—Impressionism reborn, through Cubism. In line there is a definite trend toward the Baroque.

André Lhote has completely banished black from his palette. He speaks of the contemporary movement as being a pursuit of truth through abstraction, achieving what he calls *réalité hallucinée*. Throughout the Nazi occupation he has kept his school going—without German pupils. Besides, he has written a splendid book on painting called *Traité du Paysage*, and illustrated his *Petis Itinéraires à l'Usage des Artistes*.



MATISSE: "Figure," painted during German occupation, in Nice. Although ill, Matisse continued to paint and exchange pictures with Picasso. This photograph was sent to his son.

Of the you
Fougeron out
list being Pign
Desnoyers, Ma
geron paints
mind one of
passionate bril
He wore an F
and was alrea
Joseph Billiet
new and joyou
with vigorous
ranged from f
Basque. His c
outlined in B
ly colored. Fro
cial art in N
Cubist, was
the dealer Ca
hibited in the
year a maste
Singer and
former empl
oranges whic
Manussier te
tones of stair
religious strea
youngest of t
has an Amer
tisse and Va
Robin paints
bler. The N
many but he
of France wh
ing. Le Moa
original talen
in Breton
head). His
brown, and
work, also C
has come up
Lurçat, all
hard. Bérard
Balthus carr
was an exhi
autumn of

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XI. H. 3

Of the younger artists I found André Fougeron outstanding, others on the top list being Pignon, Robin, Le Moalt, Estève, Desnoyers, Manussier, Villon, Gischia. Fougeron paints in rich tones that might remind one of Braque, but are aflame with a passionate brilliance very specially his own. He wore an FFI armband when I saw him and was already very busy with his job as Joseph Billiet's assistant. Pignon showed a new and joyous group of gouaches executed with vigorous brush strokes. The subjects ranged from fruit to maternity. Gischia is a Basque. His canvases frequently show nudes outlined in Baroque design and are violently colored. From 1926 to '30 he did commercial art in New York. Jacques Villon, the Cubist, was rediscovered in 1943 through the dealer Carré. According to Lhote he exhibited in the Salon des Tuileries that same year a masterpiece entitled *Self-Portrait*. Singier and Manussier work together. The former employs many of the reds and oranges which Bonnard handled so expertly. Manussier tends to be prismatic, with the tones of stained glass, and there is often a religious streak in his work. Tailleux is the youngest of the group, age twenty-nine, and has an American wife. He stems from Matisse and Van Gogh and bears watching. Robin paints somber canvases. He is a cobbler. The Nazis tried to send him to Germany but he escaped and hid in the south of France where he managed to go on painting. Le Moalt is a musician and has a very original talent. Talcoat is Breton (his name in Breton means *tête de bois*, wooden head). His color runs to yellow, orange, brown, and black. Bores has been doing fine work, also Goerg and Fautrier whose color has come up considerably. Braque, Rouault, Lurçat, all the well-known artists worked hard. Bérard painted people in monotonous, Balthus carried on in Switzerland. There was an exhibition of original works in the autumn of '43 at the Galerie de France on



RECENT PICASSO, in reproduction from *Art of this Century*, New York.

the Faubourg St.-Honoré, one of the most active and enterprising of the French galleries during the Occupation.

Great excitement has been caused by General de Gaulle's appointment of Joseph Billiet as Director of the Beaux-Arts. He used to own a gallery of modern art on the rue la Boétie, and later ran a beautiful gallery in Cannes.

The younger men came to Picasso to discuss changing the Salon d'Automne to the more limiting Salon des Résistants. On the list of artist collaborators one finds Vlaminck first of all, then Friesz, Derain, Segonzac, and Despiau. Despiau sponsored an exhibition by Arno Brecker who was the sculptor friend of Hitler and depicted what Nazi vitamin injections were supposed to do to the body Nordic. Furthermore, it is proffered that these muscular monstrosities were cast from Paris statues, taken down allegedly to be melted into instruments of more immediate German cultural aims.

Possibly a Paris sensation will be Dubuffet's coming show at the Galerie Drouin on the Place Vendôme. He paints enlarged, sophisticated children's pictures. I must say I was fascinated by his rich coloring and pigmentation as well as by his varied textures. One artist who did not approve quipped that Dubuffet's painting was like Columbus' eggs—it was a matter of thinking of it first.

Most of the younger artists were active members of the resistance commercial, some exhibiting under their own names, and living under assumed ones. But all worked, and in spite of everything painted pictures full of *joie de vivre*—untouched by the mess of the war and the horror of the occupation. This makes Sarah Bernhard's device come to mind: "*Quand même*"—which means really "in spite of everything."

Latest theatrical hit was *Antigone* by Anouilh, acted in modern evening dress. The best film produced in occupied France was said to be *Les Anges du Pêche*, produced by a priest named Father Bruckberger, Chaplain to the FFI.

Henri Cartier-Bresson whom I ran into with his camera in the thick of street battles the first day of our entry into Paris has been taking excellent pictures.

Cocteau, who flirted with the Jerries, made a film called *L'Eternel Retour*. This was contemporary treatment of the Tristan theme, with the hero a garage owner. Women reputedly wept at this. The FFI were not making it too pleasant for Cocteau when I left, but up to the time of Liberation he was working on a new film for which Bérard had been designing scenery and costumes.

When through lack of coal there was no more electricity the theatres went dark. But this did not daunt the Parisians. The managers made openings in the roof and, by adept manipulation of mirrors, focussed daylight upon the stage. Other theatre proprie-



GOERG: "Auschwitz" from "*Vaincre*," the Underground artists' publication.

tors employed cyclists on stands to charge batteries for illumination.

The clandestine press known as *Les Editions de Minuit* produced a unique art offering on a quality of paper we had almost forgotten. This was a folio (300 copies) called *Vaincre*, consisting of passionate lithographs assembled by Fougeron. The twelve contributing artists did not sign their drawings but a list of their names as well as the preface by Joseph Billiet have been given out since the Liberation in mimeographed copies. The last page of the folio states this was printed "somewhere in France, June 1944, 48th Month of the German Occupation." The drawings are in the Daumier-Goya tradition and contain some tragic and eloquent protests against the barbarism and viciousness of the invader.

The French are not only a resourceful and inventive nation but they have inherent taste. Their art has integrity. Artists in Paris do not feel obliged to paint what reporters write about, nor to prove their worth by winning prizes like children at a party, nor assume importance through publicity. Paris after all its suffering is still the most beautiful city in the world, and the buildings, as Picasso remarked, have been washed clean by the rains since coal smoke ceased to darken them. Under incredible handicaps its artists have continued their work with more fervor than ever. No one worries whether the painters are Spanish, Italian or Swedish. They are artist and workers, who must go together. Nothing else is of much account.

Living through that fabulous first week in liberated Paris I realized more strongly than ever that what is most unfortunate with us artists in America is our obsession for money. We are commercially minded and too impatient for success. We achieve renown in America, but it is an Oscar. There is nothing an artist can do with it.

THE REMAINDER OF THIS PUBLICATION HAS NOT BEEN SCANNED.

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XI. H. 3

DECEMBER 1, 1944

THE Art digest



At the Piano by Whistler. Courtesy of Anonymous Cincinnati Collector. See Story on Page 16

THE NEWS MAGAZINE OF ART **25** CENTS

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XI. H. 3

Vol. 19, No. 5

Maude Riley,
Associate Editor

Josephine Gibbs,
Assistant Editor

Margaret Breuning,
Contributing Editor

The ART DIGEST

PEYTON BOSWELL, JR., Editor

December 1, 1944

Judith Kaye Reed,
Editorial Assistant

Rogers Bordley,
Foreign Editor

Edna Marsh,
Advertising

Marcia Hopkins,
Circulation



Head of Bob: JOHN KOCH



Winter Boardwalk: HAROLD STERNER

Whitney Annual—A Provocative But Inconclusive Exhibition

AT THE WHITNEY MUSEUM, the annual exhibition of American Contemporary Painting fills all the galleries, forming a provocative, if a heterogeneous showing. The general impression of this large grouping is that contemporary painting is going in many and divergent directions with painting quality one of its least assets. There are excellent items to be found, but they must be looked for in a profusion of indifferent work. The objective of many of the artists represented appears to be to gain attention by startling statements irrespective of any inherent esthetic content in the work.

As horrible examples one might cite the repellent *Muscles*, like a physiological chart, by Jared French; the studied nonsense of the double portrait, *Gertrude Abercrombie and Karl Priebe* by Felix Ruvolo; and pretentious novelties by Stefan Hirsch, Philip Evergood, Harry Gottlieb, Lewis Daniel, Abraham Rattner, Mac Le Sueur—and a host of others that are harder to take than even the sprawling academic nude by Kenneth Hayes Miller.

There are imaginative ideas ably carried out, however. Rico Le Brun's *Bull Fight*, with its enormous figure filling the foreground; Margaret Stark's *Comfort Me*, effective in color and design; Eugene Berman's dark figure, *Persephone*; William Thon's original conception in *Under Brooklyn Bridge*, the flow of light and color in *Paris*,

Gambetta, by William Thoeny; Walter Houmère's seizure of sound and movement in *Prelude to Invasion*; Julio De Diego's pattern of light and color in *The Portentous City*; the old figure of death parting the curtains on a stricken world in *I'm Glad I Came Back*, by George Grosz.

Among the outstanding figure paintings are the forthright *Carson McCullers* by Henry Varum Poor; John Koch's finely realized *Head of Bob*; the beauty of textures and color and plas-

tic form in *Blue Jacket*, by Guy Pene Du Bois; Charles Locke's able resolution of figure and background in harmonious unity in *A La Carte*; Waldo Peirce's tender version of adolescence in *Spring*; Yasuo Kuniyoshi's *Dawn Is Coming*; John Carroll's wistful *Stephanie*; Hilde Kayn's *Jubilant*.

Abstract art has its place in the sun. Susie Frelinghuysen's non-objective *Still Life* is an outstanding item of the showing, with close runners up in the canvases by George L. K. Morris, I. Rice Pereira and Arthur Dove, while Bradley Walker Tomlin's abstract design of objective forms, *Still Life*, is a distinguished painting.

Landscapes are not as numerous as they usually are in group showings, but there are some admirable ones such as Leon Kroll's *Folly Point*; Paul Sample's almost panoramic *Norwich Holiday*; the rather somber, yet appealing *Lake George*, by Cordray Simmons; Herbert Meyer's poetic New England scene, *Ploughing, Vermont*; George Picken's tragedy of the sea, *Empty Raft*; *Grey Day* by Nicolai Cikovsky; the finely-realized *Hurricane Tree* by Abraham Harriton; Peter Hurd's *Main Street*; the individual conception ably carried out in *Coenties Slip to the Battery*, by James Lechay; the imaginative *Late Afternoon*, by Yvonne Pene Du Bois; the harbor scene giving a sense of wind and movement in *Pier Ct. Barbe*, by Theodore Lux; Constance

Are Clothes Modern?

The Museum of Modern Art opened an entertaining exhibition on its first floor concerning the absurdities of dress as regards present day living. It was not ready in time for review in this issue but advance hints have it that symmetrical shoes, heels, and hard pavements are not what nature intended for the foot; that buttons, pockets, and layers and layers of clothes are a hindrance to living and useless for dignity's sake. Why should we cut up beautiful material and sew it back together to make a dress? The demonstration-exhibition is the work of Bernard Rudofsky, architect and designer of Austria, Germany, Italy and Brazil. *Are Clothes Modern?* will continue through March 4.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XI. H. 3

Letter From Paris

John Groth, while covering the European Theatre of Operations as a war correspondent for the Marshall Field Publications (the Chicago Sun, Parade), was the first American artist to enter Paris with the armies on Liberation Day. He returned to Montmartre and Montparnasse, visited the galleries and art shops, met the artists and interviewed Picasso. Then the war moved past Paris, on to Belgium and into Germany, and as an artist-of-the-war Groth followed; now he is back in the United States. But the visit to Paris last August remains a "happy interlude," and we thank the artist for the following letter in which he gives so many graphic, first-hand impressions of Paris after the German occupation.

By John Groth

In Paris I found the studios and galleries full of new and exciting work. The German occupation has not stifled the art of Picasso, Matisse and Bonnard any more than the revolutions of 1830-1848 stifled the art of Daumier, Delacroix and Manet; the war and revolution of 1870, that of Courbet, Cézanne and Monet; or the First World War that of Picasso, Modigliani and Matisse. In fact, the German occupation helped—in a reverse manner—in that the hate of the artists for the Germans and their refusal to sit with them in the cafes kept them closer to their studios and their painting.

The Germans came to Paris as "Protectors" of French culture and did nothing to interfere with the artists, aside from the stopping of several exhibitions and the printing of anti-"Degenerate" art pamphlets. At the Galerie de France in the Faubourg St. Honore, I saw the work of the new group born since 1940. It is a resistance group—a sort of F.F.I. of the artists: Their spiritual leader is Bonnard; their actual leader: Edouard Pignon. His work has a Matisse-like pattern. Other leaders are:

Leon Gischia, 40, also with much of the pattern and calligraphy of Matisse; Francis Tailleux, 30, living in Aix en Provence, painting in as high a color key as I have seen (much of Bonnard in his painting); Georges Singier, 32, also a close follower of Bonnard; Talcoat, 40, (no first name) in Aix en Provence, experimental with Picasso influence; Andre Fougeran, 30, deepest palette of the group, closest to Braque; Robin, 42 (no first name known) a primitive, a shoemaker ordered by the Germans to pursue occupation in factory in Germany, escaped to the South, there has been no news of him since; Jacques Despierre, 35, pupil of Du Fresne, a muralist in the romantic tradition; Alfred Manessier, 32, close follower of Bonnard; Jean LeMoal, 33, also a close follower of Bonnard.

All of these men, except those I mention as living in other places, lived in Paris through the occupation. All are of the resistance group. The impression to me was not very different than that I would experience in looking at the work of a like group of American painters. An exhibition, say, of Rattner, Avery, Gorky, Tschacbasov, Thall, Reinhardt and Weber. I asked the



Picasso Decorating De Gaulle's Book. Drawing by John Groth

gallery director about the reaction of the Germans to this Group. He said: "The free expression goes against the feelings of the Germans but they never dared to stop the painting and the exhibiting. The only exhibition prohibited was 'Birth of the Cubists' and that because of the inclusion of Picasso and Leger (in New York) because of their long time reputation as anti-Fascists." I asked the whereabouts of several artists. When last heard, Matisse was at Nice and Bonnard at Cannes.

In both the Montmartre and Montparnasse I saw paintings in galleries, new paintings as well as paintings by Utrillo, Vlaminck, and other well known names. On the sidewalks before the cafes Dome and La Rotonde the sidewalk art displays of the usual bad painting. In the cafes the paintings on the walls are for sale. As ever, on the streets of the two quarters I met many students. I stopped some of them and looked at their portfolios. At the same nudes and still lifes and the same landscapes I had seen in the portfolios ten years ago—when I was last in Paris.

Wondering about art publications and books, I stopped in a large book store in the Blvd. Capuchins. I was astounded at the great number of art publications of the last four years. Books of color reproductions of the paintings of the old masters—Memling, David, Hals, etc. And of the modern masters: Van Gogh, Degas, Picasso, etc. There was a particularly handsome publication containing 16 reproductions each of Picasso, Matisse and Bonnard—the three names I heard most in the art world of Paris. These books ranged from five to a hundred dollars in price. There is a series of the familiar 5"x7" books of contemporary painters selling for twenty francs (40c.). In the series are: Raymond Legneult, Jacques Thevenet, Roland Oudot, Maurice Brianchon, and Kostia Terechkovitch (I inherited one of his paintings with the studio the artists of Montparnasse found for me). There were also books on the art of

the different periods. The reproductions were perfect. The printing was good. The only weakness, the quality of the paper.

My most thrilling adventure in Paris was the interview with Pablo Picasso. I found the 63-year-old Spaniard in his studio in the Rue des Augustins. He was deep in conversation with Louis Carre, his dealer, Jaime Salabris, friend of 50 years; and Jean Cocteau, poet-artist. I was presented to Picasso as the first American to "come back." He embraced me and invited me to spend the morning with him and his friends; I was more than welcome and he consented to an interview.

I had been in the studio only a few minutes when Paul Eluard, leader of the Resistance Poets, came in with a large book, which he said was to be presented to General De Gaulle by the Resistance writers, poets and artists. Would Picasso cover a page with a drawing? Picasso took the book and motioned me to follow him into his "drawing" room, where I was privileged to watch him make the painting. He worked standing, and in the relaxed costume he was wearing, he reminded me of a six-day bike rider in perfect shape (light-blue shirt tucked into the widest pair of B.V.D. shorts a little man ever wore; wool socks and sandals on his feet; powerful legs, very brown; his hair, mostly on the back of his head, white).

I asked about the Germans and their treatment of modern art. For reply, he pulled a book out from under the piles of books of reproductions of his works. The title was "Decadent Art Under the Reign of Democracy and Communism"; the author: John Hemming Fry. It was printed during the occupation and was distributed by the Germans. Picasso's *Young Woman With the Cock's Head* (Carre Collection) was the frontispiece, and the Guernica Mural the center spread. He pointed out reproductions of paintings by Modigliani and Rouault, sculpture by Jacob Epstein and Carl Milles. Also several Americans: Jack Levine, Ella Walters, Raymond Breinin and Rainey Bennett. In the architecture section, Picasso was amused by the inclusion of the Museum of Modern Art and the R.C.A. buildings in New York.

I asked Picasso what he had been doing during the street fighting of a few days ago. He showed me a series of studies of a boy's head done in the "Blue Period" manner. He said he had done one each day of the fighting.

I asked him about the collaborationists among the painters. The only one he named was Derain. He grew very excited in telling of Derain's visit to Weimar to shake the hand of Hitler. He said he hoped Derain would be shot.

We returned to the painting studio for our parting. I wanted to give Picasso some of the things in my musette bag. I was afraid, though, that he might be sensitive about being offered such things as cigarettes and candy, but he was delighted especially when I gave him a small can of "K" ration pork loaf.

I asked him for a message to the artists of America. He said: "Tell them to work hard—like me."

THE REMAINDER OF THIS PUBLICATION HAS NOT BEEN SCANNED.

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XI. H. 3

John Hemming Fry

1860 born Indiana

1880-84 studied at St. Louis School of F.A.

1884-87 studied in Paris at Julian's under
Boulangier and others

1891 married Georgia Timken (d.1921)

1887-92 teacher at St. Louis School of F.A.

1893 on painting jury at Chicago Exposition

paints chiefly themes from classic poets and
legends - Ode to Sappho awarded hon. mention at
Paris Salon of 1931

Officier of Legion of Honor, Commander of the
Crown of Italy, Union League

Lives when in America in Conn.

Abel Hermant

1862 born Paris

wrote Transatlantique

painter, "one of the worst collaborators"

(this is all I could find out about Hermant
- the French section of O.W.I., however,
may have some information this afternoon.)

/
C1-6-4400

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XL. H. 3

Mrs. Dorothy Seckler

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XL. H. 3

PEOPLE

Alarms & Excursions

Congressman Nat ("Cousin") Patton, black-hatted, bush-browed U.S. Representative from Texas, to whom almost everyone is "Cousin,"* found an exception in Columnist Drew Pearson. Cousin Patton, just defeated in a Texas run-off primary, met Pearson in the House restaurant, promptly pulled out a brown-handled knife, began to pound Pearson on the chest. Shouted Patton: "You beat me, you beat me. . . ." He demanded that the honor of another Patton (no kin) be cleared: ". . . you stabbed General Patton in the back when you wrote that story about him. You apologize to General Patton or I'll cut your god-damned throat." Pearson was whisked out of the restaurant by protectors while Patton was seized by the wrists. Onlookers believed that Patton had never opened the knife. He bellowed: "Yeah, I'd cut out his damned throat."

Colonel John Hay ("Jock") Whitney, 40, who became the Nazis' richest U.S. prisoner when he was captured in southern France a month ago, escaped from a prison train, made his way back to U.S. lines. He told an awesome story of the destruction wreaked by U.S. airmen on German transport: the freight train on which he started toward Germany had taken eleven days to cover 80 miles, had three different locomotives on the journey. Reported a fellow fugitive: Jock was the coolest of all the prisoners, keeping up a blow-by-blow description of U.S. planes strafing the train. In sportsmanlike fashion,

* When the King & Queen of England received Congress, "Cousin Nat" greeted "Cousin George" and "Cousin Elizabeth."

Whitney started a poker game in the boxcar, lost consistently. Jock said that he had such a good time he nearly forgot to escape.

Among the Muses

Pablo Ruiz y Picasso, in his old attic studio in Paris' rue Saint Augustin, surrounded by pictures of blue women with square feet, declared that he had not only refused to collaborate with the Germans, said "I even annoyed them." Said he: "They forbade my works to be shown because Hitler named me . . . decadent. But simple Nazi soldiers used to visit me. When they left I presented them with a souvenir postcard of my painting *Guernica*."*

Thomas Hart Benton, talkative Missouri painter, in Manhattan for the tenth-anniversary exhibition of the Associated American Artists Galleries, unburdened himself of some favorite gripes. He said he went west ten years ago to paint the lore of the U.S. pioneers, was disappointed because people did not support his work. Said he: "Hell, the group controlling the cultural institutions out there . . . repudiated me. They are rich and a rich man doesn't want to be reminded that his backgrounds are mules and manure. He doesn't want a Benton hanging on his walls; he wants a Van Dyck. . . . Don't ever get art separated from money." Rumbling that the "New York influence" dominates U.S. artistic taste, Benton said, "The same thing happened in France. . . ."

* *Guernica* is Picasso's most politically minded work, a 275-sq.-ft. mural vividly suggesting the atrocities committed by Nazi airmen, fighting for Francisco Franco (and practice) during the Spanish Civil War.



Acma

THOMAS BENTON
Missouri annoyed him.



Black Star

PABLO PICASSO
He annoyed the Nazis.



FRESH

AS HIGHLAND HEATHER



Soothe and cool the trail of your razor with Seaforth Shaving Lotion

Man! What a follow-through for a shave! Seaforth Lotion cools the jaws, soothes the skin-icks, leaves the face refreshed, invigorated . . . with a clean outdoors suggestion of fresh highland heather. A dash of this champagne of shaving lotions leads the way to "That Wonderful Seaforth Feeling." Get it in the convenient polished stoneware jug, at leading stores everywhere . . . \$1 plus tax.

SHAVING SOAP • SHAVING LOTION
MEN'S TALC • MEN'S DEODORANT
HAIR DRESSING • COLOGNE

Seaforth!
FOR MEN

ALFRED D. McKELVY CO.
10 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA • NEW YORK 20

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XL. H. 3

"I can't take that job - it PAYS TOO MUCH!"



Sounds fantastic, doesn't it, to refuse a job because of high pay. But it can happen to you, too, when you are 65.

The man in the picture—like many thousands of Americans today—receives a monthly check from Social Security. While very welcome, it is not large enough for comfortable retirement. And here's the rub! If he takes a job paying \$15 or more a month, his Social Security benefits are suspended. (Certain "non-commercial" occupations are excepted.)

So while you are still a young man, take pains to learn the facts about Social Security and measure them against your own future personal and family needs. You will find that a moderate amount of life insurance—if well planned—can one day provide enough income to add to your Social Security benefits so that your years after 65 may be spent in security and well-earned independence.

The Mutual Life Field Representative in your community will gladly share with you his expert knowledge of Social Security, and without obligation, explain the right way to use life insurance to make your dreams come true. Welcome him when next he calls.

Write for FREE SOCIAL SECURITY HELPS . . . Every Social Security card owner can profit from THIS FILE for safekeeping the official records which help to collect benefits quickly. Gather and file these records now. Spare yourself—or your widow—trouble later, possibly costly delay. THIS FOLDER will help you calculate future income from Social Security and present life insurance. Mail the coupon today to Dept. TS-13.

Our 2nd Century of Service

THE MUTUAL LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK

"First in America"



Lewis W. Douglas, President
NEW YORK CITY 5, N.Y.



NAME AGE

ADDRESS

OCCUPATION

What the hell is Paris? A city of devices, that's all—women's fancy drawers and fancy pictures."

Emil Ludwig, portly, popular German refugee biographer (*Napoleon, Beethoven*), scandalized a large Los Angeles convocation of musicians and intellectuals. Ludwig, invited to pinch-hit for Orson Welles at the meeting (sponsored jointly by U.C.L.A. and the ultra-liberal Musicians Congress), had not been asked for advance copies of his speech on "The Function of Music in a Democracy." Said he: "We find that music and the arts are



EMIL LUDWIG
The audience hissed.

not necessarily characteristic of Democracy. In fact, the greatest music that has ever been composed was done so under tyrants. . . ." He mentioned Beethoven, Bach, Brahms, Liszt, Franck, Tchaikovsky, Schubert—all subjects of the Habsburgs, Napoleon, the Hohenzollerns, Bismarck, the Bourbons, the Romanoffs. "Revolutions were ever anti-artistic. The French Revolution did not produce a single opera. Not a single opera, mind you, was composed to praise freedom." The audience began to hiss. Cried Ludwig: "I have met and interviewed three dictators [Mussolini, Kemal Ataturk, Joseph Stalin]. . . . I have found that each was a great music lover. . . ." He summed up by declaring that music, like religion, is a force that can be used by friend or foe alike. Commented the chairman of the Congress, Lawrence Morton: "It was in an excess of tolerance and democracy . . . that we allowed Mr. Ludwig to speak at all."

Margaret O'Brien, pert, hazel-eyed, seven-year-old cinemoppet (*Lost Angel, Journey for Margaret*), vacationed in Mexico City, wanted to see the bullfights (her mother said she was too young), instead spent her time visiting churches, said that when she grew up she would enter a convent.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series Folder:
	AHB	XL. H. 3

ENJOY

Van Merritt

**ONE OF THE
WORLD'S GREAT
BEERS!**



**BACK
THE ATTACK...
BUY MORE
WAR BONDS!**

Van Merritt Beer is brewed at Burlington, Wisconsin, from the finest hops, choicest barley malt and famous Wisconsin artesian well water. If you have known and appreciated the great beers of the world, you will more than enjoy Van Merritt.

SOLE U. S. AGENTS
SELLERS CO., LTD. • CHICAGO 5, ILL.

ART

Again, Florence

"Florence as the world knew it is no more." Thus last week cabled New York Times Correspondent Herbert L. Matthews. His dispatch dashed recent hopes that Florence had suffered little at Nazi hands. Said Matthews: "... The heart of Florence is gone. . . . What little credit [the Nazis] previously got for sparing the Ponte Vecchio (TIME, Aug. 14) must now be withdrawn . . . because instead they destroyed many medieval palaces at both ends, changing the whole aspect of old Florence."

It was as if Paris had lost its Ile Saint-

old street lined with timeworn houses. Last week shells were still whistling over the city. Its most resplendent treasures, such as Giotto's Campanile, the magnificent Duomo by Brunelleschi, might yet be wrecked or damaged.

Painters in Paris

First art reports out of Paris: **¶** Pablo Picasso, 62, was well and busy in his Rue Saint Augustin studio. Now almost white-haired, he had a new bathroom, a new six-months-old son. He had refused to sell to Germans personally. Because Hitler considers Picasso's work degenerate, Germans who had bought Pi-



FLORENCE RIVER FRONT (PONTE VECCHIO, RIGHT)
The heart of the city is gone.

Louis and Place des Vosges, or Vienna its Hofburg and its Opera House on the Ringstrasse. For the mellow buildings near the Ponte Vecchio, on either side of the Arno, formed one of the most cherished views in the world. Most of that crowded, encrusted skyline is now gone (*see cut*). "Palace after palace, dating from the 14th to the 16th Century, are heaps of rubble. In the wreckage lie such things as the ancient manuscripts, books and art objects of the Società Colombaria. . . ." Total or heavy destruction included:

¶ Both sides of the Via dei Bardi, up to the Piazza dei Mozzi.

¶ The 14th-Century houses in the Piazza del Pesce.

¶ Torre degli Amidei, Florence's most beautiful medieval tower.

¶ The Palace of the Guelph Party, a 14th-Century monument containing frescoes by Vasari.

¶ Almost all of the Via Guicciardini, an * Historical and archeological society founded in 1735; it stood at 32 Via dei Bardi.

cassos from dealers dared not do so openly.

¶ Henri Matisse, now 74 and suffering from cancer, was at Grasse. His recent works were bold, bright studies of young girls.

¶ Georges Braque and Georges Rouault were working in Paris as usual. Rouault kept up a barrage of bitter controversies and lawsuits against his enemies.

¶ Raoul Dufy, violently anti-Nazi, retired during the occupation to the Alpes Orientales, was working occasionally but was plagued by arthritis.

¶ Pierre Bonnard, at the great age of 77, was still at work, living almost incommunicado in the country near Cannes to which he retired at the beginning of the occupation.

¶ Lithuanian-born Chaim Soutine was said by friends to have died of fear that the Germans would attack him as a Jew.

¶ Painters André Derain, André Dunoyer de Segonzac, Maurice de Vlaminck, Othon Friesz, and Sculptor Charles Despiau were in disgrace as collaborators.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XI. H. 3

Art Review, Dec. 2, 1944 *Picasso file*

The Return to the Grand Manner

"An Heroic Age Calls for Heroic Expression"

DOROTHY THOMPSON

THESE comments are prompted by an observation which I made to myself on reading Russell Davenport's "My Country"; namely, that five years ago Mr. Davenport would not have written it, and that five years ago the critics would have rent it to ribbons, as "overwritten," "hortatory," and "bombastic." That observation would be coupled with the fact that this work, a poem, of all things, is selling at the rate of 2000 copies a week, and being devoured by students, workers, and business men, who read it, as I did, with tears suffusing their eyes, and a great well of gratitude rising in their hearts.

There are other things going on worthy of observation. At the opening of the Salon D'Automne in Paris, after the liberation, young Parisian artists screamed against Picasso's paintings, "Explain! Explain!" What was it that they wanted that great artist to explain? Obviously, it seems to me, why, after the agony of France, he should go on painting as he had done before. Guernica was a break; an attempt of the modern genius to depict on canvas a terrible expression of the face of life. But Picasso came back to a people whose inner as well as outer lives had been uprooted through terrible griefs and fears with the same esoteric brilliance of his pre-war and pre-occupation days. And it was inadequate.

If I may take another illustration from outside the realm of art, I myself delivered a speech in the recent campaign which was, as the saying is, a sensation. I believe that it elicited demands for more than half a million copies and that the demand is still not exhausted. Yet I could not, and would not, have made that speech five years ago. What moved people, and apparently profoundly, was not the first part of it, which was as factual as a lawyer's brief, and reasonable and truthful I hope, but the latter part, which was the expression of a profound and sincere emotion about a weary and overburdened man, and many weary, overburdened, and suffering people. I "dared"—and, upon



Mr. Churchill's speeches have the aroma of the time of England's greatest grandeur.

reflection, it took daring, though I was not conscious of it at the time—to use that form of expression which used to be called "oratory," and which has been all but banned from the platform and the microphone for nearly a full generation.

If we cast our eyes upon the Soviet Union we can observe similar things going on. Under the siege of Leningrad, Shostakovitch wrote his seventh symphony, which has since then become one of the most powerful expressions in art of the war, not only for Russians, but for all the peoples of the United Nations. Yet this symphony, so expressive of our age, records a return to the traditional, the emotional, and the "grand line."

IN the dreadful, titanic, searing experience of invasion and struggle, death and destruction, the purely intellectual structure which the early communist leaders attempted to put under the new state has proved utterly inadequate. Russia has resurrected heroes, many of them anathema to Marx, many of them anathema in the schoolbooks on which a whole generation of Russian youth has been reared. It will be recalled from

the "Diary of a Russian School-boy" that he expressed himself as "spitting on those old Czars" from, as I recall it, a then non-existent twentieth story. Yet today Peter the Great, Ivan IV, and Catherine the Great are all, again, national heroes, greatly to the concern of many of our own radicals. One may share their concern lest these resurrections from the past lead to reaction. But they record again a hunger after the grand, the large, the sense of timeless continuity and historical destiny, without which the agonies of the present would be unendurable.

These illustrations, which I take casually from what is closest at hand, are symptoms of fundamental change. They will be decried by many left-wingers, as signs of retrogression. But these very people display in their own attitudes a curious contradiction. On the one hand, they are working for a "People's Democracy," for a wider participation of the masses in all phases of our social and economic life. At the same time, they cling to those very expressions of art that never have had, and never can have, any mass response. Actually art has never been so divorced from the life of the masses of the people as in the last generation. Poets have written poetry for other poets, painters have painted pictures for other painters—and for dealers—and the art of the people has been swing adaptations of great musical themes—and the comics and the movies.

It is odd that the most esoteric art has called itself "revolutionary." It has never been revolutionary but for the most part epicene, introverted, and, at most, rebellious—though rebellion and revolution are not the same thing, by any manner of means. Gertrude Stein has never written a revolutionary poem, because nothing ever written by her could move a heart or quicken any but an esoteric mind. All revolutionary art abandons art for art's sake and makes art for Life's sake. The art called radical by the radicals is actually sterile, stripped of the very essence of art.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XL. H. 3



Dmitri Shostakovich symbolizes the grand manner in the symphony.

It has been clever, expert, intellectual, decorative, small, and ivory tower. It has scorned the grand line; it has shrunk away from virility; it has shivered away with snooty distaste from every great theme—"the dancing stars, the daedal earth, heaven, and the giant wars, and life, and death, and birth." It has refused to make a yes a yes, and a no a no.

The revolt against the intellectual and the "intelligensia," among whom has been included the artist, has been a striking feature of the counter-revolutionary movements of our days, a leading aspect of fascism. The intellectual and the artist have cried loudly, and pointed scornful fingers. But they should rather have examined themselves. The reactionary hatred toward them of the masses is the hatred felt toward those who cut from underneath man the props of his faith. Life is hard, bitterly hard, and Death is harder and more bitter. The world is an inferno, in which eyeless, heartless, soulless robots consume in shattering explosions the household, the shrine, the photographs of one's mother, and the body of a living child. A man, so young that life sings in his veins like wine, his eyes fixed in the wary stare of the offensive, is a silhouette and a flame and is no more at all. Grief presses a stone upon millions of hearts, as millions of Rachels weep for their lost sons. Who shall interpret our experience to ourselves, if it be not the artist, the poet, the seer? Shall he tell a mother that her son is a nicely balanced compound of chemical substances? Or that Religion is an Opiate of the People? Or that three green apples contain the universe?

The patter of the salons and the literary teas; the expertise of the guides in the galleries, explaining in

tones superiorly modulated the psycho-analytic meanings of an esoteric work, the psychologists, toting up Man in statistically noted reactions, and spread over all the anodyne—the true Opiate of the People—commercialized movies, peppy radio programs, boogie-woogie music—all combine to bury the soul deeper than the deepest shell-hole, and tell mankind that the meaning of his agony is meaningless.

All great art speaks to the soul and tells man of his grandeur. All great art is purgative and releasing. It is eyes for eyes that see not, and a tongue for those who speak not. Throughout the ages the affirmation to the artist has been "That is what I saw but did not see; that is what I felt but could not say." Whitman—"overblown, bombastic"—said, of poetry, and the function of the poet in America:

The poems distilled from other poems will pass away. The expectation of the vital and the great can only be satisfied by the demeanor of the vital and the great. . . . The soul of the proudest nation may go half-way to meet that of its poets. . . . The proof of the poet is that his country absorbs him as affectionately as he has absorbed it.

And he said, too:

The direct trial of him who would be the greatest poet is today. If he does not flood himself with his immediate age as with vast oceanic tides . . . if he does not attract his own land body and soul to himself and hang on its neck with incomparable love . . . and if he be not himself his age transfigured . . . let him merge in the general run and await his development.

And:

Whatever satisfied the soul is truth. The prudence of the greatest poet answers at last the craving and glut of the soul. . . . The soul has never been once fooled and never can be fooled.

And:

The greatest poet forms the consistence of what is to be from what has been and what is. He drags the dead out of their coffins and stands them again on their feet . . . he says to the past, Rise and walk before me that I may realize you. He learns the lesson. He places himself where the past becomes the present.

The whole of this remarkable essay should be read again—the Introduction to the 1857 edition of "Leaves of Grass"—to find an exposition of the nature of really revolutionary art. It is revolutionary of life, not of itself.

It does not withdraw itself from life or the people, but fortifies itself through them. Nor does it descend to the people to give them what it thinks they want, nor cheapen itself in their



Russell Davenport's poem is selling at the rate of \$2000 a week.

behalf, but speaks to them in the noblest language it can command, saying, as it were, I will be as great before you as I have it in me to be great, because I am of you and respect you.

And at all times the Grand Line attracts the masses, unless they have been utterly corrupted by sugary anodynes. A People's Art was on the walls of the cathedrals of the High Middle Ages, and in their stones, for it was an art glorifying God and Man in God, and it obtained a response of gratitude, reverence, love, and awe. It depicted people as they are, but with the sublimation of something over and above, something transcendental—something they could be. The grand line inspires to aspiration.

THE speeches of Churchill in "England's darkest hour" recapture the sonorous line; the rhythm of the King James version, the aroma of the time of England's greatest grandeur. An heroic age calls for an heroic expression.

Everywhere there is a hunger of the people to know what it is they live by, and a yearning, however unconscious, for a vision of the future. When the President delivered his Boston speech, which was full of sharp and witty remarks, the great crowd assembled in the open air, laughed, and responded with quick appreciation. But at the end of his speech he changed his tone, and spoke with clear fervor of the American past and future.

Peace [he said], no less than war, must offer a spirit of comradeship, achievement, unselfishness, and an indomitable will to victory.

We in this country, for generations, have waged war against the wilderness, against the mountains and the rivers, against droughts and storms, against oppression and in-

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XI. H. 3

Picasso's Communist Manifesto

Library

Why I Became a Communist

By Pablo Picasso

Three weeks ago Pablo Picasso joined the French Communist Party. Though it electrified the world of culture it was not surprising news. In France's struggle for freedom, her Communists have played a mammoth part in alliance with the resistance movement as a whole. And an artist with such magnificent eyes as Picasso's could see for himself who it was that best defended the cultural-values of our time. Picasso lived in Paris throughout the Nazi occupation. The Germans tried to win him, but at the risk of his life he defied them. The cable below sent specially to NEW MASSES tells in Picasso's own words why he joined the French Communist Party.

Paris (by cable)

MY JOINING the Communist Party is a logical step in my life, my work and gives them their meaning. Through design and color, I have tried to penetrate deeper into a knowledge of the world and of men so that this knowledge might free us. In my own way I have always said what I considered most true, most just and best and, therefore, most beautiful. But during the oppression and the insurrection I felt that that was not enough, that I had to fight not only with painting but with my whole being. Previously, out of a sort of "innocence," I had not understood this.

I have become a Communist because our party strives more than any other to know and to build the world, to make men clearer thinkers, more free and more happy. I have become a Communist because the Communists are the bravest in France, in the Soviet Union, as they are in my own country, Spain. I have never felt more free, more complete than since I joined. While I wait for the time when Spain can take me back again, the French Communist Party is a fatherland for me. In it I find again all my friends—the great scientists Paul Langevin and Frederick Joliot-Curie, the great writers Louis Aragon and Paul Eluard, and so many of the beautiful faces of the insurgents of Paris. I am again among my brothers.

New Masses 53 No 4: 11 024 1944

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XI. H. 3

repellent, angry word,
disregard with ^{kind of} ~~kind of~~ ^{puerility?}
Sophisticated (juvenile obscurity)

January 1952
Kintner
Mag of Art

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XI. H. 3

The New Statesman and Nation, September 16, 1944

PICASSO—A GLIMPSE IN SUNLIGHT

WHEN the firing died down and one wept less often at the singing of the Marseillaise and less champagne was forced across one's altogether willing palate in the name of liberation, I went to see Pablo Picasso. He was just walking down to the door of the block of flats where he lives overlooking the Seine. He was accompanied by a large, graceful, closely-shaved, grey dog: and he was on the point of taking his first more or less peaceful walk along the Seine to his studio off the Boulevard St. Michel.

His hand was warm: his greeting was quick: the great dark eyes were as vivid as ever. Five years of war has not cast any physical shadow upon the prophet-painter of the picture *Guernica*. "It will be more amusing," he said, "if we talk in my studio—and you can see what I have been up to . . ."

It seemed funny driving through Paris in a car with Picasso in the other seat. It seemed funny that the journey begun weeks ago in Bayeux and continued through so many battlefields should end upon the left bank with this eager little man pointing out the damage caused in the quarter by the last desperate Germans to fight in Paris. Picasso enjoyed the car ride; not many people were riding round in cars. Between sight-seeing we discussed one or two mutual friends and such pictures as I had seen in New York and London since the war. Then we climbed the circular shambling wooden stairs toward the great studio which Picasso occupied already for years before the war in the loft of an old palace.

There was a hall littered with books. Then came a large room, "a little of a factory and something of a studio." Picasso pointed with his foot lightly toward a Matisse, then with his hand to another Matisse half hidden among bronzes and *objets d'art*—to use a rare but strictly accurate phrase. There were other pictures belonging to my host, a superb Douanier Rousseau for example. There were no works by Picasso.

But at last we began to talk about the closed years: and Picasso's fine hands with the long regular finger-nails smiled with his eyes. He turned from the works of other men and beckoned me to follow him up one more staircase. "I have worked on," he said. "They would not let me exhibit but I worked and all my work is here." We came into a working studio perched amid the Montparnasse roofs, so recently—and still occasionally—battlefields for snipers. This studio was packed with the four years' work of Picasso.

I forget how it was ranged, how one looked at it. There was no order, just a sufficient orderliness. During all the closed years Picasso has never ceased to work in this studio. As the horror once seen at *Guernica* extended over the face of the earth, Picasso has worked with undiminished zeal. He believes that outside events caused him to seek a greater objectivity. He said that the tendency in the creative artist is to stabilise mankind on the verge of chaos. These are the sort of things we talked about, not using many words, but referring from time to time to the collection of pictures not yet enjoyed by the critics of a free world. There was a series of brilliantly coloured and comparatively objective paintings of the Seine round the Ile St. Louis—nearly the most hackneyed landscape in Paris. There were four very exact likenesses of a boy drawn during this summer of war. There were a number of drawings of the pot of growing tomatoes which stood in the window, and at least two finished paintings hung round those same tomatoes as a central theme. "A more disciplined art, less unconstrained freedom, in a time like this is the artist's defence and guard," Picasso said. "Very likely for the poet it is a time to write sonnets. Most certainly it is not a time for the creative man to fail, to shrink, to stop working. Think of the great poets and painters of the Middle Ages."

The New Statesman and Nation, September 16, 1944

We looked at larger canvasses, at painting lighter, gayer but as strong and free as the graver works I had known. Not being competent to write of painting I have no words either in French or in English with which to praise or to examine such things. Picasso showed me the more recent, and he pointed out the significance of the dates. There stood the big picture finished on August 19 when the fighting started. There were sketches dated day by day during the battle of Paris. On August 24 when Tiger tanks were fighting round the corner in the Boul Mich, when Germans and French Fascists were fortified in the Luxembourg, when the Prefecture just across the river on the Ile de la Cité was a strong point, Picasso glanced at a work by Poussin. As the windows rattled with the fighting he began copying Poussin's design. "It was an exercise, a self discipline, a healthy fascination . . ." He worked at it throughout the loud, angry day of the liberation on August 25.

Now the sun shines in upon the much-painted tomato plant and Paris is quiet. Cocteau is on the telephone. One must see the rest of the studio apartment, the cool Spanish tiled floor of the bedroom, the bathroom with twin wash-hand basins, "either a hand in each or an intelligent conversation with a friend while you wash." The little man is vivid, simple, twenty years younger in vitality than the disciples who move about these roomy quarters to do honour to the work and admire the master.

In the littered hall again, Picasso displayed the savage literature of the enemy. He has quietly collected the Nazi and collaborationist periodicals in which his work has been attacked. His quick remarkable hands turned over the pages which reproduced his work. *Picasso the Jew . . . the decadent Pablo Picasso . . . the obscene pornographer . . .* went the captions. "And now, at least, that is at an end," he said, simply allowing for one moment that relief which all intellectual Paris is expressing to show itself in his own face.

Before I left I enquired if there was anything Picasso needed immediately, besides the cigarettes which I had brought. His only request was modest enough. He showed me the worn wafer of soap which was the butt of his shaving stick. I thought of that legion of would-be painters whose beards testified to their aspirations: and I thought of the master with the thousands of pounds worth of painting upstairs who required only the means to shave. It was one of the war's less worthy paradoxes: but it amused both of us, standing there at the threshold of sunny, free Paris.

JOHN PUDNEY

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XI. H. 3

tolerance, against poverty, against disease. . . .

I say we must wage the coming battle for America and for civilization on a scale worthy of the way we have waged this war against tyranny and reaction, and wage it through all the difficulties and disappointments that may ever clog the wheels of progress. . . .

I say we must wage a peace to attract the highest hearts, the most competent hands, and brains.

That is the conception I have of the meaning of total victory. . . . And that conception is founded on Faith—Faith in the unlimited destiny, the unconquerable spirit, of the United States of America.

An eye-witness told me that through this passage, this testimony of utter faith, and this picture of the great Battle for Civilization to be waged in peace, the people stood in spellbound silence looking up at the President with rapt attention, and at the end the applause was a roar. Why? Because in that moment the President had spoken for them what they wanted, and needed, to hear—what they needed to fill the spiritual vacuum which thirty years of cynicism and four years of most terrible war had blasted in their lives. And he spoke in the grand manner, not in a fireside talk or report, but to a living community of men and women, reaching out to each other, unconsciously, groping out to each other, and to him, for comfort and sustenance.

The age through which we fight in so much sweat and blood and tears will either be terribly and beautifully great or terribly and dreadfully disillusioned. It will produce the poets and the artists who hang upon its neck with incomparable love, or it will produce another lost generation of broken and cynical men. The challenge to the gifted, to the genius, to the re-creator was never so great. The stature and dimensions of the age, with all its griefs and fears, demand the artists who can embrace them in full, yet disciplined, emotion. "The coward will surely pass away. It is not intellect that is to be the poet's warrant and welcome. . . . The swarms of the polished, deprecating, and polite float off and leave no remembrance. Only toward as good as itself, and toward the like of itself, will the nation advance half way."

America will have a renaissance in all the forms of art, or her artists and intellectuals will have proved unworthy of her.

Then let them beware.

For where the poets and artists prove unworthy and without understanding of the state of the nation's soul they are destroyed out of an unconscious sense of betrayal, and in their destruction is the threat of the destruction of the nation itself.