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# PICASSO

IN ENGLISH COLLECTIONS

*dupl.*

LONDON <sup>MAY</sup> 15-1939  
<sub>MAY</sub>

TWO SHILLINGS BULLETIN

PARIS BRUXELLES AMSTERDAM NEW YORK

15-16

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IN ENGLISH  
COLLECTIONS

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P A B L O

P I C A S S O

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*donne arrache tords et tue je traverse allume  
et brûle caresse et lèche embrasse et regarde  
je sonne à toute volée les cloches jusqu'à ce  
qu'elles saignent épouvante les pigeons et les  
fais voler autour du colombier jusqu'à ce  
qu'ils tombent par terre déjà morts de fatigue  
je boucherai toutes les fenêtres et les portes  
avec de la terre et avec tes cheveux je pendrai  
tous les oiseaux qui chantent et couperai  
toutes les fleurs je bercerais dans mes bras  
l'agneau et je lui donnerai à décorer ma  
poitrine je le laverai avec mes larmes de  
plaisir et de peine et je l'endormirai avec le  
chant de ma solitude par Soleares et graverai  
à l'eau-forte les champs de blé et d'avoine  
et les verrai mourir couchés face au soleil et  
j'envelopperai les fleurs dans du papier de  
journal et je les jetterai par la fenêtre au  
ruisseau qui se repent avec tous ses péchés  
sur le dos s'en va content et riant malgré tout  
faire son nid dans le cloaque je briserai la  
musique du bois contre les roches des vagues  
de la mer et je mordrai le lion à la joue et je  
ferai pleurer le loup de tendresse devant un  
portrait de l'eau qui dans la baignoire laisse  
tomber son bras*

*give tear  
burn care  
full peal  
frighten  
around t  
ground a  
the wind  
with your  
sing and  
lamb in  
be devou  
pleasure  
with the  
and engr  
and oats  
in the su  
paper an  
window i  
all its si  
and laug  
in the ce  
wood age  
sea I will  
wolf weep  
water the*

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*give tear out twist and kill I cross light and  
burn caress and lick embrace and look I ring  
full peals from the bells until they bleed  
frighten the pigeons and make them fly all  
around the dovecot until they fall to the  
ground already exhausted I will stop up all  
the windows and the doors with earth and  
with your hair I will hang all the birds that  
sing and cut all the flowers I will cradle the  
lamb in my arms and give it my breast to  
be devoured I will wash it with my tears of  
pleasure and of pain and send it to sleep  
with the song of my loneliness by Soleares  
and engrave with acid the fields of wheat  
and oats and watch them die lying face up  
in the sun I will wrap the flowers in news-  
paper and I will throw them through the  
window into the stream which repents with  
all its sins on its back goes away content  
and laughing in spite of all to make its nest  
in the cesspool I will break the music of  
wood against the rocks of the waves of the  
sea I will bite the lion's cheek will make the  
wolf weep with tenderness before a portrait of  
water that lets its arm drop into the bath tub*

(Translated by R.P.)

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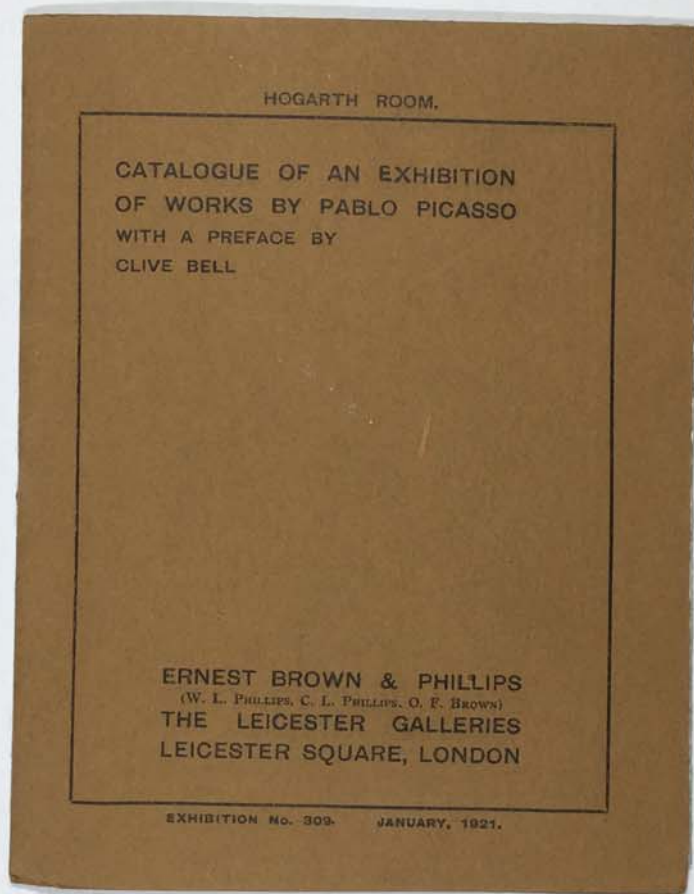
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PABLO PICASSO

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WITH A PREFACE BY  
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THE LEICESTER GALLERIES  
LEICESTER SQUARE, LONDON  
JANUARY, 1921

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Monroe Wheeler  
MEETING PICASSO  
from  
The University Review  
Spring, 1937

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## Meeting Picasso

MONROE WHEELER

MAX JACOB, the brilliant religious poet, told me of the time when he and Picasso were both so poor that they shared a room with only one narrow bed. The poet worked in a bank, while the painter slept. Then all night, while his friend occupied the bed, Picasso drew and drew, carpeting the floor with sketches, so that when Max rose to dress and go to work, he had no choice but to tread upon them: drawings of acrobats, limber small boys, and starving mothers. "I suppose," said Max, "that every authentic drawing of that period must bear my footprint."

Arthur Lee, the sculptor, told me how he and Picasso used to visit the Steins—the two brothers and the notorious authoress—in order to study their rich portfolios of engravings and reproductions. One of the brothers, in the natural anxiety of ownership, remarked that when Picasso sat looking at a print, he feared that his burning eyes might set fire to it.

Picasso's friends all enjoy talking about him, trying to make clear to others—and to themselves—the connection between his talent and the enigmatic human being behind it. Of course they are willing, and indeed eager, to say things about him which they would not dare to write. For Picasso is able to give as good as he gets. I must not quote, lest I be embroiled with one or another of them. Fundamentally all these ruthlessly amusing Parisians are the most sensitive of men. Although they are all apparently hurtful on prin-

ciple, they all constantly suffer from hurt feelings, Picasso somewhat less than the rest. Furthermore it would be difficult to quote intelligently. The finer the point of these French jokes, the more one is required to know everyone in question. Social intimacy of this kind is what made the French eighteenth century so fascinating a study for so many people; today, in many respects, the part played in that society by Marquises and Comtesses, hostesses and patronesses of art, is played by the poets and artists themselves—Picasso and Max Jacob and Pierre Roy and Bérard and Cocteau and Tchelitchev and the composers Georges Auric and Henri Sauguet. They are at least as fashionable as the ladies, and wittier. But their wit is rather collective than individual. If a remark is not malicious enough to suit the person who quotes it, he gives it a new and sharper edge. If vigorous criticism is expressed by some foreigner in inelegant French, his French friend or enemy will correct it, on his own account, lest his own conversation be disfigured by it. All this brilliant talk, echoed and amplified, has had much to do with making Paris the chief school of criticism and the most resonant sounding-board of artistic fame.

I often saw Picasso in Paris—in cafés or at the ballet or the opera: a short, sturdy figure, wedge-shaped, with powerful shoulders and slight limbs; a large head with a thatch of black hair, now gray, laid straight across it from left to right; and—what is most memorable—his great candent and compelling dark

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eyes. But I had no desire to know him. I thought of him as a spoiled and crafty genius, fond of clowns and pretty women, and of men who could make him laugh and with whom he could wage witty warfare—a man whose brilliance



PICASSO  
by Cocteau

did not spare his best friends. I heard how he had flattered a timid old friend upon the publication of a new book, then slipped away and given a scathing interview on the subject, and let the friend make a fool of himself by publicly blaming the interviewer. I heard how he had played off dealer against collector until his paintings fetched such prices that they could be traded for Renoirs, one for one. There was even a certain glamorous insincerity about his work, or his attitude toward his work. My friend Jean Cocteau told me that when they were in Rome he refused to set foot inside a museum. "Let's never go," said he. "Let's paint as we live, without giving a damn, naturally, like dogs." Hundreds of adoring young painters took him seriously, and daubed away in worse and worse confusion. Yet I heard—and the successive styles of his work have shown plainly—that he always admired Greek vases and African sculpture, and adored Poussin and Ingres and Corot and, of course,

Renoir. I also heard how he might flatter one guest, and be humiliatingly rude to the next. So I told myself that the proper tribute to so great and much-molested and mercurial a genius was to let him alone.

Then, while arranging for the Museum of Modern Art an exhibition of books illustrated by modern artists, I felt duty-bound to see him. I thought he would be difficult, so I put it off, and visited the other artists first, and one day, to my astonishment, one of them brought word that Picasso wondered why I was neglecting him.

I went to see him, and quickly learned how fictitious, how theatrical, an artist's reputation and a Paris legend may become.

He lives in the picture-dealers' street, the Rue la Boetie, next door to the palatial shop of his dealer, Paul Rosenberg. Our own great Eilshemius lives amid the New York galleries, on East 57th street. What a contrast between



DERAIN  
Self Portrait

the two streets and the two men! The American's house is an old family mansion, lugubrious and dilapidated, where the old gentleman sits bitterly deploring America's neglect of him, childishly singing his own praises, incomparably

hyperbolic. Picasso's large apartment is rather characterless, furnished in banal good taste, like the home of a fashionable physician. The walls of the salon were hung with paintings of his own, and between the stiff painted chairs his new savagely original bronzes stood about on pedestals. In the dining room I noticed a very early Vlaminck in the manner of Cezanne, and a magnificent Renoir. Most of the successful French painters are also collectors, exchanging with dealers or investing their earnings in what they are the best judges of. Matisse has fine Courbets. Derain has Courbets and Corots, and even a Chardin. Zuloaga is rumoured to have obtained El Grecos from Spanish convents in exchange for his own works! Perhaps such treasures have a calming influence upon them, contributing both to their pride and their humility. It is no wonder that poor Eilshemius is boastful and unsatisfied.



MATISSE  
Self Portrait

As I stood with Picasso before the new sculpture and the latest abstract paintings, he said not a word that was either condescending or self-congratulatory. In fact he said nothing at all. But he himself gazed at the work with

an extraordinary excitement, fresher than my own, an enjoyment that was keener. Then, strangely enough, from moment to moment, my own pleasure increased. In some strange way, his delight in his own invention and creation



VOLLARD  
by Dufy

seemed to be communicating itself to me. Merely by following his eyes, I saw in a painting what I should not otherwise have seen; I shared his own obvious pleasure in it; I even began to feel that I had discovered this new æsthetic point of view myself. He was silent. When I spoke it was to express the excitement that we both felt.

It was then I understood the secret of his influence upon his fellow-painters and the writers who have known him. He so concentrates on what he is doing or has just done that the attention of any art-lover focuses upon it in the same way. He charms and excites approbation so simply and unpretentiously that no one could complain. When one has been with him, one comes away with a vague impression that some part of the act of creation has occurred in one's own head. I think all real admirers of Picasso's art feel somewhat like artists themselves. The very diffi-

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culty of understanding what he is about leaves them with a sort of delicious, grateful fatigue like that which follows creative labor. And away they go, all over the world, to make brilliant propaganda, to buy and sell, to imitate. I do not mean to suggest that there is in all this any calculation on Picasso's part. I am absolutely certain that there is not. It is a matter of talent and temperament—and luck.

He showed me earlier work, and looked at it with me, but his interest was not in it, but rather in me. It apparently amused him to see what I would like, and of course it gives him satisfaction to have done work in the past that still pleases others, but he is rather complacent about it, in a good-natured, inoffensive way. How could he not be? His prosperity must give him a fair idea of the opinion of the rest of the world. And the extent of his fame is probably greater than that of any other painter who ever lived, in his lifetime. Titian and Rubens were indeed famous and prosperous, and their admirers included architects and kings; our present architects and kings prefer Laszlo and Sert; but Picasso's work goes also to Australia and America and Japan.

He told me that he did not believe that a painter should hoard his pictures—however low the price—speaking of this somewhat as if it were a rule of hygiene. He said that a quarter of a century ago Ambroise Vollard came to his studio and bought every picture in it, regardless of size, at a flat rate of one hundred francs apiece, tied them up in bundles of ten, and carted them away to his cellar where, as far as he knows, they still remain.

Neurotic and vain about one thing or another, he may be; but there is no inferiority complex, and no false pride, in his view of art. He is quite indifferent to the fact that inferior pictures of his hang in certain collections or museums, with or without the best. "Who knows what is best?" he said. "Everything that I have liked when I was doing it, some one else may like, sooner or later. I don't know what is best." All he knows, and all he cares about, is what is new. Posterity, he says, can do the picking over, and the thinning out. Now there is plenty to do. He has never been able to rest or relax. When other men take naps, he paints a picture. When other men go to brothels, he makes drawings. If the experiment involved in one composition does not quite satisfy, he does a variant upon it, variant after variant; and sells them all. The final choice is left to nature, by its casual rule of the survival of the fittest. For he has always been, and is still, a man of infinite natural energy, open-minded, never dull, and always on the brink of boredom, which he escapes in his work. Perhaps this brings us to another, and less superficial explanation of his popularity. In a world which suffers from boredom, and excess of energy, and despair of politics, and lack of god—in a society seeking nothing whole-heartedly but its own amusement—Picasso has sought amusement only in his art. So, naturally, he is our man; and he has taught us a moral lesson that we can understand.

Thus he has gone on for thirty-five years, from pictorial lyricism, to masks and less and less recognizable still-life, to cubism, then back to the poetry of the antique, then ahead to harsher and

more crudely colored abstractions. And besides painting he has done sculpture and loose drawing, and careful etching. He has always taken a lively interest in books and some of his finest etchings embellish Balzac's "Le Chef-d'Oeuvre Inconnu" and Ovid's "Métamorphoses." He told me that he had also illustrated with original drawings a friend's copy of the poems of Villon, and his own copy of Gauguin's "Noa-Noa," which he later sold to Vollard for one thousand francs. Vollard promises to issue a facsimile edition of it. For another friend, Picasso made extra-illustrations throughout a copy of "Le Chef-d'Oeuvre Inconnu."

Now I hear that he is writing poetry, and I dare say that if he really likes it while he is writing it, others may adore it later, when he has grown bored with

it and gone on to something new.

For thirty-five years he has been up-to-the-minute all the time. Perhaps to have become the greatest sort of painter he would have had to consent at some point to cease to be modern, to move no further ahead, but down deep, to learn to prefer the tragic essence of some one thing to the kaleidoscopic comedy of everything under the sun. We restless moderns might have liked the result less well. Posterity might like it better. But he could not help it; he could not stop. I am reminded of one of those electric clocks, plugged into alternating current, which need no winding, and which cannot lose time. Sometimes it seems to me that the alternating current into which Picasso is plugged is nothing more nor less than the spirit of twentieth-century man.

## Pigeons

GEORGE E. HOFFMAN

*Bright soar of wings, slant wings against the sky,  
Swift white against blue, clotted distances;  
Reincarnation of an Alpine cloud  
About the gable of an inland barn;  
The shuttling mist of movement, and the grace,  
The grace of heavy-in-the-breast but light-in-the-heart;  
The clear, clean glint of new-washed porcelain,  
Against a scarf of deep-dyed, waving blue;  
The lift, the lift of wings, the upward lift,  
The upward circling, and the easy climb  
Out of this, out of the barnyard, over the roofs,  
Over fences, roads, trees, hedges, boundaries, all—  
Wings laughing in the sun, laughing with glad beat,  
Laughing toward the land, where we crawl.*

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## Aged in the Woods

*The Newest Yarns Are the Oldest*

VANCE RANDOLPH

GOOD stories are very rare, and the best ones are all very old. There are always plenty of new gags and wisecracks, but very few new stories. The yarns that young people split their tonsils over today are nearly all revivals. Most of them are older than the parents of the boys and girls who laugh at them.

Robert Hopkins, veteran M-G-M gagman, once told me that he had heard only four or five new stories in twenty years. Similar cracks are credited to Benny Freedman, Irvin Cobb, Bob Davis and others. If you are less than thirty years old, try telling your latest story to any old-time vaudeville comedian, and ask if he ever heard it before. Sometimes it isn't necessary to ask. You might as well sing new songs to Dr. Sigmund Spaeth. Listen to any popular story-teller, and you will notice that he gets most of his laughs from young people. Men of fifty or sixty don't care for the newest stories, because they heard them thirty or forty years ago.

Probably the oldest stories now current in America come out of the Ozark Mountain country of Missouri and Arkansas. The people who live in these isolated hollers are behind the times in many ways. They live very much as their ancestors did a hundred and fifty years ago, and have made very little contact with the industrial civilization which has grown up around them. There are men in the Ozarks

who still hunt with muzzle-loading rifles; there are women who still use spinning wheels, and weave cloth on ancient handmade looms. They still believe in witchcraft and other medieval superstitions; they sing old English ballads brought over by the seventeenth-century colonists; some of them speak an Elizabethan dialect almost unintelligible to the tourist from Chicago and points East. Is it any wonder that the tales they tell are old, long forgotten in more progressive parts of the United States?

Keep an eye on the crowd when the Weaver Brothers do their hillbilly routine, or watch a group of people listening to Bob Burns' radio stuff. Plenty of laughter, of course, but the significant thing is that middle-aged and elderly folk fall for it just as the youngsters do. That is because the Weaver boys came out of the woods near Galena, Missouri, while Bob Burns was borned an' raised in Van Buren, Arkansas. The best stories they tell are genuine Ozark "windies," so ancient that even the oldest people in a sophisticated audience have never heard them before.

Take one of Bob Burns' best radio stories, for example. The one which, according to O. O. McIntyre, wowed a "Tory group of after dinner thumb-twiddlers at the Union League" recently. A city feller, according to the tale, is talking with a barefooted, be-whiskered hill-billy in the Ozark hinterland. "You live so far from

## WINTER DREAM

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V—Osage Orange

*A hedge-tree means four things to a Kansas boy:  
Thorns for the bare feet,  
Green hedge-apples to shy at the birds and rabbits,  
A root-like rattan for a pungent cigaret,  
And a popping, crackling fire on a winter's night.*

## Winter Dream

BARBARA MARSH

*The calliope's sonorous whistle is stilled,  
And still is the song in the gay scarlet box,  
That for one little coin and a turn on the crank, spilled  
Tunes about daisies and pink bollyhocks  
And a rose-trailing arbour in spring.  
The plump wooden horses with bright jewelled eyes  
And delicate forelegs in spirited kick,  
Stand hidden away in a canvas disguise,  
While feathery ripples of dust settle thick  
In the lonely, broad-canopied ring.  
Upon the board-walks through the carnival ground  
Fall chill winter rains in a film of grey lace—  
And the creaking of doors, and the weird hollow sound  
Of wind through the rafters, now reign in the place  
Of shouts in gay festival swing.*

*Was it a dream that the full moon swung low,  
Like a ripe yellow fruit in the warm summer sky,  
And that boats skimmed the lake in the shimmering glow  
Of Japanese lanterns suspended on high  
In a radiant butterfly string?  
Was it illusion that bright painted cars  
Flew rocketing over the whitewashed incline  
Of an intricate trestle that stretched toward the stars,  
With its slender boards gleaming beneath the cool shine  
Of a myriad tiny lights twinkling?*

*Silvery chequers of pale winter light  
Make frosted designs as they pierce through the beams  
Of the ferris-wheel, frozen in circular flight,  
While the rain trickles silently, followed by streams  
Of copper rust idly pursuing . . .*

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OID, LES MÉTAMORPHOSES(Skira)  
by Picasso

Etching and Drawings by courtesy of  
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FIFTEEN CENTS

FEBRUARY 13, 1939

# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



PICASSO

Dora Maar

"Why not try to understand the song of the birds?"

(Art)

VOLUME XXXIII

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## ART

## Art's Acrobat

(See Cover)

In Paris last week, at the Galerie Paul Rosenberg in the fashionable Rue La Boétie, 33 small oils-on-canvas were making the art news of the season. With one exception they were still-lives of candles and flowers, fruits and mandolins, pitchers and bird cages, ox skulls and oil lamps, knives, forks, figurines and doves. Had these objects been painted with the luscious realism of a soup advertisement, the pictures would not have been at Rosenberg's, nor would they have interested any of the people there. Yet if there was one thing these doodles, lozenges, swabs and swishes of bright paint represented to that crowd of connoisseurs and jealous artists, it was sheer technical virtuosity—probably the greatest painting virtuosity in the world.

So, for 30 years, have the works of Pablo Picasso continued to delight the knowledgeable and confound the common man. Flying like a shuttlecock between the esthetic debaters of two continents, the very name of Picasso has been a symbol of irresponsibility to the old, of audacity to the young. To millions of solid citizens it has been one of the two things they know about modern art—the other being that they don't like it. But the show at Rosenberg's had a new significance, because it came at the full tide of a new period both in Picasso's work and in appreciation of it.

For two years, 1935 and 1936, Picasso neither drew nor painted. There seems to be little doubt that, when he began to paint again, it was in response to a political event—the war in Spain. In any case, the two works which have put him in the news since 1936 have been public, polemical jobs: his big, lacerating mural, *Guernica*, for the Spanish government pavilion at the Paris exposition of 1937, and a series of hairy-nightmare etchings entitled *Dreams and Lies of Franco*. At the same time, Picasso's previous work has begun to emerge from the smoke of controversy into the lucidity of history. Not a mere canonization but a symptom of universal stock-taking was the announcement last week by the Art Institute of Chicago and Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art of a huge, joint retrospective show of Picasso for next autumn. And various other sources, including that vivacious story-teller, Gertrude Stein,\* have lately increased public understanding of a man whose life and painting explain each other.

**Spain.** Picasso was born in Málaga, Andalusia, Spain, 57 years ago last October 25, of a Basque drawing teacher named Blasco Ruiz and an Italian mother, Maria Picasso. By the Spanish order of patronymics his name was Pablo Picasso y Ruiz, and he so signed his earliest pictures. In physical build Pablo resembled the small, robust, dark-skinned mother whose name he later took.

\* Picasso, Scribner (\$3).



PICASSO AND STUDIO (1915)  
Invariably: "Peuh!"

Of Málaga, Picasso's characteristic recollection is a singing motorman whose street-car's speed depended, not on the company's timetable, but on the rhythm of the song he steered by—gay or melancholy, galloping or slow. The mind of little Pablo appears in a revealing flash in a story of his being given a pair of roller skates: instead of skating on them he took them apart and, with huge amusement, attached each pair of wheels to the flippers of an enormous tortoise, whose slow progress around the patio had annoyed him.

Getting practically no ordinary education, Picasso worked off his ingenuity in drawing and painting at home. When he was 14, his father moved to Barcelona to take a post as professor in the School of Fine Arts. Picasso's precocity was already such that at 15 he left his father's instruction and set up his own studio, first in Madrid and later in Barcelona. His painting at this time was perfectly strong, finished and professional. Too poor to furnish his Barcelona studio, he amused himself by painting on the walls, in great detail, the missing pieces of furniture.

**Paris.** What Rome is to the Catholic priesthood, Paris has been for centuries to the artists of Europe. Among the hundreds of hopefuls who arrived there in 1900, at the dewy dawn of a destructive century, 19-year-old Pablo Picasso was remarkable for his impressionability, his facility, his profound self-confidence. Standing one day in admiration before a painting by Toulouse-Lautrec, whose bold draftsman-ship and garish atmosphere he was then busily imitating, he was heard to murmur, "All the same, I paint better than he does." But it was not until he had gone back to Spain for another year that Picasso found a style of his own. The paintings of his "Blue Period" were done in that year, 1903, and during the next year or so in Paris.

Fernande Olivier, a model who lived with him then and for the next 14 years, has said he was "... small, black, stubby, unquiet, disquieting, with sombre, deep, piercing, strange, almost fixed eyes. Awkward gestures, feminine hands, ill-dressed, ill-cared for. A thick, black, brilliant forelock divided the intelligent protuberant forehead. Half-bohemian, half-workman in his dress; his over-long hair swept the collar of a tired coat."

For eight years Picasso and Fernande lived in Montmartre in the famous "bateau lavoir" (floating laundry) at 13 Rue Ravignan (now Place Emile Goudeau), a fantastic barrack tenanted by painters, sculptors, writers, cartoonists, laundresses and pushcart peddlers. Picasso was Spanishly jealous of his 18-year-old mistress—though he was grateful enough that the ogling coal dealer neglected to leave a bill. To keep her at home he did the marketing himself, dressed in the cap, espadrilles and blue jeans of a workman, plus a famous white-polka-dotted red shirt that cost him less than two francs. The mystic poet, Max Jacob, helped Picasso, who steadfastly refused to do any "commercial" work. A terrific and efficient worker, to avoid interruptions Picasso soon took to painting all night, a habit which may have had something to do with the blueness of the Blue Period.

In any case, these new paintings by the little Spaniard from Málaga were extraordinary affairs. The sombre, elongated El Grecos which Picasso had studied in Madrid certainly influenced his manner; so did the predominantly blue compositions of Cézanne. But, unlike Cézanne and still more unlike the Impressionists, Picasso was uninterested in Nature, painted to make paintings, painted to express himself.

**Gay Life.** The first private buyer of Picassos was the Moscow tea importer, Sergei Stchoukine, who began about 1904 to select the Blue canvases that, later, formed the basis of the great Soviet collection in the Moscow Museum of Modern Western Art. The sandaled Stein family (Gertrude, Leo and Michel) became occasional buyers by 1905.

When in the money, the entire "Picasso gang" often came home very late, drunk as bedbugs, singing, declaiming poetry and shouting such slogans as "A bas Laforgue! Conspuez Laforgue!"\* (Down with Laforgue! To hell with Laforgue). Picasso on these occasions used to fire a revolver to wake the bourgeois neighbors.

When he had painted all the blue pictures he wanted to paint, Picasso immersed himself in the life of Paris, went to the circus once a week and to prize fights with two new, tall, stalwart friends: Painter André Derain and Poet Guillaume Apollinaire. Working more during the day, in 1905 and 1906 Picasso poured out the pictures of the Rose Period: acrobats, harlequins, companies of jugglers and players, all painted with a wistful delicacy and long-boned grace. By 1907 he had been sufficiently housebroken to go to the Stein "at homes."

**Cubism** was an invention of the same  
\* An elegant, impudent and decadent poet.

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## EIGHT KINDS OF PICASSO



The Tragedy (1903)



At the Theatre (1902)

The picture above looks something like a Toulouse-Lautrec, but the picture at the left is unlike anything painted before it. It indicates how, and when, Pablo Picasso became an "original" artist. The subdued earth colors are Spanish and so are the thin, sad figures. The little boy's curiously dislocated hand serves to form, with his elbow, brow and shoulder, one of the rectangles in the skeleton of the composition. Ten years later a gay Cubist shuffle (*below, left*) was Picasso's tribute to his foster country at war. After the War he made his own peace in such figures of massive repose as that below.



Vive La France (1914-15)



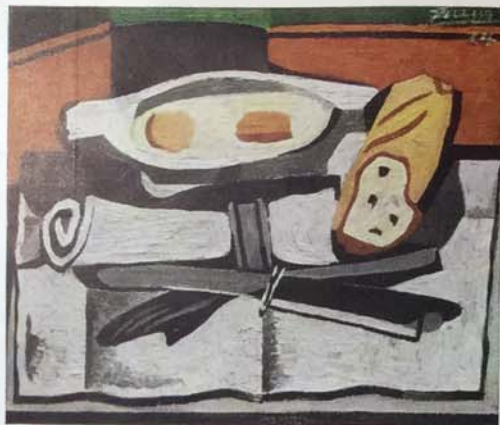
Nude with Drapery (1921)

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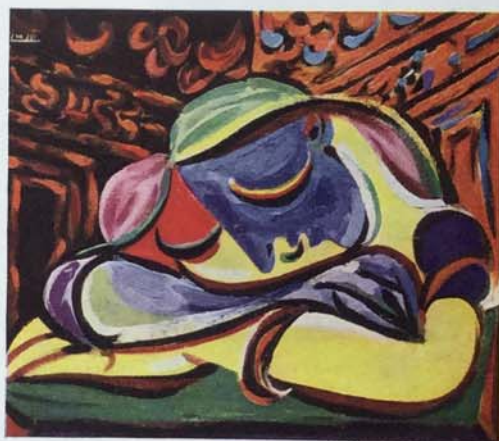


The Lovers (1923)

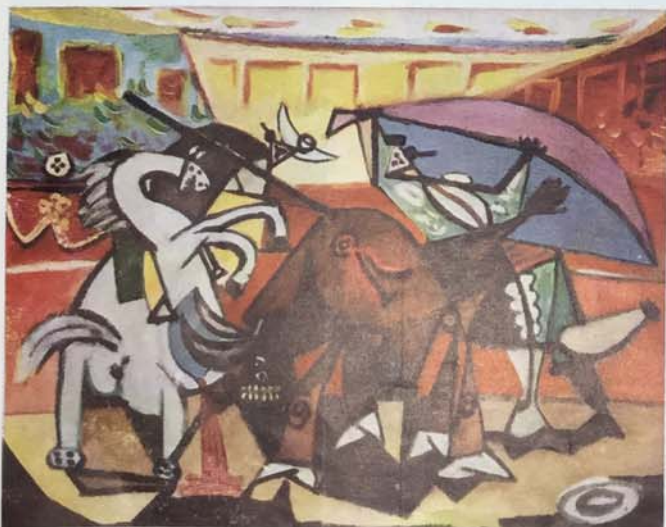
Tenderest of the Picasso periods are the "Rose" and the "Classical." *The Lovers*, a fine example of the Classical, has some of the wistfulness of the Rose. Veronese could teach little in the matter of balanced movement to the painter who composed this couple, and Veronese could not have painted that green veil so simply. From such lyricism Picasso retreated in a long series of still lifes as severe as that above (*right*)—paintings meant to be dependent on no sentimental associations.



The Eggs (1924)



Sleeping Woman (1935)



The Bull Fight (1934)

Painting the same object in two positions at the same time, a pushover for Cubism, was a starting point for Picasso's later rages at the limitations of paint and canvas. The picture above is a liquidly knit pattern, a violent assertion of the primary colors, a caricature of fat-&-red-faced somnolence seen with its mouth open both in profile and headon. The painting at the left, with its droopy, gored horse, spouting, chaotic bull and skipping matador, typifies the savage exaggeration of Picasso's present style.

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mind that put roller skates on the Málaga tortoise. In 1909, in the village of Horta, near Saragossa, in Aragon, Spain, Picasso painted a series of pictures of jumbled roofs and houses which suggested to him a whole new method. Liking nothing so much as new methods, on his return to Paris he went to work on it. Cézanne had patiently toiled for years to realize on canvas the solidity of air and landscape by means of delicately placed little patches and planes of color. Cubism put roller skates on this technique.

In the hands of Georges Braque, who took it up almost simultaneously, of Juan Gris, a young Spaniard who took it up in 1911 and made it charming, and of Picasso, cubism made cunning use of all that painters know about form and color in themselves—from such elementary facts that a red patch seems to advance and a violet patch to recede, to the most ingenious refinements. All paintings, as painters see them, are merely areas of certain colors on flat canvas. Cubism made pictures which everybody could see that way.

In 1911, Picasso finally left the *bateau lavoir* and the straight bohemian life. He now had money stowed away in his "strong box"—a large wallet kept in an inner pocket and fastened with a safety pin. He also had liver and stomach trouble that has persisted ever since. Moving into a studio apartment on the Boulevard de Clichy with at last some actual comfort, he worked furiously, with less gaiety, with a beginning of the bitter, abstracted air which characterized him later. In 1912 he moved to Montparnasse. In 1914, sad-



MME PICASSO  
She demanded an Orthodox marriage.

dened by the departure of most of his friends for the War, he left Paris to live in the suburb of Montrouge.

Fame and War are two unsettling things. On Picasso both had lasting effects which critics of the future will have to reckon with in estimating his work. It is significant that his first "collages," paste-up jobs of paper and other textures, were not intended as pictures but as models for pictures. Dealers and dilettante admirers

insisted that they were wonderful, and Picasso shrugged off the whole matter. The element of nose-thumbing and Dada (organized senselessness) in his later work has probably the same genesis.

**Class & Classical.** There is, in fact, reason in the theory that losing his direction during the War and being flattered by a lot of fancy literary people, Picasso has found since little to do but pull rabbits out of his hat for easy applause—and easy money. The alternate theory is that this tough, unschooled, brilliant little man has responded subtly to the intellectual insights and disorders of his time, has created in paint their diverse and furious images. Unbiased observers think both theories are partly true.

In 1917 three absolutely last-word fashionables—Musician Erik Satie, Poet Jean ("Birdcatcher") Cocteau and Ballet Impresario Sergei Diaghilev—spirited Picasso out of the dumps and off to Italy to paint décor for a ballet, *Parade*. It has never been publicly known that Picasso not only did the cubist décor for this extravaganza but rewrote Cocteau's book. In Rome he fell in love with a minor member of the Diaghilev ballet, Olga Koklova, and found himself faced with the unusual demand for a Russian-Orthodox Church marriage. In 1918 the marriage took place in Paris, and the Picassos moved into the two top floors of a heavy, expensive, Second Empire house in the Rue La Boétie.

An impeccable conventional draftsman when he wanted to be, Picasso produced in the next period a number of line drawings of Ingres-like delicacy, including several of his wife (*see cut*). The "classic" pictures of these years (1918-25) were really of several kinds: monumental, massive giant-esses which to some critics symbolize the all-maternal space of the universe (*see color page*); softly bulky, grand but graceful human figures that recall such Italian masters as Paolo Veronese (*see color page*); out-and-out Greco-Romanesque figure compositions in various stages of archaism, action and distortion. His production was enormous. At Gisors, about 35 miles from Paris, he bought a château.

**Business.** Estimates of the number of paintings Picasso has produced vary from 1,200 to 10,000. Best guess is somewhere between 3,000 and 4,500. Since Rubens, with a whole "factory" of apprentices, turned out less than 3,000, it is likely that Picasso has been the most prolific first-rater who ever lived. In any logical system of supply and demand, a Picasso ought to be cheap. But Picassos are notoriously not cheap, and for this there are two explanations.

The first is that from his early days Picasso has hated to let any of his pictures go. "No painting is ever finished" is one of his gloomy sayings, and it is true that his studio and his château are jammed full of canvases which he will not sell. Even so, Dealers Rosenberg, *et al.*, have occasionally been so hard put to it to keep from being flooded with Picassos that a wit once suggested, as a solution, a tie-up with the Citroën (Ford of France) Motor Company: "A Picasso with every Citroën."

The other explanation is that sales of

Picassos have long been skillfully manipulated and that Picasso, who knows how good he is, has grown rich by not objecting. The merest page from a sketch book of the Toulouse-Lautrec period fetches \$200, and there have been at least two sales of paintings in the U. S. for a reputed price of about \$25,000 each.

Picasso's enemies attribute to him a peasant tightness with his money. There are few stories of his personal generosity,



"WOMAN WITH LONG HAIR"

... roller skates on a tortoise technique.

though it is a fact that any poor but promising poet can get a Picasso etching for his book by asking for it. He has certainly contributed a great deal to the Loyalist side in the Spanish civil war: the *Guernica* mural free, all proceeds from exhibiting it (to date about \$5,000), at least two fully equipped fighting planes, and during the last few weeks a cash gift of 300,000 francs (\$7,959).

**The Man.** Picasso's eyes, enormous in relation to his head, dominate his face, which despite a largely indoor life has taken on a finely crinkled, leathery quality often found in Spaniards. Never a dandy, he now dresses adequately but with indifference, is only a bit touchy about being short (5 ft. 3 in.). A plausible theory for the usual dirt and disorder of his rooms is that it is largely reaction from the neatness enforced by his bourgeois wife.

After lunching on noodles or spaghetti at a little Italian restaurant in the Rue Bonaparte near St. Sulpice, Picasso starts the real day's work at about 2 p. m. in an enormous, factory-like studio at 7 Rue des Grands-Augustins. He no longer selects or sizes (prepares with glue to make non-absorbent) his own canvas but is fussy about its fineness and weave. His concentration, intensity, efficiency and command of his medium at work are legendary. But, while one painting may be finished in a day, another just like it will take 90 hours of work, spread over as much as three years. He is never satisfied; all his life the question "*Ça marche?*"

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has invariably met with the same reply: "Peuh!"

In the evening, Picasso dines at the same little restaurant on the same pasty food, will then take a *café-crème* at the Café de Flore, almost always with the same group. His wit, which has made him feared by sycophants, is famous and often malicious. Examples: (of a young girl artist) "Her mother drinks, her father drinks, and it is she who has the red nose"; (of James Joyce) "an *obscur* whom everyone can understand." Picasso's critics do not like the way he pretends that nothing he says can have any really damaging effect. They point to this as one more symptom of spoiled-childishness which accepts the pleasant aura of fame without acknowledging the responsibility it entails.

Picasso's constant woman companion since his divorce in 1937 has been Dora Maar (née Markovitch), a 29-year-old photographer of French-Yugoslav parentage who lived in the Argentine until she went to Paris eight years ago. A black-banged beauty, she appears in several of the artist's recent paintings, notably the *Woman with Long Hair* (see cut, p. 45). Last week Dora Maar had her second exhibition of photographs at the Galerie de Beaubourg, also had her nose punched outside the Café de Flore by the ex-Mme Picasso.

**The Work.** *Woman with Long Hair* illustrates Picasso's perennial obsession with catching the essence of several facial expressions and positions at once, creating a visual "now you see it now you don't." It is of such peculiar problems, enormously complicated and multiplied in certain pictures, that his art of the past few years is made. He has borrowed like a magpie from every graphic manifestation that interested him, from latrine drawings to the child art of Paul Klee. In the still-lives displayed at Rosenberg's last week, dated from 1936 to January 15, 1939, critics found a synthesis of cubist, infantile, surrealist elements.

In his one brusque little essay on himself, published in a Soviet magazine in 1926, he said: "For me, a picture is never either an end or an achievement, but rather a happy chance and an experience." Max Jacob once said: "He saves himself by being an acrobat."

Discounting all the evidence of irresponsibility in his work, sober critics are inclined to respect tough, small Pablo Picasso's insistent assertion of his own independence, to find in it an example of commonplace psychological and artistic health. But with equal sobriety they feel that the time is past for amazement, shock or swoon over Pablo Picasso; that young painters had better know their own minds, their craft and their time as well as Picasso's esthetics. Says Picasso, bored: "Everyone wants to understand art. Why not try to understand the song of the birds? Why does one love the night, flowers, everything around one, without trying to understand them? Whereas with painting, people must *understand*. If only they would realize that an artist . . . is only a trifling bit of the world, and that no more importance should be attached to him than to plenty of other things. . . ."

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PRIS AU VOL

## En causant avec Picasso

Quelques pensées et réflexions du peintre et de l'homme

Jedí soir on inaugure une exposition où se trouvent réunies plus de deux cents tableaux, les sculptures, l'œuvre, grâce de Picasso.

On sait l'importance de ce peintre dans le mouvement pictural de ces trente dernières années, et les tentatives audacieuses qu'il fit dans le domaine des formes.

Picasso n'a pas eu seulement d'action par son œuvre, mais aussi par son esprit inventif et son intelligence étincelante. On trouvera ici l'expression de quelques-unes de ses idées qui ne sont pas seulement d'un peintre mais d'un homme.

Nous avons pu nous entretenir avec lui pendant qu'il assistait à l'accrochage de ses toiles, et nous avons saisi au vol quelques-unes de ces pensées brillantes.

— J'ai visité, l'autre jour, la rétrospective du Salon. J'ai remarqué ceci. Un tableau bon au milieu de tableaux mauvais devient un mauvais tableau. Et un tableau mauvais au milieu de bons tableaux finit par devenir bon.

— Quelqu'un me demandait comment j'allais arranger cette exposition. Je lui ai répondu : « Mal ». Car une exposition, comme un tableau, bien ou mal « arrangée », cela revient au même. Ce qui compte, c'est l'esprit de suite dans les idées. Et quand cet esprit existe, comme dans les plus mauvais ménages, tout finit par s'arranger.

— Combien de fois au moment de mettre du bleu j'ai constaté que j'en manquais. Alors j'ai pris du rouge et l'ai mis à la place du bleu. Vanité des choses de l'esprit.

— Au fond, tout ne tient qu'à soi. C'est un soleil dans le ventre aux mille rayons. Le reste n'est rien. C'est uniquement pour cela, par exemple, que Matisse est Matisse. C'est qu'il porte ce soleil dans le ventre. C'est aussi pour cela qu'il y a, de temps en temps, quelque chose.

— L'œuvre qu'on fait est une façon de tenir son journal.

— Pour le peintre qui, à l'occasion d'une exposition, voit comme moi aujourd'hui revenir quelques-unes de ses toiles de très loin, il semble qu'il s'agisse là d'enfants prodiges mais qui retournent à la maison en chemises d'or.

— Les tableaux, on les fait toujours comme les princes font leurs enfants : avec des bergères. On ne fait jamais le portrait du Parthénon; on ne peint jamais un fauteuil Louis XV. On fait des tableaux avec une bicoque du Midi, avec un paquet de tabac, avec une vieille chaise.

— Au fond, il n'y a que l'amour. Quel qu'il soit. Et l'on devrait crever les yeux aux peintres comme l'on fait aux chardonniers pour qu'ils chantent mieux.

— Une des choses les plus laides en art, c'est le : « Je vous prie d'agréer, monsieur, l'assurance de ma considération très distinguée », qui a sali de tout temps les meilleures œuvres, par ce qu'il exprime d'obéissance à tout le monde.

— Un ami qui écrit actuellement un livre sur mes sculptures le commence ainsi : « Picasso me disait un jour que la ligne droite est le chemin le plus court d'un point à un autre. » J'ai été très étonné évidemment et lui ai demandé : « Etes-vous bien sûr que ce soit moi qui ait trouvé ça ? »

— Quand on part d'un portrait et qu'on cherche par des éliminations successives à trouver la forme pure, le volume net et sans accident, on aboutit fatalement à l'œuf. De même en partant de l'œuf on peut arriver, en suivant le chemin et le but opposés, au portrait. Mais l'art, je crois, échappe à cet achèvement trop simpliste qui consiste à aller d'un extrême à l'autre. Il faut surtout pouvoir s'arrêter à temps.

— Tout l'intérêt de l'art se trouve dans le commencement. Après le commencement, c'est déjà la fin.

— Ce n'est pas d'après nature que je travaille, mais devant la nature, avec elle.

— Rien ne peut être fait sans la solitude. Je me suis créé une solitude que personne ne soupçonne. Il est très difficile, aujourd'hui, d'être seul, car nous avons des montres. Avez-vous vu un saint avec une montre ? J'ai pourtant cherché partout pour en trouver un, même chez les saints qui passent pour les patrons des horlogers. Ainsi, comme nous sommes bien en ce moment, en train de parler ! Nous pourrions rester comme cela des années peut-être et trouver encore des choses à

dire. Dix ans après nous serions encore là, contents d'être là, parlant toujours...

Et là-dessus Picasso sortit sa montre et nous dit : « Au revoir, à bientôt, je m'attend à déjeuner. »

E. TÉRIADE.

L'Intransigeant  
Paris 15 June 1932

