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	AHB	XI.1.5

THE ETCHING AND WOOD-ENGRAVING HERE REPRODUCED ARE PICASSO ILLUSTRATIONS FROM BALZAC'S "LE CHEF-D'OEUVRE INCONNU," VOLLARD, PARIS, 1932.

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	AHB	XI.1.5

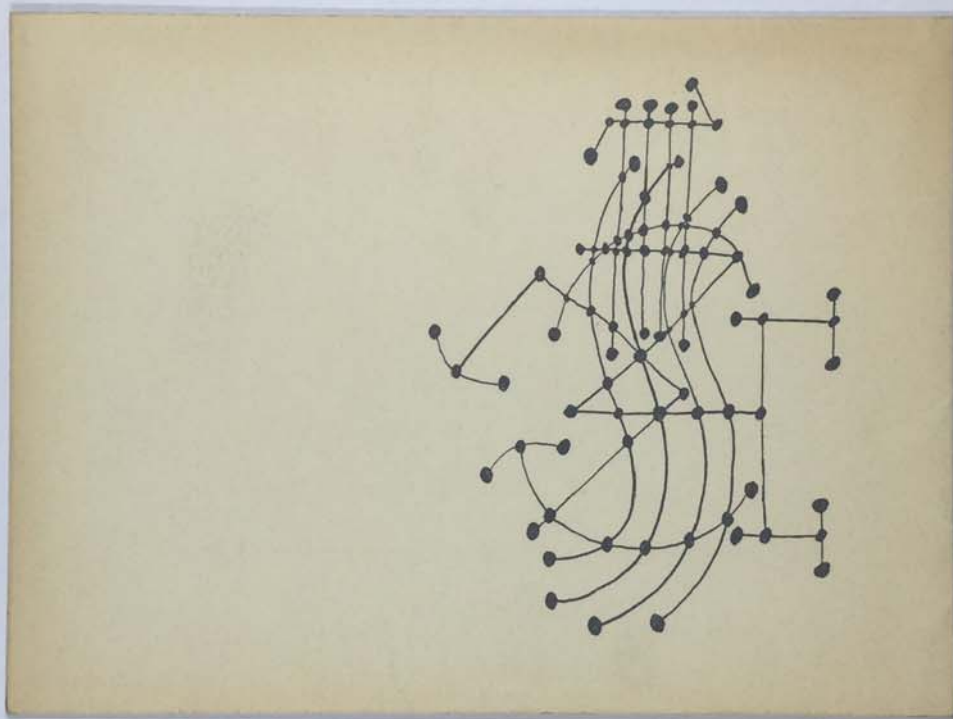
THE PRESIDENT AND TRUSTEES OF THE MUSEUM
OF MODERN ART INVITE YOU TO ATTEND THE
PRIVATE OPENING OF THE EXHIBITION **PICASSO:
FORTY YEARS OF HIS ART** ON THE EVENING OF
TUESDAY, NOVEMBER FOURTEENTH, FROM EIGHT-
THIRTY O'CLOCK UNTIL MIDNIGHT, 11 WEST 53RD
STREET, NEW YORK.

UPON PRESENTATION OF THIS INVITATION TWO PERSONS WILL BE ADMITTED

PRODUCED ARE PICASSO ILLUS-
NCONNU," VOLLARD, PARIS, 1932.

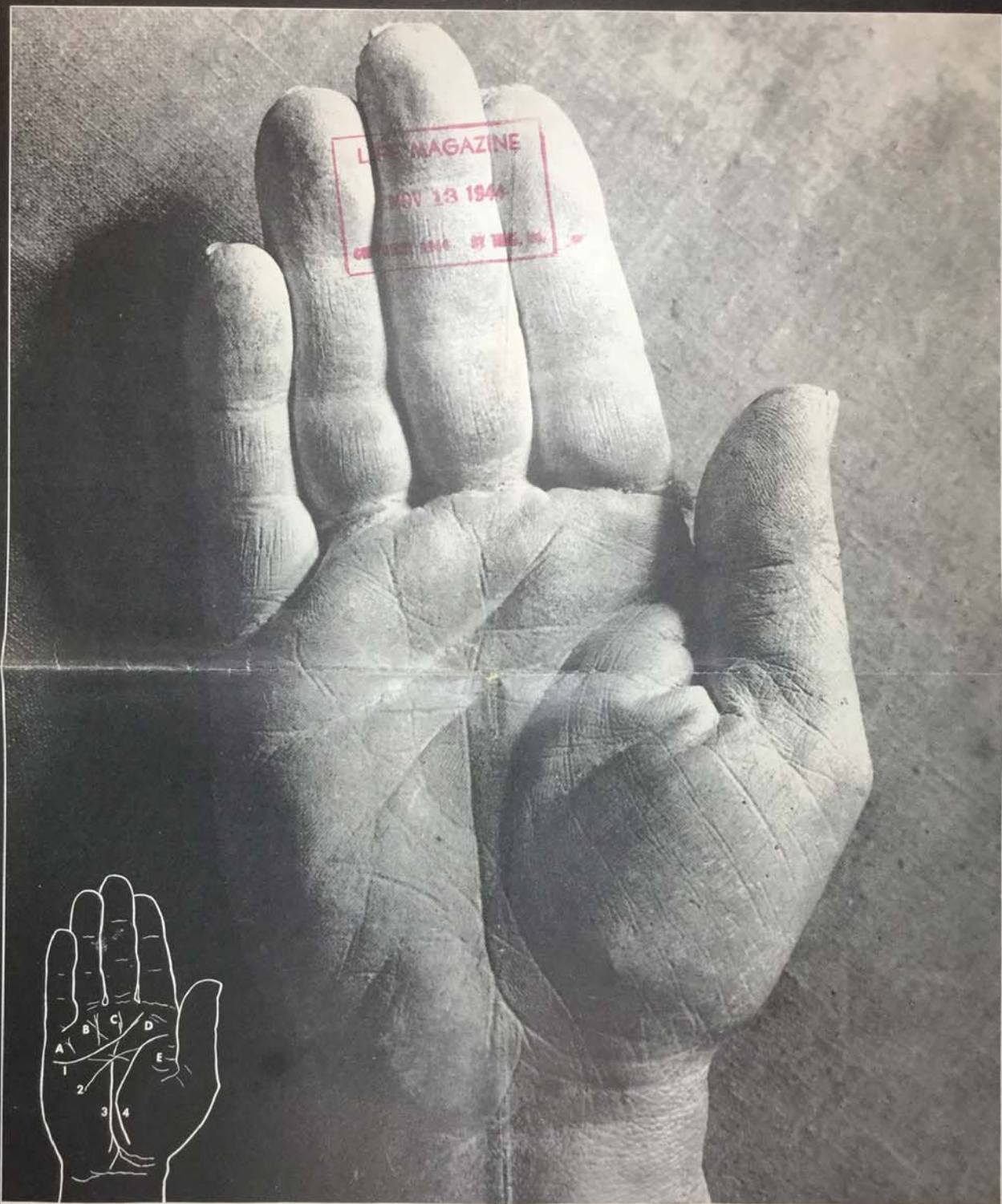
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	AHB	XI.1.5



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	AHB	XI.1.5

ART



Pablo Picasso's palm was photographed from a plaster cast of the famous artist's right hand. This is the most influential living hand in modern art. The canvases it has painted since the Spanish-born Picasso settled in Paris 40 years ago are the inspiration of two generations of artists who have followed Picasso through his ever-changing periods—the "Blue," "Harlequin," "Rose," "Negro," "Analytical Cubist," "Synthetic Cubist," "Classic" and his pre-

ent fantastic phase of two-faced portraits (see page 75). Orthodox palmists reading Picasso's hand see all his inventive artistry there. The career line (3) is deep and long. It breaks where it meets the head line (2), then resumes in weaker, broken segments. This may indicate that artist's theories will interfere with his artistic production. Well-developed mount of Mars (E) indicates pugnacity. Talent mount of Mercury (A) shows imagination, self-

expression and cleverness. It joins firmly with Apollo (B), which expresses artistry and beauty. Less strongly developed are Saturn mount (C) of pessimism and retirement and Jupiter mount (D) of planning ability. Life line (4) is very long and indicates that the artist will probably live to be 75 or 80. Heart line (1) is long, deep and regular, showing consistencies in his traits and deeply felt feelings. Thick, heavy thumb shows obstinacy and strong temper.

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	AHB	XI.1.5



Picasso's upstairs studio overlooking the Latin Quarter is meeting place for modern-art lovers. Paintings are carelessly

stacked against the walls in the cluttered attic room. Here Picasso keeps open house every day from 11 to 1. Then he

locks his doors and either paints here where the light is good or he goes below to have fun with his grotesque sculpture.

NEW FRENCH ART

PICASSO FOSTERED IT UNDER NAZIS

When the Nazis marched into Paris in 1940, Pablo Picasso was living in his famous two-story studio on Rue Saint Augustin on the left bank of the Seine. The Nazis immediately put Picasso at the head of the Nazi blacklist of "degenerate" art, which could not be exhibited. But this was as far as the Nazis dared go with the most famous living painter. He continued to paint unmolested.

Eight days after the liberation of Paris, LIFE Photographer Robert Capa called on the artist. He found him looking much younger than his 67 years. During the occupation his studio had become the rendezvous of anti-Nazi painters, poets, writers, critics and musicians. Under his influence a new crop of young French painters sprang up. Their faces and works are among those shown on the following pages.

With the Germans gone, the French took characteristic advantage of their new freedom. At the opening of the Salon D'Automne, a mob of young artists tore Picasso's paintings from the wall and screamed "Explain! Explain!" Some people thought this was artistic resentment over the fact that Picasso had just joined the Communist Party. But most agreed that the young artists simply did not like Picasso's style.



In his downstairs studio Pablo Picasso stands beside one of his latest figures. To relax from painting, Picasso works

on sculpture, fashioning grotesque figures out of wire, metal, ox skulls and all kinds of junk which he likes to collect.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XI.I.5

New French Art (continued)



Édouard Pignon served in French air force until 1940, later founded an underground paper when the Nazis occupied Paris. He now lives in this studio with his wife and 3-year-old son.



Henri Matisse, far from excitement of Paris during the occupation, continued to paint quietly in southern France. Aging and ill, he now can spend only a few hours a day painting.

NEW FRENCH PAINTINGS WERE PUBLISHED IN LAVISH COLOR DURING GERMAN OCCUPATION

The new French paintings shown on the following pages are taken from color reproductions published during the German occupation. Their publisher is a young Parisian, Maurice Girodias, who managed to put out lavish reproductions despite paper shortage and Nazi artistic blacklists. To get paper, Girodias went to the black market. To get permission to publish the paintings, he daringly went straight to the

Nazis. Though the younger French artists' style was "degenerate" to the Nazis, they were unknown and permission was granted. But to get a license for a portfolio of Picasso, who was well known to the Nazis, Girodias submitted a false manuscript about cooking. When the Picasso portfolio came out, the head censor dared not have Girodias arrested lest he himself get into trouble for having issued the permit.



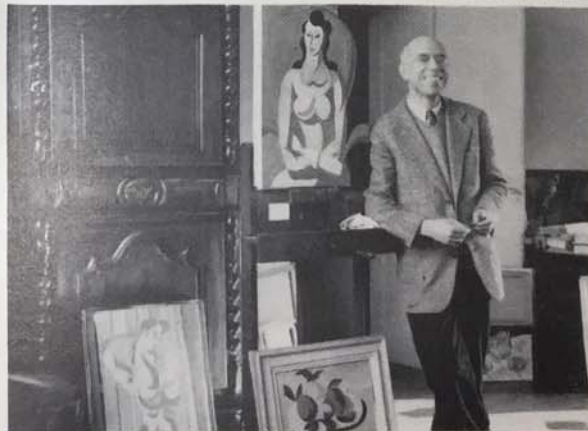
Maurice Estève, 40, has painted all his life but never went to an art school. He served in the French army until 1940, then settled in a studio in Montmartre where this picture was taken.



Pierre Bonnard is a veteran modernist whose work still influences younger French painters. This war, like last, has done little to change style or viewpoint of established French artists.

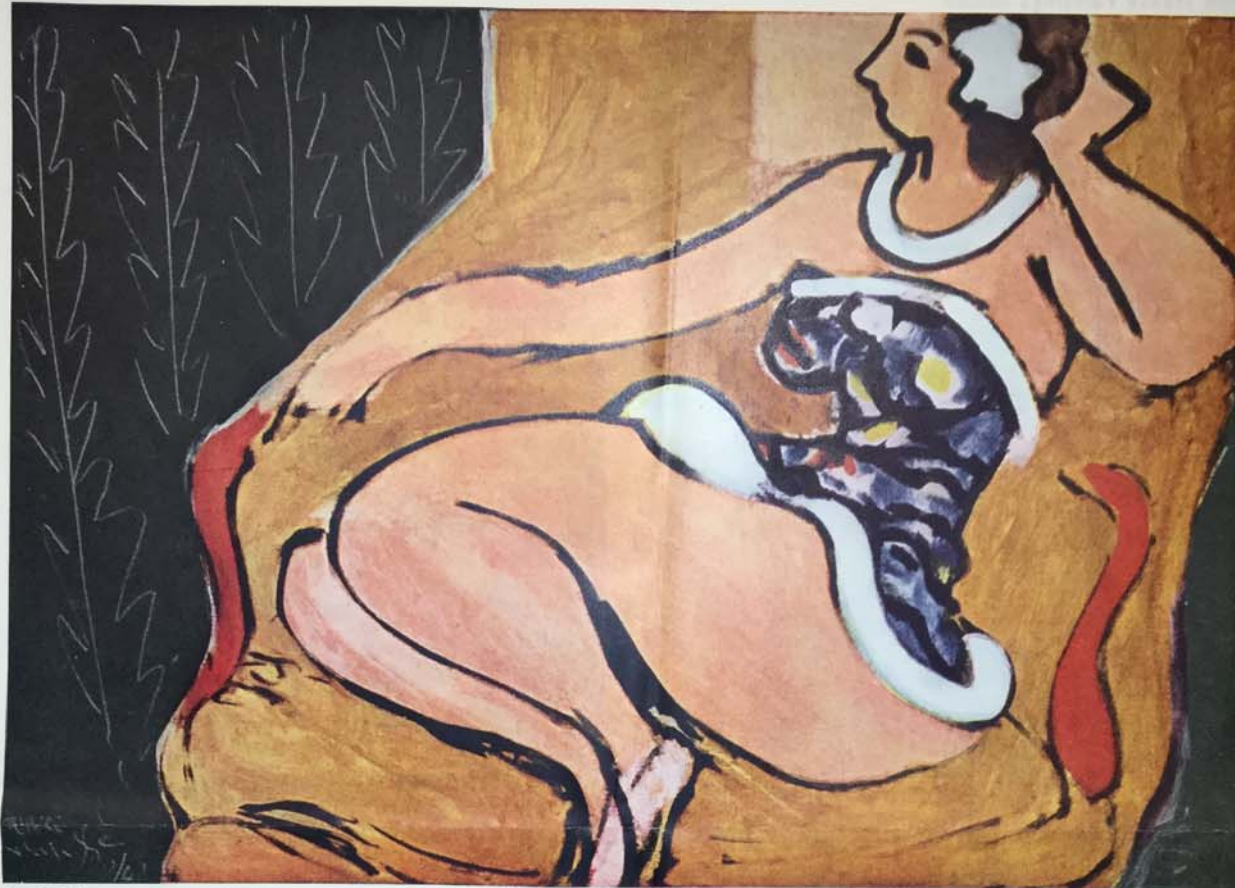


Francisco Borès remained in Paris but sent his wife and children to his home in Spain where he was born. New works of all these painters show little change from modern prewar work.



Léon Gischia, 40, once taught in a language school in the U. S., returned to Paris in 1931. Although called a "young group," these new artists are all in their late 30s or early 40s.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XI.I.5



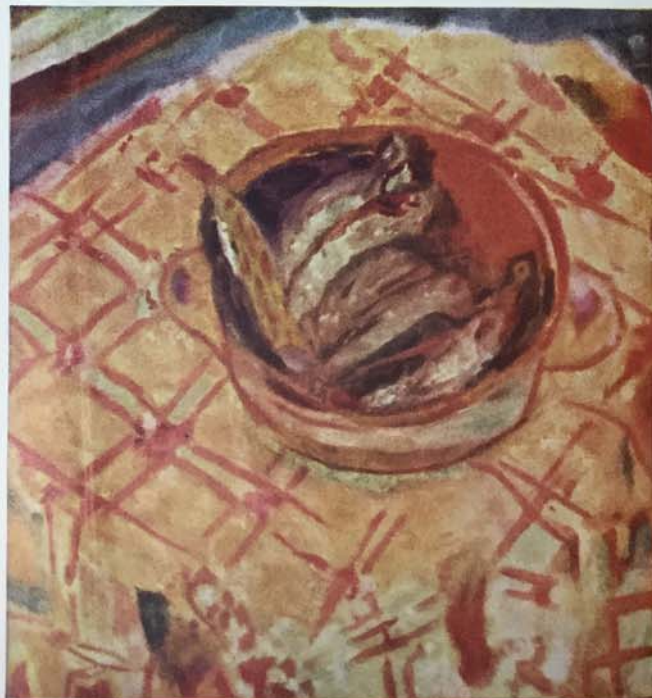
Henri Matisse painted *Dancer Seated in an Armchair* two years ago in Grasse in southern France. The war has had no

apparent effect on the 75-year-old painter who continued to turn out the kind of bright canvases he has been doing ever

since his trip to Algiers and Morocco 38 years ago. Only new note is the use of European girls instead of Algerian hours.



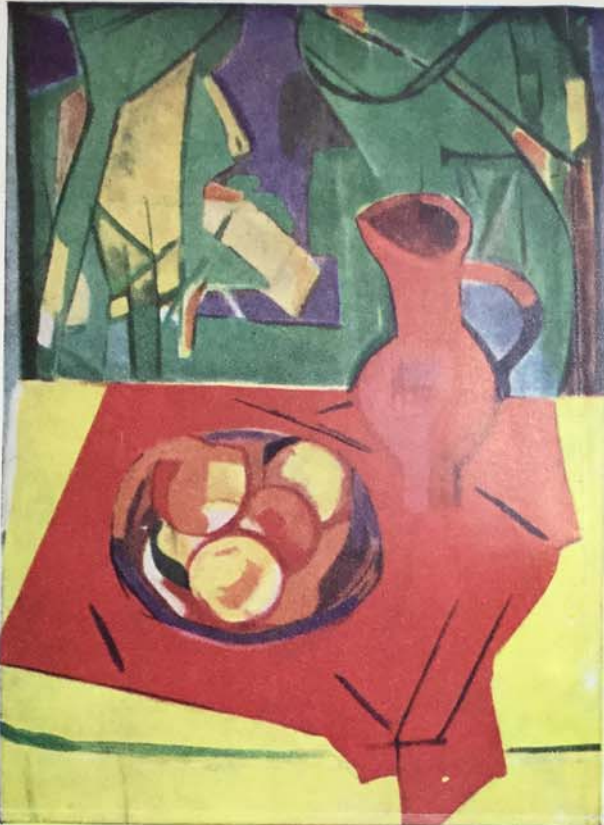
Pablo Picasso in his Paris studio is still preoccupied with figures which give the observer the effect of looking at the subject from front and side at the same time.



Pierre Bonnard retired to the country near Cannes when the Germans marched into France. At 77 he is still painting dead fish and impressionistic scenes just as he has done for the past 53 years.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XI.1.5

New French Paintings (continued)



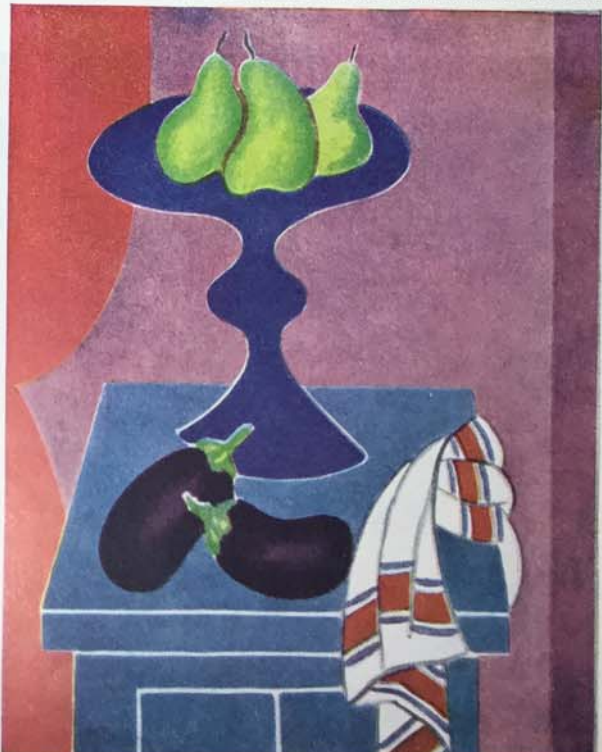
Edouard Pignon, 39, is considered best of group of younger French painters which sprang up during this war. His painting, which has bright, strong colors, shows influence of Cézanne.



Maurice Estève painted what Nazis call "decadent art." But during occupation he got away with showing pictures like this *Four Women with a Bag* because he was not well known.



Francisco Borès left Spain for Paris in 1925 when he was 27. His Picasso-like paintings have been shown in New York's Modern Art Museum. A Parisian paid \$400 for this *Seated Woman*.



Léon Gischia's *Eggplants*, painted two years ago in Paris, shows influence of poster advertising art at which he worked before he decided to become an easel painter. Price: \$400.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XI.1.5

NEW YORK TIMES, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1939.

ART

ART: A RETROSPECT AND ROUND



YEARS
owned by the Chicago
George Bellows, lent
g Master," by Gari
ght—"Self-Portrait,"
are included in the
rt," at the Chicago



easy classifying of art—may we have those? HANANIAH HARARI.

To the Art Editor:

YOUR article in last Sunday's TIMES about the Picasso show gave me great pleasure and I wish to congratulate you as an art critic who has courageously managed to maintain his own opinion in the face of the formidable propaganda machine, which was planned with extreme cleverness and was accomplished with so much success.

The propaganda machine worked full blast. Books were written and magazines reproduced all sorts of phenomena of our "genius." The art-interested public was continually kept in suspense. What will Picasso do next? Well, he did a lot of things, and today we have the culmination.

I myself am not a prophet. Nevertheless, I am very much inclined to believe that the golden days of our "genius" are coming to an end.

The sad thing about all this is only the fact that the masses of art-loving people, who have neither training nor a very outspoken personal judgment, are misled to believe that they are concerning themselves with the true artistic expression of modern genius.

KURT M. STERN.

To the Art Editor:

THE question of the mural and its function has left me uncertain with regard to several considerations. First of all, it being

OPINIONS UNDER POSTAGE

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series/Folder:
	AHB	XI.1.5

Except when letters are very brief, it will as a rule be impossible, at this time, to publish more than excerpts.

To the Art Editor:

MR. JEWELL'S valuable discussion of Picasso's contributions in last week's *Times* slipped over Picasso's most recent work without noting two constructive aspects of this unquestionably Ugly Period.

One thing I as a layman get out of Picasso's three-eyed, two-profiled 1938 designs is a sense of motion, a kinetic sensation, which gives me something of the pleasure I get from a composite memory of a Calder mobile.

The other and even more important thing I believe Picasso has been striving to express in the years of the Spanish civil war, in the *Guernica* days, is a new technique, a new voice for horror and anger. Other Spanish artists have been seen recently switching from even sleek means of expression to the use of jagged, poison-sharpened short stabs of the pen. Indignation and bitterness and grief have not been said in paint so effectively since *Grunewald's Christ*, whose

fingers, so ugly, so expressive of a time of humanity at bay, should serve as adequate foreword to an edition of this latest, Picasso's Ugly Period. **WILLIAM DANGAIX ALLEN.**

To the Art Editor:

THE big Picasso exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art has caused me to question whether I am really devoid of all feeling or whether Picasso is truly the much acclaimed genius of our times. What is he trying to express? He has apparently nothing to say, and the form in which he expresses his lack of thought is a joke.

If his art is an expression of our time, then it is indeed a sad and crazy time. I sincerely doubt that a Rembrandt exhibition would ever draw one-tenth of the masses that will flock to the Picasso show. But then, poor old Rembrandt had no publicity agent and was a very poor business man, as history teaches.

MARGARET M. BEITZ.

To the Art Editor:

THE critic has "stuck his neck out" on the subject of Picasso. For, although he (the critic) was properly cautious, he nevertheless quite definitely took sides: he chose the side, alas, of the Yes, But-ers. And this is more serious than one might suppose.

It is serious because in appraising Picasso we are considering not one man only; we pass judgment, besides, on a whole art form, on an art movement, even on an epoch. Picasso is that kind of figure. This much the critic almost explicitly stated when he wrote that Picasso is "the product of an era" and a "symptom." After erecting that premise he would have us tear it down again and proceed with "unimpeded zest" to such conclusions as "monstrosities - pathological - rubbish - disastrous - shockingly trivial-grotesque."

To single out for condemnation so many important aspects of the artist's work is in effect to condemn the real Picasso and the most significant things he stands for. Things being as they are and Picasso being what he is, to damn his "radical" achievements is to refute the meaning, the essence of the art of our time. It implies a dissatisfaction with, a lack of understanding of, the very spirit of the age we live in. It lays bare a nostalgia which is, if you will, reactionary.

Genuine art, particularly contemporary creative art, changes the appearance of things. It also changes our way of looking at things, and changes things themselves, and is a thing in itself. Picasso has left his imprint on the streets of civilization and on the minds of men, whether they realize it or not.

Progress—a love, an understanding, a passionate defense of progress—are those too much to ask of a critic? A halt to evasions, a recognition of the present, a freshness of approach, and less cheap and

indisputable that the mural is an architectural element, is it a necessary or even a desirable element? Secondly, assuming that it is desirable, what is its function and how can it best fulfill that function?

What, for instance, is the function of the Sert murals in the R. C. A. Building? And do they fulfill that function? In the restless atmosphere of a modern office building can they command the attention they deserve, or even have an indirect effect of psychological benefit?

In the past, wall paintings and architecture were often intermingled to the point where structural character was completely lost. Today we tend in the opposite direction—we express structure and use it as an element of decoration. This might indicate that murals, while preserving their possible functions—i. e., to form a suggestive background, or even an area of direct interest—should be subordinate to the architecture. If this is the case, does it not appear that all requirements can be most harmoniously fulfilled by murals of abstract or nonrepresentational design? **W. H. RADFORD.**

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EXHIBITION OF SMALL PAINTINGS
November 19th-December 8th
Weekdays 12:30-6 P. M. Sundays 2-6 P. M.
Tues., Wed. & Thurs. Evenings 8-10 P. M.
SALMAGUNDI CLUB
47 FIFTH AVENUE

FIFTEEN GALLERY
37 West 57 St.
PAINTINGS by
J. PADDOCK
NOVEMBER 27 THRU DECEMBER 9

THE DOWNTOWN GALLERY
CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN GENRE
113 West 13th St., New York

Oil Paintings
FREDERICK HAUCKE
Nov. 27-Dec. 16
MORGAN GALLERY
37 West 57 St., N. Y.

First Exhibition in the U. S.
CARLOS RUANO LLOPIS
Toreros and Dancers of Spain and Mexico
UNTIL DEC. 2
MILCH GALLERIES
108 West 57 St.

DELPHIC STUDIOS
FRANCIS M. SEDGWICK
Paintings & Sculpture
MAURICE VAN FELIX
Paintings & Prints
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	AHB	XI.1.5



THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART BULLETIN, JAN. 1945, VOL. XII, NO. 3

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY

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XI.1.5

PICASSO 1940-1944 — A digest with notes by Alfred H. Barr, Jr.

Reports from Paris—and these are now numerous enough to make a provisional consensus—suggest that while Picasso's art is meeting with some hostile prejudice in liberated France his position in the Resistance Movement is of unique importance. Though not a Frenchman he stayed in Paris when a good many leading French artists spent the war working quietly in the provinces, left the country entirely (for cogent reasons), or in a few shameful cases remained to "collaborate" with the Germans.

Picasso's presence must have disquieted the Germans for he was conspicuously anathema to Hitler. For many years he had been in Nazi eyes the most formidable master of "degenerate" art, *entartete Kunst*, *Kunstbolschewismus*—art which was moreover admired by the capitalist collectors, "bourgeois" intellectuals and liberal critics of the hated "pluto-democracies"; he was said to have Jewish blood; in his *Dreams and Lies of Franco* he had savagely lampooned Hitler's faithful Spanish ally; he had accepted an official appointment, the directorship of the Prado, from the Spanish Republican government, the first victim of the Axis; and he had painted *Guernica*. Yet he returned to Paris after the summer of 1940 and lived there for four precarious years under German rule without recantation or compromise and protected only by his greatness as an artist which the Nazis, to give the devils their due, were shrewd enough to respect even while they tried to defame him.

During those four years Picasso lived quietly in his left bank studio at 7 rue des Grands-Augustins. He was not allowed to exhibit publicly and he made no overt gestures but his very existence in Paris encouraged the Resistance artists, poets and intellectuals who gathered in his studio or about his café table. Gladys Delmas, a young American who lived through the occupation period in Paris, writes in the *Magazine of Art* (February 1945): "Picasso's presence here during the occupation became of tremendous occult importance . . . his work has become a sort of banner of the Resistance Movement."

The most famous anecdote of occupied Paris, Picasso's remark to Abetz, may be apocryphal but its bitter, pseudo-deferential mockery well illustrates how effectively the artists and intellectuals of Paris made fools of the Nazis. The story has been told many times in many versions, yet since some Bulletin readers may not have heard it, it is worth repeating. Not long after the conquest Otto Abetz, the infamous, though cultivated, German agent, called on Picasso to invoke his "collaboration." Picasso received him coldly, refused his offer of fuel and showed him the door. On his way out of the studio the embarrassed Nazi noticed a photograph of the *Guernica*. "Ah, M. Picasso," he said, adjusting his monocle, "so it was you who did that." "No," replied Picasso as he closed the door, "you did."

Since the liberation of Paris, Picasso has been very much in the news; and visits to his atelier have developed almost a standard pattern. Indeed Captain Philip W. Clafin, recently on leave in New York, reports that groups of G. I.'s are taken like tourists through Picasso's studio every Thursday morning.

The *San Francisco Chronicle* ran what was probably the first interview with Picasso published in this country. It was wired by Peter D. Whitney from Paris on September 1st, six days after the Liberation. Whitney reported Picasso "safe and in the best of health" though for "four years he has been . . . cold and ill-fed." Picasso showed him a book published under the Nazi rule, called *Decadent Art*, with a double page reproduction of *Guernica*:

"'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.'

"'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. [Miss Stein recently returned to Paris to find her works of art safe in her apartment, though some of her furniture had been stolen. Ed.]

"'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.'

Whitney found Picasso in no forgiving mood toward the collaborators. He was glad that Abel Bonnard and Abel Hermant had just been suspended from the French Academy. "But what," Whitney asked, "of the rest of the collaborators?" Picasso then spoke bitterly of Vlaminck who had been one of his friends but who, he said, had denounced Picasso during the occupation as a "Jewish degenerate." (Picasso has stated that so far as he knew he had no Jewish blood, though he wished he had. Had he been even partly Jewish the Germans would scarcely have left him unmolested.)

When Whitney asked Picasso if he would ever visit America, the artist answered:

"My work has been here, and when I could afford it, I was always too busy 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."

The artist John Groth was the first American newspaper man to see Picasso. That was on August 27th only two days after the German commander surrendered and while there was still fighting in many parts of Paris. A few days later on August 31 Groth found time to write his editor C. Philip Barber of *The Chicago Sun* an informal account of his visit to Picasso's studio. "Feeling like a high school science teacher visiting Albert Einstein" he climbed the stairs of the huge old house:

"Picasso was deep in conversation with Louis Carré, his dealer, Jaime Sabartés, friend of fifty years, and Jean Cocteau, poet and artist. . . . He embraced me and invited me to spend the



Coffee Pot, Candlestick and Cup. 24 x 15". This still life is one of a series of which several were exhibited in the "Liberation" Salon. Done in 1944, it is probably the latest Picasso to be published in America. None of the paintings in the *du Chêne* color portfolio recently exhibited in the Museum and previously reproduced in *Life*, the *New York Times*, etc., was painted later than 1942. Photo courtesy Galerie Louise Léiris.

morning with him and his friends . . . Paris was free again, the Germans gone—and an American 'war artist' in his studio."

A few minutes later Paul Eluard, the great surrealist poet and one of the leaders of the Resistance writers, came in to ask Picasso to do a drawing for a commemorative volume to be presented to de Gaulle who had just entered Paris. Groth has written for the Bulletin (page 10) an extraordinarily interesting description of Picasso at work on this drawing, which consumed most of his time while Groth

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Collection:

AHB

Series.Folder:

XI.1.5



Bicycle Seat. A construction made by Picasso from the seat and handlebars of a bicycle and exhibited in Picasso's one-man show in the "Liberation" Salon, October 1944. During the past five years Picasso has spent much time on sculpture and constructions. Photo courtesy of John Groth.

was in the studio. Picasso and his friends were so eager for news of America and their friends here in New York that Groth found it hard to get in a few questions himself.

"I asked about the Germans and their treatment of modern art. Also, what they thought of his work. For reply to that question he pulled out a book from under one of 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 since the occupation and was distributed by the Germans. His *Young Lady with the Cock's Head* (Mme Carré Collection) was the frontispiece and the *Guernica* mural (lent to the Museum of Modern Art, New York) the center spread. He pointed out, in the book, reproductions of paintings by Modigliani and Rouault, sculpture by Jacob Epstein and Carl Miles. Also several by Americans: Jack Levine, Ella Walters, and two Chicagoans, Raymond Breinin and Rainey Bennett. [To this list Mr. Groth later added Lehbruck, Duchamp and Georgia O'Keeffe.] He was amused in the architecture section

at the inclusion of the Museum of Modern Art, 'a temple of degenerate art,' and the R.C.A. Building of New York—and by the two facing pages of reproductions of paintings by Ingres and Cézanne—the Ingres, *La Source*, the good art (to the Germans), and Cézanne's *Nude Woman*, the degenerate art. [Mr. Fry is also the author of *The Revolt Against Beauty*, written in 1934 (a copy is in the Museum's Library). In it he assaults "the stupid half-baked struggles of Van Gogh" and "the clumsy, incoherent, vulgar obscenity" of Cézanne's painting. He condemns Manet and Impressionism but lauds "such painters as Paul Baudry, Bastien-Lepage, Gérôme, Henner—the brilliant galaxy which made the period of the seventies and eighties one of the greatest in the history of art."

Mr. Fry was born in Indiana in 1860 and studied art in Paris under Boulanger in the mid-eighties. He served on the painting jury at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893. He is or was an Officier de la Légion d'Honneur, a Commendatore della Corona d'Italia, and a member of the Union League Club. It is wonderful to think that Mr. Fry (who must indeed have proved useful to the Nazis in their propaganda of Hitlerian esthetics) may still be living in 1945. Ed.]

"I asked him what he had been doing during the street fighting of a few days ago. As a graphic answer he showed me a series of studies of a boy's head done in the 'Blue' period manner. He said he had done them during the fighting—one each day.

"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 that Derain would be punished—shot.

"Picasso then invited me to tour his studios with him. On the first floor is a huge grand-central-like studio in which he does his sculpture. With great delight he asked me what a particular piece of sculpture was. It was obviously meant to be the head of a deer or antelope. He took it apart and showed me that it was made of the seat and handle bars of an old bicycle. There were several other such pieces, one, a bird made of parts from a child's coaster.

"We spent some time in the painting studio, the walls lined with stacks of work done since the war . . . still lifes and series of small mosaic-like views of Paris. One in particular I remember well, a painting of *Nôtre Dame* through a window.

"In the adjacent printroom were the etching press and new prints everywhere. Then the bedroom with the large bed covered by a tan and white cowhide and the bearskin rug next to the bed for his old afghan hound, 'Kozbek,' to sleep on. And into the big modern bathroom with its double wash bowl and tremendous tub. Following us all the time was his friend, Sabartés, who kept shutting doors. Picasso is very sensitive to drafts."

There were other early reports which were published considerably later in magazines. In *Vogue* (October 15, 1944) Lee Miller, the talented American photographer-correspondent published photographs of Picasso in his studio with his sculptures or his friends or standing before the now famous tomato plant on the window sill (she ate one of the tomatoes). One of her photographs shows one of the frequently mentioned ideal heads of an "FFI boy" painted during the period of street fighting—one "of the beautiful faces of the insurgents of Paris" to use Picasso's own words. *Life* (November 13, 1944) reproduced a photograph by Robert Capa of Picasso perched on a high stool with his court about him—Paul Eluard and his wife Nusch, fragile and beautiful, and others of his friends. Emlen Etting, the American painter who wrote his

story for *Art News* (November 1–14), describes with enthusiasm a new portrait of Mme. Eluard by Picasso.

Less familiar to Americans will be John Pudney's report which appeared in the London *New Statesman and Nation* of September 16. Pudney is an R.A.F. Squadron-leader and the author of *Almanack of Hope*, a book of sonnets. A few days after the Liberation Pudney met Picasso at an apartment on the Ile St. Louis (?) overlooking the Seine and drove him to his old studio.

"It seemed funny," Pudney writes, "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."



Allied Soldiers in Picasso's Studio. Groups of American G.I.'s, on Paris leave, now visit Picasso's studio every Thursday morning. Photo Robert Capa, courtesy Life.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XI.1.5

"In the studio after pointing out his two Matisse's [Matisse and Picasso are now very friendly] and his Rousseau they looked at Picasso's own pictures," comparatively objective paintings of the Seine . . . drawings of a pot of growing tomatoes . . . four very exact likenesses of a boy . . . 'A more disciplined art, less unconstrained freedom, in a time like this is the artist's defense 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.'

"We looked at larger canvases . . . 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 of 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 the 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.

"Picasso 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."

Picasso spoke too soon.

THE "LIBERATION SALON"

On October 6 the *Salon d'Automne* opened. Ordinarily this is the most important of the big annual Paris exhibitions. But the *Salon d'Automne* of 1944 was uniquely significant. Held just six weeks after August 25th, it became the *Salon de la Libération*, the first great public manifestation of painting in France after four years of German domination. Though organized and controlled by French artists the place of honor was given to the Spaniard, Picasso, who alone had the privilege of a large one-man show—74 paintings and five pieces of sculpture, almost all of them done since the occupation of 1940. No greater tribute could be paid the artist who had been for so long a symbol of the Resistance.

Yet two days later, on October 8th, fifteen of Picasso's paintings were taken off the walls by a

crowd shouting "Expliquez! Expliquez!" and, it was reported, scoring the canvases or squirting fountain pen ink at them. Some concluded that the demonstration was a protest against Picasso's having openly affirmed his adherence to the French Communist Party because, as he explained, "the Communists are the bravest" and his friends, both writers and scientists, were already in the party. Others thought the affair was a sudden resurgence of reactionaries or collaborators; still others that artists who had been rejected by the *Salon* were taking their revenge. A very distinguished French writer who has just returned to this country reports that the rioters were actually young communists who did not like the paintings of the new party member no matter how famous.

The facts seem to be, on the surface at least, that a group of young art students, possibly from the *École des Beaux-Arts*, were attacking the chief master of perpetual revolt against academism. In any case it turned out that the paintings had been carefully *décrochés* and no physical damage had been done.

Yet the incident was symptomatic. Four years of poison have had their effect. The Germans and the Pétainists agreed fundamentally about art. As in Germany in 1933, forgotten academicians plucked up courage under Nazi rule. Middle-aged artists like Derain and Vlaminck, whose brilliant early talents had dwindled, and the professional art-chauvinists of the Camille Maclair tradition also seem to have joined hands and voices.

"Never," writes the distinguished painter, teacher and defender of French classicism, André Lhote, in *Tricolor* (December 1944), "never was independent art, and especially that art called cubist, exposed to more idiotic annoyances or ridiculed in terms more absurd. Those who defended it saw themselves accused of perverting youth; indeed, they were practically offered hemlock. 'Into the ashcan with Matisse!' and 'To the booby hatch with Picasso!' were the fashionable cries. Rouault and Braque were no more successful; only Bonnard, for some unknown reason, was tolerated. More than ever, there was talk of French clarity, order, and moderation.

"Where did this ridiculous advice come from? What voice blighted the enthusiasm of youth and excommunicated those



The Picasso gallery in the Salon d'Automne, October 1944, probably the first view to be published in America. The large canvas *Two Women* was painted about 1942. The sculptured head though never exhibited before was modeled in the early 1930's; the bronze *Cat at the left* is recent. There were 74 paintings and 5 sculptures by Picasso in the "Liberation" Salon. The paintings are hung on tringles, hooks on rods, so that the rioters of October 8th would have found them easy to unhang. Photo Marc Vaux, courtesy Pfc. Jerome Seckler.

elders not yet senile? It was—O Delacroix!—the eternal voice of art criticism. Most of these censors had well learned the lesson (it had been explained to them, had it not?) that modern painting, from van Gogh to those young phalanxes revealed by the galleries of Drouin and France, is the work of madmen and degenerates, and that the health of an artist is measured by the most robust realism of his brush."

These voices of Vichy must have left their mark on many of the young who have come to maturity in the past four years, among them doubtless the students who rioted against the Picassos at the *Salon*. The French middle class public also had had its philistine tastes confirmed and sanctioned during the occupation years and must have resented the attention given Picasso, a modernist and foreigner, in a French exhibition. John Groth tells how he was greeted by whispering and nudging among the other visitors when he was going through the Picasso gallery. His interpreter (who herself did not like the

Picassos) explained to him that the crowd was watching his reaction in embarrassment for fear that he "an American journalist, might think that these paintings were representative of French art."

Picasso has also been attacked from the left, in spite of his politics. P.M.'s Paris correspondent (November 13), after praising the Liberation Salon for its paintings of war prisoners, underground meetings and so forth, damns the Picassos for their "sordid, leering faces . . . 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" etc., etc. And another American critic, an enthusiastic admirer of several communist painters, has written that the new Picassos are "designed with a kind of puerile obscenity."

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XI.1.5



Should "puerile obscenity" happen to recall the phrase "incoherent obscenity" applied to Cézanne by the fascist-minded Mr. Fry one should remember that twenty-five years ago—long before Hitler—Lenin also denounced "the infantile disorders" of the Cubists and Futurists. Recently, when the *New Masses* published Picasso's communist declaration, it did not praise his new paintings. Artists and writers who are caviar to the public of their own generation can rarely be of much use to totalitarian dictators who usually prefer demagogically to flatter popular prejudices about art. Whatever his political beliefs, Picasso, to judge from his art of the past four years, is clearly unwilling to compromise with esthetic dogma of the right or the left or the democratic center.

PICASSO'S POSITION

With such fragmentary information Picasso's position may be summarized only tentatively. His prestige as a heroic symbol of the Resistance Movement is very high but his recent art has not been admired or understood by politicians, conservative or radical. Nor does it yet find favor with the people of Paris who even before the war were possibly less familiar with Picasso's art than were New Yorkers

and are now more retarded after four years of the Nazi-Vichy propaganda described by André Lhote. The collaborationist painters and critics may now be discredited but their campaigns cannot be so quickly neutralized. And conservative opinion will continue to appeal to legitimate national pride as well as to the popular tendency to reject what seems strange, foreign, modern, or "difficult" in art. Thus Bonnard who, in spite of himself was courted by Vichy, and Matisse are put forward as models for the younger generation. With Rouault, they are of course the magnificent old men of French art and, though they are both over seventy-five, they seem to have painted better during the occupation than at any time since they were fifty. Furthermore, their art is "French"—amiable, gay, charming, pretty—a ra-

diance in the darkness of Europe. So, whatever political, psychological or esthetic factors lie back of the nominations, the disparate trio, Picasso, Matisse and Bonnard, seems already elected for a post-Liberation term in the art of Paris. Picasso, as an artist, finds himself in excellent if rather venerable company. But as a man, he was in very different company when he said: "During the oppression and the insurrection I felt . . . that I had to fight not only with painting but with my whole being."

Since the liberation of Paris, Picasso has aroused even more discussion and controversy than before the war. Mr. Barr has assembled the above article in the course of preparing *Picasso: Fifty Years of his Art*, a book based on the exhibition catalog of 1939.

Head of Woman. This drawing shows the remarkable freedom and virtuosity of Picasso's recent variations on the "two-faced" head. Dated July 16, 1941 and just bought for the Museum from Pierre Loeb, Havana, it is probably the most recent Picasso in any American collection. Ink, 10 3/4 x 8 1/4".



Still Life with Sheep's Skull. Painted July 10, 1939, less than two months before France declared war. Since then Picasso has painted or modeled a number of skulls, animal and human. Photo Galerie Louise Léiris.



"As the windows rattled with the fighting Picasso began copying a Poussin design," writes John Pudney a week or so after the Liberation of Paris. The original Poussin is *The Triumph of Pan* in the collection of the late Paul Jamot. Photograph by Pfc. Francis Lee.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XI.1.5

PICASSO AT WORK, AUGUST 1944

By John Groth

Fighting broke out in Paris on August 19th and culminated on the 25th when de Gaulle with French and American troops entered the city. On the same day the American correspondent, John Groth, drove into Paris in the first American jeep. Before evening he had filed the first account of the Liberation, a scoop which was published the next day on the front page of his paper, The Chicago Sun. After a fortnight in Paris he went north with the armies into Germany, sketching the war for Marshall Field Publications. Recently he returned to New York.

On the 27th of August, two days after his grand scoop, Groth went to see Picasso. A few minutes after he had been welcomed by the artist as the "first American," Paul Eluard, the poet, came in carrying a large book to be filled by the leading artists and writers of the Resistance for presentation to General de Gaulle.

Picasso set to work immediately, asking Groth if meanwhile he would like to look through stacks of canvases, his "personal collection," in the little room which he used for drawing. Groth looked at the paintings—but he also kept an eye on the painter.

Groth was present at a scene of historic and sentimental importance—the great artist of the Resistance paying homage to the patriot leader of reborn France. But Groth's description of Picasso at work is also of exceptional, perhaps unique interest in another way: for very few people have ever watched him work and none has given so vivid and detailed an account of that artist-dynamo in action.

A. H. B., Jr.

What impressed me most while watching Picasso was the intense and violent action with which he attacked his work. We were in a room measuring about 12 x 15 feet and, in the clear space before the bookkeeper-like desk on which he worked, Picasso moved about as if he were a bullfighter passing a bull. He would make a few lines on the drawing or lay in a few strokes of wash and step back to look. Sometimes he would place the book on the floor against one of the walls and squat before it or would stand and look down, sometimes edging close to the wall and cocking his head to see it upside down. At other times he would lay the book flat on the floor and walk around it viewing the drawing from all sides. At other times he propped the book against the shelf of the sloped window over the drawing board, and would step back four or five paces. Once he stood on a chair to look at the drawing from a height.

While he worked he smoked and kept putting his heavy, black, horned-rimmed glasses on and off; and he was holding things in his fingers—a cigarette and sometimes the glasses and a pen or brush—all this in his left hand while he worked with his right. On his board was a telephone which rang often while he worked. The phone did not seem to annoy him and he talked animatedly, usually studying the drawing while talking, sometimes adding a line. At intervals he would ask one or two of his friends who were in the large studio to come in and look at the drawing. He would ask their opinion as well as my own. All this time I was making sketches of him,



While Picasso was doing the drawing for de Gaulle, John Groth made sketches of him in lines and words. On these notes were based this drawing and the description which accompanies it.

and he, worrying whether I might be bored—as if that were possible—would point out fresh piles of canvases for me to examine.

Watching him work I had the feeling that I was in a small gymnasium. Picasso was dressed in a light blue shirt tucked into the widest pair of B.V.D. shorts a little man ever wore. Wool socks and sandals were on his feet. He was very brown and very clear-eyed and his hair, mostly on the back of his head, is white. His legs are powerful and he made me think of a six day bike rider who has kept in very good shape.

In working on the drawing he used pen and ink and black wash. At first he laid the drawing in lightly in line and proceeded to build the head in light washes and when these were dry, accent with heavier lines and heavier washes. When the blacks got too heavy he would rub away the dark lines and

washes down to the white of the paper. I feared at times that he would scratch through the paper. Happily he didn't. He handled the drawing or rather sculptured the drawing as if he were modeling it in papier-mâché. The girl's head when completed had the monumental quality of the pictures of his classical period. Of course the drawing grew bigger and bigger while he worked and the washes of the background spread onto the opposite page of the book. He was very apologetic about this.

After Picasso had finished the drawing for de Gaulle, and Eluard and his other friends and I had gathered around to watch him sign it, I asked him if he had any message for the artists in America. He hesitated and seemed embarrassed as he walked up and down for a moment while we all waited on his words. "Tell them," he said finally, "to work hard—like me."

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XI.1.5

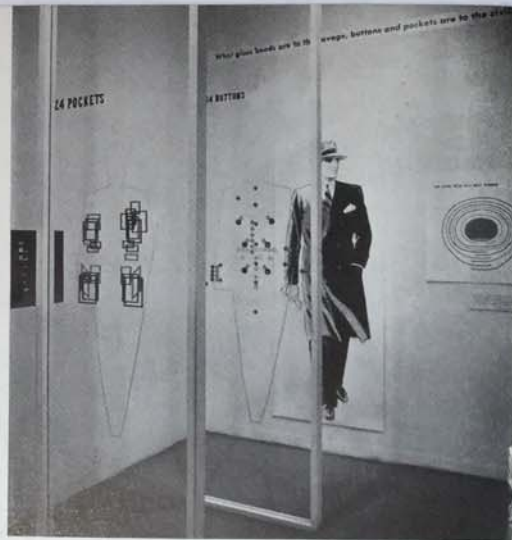
ARE CLOTHES MODERN?

A Report on the Exhibition
by Monroe Wheeler

There are very few of us who have not, at one time or another, felt that some of our conventions of dress were absurd or uncomfortable or ugly, and yet little has been done to correct these inadequacies. Most of us go about upon feet unnecessarily deformed by pointed shoes. Most of us wear suits that only approximately fit us—machine-made imitations of hand tailoring—material slashed into many pieces and sewed together again irrespective of the continuity of the design or pattern, difficult to clean, to press, to fold and to pack. And in the way we pad some portions of the body, and expose others, there is neither rhyme nor reason.

A man fully attired with overcoat, for example, has at least thirteen layers of material where his clothes overlap at the waist, and his knotted tie and collar and shirt make twelve layers at his throat, whereas, an inch lower, at his collar bone, there is only one layer of a thin shirt. Because of the impediment of high heels, women trip along out of step with their husbands, no matter how short their husbands may be. Decade after decade the loveliest of them turn from one deformation to another, be it the bustle, the hour-glass waist, the monobosom, or the bosomless concavity of the twenties.

A soldier may go anywhere in summer without the jacket of his uniform, because the Army has decreed that he may, but on the hottest day a civilian, likewise attired in shirt and trousers, will be refused admittance to the best hotels and restaurants. Man has a ludicrous superfluity of buttons—sixty-four of them when he wears an overcoat, and he also has built into his clothing twenty-four pockets which encourage him to complicate his life with their contents. Even the Army and Navy sometimes stoop to folly: in spite of wartime economy, the uniforms of both Wacs and Waves are embellished with fake pockets.



What glass beads are to the savage, buttons and pockets are to the civilized. 24 pockets, 64 buttons. At right: The seven veils of the male stomach (undershirt, drawers, shirt, trousers, vest, coat, overcoat).

These are but a few of the irrational, impractical and often unbeautiful habits of dress which prompted the Museum of Modern Art to undertake the exhibition "Are Clothes Modern?" Mr. Bernard Rudofsky, an architect and designer of international note* was chosen to direct the exhibition because his fourteen years of research on the subject enabled him to analyze the superstitions and conventions by which we are unconsciously bound, and to clarify the fundamental principles which should govern clothing in a democratic age and country.

*Bernard Rudofsky, born in Zauchtel, Moravia, in 1905, was graduated in 1928 as architect and engineer from the Polytechnic Academy (Technische Hochschule) of Vienna, and in 1931 received a doctor's degree from the same institution. He practiced architecture in Austria, Germany, Italy and Brazil.

Since 1922 he has traveled extensively in Europe, Asia Minor, North and South America, and has designed stage sets, exhibitions, furniture, shoes and clothing, with exhibitions of architectural photographs and paintings in Europe, North and South America.

A nine-month study trip brought him to the United States in 1935-36. He has been living in New York since 1941, when he took out citizenship papers in this country.

FOOTWEAR WITHOUT TEARS

"The museum has performed an important role as analyst of modern functional architecture in America; now it aims to do the same thing for everyday garb—the field in which the greatest number of people manifest their esthetic sense, for better or worse." By throwing a glaring spotlight on our clothing customs, which are 'governed largely by ancient habits and subconscious sensibilities,' the museum hopes to shock us into thinking about them." Newsweek.

The more helpless a woman, the more attractive she is supposed to be to man. To keep her from moving freely, he hampers her walk with anklets, stiffs, hobble skirts and heels.

"The exhibit obviously reflects one man's thinking and exploration, and it is because this man . . . is a designer, an architect, and an archaeologist who has set out to prove a point, that the exhibit is not only entertaining, but gives validity to his argument."

We don't know any better way of using fabric than cutting it to pieces. These pieces put together in the cabalistic art of the tailor become our clothes.

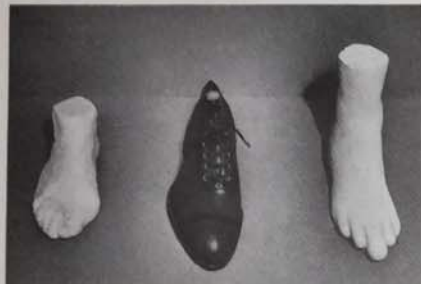
"The Museum of Modern Art does not pretend to solve the problems it raises—it leaves that to the designers—but it does give some pointers. It is these which may scare the lay public away from the whole idea; professionals, though amused at the exaggerations, say the show as a whole, like the weathervane of fashion, points toward the simple and the usable." Newsweek.

Period and folk dress have been interminably ransacked for ornamental detail. But their ingenuity and wisdom have yet to be understood.

"What the exhibit does is to supply a scientific basis for such a concept by analyzing the 'why' of clothing and its tremendous effect on our behavior. As such, the Museum's effort is an exciting presentation and a real contribution to the field of apparel design." The Women's Reporter.



The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XI.1.5



The ultimate triumph of contemporary clothing is the symmetrical shoe, our deepest regret is our inability to develop a symmetrical foot.

The exhibition, descriptive and analytical throughout, has no specific dress reform to expound or advocate. Dress is, after all, an aspect of human expression governed largely by ancient habits and subconscious sensibilities. It is the field of everyday choice in which the greatest number of people manifest their esthetic sense, for better or worse. Because of this universal concern, it seemed worth-while to illuminate some of the mysteries of illogical likes and dislikes so that the individual, with increased self-knowledge, may be encouraged to dress economically, sensibly and with esthetic satisfaction.

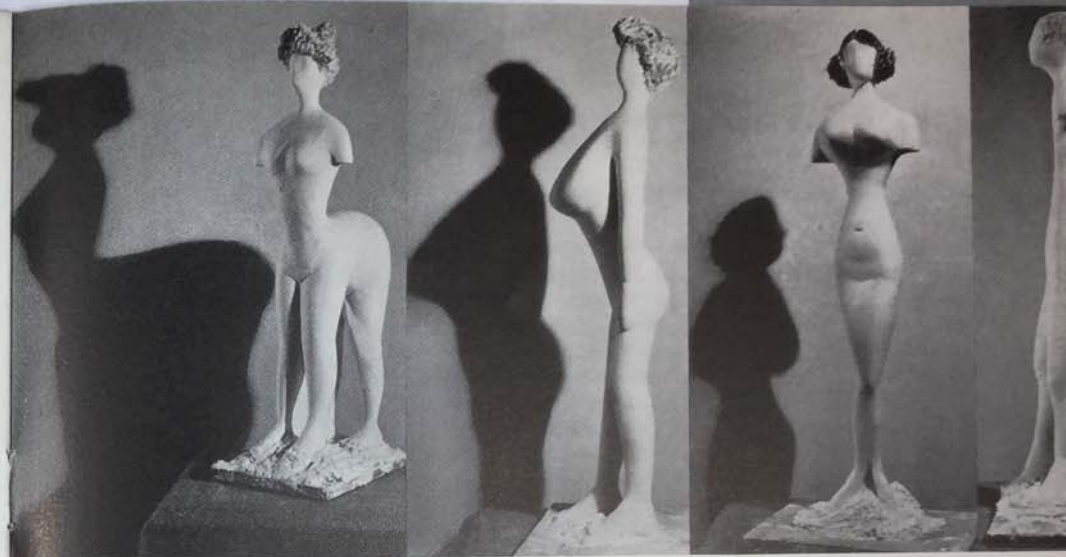
In his presentation, Mr. Rudofsky throws light upon a great number of mystifying, humorous or shocking habits. He shows the present overburdened by the past, a needless waste of materials, and an excess and obsolescence of detail as well as arbitrary or barbarous malformations. In all, it forms a maze of the irrational and the accidental—a maze from which it is time to escape.

The exhibition, installed by Mr. Rudofsky in the first floor galleries of the Museum, is arranged in ten sections which flow imperceptibly into one another: these are The Unfashionable Human Body; Excess and Superfluity; Trousers Versus Skirts; The Desire to Conform; Posture Causes and Effects; The Abuse of Materials; Wisdom in Period and Folk Dress; American Pioneers (Amelia Bloomer and Isadora Duncan); The Revival of the Rational; and The Domestic Background of Modern Clothing.

Four contemporary garments, designed and executed by Irene Schawinsky, are shown as examples of clothing that can be made without mistreatment of the material. Each of these garments demonstrates that beauty and simplicity of line and fabric transcend the dictates of any period style or fashion. A similar escape from the tyranny of fashion is revealed in a group of sandals and sandal-shoes designed and executed by Mr. Rudofsky himself to conform with the shape of the human foot.



Occident and Orient differ radically in their conceptions of modesty. Cartoon from "Le Rire."



If the female figure lived up to the changing ideals of beauty—(Figures modelled by Constantino Nivola) 1875 - 1904 - 1913 - 1928



Dress made of one rectangle, cut once. Designed and executed by Irene Schawinsky. Photograph by George Platt Lynes.

The exhibition concludes with specially built sections of rooms which suggest ways in which rational clothing might influence our mode of life and eventually our domestic architecture. According to Mr. Rudofsky many of the discomforts of our homes and our furnishings can be traced to obsolescences and inconveniences of our apparel which lag behind our modernism in other things. Why should we wear into our homes the shoes that we wear in unclean streets and roads? Why should we sit about in steam-heated and air-conditioned homes attired, as it were, for a blizzard or a mud-puddle? Is not the spoon of the convict a more practical utensil than the inherited battery of knives and forks? Why should sidewalks for sensitive feet be as hard as the pavement designed for trucks? Today we have resilient materials scarcely less durable than cement and far more comfortable. These and many other improvements are suggested, but tentatively, for Mr. Rudofsky realizes that there can be no progress by main force; it depends upon the imagination and enlightenment and energy of collective humanity. The Museum's purpose in presenting his ideas in this exhibition is to stimulate a fresh and fundamental approach to the problems of apparel.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XI.1.5

FRENCH FILMS DURING THE OCCUPATION

by Lincoln Kirstein

Perhaps the art to make most progress during the difficult years was the film. In spite of the fact that certain essential necessities, lens, celluloid, camera, and other primary technical means were increasingly difficult to obtain, in spite of the fact that the Vichy-Berlin Propaganda Staffel was ubiquitous, despite the strict elimination of any themes remotely calculated to seem defiant or even resistant, a number of pictures emerged, made mostly in the center or south of France which not only maintained, but indeed enhanced the prestige of the national industry.

From an economic point of view, occupied France had slender means to defend itself, not only against the German films, with their superior technical facilities and distributive resources, but also against the Italian industry. Artistically, the Italian pictures were even poorer than the Nazi. They made some historical pictures with the lavish display of scenery, crowds and costume which has been their national tradition since *Theodora* and *Cabiria*. They had also magnificent natural landscapes, the unhindered use of the Mediterranean seacoast, and directors like Carmine Gallone and Augusto Tenina, who had worked for years in France, who knew French audiences well, and who used one of the best French actors, Michel Simon.

Financially, the smaller provincial film-circuits were always under pressure to use Axis films. American, Russian and British pictures were out of the question. Artistically, the most eminent directors had left France before the disaster, for Hollywood was then already host (although frequently an unsatisfactory one) to René Clair, Jacques Feyder, Jean Renoir, Duviolier; and Cavalcanti was in England. Almost the only well known director of talent was Marcel Carné. His new picture, *Les visiteurs du soir* was acclaimed as a masterpiece which consolidated his already ranking position.

But some new directors developed from the very restrictions that were set up. Perhaps the first interesting picture after 1941 was Louis Daquin's *Nous, les gosses* (*We Kids*). Jean Dellanoy's *Pontcarral*, starring the superb character-actor Pierre Blanchar (*Le courrier de Lyon*) was a double triumph, patriotic as well as cinematic. The story of an old *grogard*, a Napoleonic veteran who helped to found the French African empire, it was an insistent and dignified reminder of France's past and future. Other good pictures were *Le ciel est à vous* directed by Jean Gremillon and Corbeau (released as *Continental*) by G. H. Clouzot.

One of the new men most frequently praised is Jacques Becker whose *Goupi mains rouges* puts him in a class among the first French directors. *Le mariage de Chiffon* by Claude-Auguste Lara was an excellent picture by an artist who was already fairly well recognized. Marcel l'Herbier, creator of *L'Inhumaine* made one very good comedy, *La nuit fantastique* and while his *L'Honorable Catherine* had some poor parts to it, it was generally praised for its assimilation of an "American" style and timing. The French audiences have been starved for Hollywood. Mediocre pictures which we have forgotten four years ago are now having their debut in the cinemas of the *grands boulevards* and serve as the inexhaustible subjects for serious criticism in the voluminous weeklies which are almost as humorless about them as they were once about *Le Jazz Hot*. Indeed several old musicals are indiscriminately advertised as about to "introduce" *Le Jetterbug* (sic), *remplaceur du Swing*.

Jean Cocteau, the master of *Le sang d'un poète*, for many of us one of the most poignant emotional experiences of the thirties, a film of almost autobiographical tenderness, has made another ingenious dream-picture, *Le baron fantôme*. This, and most of the above mentioned work have, in spite of



Pontcarral with Pierre Blanchar and Annie Ducaux. Photo Pathé Cinema, courtesy of the French Motion Picture Division.

their great diversity of mood and subject, a curiously yet understandably close family relationship. With the possible exception of *Pontcarral*, they are escape-films, films of the unreal and fantastic, or the farcical. Since they were never permitted to make any comment upon the atmosphere of the tragedy in which they were created, they maintained the dignity of silence about it, and by their very insolent elegance kept a kind of national arrogance. As the Germans said of the hats and hair-dressing, after the Anglo-American landings, "We don't understand you. For four years we have stepped on your faces, and now you carry the *gueules* of champions."

The evasion of 'reality' in the recent French films was not cowardice but the sole means to keep a continually thwarted expression at least alive. And, as Paul Barbellin, the film critic of "Carrefour" wrote: "This evasion was not a suicide, but a renaissance."

There were, to be sure, some Pétainist propaganda films, which proclaimed the return to the soil, the family and the church which was the dictated program of Vichy. France would be content to be filmed as the cynically impotent comic country or small *pays de province*, so charmingly celebrated in what is now interpreted as the proto-Fascist *La femme du boulanger*, whose author indeed was an eminent if rather passive collaborator.

As for the German films actually shown in France, there is little to be said. The elaborate *Baron Münchhausen* was a demi-pornographic musical intended to display the fine legs of Ilse Werner. The anti-semitic *Jüd Suss* and the anti-British *Oom Paul* were naturally widely screened and widely attended, for a variety of reasons, ranging from a starvation for any kind of visual entertainment to a genuine curiosity to see whether the Germans could produce anything of interest, even in a purely propagandist line.

As for the whole dubious question of Collaboration, it is almost impossible to say much with any real authority. Sacha Guitry was very much compromised, imprisoned in the concentration camp *de luxe* at Drancy, and recently released due to his ill health. Pierre Fresnay is still there. Danielle Darrieux, and Suzy Prim, her *confidante* in *Mayerling*, both left with the Germans and are ostensibly enjoying the waters of Baden-Baden. Jean Geran who made propaganda films for the Germans, notably *Forces occultes*, *Le péril juif*, *Le corrupteur* and *Douze heures d'angoisse* which were intended to inform on the old devils, Bolshevism, Judaism and Freemasonry, received five years in prison. At his trial his defense was that he did everything to save his wife, a Jewess.

The Gestapo was less considerate of Harry Baur, one of the greatest European film artists. When his wife saw his body after the final interrogation, she went insane. Sylvain Litkine, a promising actor, was killed by the SS in Lyon. The Germans permitted newsreels to be shown, particularly if they showed swimming-meets, horse-races, boxing-matches or the laying of cornerstones. However after the landings, some pictures of the fighting in Normandy were released, in half-darkened houses, where any slight increase of interest on the part of the audience was a provocation for denunciation. In the town of Etain, near Verdun, some people sufficiently forgot themselves to cheer a line of American prisoners being marched through Paris. The first ten persons leaving the theatre were shot.

On the other hand, Saint-Exupéry, whose *Vol-de-nuit* (*Night Flight*) made such a good film, both in

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XI.1.5

France and in Hollywood, has been unreported after a flight of some months ago. The popular *jeune premier*, Jean Pierre Aumont, is fighting in the French Army. The greatest contemporary artist of French fiction was reported as missing and then as dead. Fortunately he is alive. 'Le Colonel Berger,' is now a Commander of a Brigade, fighting in the Vosges, and Chief of the sectors of Lot, Correze and the Dordogne. The Colonel is André Malraux, who saw this war since its real inception, in China and in Spain. The creator of "Man's Hope" and of "Man's Fate" has made a film called *Sierra de Teruel** out of the key episode of *L'Espoir*. It is the rather simple episode of a single bombardment-mission over an enemy airport and its tragic conclusion. It opens with the violent outbreak of insurrection, in a small village, and shifts back and forth with a subtle shuttling of images of clouds, tilled strips of fields, the faces of Andalusian *dinameteros*, with the highly developed style of the new French lyric-realism, softer, more delicate, more subtle than the striking poster-like magnificence of the early Russian classics. It is more a poem than a documentary film.

Malraux recently announced his devotion to the great myths. In this picture he has attempted, in personal terms, to make a general tragedy, more immediate, less decorative than "Guernica." It may not seem entirely strange to our own complacent audiences that the same forces which ripped down Picasso's latest pictures at the *Salon d'Automne* have been successful in preventing any general distribution of Malraux's work, for fear of offending Franco.

The French are deeply interested in the future of their own films. Since our invasion, virtually not a camera has turned, but today every paper is full of new ideas and plans for projects and collaborations, many of which give every evidence of being impressive and successful. Marc Allegret, who worked with Gide on *La croisière noire*, took pictures of the actual liberation of the port of Le Havre, and is now preparing *La belle aventure* and *L'Histoire comique*, with the actor Claude Dauphin.

* Shown in the Museum auditorium last November in the "Recent Acquisitions" Series.

Jean Paul Sarthe, one of the real talents of the younger generation of writers, composer of a magnificent epitaph on the Resistance, which first appeared in the initial 'open' number of the advance-guard review *Les Lettres Françaises* could not do better than to call one of his proposed films after that noble article, *La république du silence*. Sarthe is also a believer in the contemporary truth of myths, and his plays were actually successfully produced under the occupation, full of local and immediate reference, entirely hidden to the Germans.

Pierre Bost is planning a picture based on a working-class milieu but more lyrical, than purely documentary. *Les enfants du paradis* of Carné is impatiently awaited. It promises the fantastic atmosphere of the theatres of the *Boulevard du Crime*, the home of Deburau and the masters of pantomime. Jacques Becker's *Falbalas* will be a story of the world of *haute-couture*. Robert Bresson is directing *Les dames du Bois de Boulogne*, taken from an episode in Diderot's *Jacques le fataliste*. Jean Aurenche is preparing an adaptation of Stendhal's *Le rouge et le noir*, with Ivan Moskvina, the *Courrier du Czar* in the leading role.

There are several pictures, as there have been many books and plays, whose appearance or subsequent distribution was forbidden by either Pétain or von Stuepnagel. *Tempête*, made in 1939, was von Stroheim, the unforgettable Rauffenstein of *Grand illusion* as an international crook of the epoch of 1900. It seems to be a purely commercial film, well done but without any particular interest. *Le chemin de l'honneur* of Jean-Paul Paulin, with Henri Garat is now being presented simultaneously at three Paris first-run houses, but I have not seen it.

M. Langlois, who for long supported "Le Cercle du Cinéma" a society similar to the British and American film circulating clubs, announced the resumption of documentary film-exhibitions of stills and scenarios. A large show will, in the spring, celebrate the tenth anniversary of the founding of the Cinémathèque Française. M. Langlois is responsible also for the safeguarding during the Occupation of an important archive of proscribed films which otherwise would have been lost.

The Russians have sent a large selection of their recent films through the Embassy, and they are receiving a lively response in the large cities. The difficulties of communication make any complete coverage of the provinces out of the question for the time being. It is perhaps economically significant to observe that the British newsreels were shown quicker than any other Allied pictures, including the French. Cavalcanti, the advance-guard director of twenty years ago, although born in São Paolo, has spent three quarters of his life in France, and is now directing a specifically English genre film, *Champagne Charley*, based on an original treatment by J. B. Priestley.

It is interesting to know the names of some of the artists and writers who are responsible for the general tone of the future of French films, apart from the very capable actors. The industry expects some aid from the Provisional Government, as well as private capital. The Syndicate of Scenario-Writers, affiliated with the CGT (*Comité Général des Tra-*

vailleurs) has named an Executive Committee. President, Henri Jeanson; Secretary General, Nino Frank; Treasurer, Pierre Bost; Administrative Secretaries, Sauvejean, Aurenche, Prevert, Viot. Seven supplementary administrators have also been named: Jean Cocteau, Pierre Laroche, Georges Neveux, Pierre Lestringuez, Claude-André Puget, Pierre Very and Bernard Zimmer.

The Committee of National Liberation is making a picture honoring the entire Resistance movement, and particularly the contribution of the *Maquisards*. It is being directed by M. Rouhier, and in the collaboration one finds the names of René Lefèvre, Pierre Blanchard (who is serving as a kind of roving ambassador of the French film industry to England and America), and the actor Claude Dauphin. The receipts of the film will go to the victims of German barbarity.

Perhaps by now you have seen *Paris se libère*, the documentary actually shot under the noses of the SS. and in the midst of the early Parisian street



The F.F.I. in action, from *The Liberation of Paris*. Photo Liberation Committee of the French Cinema.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XI.1.5

fighting. We cannot pretend that these rather fragmentary sequences are in any way commensurate to the essential importance of the events they depict. The Soviets had the far-sightedness to turn over Leningrad to Eisenstein, and his reconstruction of the October Revolution became, for the eyes of the world, newsreel truth of the assumption of Soviet power. But the Paris films are important, they do depict it, some of it at least, and they have an enormous appeal to the political and patriotic sentiment of the entire nation, who sees in the fighting along the quais and boulevards, sights similar to those which occurred in their own town and village.

In Nancy, I happened to be the only American in the theatre for the first showing of *Paris se libère*. The theatre was opposite the Cathedral, and the audience had just come from the All Saints' Day Mass for those fallen in the Resistance. I was sitting next to a widow, with her little boy and girl, neither of whom remembered seeing Paris, although their mother had been born there. At the end of the hour, she was not by any means the only person in tears, but she turned to me, with an unforgettable mask of restrained and mastered suffering and asked, "Tell me, could you do that in Hollywood?"

A final word. The French are famously frank. Four years of individual hell have sharpened their irony and released their creative energies. Their attitude towards the films at the present is wonderfully fresh, interested, responsible and honest. They admit that Pétain, kissing thousands of clean little boyscouts was miraculously photogenic, and that Charles de Gaulle, no matter if he cared, which he certainly does not, cannot look well in front of a camera. And they applaud his impatient gesture, so amusingly caught by the newsreel, on the grand march down the *Champs Elysées* after a thousand bouquets had been tossed or thrust on him, he finally plumped a dozen limp roses (which someone stuck in his long arms) straight behind him, in a gesture which was indeed *peu gracieux*. The General looked as if he were on his way to work. So does the French film.

MUSEUM NOTES

APPOINTMENTS

James Johnson Sweeney, well-known writer and lecturer on modern art, has been made Director of the Museum's Department of Painting and Sculpture. Mr. Sweeney has long been associated with the Museum as a member of its Advisory Committee, and has directed and written the catalog for several exhibitions: *African Negro Art*, *Joan Miro and Alexander Calder: Sculpture and Constructions*.

In announcing the appointment John E. Abbott, Executive Vice-President of the Museum, said:

"It is gratifying to have so distinguished a scholar as Mr. Sweeney join the staff of the Museum of Modern Art. As Director of the Department of Painting and Sculpture he will be responsible for all the Museum's acquisitions in those fields as well as in the graphic arts. In a reorganization of the Department of Painting and Sculpture there has been a considerable revision of duties, making the Department head in the future fully responsible for the activities of the Department during his tenure of office."

ALEXANDER CALDER: A Color Film

First of a series on noted contemporary artists, this ten minute 16mm color film explores the work of Alexander Calder. The spirited gaiety of his mobiles and his ingenious handling of abstract form and movement are admirably suited to the film medium. Commentary written by Agnes Rindge; musical background by Arthur Kleiner. Rental: \$5. per day, plus transportation. Inquire Circulation Director, Museum of Modern Art Film Library.

NEW COLOR REPRODUCTIONS:

Christ Mocked by Soldiers by Georges Rouault, 50-color silk screen, 26½ x 21½" on format 33 x 26"; sale price \$20.00 unframed.

Rue de Crimée by Maurice Utrillo, 6-color collotype, 17 x 23" on format 23 x 27"; sale price \$5.50 unframed.

The Starry Night by Van Gogh, 6-color collotype, 18 x 23" on format 23 x 27"; sale price \$5.50 unframed.

Members will receive a 25% discount on the above reproductions.

EXHIBITIONS:

Power in the Pacific, Battle Photographs of our Navy in Action on the Sea and in the Sky: Jan. 23-Mar. 18. Directed by Capt. Edward Steichen, U.S.N.R.

Work from the Holiday Circus: Jan. 16-Feb. 18, Young People's Gallery.

Lesson of War Housing: Jan. 16-Feb. 25. A circulating exhibition (see Nov. '44 Bulletin, pages 2-3) in the Auditorium Galleries.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XI.1.5

GESELL'S CHILDREN GROW UP

43

to the Clinic for pre-adoptive examinations, the disturbed and handicapped children who were brought for diagnosis—Gesell and his staff brought their studies of the normative behavior of infancy on up through the study and charting of thirty-four progressive age levels through the first ten years of life.

THE NEXT REVOLUTION

WHEN I spoke with Gesell he told me: "There has been very little advance projection in our work. We have followed where experience seemed to lead. . . . We didn't try to conquer experience in advance." There has nonetheless been a most logical progression, a fixed point of view, and an inevitability about the evolution of Gesell's work.

He was educated in an era when the infant science of psychology was firmly rooted in the physical sciences, and when evolution was the idea that moved biology most. Within this frame of reference, he began to draw his picture of the natural history of the child's mind. That he continued to draw it in the same way—and is now bringing his vision to term—in a psychological era in which Freud rather than Darwin sets the scene and provides the color, is one of those ironies with which the history of human endeavor is studded.

Stemming as he does from this sunnier era when the idiot's delight of the unconscious mind went unsavored and unsung, he is liable to the charge that his work is too one-dimensional to be of value; and that in ignoring the unconscious mechanisms with which personality growth is awash, he has become outdated. For he has tacitly and explicitly insisted throughout his life work, closing his eyes to what was being uncovered around him, that behavior is primarily a function of physical structure. Believing this, the child-guidance clinics he has operated and is operating today, function without psychiatrists or psychiatric social workers, unlike the overwhelming majority of those in the country—including the one run by his successor at Yale, Dr. Milton J. E. Senn. In a psychological era in which the great majority of child studiers are either Freudians or neo, post, splinter, derivative, or deviationist Freudians, Gesell has continued to maintain that time itself takes care of most things in most children—a point of view which pretty well does away with therapy. Since, as people have grown less oriented in a frightening world, psychology has grown more oriented toward therapy, Gesell's eminent place in the

present psychological world has diminished.

His method itself is under attack today. He has used what children were at hand, his critics say; they represent no cross section of anything; and he has not set up control groups against which to check the findings on the children used throughout his books addressed to parents.

"Just how normal is 'normative'?" ask his critics. "What scientific evidence has he that so-high is medium?" So, from a psychodynamic point of view, it is valid to chip away at Gesell's work. But is it valid to dismiss him completely, as some do? I think not.

The psychodynamists have taught us a good deal, but they, like Gesell, haven't taught us everything. The humbler among them, like the humbler among the physical scientists, realize, as the psychoanalytic method ages, that the more they learn, the more there is to learn.

Small signs of a new "revolution"—still no bigger than an infant's ego—are now appearing on the psychodynamic horizon. "Constitutional factors" and "the nature of the baby" are being mentioned and written about. "There is a crucial gap in our knowledge," the brilliant Harvard psychologist, Robert W. White, points out: ". . . personality cannot be understood as a direct reflection of its shaping forces. . . . A person is a nexus of competing and conflicting influences to which he must respond selectively." And he and other analytically oriented psychologists have now begun to ask: What makes for this selectivity? What makes some people grow and change constructively, others not? What accounts for the direction of change in human personalities?

Obviously, what is needed to decide—or rather work toward deciding—all these vexing questions, all these new-old mysteries, is a body of empirical evidence—studies from the bottom up of how the human personality develops. It is empirical evidence that Arnold Gesell has been building up over nearly half a century.

It may easily be that his aim—if not his point of view—has not been so much behind the times, as ahead. For today it is he, and he alone, who has built up the only systematic body of observations on the development of human behavior and personality.

One-dimensional or not, eventually valid or not, this work stands as a testimonial to an unswervable vision of research that cannot be dismissed—even in a psychological world where trend succeeds counter-trend and counter-trend succeeds trend with monotonous regularity.

—Drawings by Robert Osborn

Picasso Harpers March 1956

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XI.1.5

Hans Bendix

PICASSO *in Vallauris*

A Danish artist visits "the Napoleon of art"
in his villa in the south of France.

WHEN I interviewed Matisse several years ago I left Picasso in peace. There have been twelve hundred books written about him and every day there are about fifty articles on him in newspapers all over the world. I sometimes wonder if Shakespeare has had as much publicity in the last four hundred years as Picasso has in the last fifty.

However, I was collecting material for a series on the great artists of our time and it was obvious that Picasso could not be left out. So the next time I was in the South of France I determined to see him. With the years his unwillingness to see the press has become almost as great as Garbo's. I had to find a good excuse for breaking in on him.

I went first to his workshop in the village of Vallauris, to see whether his assistant could do anything for me. With me I had a copy of an article which had appeared in a Danish paper. It was probably unique in the history of journalism because it described an interview in which not a single word was spoken by the person being interviewed! It revealed that Picasso had shown talent in his early years but later developed into an unscrupulous money-grabber. I knew that Picasso was now devoted to his ceramics and his village and did not care to be interviewed. But I did not want to interview him. I only wanted to meet him and find out whether my fellow journalist had talked to him in person or whether he had fabricated the whole



Picasso by Bendix

interview and then used it to attack the *maitre* in the Scandinavian press.

I explained this to Picasso's assistant as we stood by his oven.

Next day the potter sent his son to show me the way from the village up to La Galloise, the villa that is Picasso's home. There was nothing special about it—a dullish French villa of the bourgeois class with the usual fountain of terra cotta and glazed tiles.

I heard the sound of voices from behind the closed shutters. The young man went inside and the noise increased. I could hear Picasso's voice, talking about everything under the sun except the Danish journalist waiting outside on the terrace. For three-quarters of an hour I gazed at that exasperating fountain and tried making friendly overtures to a savage-looking bulldog. I had resigned myself to the thought that everyone had forgotten me when the young man appeared again and asked me to come in.

I found myself in a long, tiled corridor. The voices were louder than ever, and no one heard my knock. I glanced through an open door into a large room. It was quite an ordinary room, not a bit like a studio, but apparently it was here that the painter worked, for it was crammed with easels and unframed pictures, sketches and plaster casts and rolls of drawing paper. I ought to have taken a closer look but I wasted the opportunity, so I can neither give an exact description of the room nor forecast what we may

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XI.1.5

PICASSO IN VALLAURIS

45

expect from Picasso's hand in the future. Instead I knocked again at the door across the corridor, more loudly this time.

An impatient shout from Picasso—"Come in, then. I'm an old man. How long does he think he is going to keep me waiting!"

It was his bedroom. He was squatting on the big iron bed, looking like Gandhi during one of his fasts. The Napoleon of art was a little man, clad only in his nightshirt, sitting with his bare knees hunched up under his chin and his coarse-looking hands clasped round his legs, his fingers and toes wiggling with impatience. The walls of the room were covered with large mirrors, but apart from these there was nothing of the boudoir. The levees of Louis XIV, I imagine, were quite different.

The other people in the room, whose voices I had heard, were the widow of a Spanish sculptor, Manolo, and her daughter, Rosita. A naked light bulb hung from the ceiling. Old newspapers, magazines, photographs, and twisted letters were strewn over the floor and every piece of furniture. Two fountain pens and a writing pad lay on the rumpled quilt. Mme. Manolo bounced up and down at the foot of the bed.

"Please forgive me for receiving you like this, in bed," Picasso said.

"Thank you for receiving me at all."

"What's all this about some story?"

He asked me to translate the interview for him, but I could not do it fast enough for him.

"Just tell me briefly what it says. I can't protect myself against what people write about me. Anyway do you think it really matters?"

"The man who wrote it is the author of a well-known book on the Resistance movement," I replied.

One of the houses on the estate was occupied by an old Danish woman who paints dreadfully sentimental pictures supposed to represent scenes from Hans Andersen, and apparently the author had got most of his information from her.

"You must go and see her," Picasso said. "She lives in that little house you passed on your way up here. She was once very beautiful with those large, blue eyes that people have in the North. And you can talk to one another in your own language."

I told him what the article said about his son, Paolo, who was supposed to stiffen like a pointer whenever there were rich Americans in the offing and rush to warn Picasso, who would promptly make a few scribbles on a piece of paper, sign it, and have it ready by the time the visitors had reached the villa. These "masterpieces" were



Bendix by Picasso

then sold to the art snobs for a couple of thousand dollars apiece.

"Wonderful," exclaimed Picasso. "He's good! It's well written and amusing. Don't refute it. Don't alter a single word. It gives some idea of our interesting life here."

I told him he had many admirers in Scandinavia who were angry that he had been represented as a fake and an imposter. A group of young Danish artists had protested publicly. Many people also felt that he was inadequately represented in the Danish Museum of Art, the director of which had for many years been a devotee of Matisse with no use for anything of Picasso's. An interview such as this merely supported the views of the director who had just resigned and made it difficult for his successor to do anything in the way of rehabilitating Picasso.

"I think I am fairly well represented in Oslo and Stockholm. Haven't you anything of mine in Copenhagen?" he asked.

"Yes, two small pictures from an early period."

"But nothing of any significance? I remember 'Guernica' was once exhibited in Copenhagen. But no one bought it!" he said.

"No. But your admirers think it a pity when such things are written about you."

"You're right. It's bad, very bad. But for those who have eyes to see it does not matter. No matter who I am, or what I am, or how I live, my work must stand or fall by its own merits. There is not a soul who can tell whether

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XI.1.5

the work I do will live a hundred years from now. The only thing we can be sure of is that this old body will only last a few more. So why trouble about me instead of my work? That's a wonderful hat you have there!"

He reached for my hat, a rather conspicuous one of loosely woven straw, put it on, and grinned like a monkey. The women looked admiringly at the playful seventy-four-year-old.

"Go and fetch your hat from Venice, Rosita," he said. "That's not a bad one either." Then he took off my hat and tried on the gondolier's hat which Rosita brought him.

"It suits you. May I draw you in it?" I asked.

"No, it had better be without the hat. After what I hear from you it is time I started taking myself more seriously. How long will it take?"

"About five minutes. I hope!"

"What shall I do in the meantime?"

His genius lies in his energy, his initiative. When he invented Cubism, at the same time as Bracque, he did not realize what it was he was doing. He only found out what he had done after he did it. Perhaps his enormous output is simply the result of his lively mind, a game it is impossible for him to give up, for his life, his brain, his whole being are constantly occupied. It would not surprise me at all to

hear that he composes or does arithmetic in his sleep. I handed him my goose quill pen and he began to draw, write his name, and make the strange doodles one might expect from his versatile hand. He drew very quickly, surely.

"It looks quite Chinese," he said gaily. "I once drew a few arabesques for a Chinese acquaintance, just like those characters you see in Chinese books. He said he could read some of them, though not all. But some of them definitely meant something, which he translated for me. I don't remember what it was. But that's not the point. The fact is that people often find in my work things of which I am not aware when I am drawing them. What are you doing?"

"I'm listening."

"Draw!"

I bitterly regretted asking if I might draw him. As I took up my drawing block, cold sweat broke out on my forehead and I sent up a prayer for divine assistance.

"I believe I'll draw you in profile, in the mirror," I said, thinking this would be easier.

"Just as you like. I am not my brother's keeper," he smiled. "But isn't that a roundabout way when you have me here corpus delicti? You have just five minutes. Draw!"

I was comforted by the remembrance of Picasso's own drawing of Stalin. The French Communists were right when they said it was bad. My drawing could hardly be worse.

I drew as long as I could, then closed my block.

"Oh no you don't," said the master. "Let me have a look." I was terrified. But Picasso snatched the block from me.

"Do I really look like an undersized monkey?" he sighed. The ladies came to the rescue: "You are worse than us, you are so vain."

"There was one other thing that I came to see you about," I said. "Did you ever actually meet that young Dane who interviewed you?"

"Wasn't he a blond young man, rather tall and nice-looking? Yes, it was down in Ramier's art gallery, in Vallauris. His questions were so stupid that I didn't bother to answer them. So apparently he made up the answers himself."

"Thank you for giving me so much of your time," I said, and shook hands with him.

"Anyway I must be getting up now," he replied and jumping out of bed he put on a pair of underpants (or were they perhaps shorts?). I took my leave of the ladies. As I went out of the room he called after me:

"Don't forget to bring me some money the next time you come to see me!"

I clutched my hip pocket, to guard my wallet,

FRED LAPE

TWENTIETH CENTURY

PASTORAL: *The Simple Life*

NIGHT and day we have a dream of acres in the country, where we can live the simple life with Herefords and Black Angus.

Just an old colonial house with swimming pool behind it, an old country store in the valley, and a cocktail lounge.

We'll dress in jeans and colored shirts like all the young on Broadway, and show our stock at county fairs and in *Home and Garden*.

So we will live our later days away from care and worry, letting our dividends support the Herefords and Black Angus.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XI.1.5

PICASSO IN VALLAURIS

47

"Where's Paolo?" I asked with every sign of alarm.

Picasso laughed delightedly. "Do come again . . . even without the dollars."

I walked down to the house where the Danish woman was living. Her name is Mme. Boissière and she has a large, long-haired dog.

"Don't you ever take him out for walks?" I asked. (The dog was very fat.)

"Never. He is bored to death. So am I. Neither of us ever goes out. In the winter we are bored and frozen to death, in the summer we melt in the heat. The walls are so thin."

"Do you pay Picasso any rent?"

"No, he doesn't ask for any. The house is practically unfit for human habitation. What do you think of his work?"

"I did not see any of it."

"You can count yourself lucky. It is only fit for idiots."

"Picasso spoke so nicely of you."

"Oh, he is a very nice person. It's only his art I dislike. But it really must be frightful to be so famous. People are running after him all the time. There are always a dozen or so around him, mostly Americans who don't know what it is all about anyway. Sometimes they come and talk to me, but then I am more interesting than Picasso anyway."

WHEN I got back to La Turbie, fifty kilometers from Picasso's village, the first thing my wife asked me was whether he really was a Communist. I had quite forgotten to ask him. So on the way home, a couple of days later, we made a detour so that I could again visit Vallauris. I was not greatly taken with the idea but both my wife and daughter insisted that my interview had achieved precisely nothing if I had not found out whether "the favorite painter of the decadent bourgeoisie" was a Communist.

As we drove up the narrow road to his villa I was trying desperately to think of some tactful way to frame the question. A large black car behind us was honking to pass.

"Hans, it's Picasso!" my daughter cried. "He wants to pass."

Almost instinctively I held the middle of the road, and from behind Paolo blew his horn to show what he thought of my clumsy driving. We drew up together in front of the villa. Father and son got out of the car and Paolo was about to let me have his opinion of my driving when I stuck my head out of the car and called:

"Bonjour, Monsieur Picasso!" Picasso came over to the car and looked at me more closely.

"Oh, it's you. How are you? You certainly stop at nothing."

"Accidents happen trying to pass like that," I said. "Have you a moment?"

"Sorry, but they are expecting me at home. I've just been down to Ramier's with some Americans. What is it you want?"

"Did I leave my glasses at your house?"

"No. If you had done so I should have seen them. You know how I can see everything in the room from my bed."

Now came the painful moment. Should I, like a true journalist, have leaped out of my car, held him up with a revolver on that sun-baked road and demanded: "Are you a Communist?" Instead I said:

"Would you like to borrow my hat in this sun? People would like to know whether you really are a member of the Communist party."

"Yes, I am."

"How do you manage that? From your art you do not seem to be a social realist."

"Not on your life!"

"Then aren't you considered 'decadent'? One of those 'artists of the degenerate bourgeoisie' that neither Hitler nor Stalin would tolerate?"

"If that is the case I know nothing about it."

It was said so honestly and straightforwardly that an iron curtain shut down in my mind. The great man was obviously impatient to get out of the dust and scorching heat into the shade of his house. In another couple of minutes I think he would have turned into a grease spot on the burning roadway, and I could not bear to be held responsible to posterity for that.

Afterwards I thought it would have been interesting to hear his reasons for being a Communist. Or did they really matter after all? He is not the only Communist millionaire who delights in keeping theory and practice separate. It is not necessary to discuss taste in a police state either. Dictators have ways and means of getting people to admit an admiration for Picasso and making art critics go back on their former judgments—if necessary at the point of the gun. I would not be surprised if the new régime in Russia decided to hold an exhibition in Moscow of the Spanish comrade Picasso, "the grand old man of decadent Western Art." It would be a victory in the struggle for freedom of the arts.

There was a twinkle in his eye as he said good-by to my wife and daughter with a sunny smile. He shook my hand warmly and said:

"Send me the drawing. After all I gave you one of mine. Au revoir!"

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XI.1.5

12

PM, MON.

Critic at Large

By BEN CRISLER

Art Note: We don't get around to the galleries very often, not because we don't love art, but because nowadays we don't quite trust artists. Our confidence has been shaken by a clever young mountebank named Salvador Dali, who turned out to be a window dresser at Bonwit-Teller's and a sideshow impresario at the World's Fair. Not to mention that brilliant poseur, that cultivated peddler of a thousand phony techniques, the one, the original, the only Pablo Picasso!

The element of freakishness in art, as we occasionally remind ourselves somewhat somberly, has finally succeeded in reducing art itself to the level of a rather highbrow honky-tonk attraction—something like *Stella*, the hypocritical nude of the world of yesterday—in our cultural Congress of Freaks. Yet it now appears that we have been too cynical, that art can also be practical, sober, and strictly attentive to the job of copying scenes and characters—from a motion picture, anyway, if not from life.

Press-Agent Masterpieces

Consider the exhibit of nine artists now at the galleries of the Associated American Artists, at 711 5th Ave., under the Medicean auspices of Walter Wanger, the Hollywood producer. It is extremely doubtful whether this show will be remembered in a hundred years as a great contribution to art, but at the moment it certainly marks a terrific advance in movie press-agentry. Some of the people who attended the press reviews last week actually walked down a flight of stairs to take a look at the paintings.

Moreover, in place of the conventional Scotch or Rye sloshily dispensed by perspiring waiters, there was a rather disconcertingly light lunch, fabricated of sauterne and soda water, and ladled out daintily in a long-handled silver spoon by a waiter who bore a striking resemblance to Dante Gabriel Rossetti. In fact, the service was so refined and the punch so flabbergasting that the few movie people who showed up might have been observed a few minutes later, after an exchange of glances, unobtrusively sneaking out again. A great advance.

Not for Art's Sake

But the show also has its practical side as a United Artists representative warmly assured us. Not only has Mr. Wanger, who paid \$50,000 for the 12 paintings in the show, already refused a handsome cash profit on the deal, but meanwhile look at all the dignified publicity he is getting for *The Long Voyage Home*. Picture editors all over the country are falling for the idea; Sunday before last, *The New York Times* carried a half-page rotogravure layout under the solemn pretense that this was art news, omitting however (with exquisite tact) Item 12 in the catalogue, a portrait of *Walter Wanger, producer of The Long Voyage Home, by Ernest Fiene*.

We are happy to announce that the Wanger collection has renewed our faith in the essential unfreakishness of at least nine contemporary artists. Besides Mr. Fiene, they are Grant Wood, Robert Philipp, George Biddle, Georges Schreiber, Raphael Soyer, James Chapin, Luis Quintanilla and Thomas Benton. If the Wanger example can wean picture producers from race-track to art patronage these nine may well form the vanguard of at least an economic Renaissance among artists. Art, of course, will just have to struggle along in the rear guard, eating dust, as usual.

A Letter

Dear C. A.:

The most implausible is that Paul Muni is no single book in preparation, picture, *Hudson's Bay* C past, it may be remembered second move upon being role was to retire to h something like a hundred books (fine print, no pi himself blue in the fa course, was to get in Westmore Wiggery W community where jir among the masters ar someone who subscri a pretty awe-inspirin

In *Hudson's Bay* plays a pioneer nam something to do wit company. As it ha book, much less books, about M. other, that may be becoming more a one set of Muni I the present case h radical approach t to rely on the se world of fun to se ¶ Speaking of W. scientific effort sh close track on the a ous and confusing curacy is, as in the c out of the question. man alive can say p many Westmores ther Hollywood today, or w permutations are as of, day. For another, they extraordinarily sociable fi the fall of day brings sur of hair shampooing they a their surgeon's coats and into plaids and on the town like a of dew, sometimes filling an taurant exclusively with West their current attachments.

The news of them this week tively simple and curiously fe Simple, because a lone item is of them in the public prints: Per after to be known as Westmore out with "Bubbles" Schinasi. F because there is a certain cu regarding the incredible nocturna ances of Miss Schinasi, and if a isolated with a Westmore both will be greatly simplified.

¶ Out of the squirrel-cage "ro of District Attorney Buron amination of Communism in colony came one of those sit occasionally trouble an image

PM RECOMMEN

THEATRE

Evenings at 8:40, \$3.30 t
Wed. and Sat. at 2:40, \$2
otherwise specified belo

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MASTERPIECES ON THE BLOCK



\$27,500 was paid by Walter P. Chrysler Jr. for Paul Cézanne's portrait of his wife. This was the sale's top price.



Before the auction starts some of the front-row chairs are occupied by youthful "warming pans," who receive \$1.50 to hold places for late-arriving bidders. At the right of the row, two expert buyers exchange opinions.

Like a Broadway opening, an important art auction is a social event. Society folk rub elbows with experts, dealers and the merely curious. Shown here are typical scenes at the sale of the collection of the late Mrs. Cornelius J. Sullivan, which yielded a total of \$148,730 at two night sessions in the Parke-Bernet Galleries. Above, standstills are seen placing paintings before the bidders.



\$19,000 was the second highest price in the auction. It was paid for Vincent van Gogh's "Portrait of Mlle. Ravoux."



With all chairs taken, a part of the crowd has to watch the proceedings from the stairs leading to the balcony.



In the balcony prospective bidders study the catalogue or discuss prices while awaiting the next offering.



\$7,600 was paid by the firm of Charles Seesler for Gilbert Stuart's historic portrait of James De Lancey of New York.



A group of bidders, as photographed from the balcony, while tensely watching the progress of the auction. (Photo by Arthur F. S.)



A collector carries away his prize purchase in person. It is the painting, "Flowers," by Jean Dufaÿ of France.



\$5,700 was the bid by a private collector which took Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec's "Femme dans le Jardin de M. Focant."

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XI.1.5

melting pot that is America. He relied on his wide knowledge of history and political philosophy. He recognized the Communist Manifesto as a dignified historical document and the foundation of the economic interpretation of history. Thus it ceased to be the collection of disconnected sentences advocating violence relied upon by government counsel.

From the second inaugural address of Lincoln, "the founder of my party, the Republican Party," he read: "This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it." Next he read these words: "God forbid we should ever be twenty years' without such a rebellion. . . . The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants." "That," he said, "is from Thomas Jefferson, the founder of the party of many of you gentlemen—the Democratic Party." The founders of the three parties, the Republican Party, the Democratic Party and the Communist Party, Mr. Willkie concluded, all advocated violence in the struggle against oppressive reaction where other methods were not possible, and "the mildest of the three by far was Karl Marx."

By his simple question, "Am I to be held responsible for everything Ham Fish says?" he showed the absurdity of imputing to Schneiderman whatever appeared in print under the name of any Communist. As he sat down, I had the notion that Mr. Willkie never enjoyed an argument more and had never argued a case he thought more important.

After the Schneiderman victory, he came over to my office to celebrate—with champagne out of a paper cup. One of my associates, far to the left of Willkie politically, remarked after he had gone, "It seems strange for me to feel so deep an admiration for the titular head of the Republican Party."

I didn't expect to see Willkie after that. But I was a representative of his great public, with whom he always had time "to have a chat," as he put it. I saw Willkie's disappointment in the results of the Wisconsin primaries. He had made the issue clear, internationalism against isolationism. After that defeat, he gave up the personal fight for the Republican nomination, but not the fight for his principles. Between 1940 and 1944 he had grown from a partisan politician to a statesman. His views of a

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.

Republican platform were published in the press. "I was not really invited to the Republican national convention," he told me later. "I could, of course, have gotten in, but not as a delegate. So I stayed home."

After the convention, I wrote to him commending his articles about the Republican platform, and went on to say: "Unless you figure on backing up the little prosecuting attorney completely, I think there will come a day in the campaign when you should have them reprinted in pamphlet form."

I thought he might resent my char-

acterization of Mr. Dewey. Instead, I received a letter of thanks, in which he said: "I appreciate your judgment very much" and added that his publishers were interested in reprinting the articles. He concluded with his usual invitation to drop in for a chat.

The Dewey campaign was already under way. Willkie was outraged at who was managing it—he outlined the tie-up between James S. Kemper, chairman of the Republican finance committee, and the McCormick interests. I didn't ask why he told me these things, but I as-

(Continued on page 26)

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The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XI.1.5

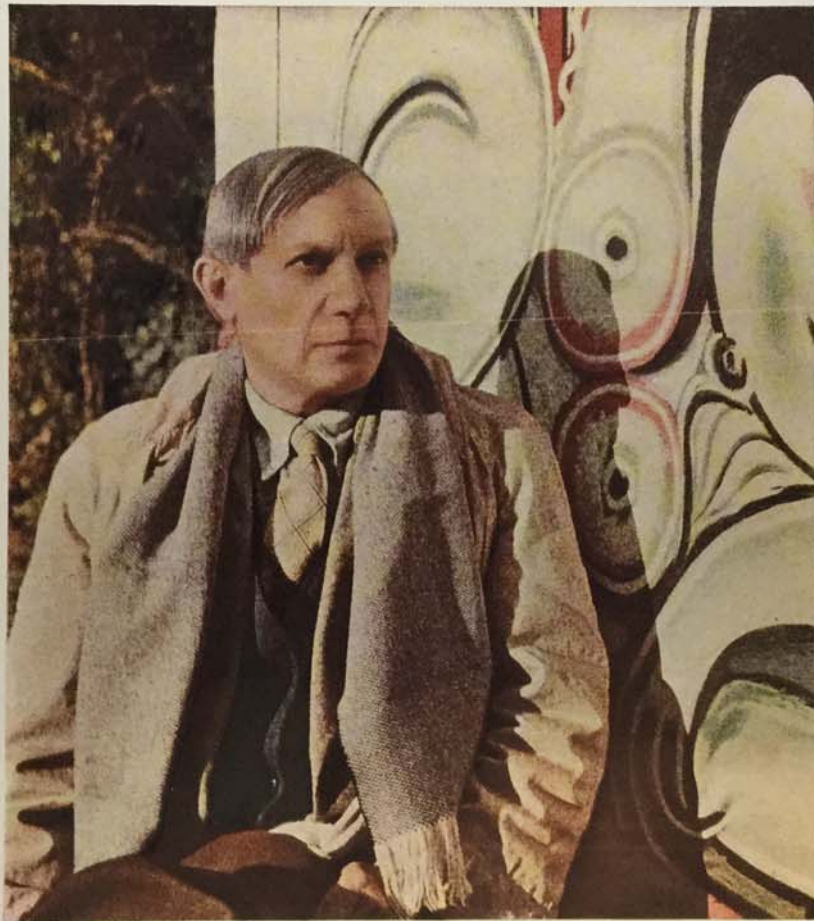
FIFTEEN CENTS

FEBRUARY 13, 1939

Please file

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Dora Maar

PICASSO

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

(Art)

VOLUME XXXIII

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

NUMBER 7

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XI.1.5

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 draftsmanship 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.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XI.1.5

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)

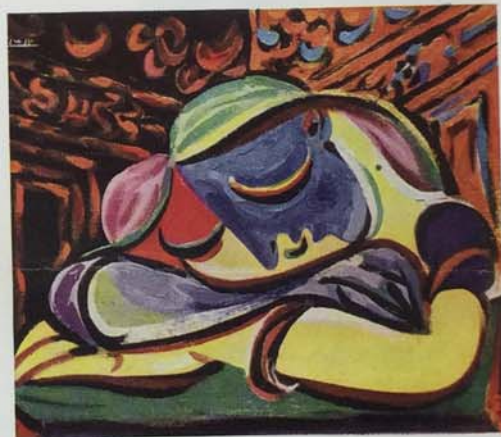
The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XI.1.5



The Lovers (1923)



The Eggs (1924)



Sleeping Woman (1935)

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 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.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XI.1.5

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 giantesses 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 skilfully 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 toching 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 lurching 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?*"

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	AHB	XI. I. 5

DECEMBER 13, 1939

231

Panorama of Picasso

THE PICASSO EXHIBITION at the Museum of Modern Art in New York City puts a human being before us. It is a comprehensive retrospective showing of forty years' work by the most widely discussed painter living today. It shows us Picasso the man: his essays as well as his achievements. We see the self-questioner as well as the self-confident virtuoso, the intellectual always conscious of the importance of intuition and always sending his intuitions before him to nose out new trails—in short, "the seeker."

In spite of his paradoxical denial of it: "I do not seek; I find," it is as the seeker that Picasso embodies the spiritual character of his period. For during the last forty years we have seen the gradual liquidation of nineteenth-century complacency, of the notion of human progress and of the social and economic system which succeeded that of the Middle Ages in Europe. Out of this change has grown the need for a new set of standards, a new system of ordinance, new means to integration, new patterns. Yet for all this, Picasso still remains in the eyes of the public either a charlatan, insolent in his disrespect for the intelligence of the public to which he offers his paintings, or else a genius whose work one should not have the presumption to ask to understand. Both attitudes are upheld with equal fanaticism.

Perhaps the fact that the current exhibition is the first comprehensive American showing of the artist's work has something to do with these views. Previous exhibitions in this country have been either relatively narrow cross-sections of Picasso's production, or else limited selections on a quality basis according to the judgment of museum or gallery directors. The narrow scope of both these approaches and their arbitrary emphases may have tended to give a strange character to the examples included. It is true that an artist should be judged only by his highest achievements, and also true that an exhibition such as the current one at the Museum of Modern Art is not so complimentary to Picasso as a more scrupulous elimination of sketches and experimental canvases might have made it. But by its very inclusiveness and catholicity of interest in Picasso's experiments, it gives us aspects of his artistic personality that should bring him closer to us than a more dogmatic selection of his work could ever succeed in doing.

However, in those cases where more personal phases of Picasso's work offer difficulties of approach, the roots of the matter undoubtedly go much below the misleading effects of a few arbitrarily chosen exhibits. The reverential attitude to anything that comes from his brush is a mere sentimentalism. Familiarity will undoubtedly reduce it to respect for his work, if there is any sound base of appreciation underlying it. But the more deep-seated difficulties are those out of which grows the charge of charlatanism. They make it difficult for many people even to believe in Picasso's artistic seriousness or sincerity.

The first of these difficulties is probably the old European problem of realism. The second is what appears on superficial consideration to be Picasso's unstable eclecticism or, even worse, his persistent buffoonery. Perhaps the best path toward resolving these doubts is indicated by Picasso himself. It lies in his enthusiasm for Ingres, so clearly evident in his work between 1915 and 1925.

Ingres, from the standpoint of form at any rate, may fairly be regarded as the harbinger of the new approach to painting that we commonly associate with the modern school. It is true that Delacroix among the French has been accorded that role more commonly in recent years, thanks to the Impressionists and their interest in color researches. But the revolutionary character of Ingres' formal conceptions and of his approach has always been given its full due by his fellow painters, from Renoir, Cézanne and Seurat down to Picasso, Braque and their associates in our own day.

For it was Ingres who led the revolt against the frigid academicism of his master Louis David, without any back-glance to what both he and his master regarded as the decadent tradition of the late eighteenth century. Like Delacroix, Ingres turned from the schools to nature. But unlike Delacroix, not to nature with the intention of attempting to reproduce its effects of color and light after the lead of Constable and the English. He turned rather to nature as a storehouse of source materials out of which to create new forms. Consequently, while Delacroix's example was to open the way eventually to Impressionism, Ingres was to show the way to post-Impressionism, Cubism and their outgrowths.

It was Ingres' interest in form that kept him faithful all his life to the classics, especially Raphael and the Greeks. Yet in his relentless pursuit of style through all his eighty-odd years there was never any question of interest on his part in a cold application of the academic prescriptions. Form to him was the reorganization of experience and expression; it was his subjective responses to the model.

This was the role that form was later to play among the post-Impressionists in their reaction from the looseness of the transcriptions from nature of Monet and his followers. Ingres foresaw the dangers of trying to transcribe nature literally without giving one's picture an organizing pattern. He realized that the organizing of a pattern could come only from looking at nature "with a painter's eye," that is to say through an adaptation of certain conventions established by the masters. As Picasso has put it, "art has always been art and not nature. And from this point of view there are no concrete abstract forms, but only forms which are more or less convincing lies."

Ingres felt that to follow the formal idiom of his predecessors, or even of the classics, would have resulted merely in a feeble mimicry, and would not have given him forms that were "convincing lies." On the other hand, he felt that a complete disregard for the organizational discoveries of his predecessors would be a futile self-imposed handicap, and that such a disregard in his work would make a form that was a convincing lie impossible for him to achieve. As a result when he was once asked in the latter years of his life what models he had used for the horses of Napoleon's chariot in his famous "Apotheosis," we have his reply, "Phidias and the bus horses." It is unquestionably this same need for an integrating pattern that today calls Picasso back to the earlier masters and even to work by artists of other cultures than our own.

As an artist he realizes that a painter must see with a painter's eye to achieve this organization among forms derived from natural source materials. But like Ingres he is also assailed by the dread of not being able to produce a

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	AHB	XI.1.5

form that is a "convincing lie" if it is too patently reminiscent of a formal lie that has already been told. Therefore to keep free from the weight of a heritage of traditions that might pull him down, and at the same time to employ the organizational discoveries of his predecessors, we see him not only marrying Phidias to the bus horses, but even the idioms of classical Rome and the Belgian Congo to the light of Southern France and the colors of Catalonia.

JAMES JOHNSON SWEENEY

The Bandwagon

Red Army hurls back invading Finnish troops, crosses frontier.—*Headline in The Daily Worker, December 1, the day after Russian airplanes bombed various parts of Finland.*

Since war began [newspapermen in Berlin] have been allowed far more latitude than correspondents in London or Paris, have sent their dispatches uncensored on condition that they report nothing unfavorable to Germany.—*From an article in Time.*

The [St. Louis] City Art Commission . . . voted today to substitute "Meeting of the Rivers" for "Wedding of the Rivers" as the title for Carl Milles' controversial statuary group now swathed in jute and awaiting unveiling on Aloe Plaza.

The nineteen nude figures of the fountain group depict the union of the two rivers, and the theme is carried out in wedding procession of water spirits bearing gifts. Some persons objected that a nude "wedding," even of statues, was not proper.—*A. P. dispatch in The New York Herald Tribune.*

Department of Faith and Works

A new fast-moving mystery story of kidnaping by atheists using airplane and hideout in crater of extinct volcano. Mistaken identity, romance and miraculous rescue in answer to prayer. . . . Written by the Chief of Police of Highland Park, Michigan, whose intimacy with crime for twenty years qualifies him to write this Christian novel. He shows clearly the folly of sin and crime and unbelief, and the victory of faith in God.—*An ad in the October, 1939, number of The Moody Monthly.*

God Rest You, Merry Dental Men

Under the heading, "Brazen provocation of Finland's military cliques aroused great indignation among the workers of our country," a speech by the Stakhanoffist Nefedoff at the Kiroff dynamo plant in Moscow is quoted as follows:

"We will punch them so hard in the teeth that not one gentleman ruling Finland will be able to gather them together again. Long live the peace policy of the Soviet government!"—*From G. E. R. Gedy's dispatch to The New York Times.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and \$1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping.—THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Mr. Sheean and His Critics

SIR: The letters I have received, aside from those sent The New Republic, from persons who read my two articles called "Bramaire" (The New Republic, November 8 and 15) merit, collectively, some kind of response. I am unable to answer so many critics individually. If you will grant me the space to do so, I should like to answer them all together, without going over the ground covered in the articles themselves.

1. My correspondents seem to assume that I have been in the past very close to the Communist Party. This is a false assumption based upon the fact that I agreed with the foreign policy supported by the Communists and wrote and spoke in that sense (Collective Security, Popular Front, Fight against Fascism, etc.).

2. My correspondents also assume that some vast price has been paid by somebody for my criticism of the Soviet Union in its Fascist evolution. This is not the case. My income has never depended upon my opinions about the Soviet Union. The only payment I have received for stating my opinions on November 8 and 15 was the payment from The New Republic, which was not of dimensions to justify the "every-man-has-his-price" accusation.

3. There was no "sharp change" between my broadcast on September 4, on the Soviet-Nazi pact of non-aggression, and my articles in The New Republic on November 8 and 15. The "sharp change" had taken place in Moscow, with the Friendship Pact of September 29 between Soviet Russia and Nazi Germany, followed by press campaigns and foreign political moves establishing the new orientation of Soviet foreign policy beyond dispute. To ignore the events between September 4 and November 8 would be impossible for any observer, least of all one sensitized to this development by some years of apprehension.

4. To those few correspondents who have understood how difficult it was for me to surrender an obstinate hope and enumerate some very repellant facts I owe sincere gratitude.

Bronxville, N. Y.

VINCENT SHEEAN

The Labor Party Purge

SIR: "Crypto-Stalinism" has always seemed to me a 50-cent word of doubtful application to The New Republic, at least until I read your editorial "The Labor Party Purge," in your issue of November 1. Now I'm not so sure.

I take vigorous exception to the editorial on the following grounds:

1. You assume that the rule of a criminal court that a man is innocent until he is proved guilty can be applied by a political party in judging the qualification of its candidates. This is absurd. The case against Mr. Quill is not merely that in public he has always followed the Communist line on international affairs; it is not even that he never answered my inquiry, or made a direct reply to the ALP itself. It is that there exists a wide body of informed belief in labor circles that he was a member of the Communist Party and that he is still at least a fellow traveler. The Communist practice of instructing all its members to deny membership unless such denial is impossible, is not only an indictment of the Party, but an added reason for especial care on the part of the ALP and similar organizations.

2. You assume what many of us deny—and we would be willing to argue our denial at length; namely, that the Communist Party line was drawn "to advance the American labor

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	AHB	XI.1.5

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THE NEW YORK TIMES, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1934

'MODERN' ART AGAIN

Report on Picasso—Dali's Ballet Set— Chagall, Carl Holty and Others

By EDWARD ALDEN JEWELL

MODERNISM was — or should one say continued to be? — a prime note in the activities of the week spent. Figures that are taking on a mellowed and venerable look strode upon the scene, joining an ensemble that presented some newer talents also.

Where to begin? Last Sunday in THE TIMES Magazine some recent canvases by Picasso were reproduced in black and white; canvases painted during the German occupation of Paris. These appear to have created quite a stir, and they so adversely affected my host and hostess at Sunday dinner that difficulty was found in carving a veal roast that was the acme of tenderness, and rosegeranium leaves that were to have floated in the fingerbowls were forgotten.

A portfolio of the Picasso paintings, reproduced in full color, is now in Peggy Guggenheim's possession, and Miss Guggenheim is showing them, in a little special exhibition, at her Art of This Century. Color, it develops, assists to some extent. But if you want my opinion of the latest things from Picasso's brush, I think they are awful, and particularly disappointing since, despite all that the artist must have been going through in Paris, they turn out to be little beyond dull repetitions of the sort of stuff that prior to this reappearance constituted Picasso's "latest phase."

I really can't find anything more to say about such painting as this. In some of the still-life arrangements Picasso seems to be swinging a few degrees toward Braque, who is far superior to him, in color as in design. May that be called an asset?

G. H. Archambault, in the wire-lesed article that accompanied the reproductions in THE TIMES Magazine, tells us that Picasso "stands out as the standard-bearer of the artistic movement" in Paris. He has been "standard-bearer" for a great many years now, and if France is to produce anything significant in the way of a "new movement" in art, I cannot but feel that the Ecole de Paris should look around for another pontifex maximus. Quickly.

Dali and Ballet

The week's sensational backdrop was provided by Salvador Dali, and New York had its first glimpse of this rara avis on Monday night when Ballet International opened in Columbus Circle with all the glamour that attaches to gala events of this kind. It was a lavish and scintillant occasion.

Writing about ballet itself does not come within my proper ambit. But when painters of note in our art world are summoned to provide décor and costumes, a certain leeway seems allowed. As was the case with Chagall when, a couple of

roosters; the candlesticks and fish; the crescent moons. In one instance a virtuoso fish stands on its tail and plays a (this time not transparent) violin. One of the crescent moons shines from the canvas on which an artist paints the sky-borne faces of people who live in the houses down below ("La Ville").

We may continue to make what we can of Chagall's quaint peasant fantasies. His color, at any rate, is unquestionably fine, whether in oil or in gouache.

The Blue Four

The modernist pageant sweeps along, and now we come to a show at the Buchholz, in which Curt Valentin assembles work by the four artists who, back in the early

Modernism in the New Shows



"Da Vinciana," by Harold Sterner, at Julien Levy's.

A REVIEW

Brief Comments on Shows

SCULPTURE of this week work by art group show at brings together Crefft, Hovamp Duble and others as well as tive or complete range from ultra-abstract plastic. Two de Crefft in wood by impressive. still disturb effect. Jul vice man w tributes a somewhat Hartwig's



"Monumental Horse," by Carl Holty, at the New Art Circle.



"A Horse... His Dream," by Chagall.

were reproduced in Life, fill the room with savage clangor. Though done after his return home from New Britain, the water-colors are strictly based on small sepia pen sketches made on the spot. These also are shown.

Sometimes a trick of angular stylization detracts a bit, and personally I could wish that the washed-out shade of magent might be eliminated from an otherwise excellent palette. Upon whole these are spirited, finished and truly moving

Nineteen Twenties, in Germany, every word Freud wrote before organized what they decided should feeling qualified to look at a picture. You may visit Hovamp's show without a qualm. Two in Sh

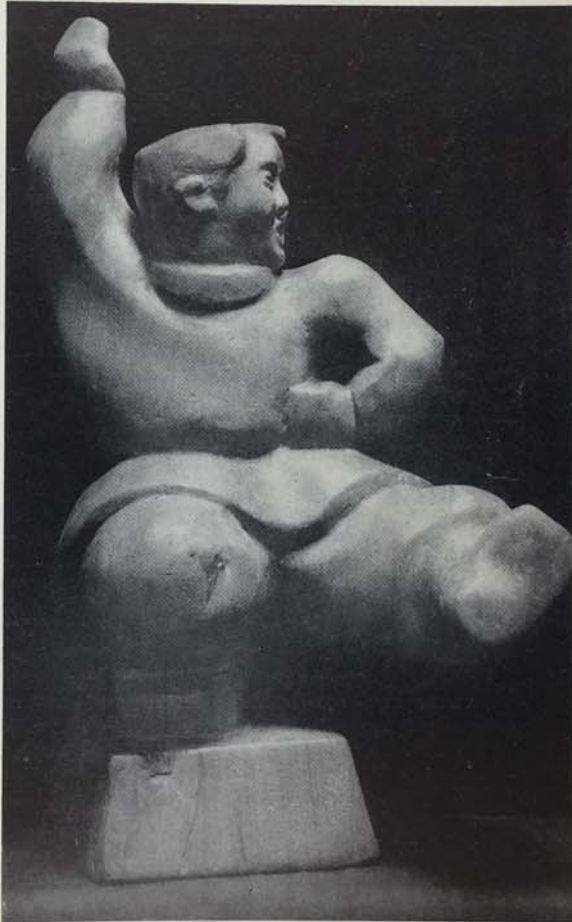
As a matter of fact, painters had little except friends of the

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	AHB	XI.1.5

American
Contemporary
Art

Perera



Russian Dancer
(wood carving)
by Nat Werner

OCTOBER, 1944

PRICE: TEN CENTS

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	AHB	XI.1.5

necessary for artists to discuss their ideas with cultural workers in other fields, with teachers, administrators, technicians, students, the trade unions, and above all with the public.

Very few meetings broke up without stragglers still beating it out and adjourning to the local pub where frequently the man at the next table or the soldier next to you at the bar was drawn into the fight and invited to the next meeting. And, very often he turned up.

Apart from Wednesday evenings, during the winter months the Centre held life classes on Sunday mornings. These were particularly appreciated and well attended by service men and women.

On Wednesday, August 16th, 1944, a meeting was called and a constitution adopted to place the Centre on a properly organized basis. It is hoped that soon it will be possible to extend all the Centre's activities and provide workshop facilities and hostel accommodation for students visiting London. As soon as war time restrictions are a thing of the past and larger premises are available, the provisions of club facilities will provide an ideal meeting place for artists, their friends, and anyone interested in the arts. The Charlotte Street Centre is not an ivory tower.

ve learned in the past few tragic years free learning can flourish and art can ctacle of our colleagues in science, in and in all other arts driven from their is, persecuted in body and soul, and would not bow their minds and hearts

the issues of this election in this hour s. Franklin D. Roosevelt has become a we fight." pendent Voters' Committee of the Arts

PABLO PICASSO AND JOSE POSADA

Elizabeth McCausland

"PICASSO: a timeless artist," by the distinguished Cuban critic, Juan Marinello, which appeared in the June issue of AMERICAN CONTEMPORARY ART, brings up the ever-recurring conflict of artistic theory in our times. Señor Marinello's statement that "The torn bodies of Guernica, which are Picassian to the last degree, have told the world more about the grief of Spain than have the thousands of just proclamations and brave-sounding articles" is at the opposite pole of thought from that revealed in Vernon Clark's communication "The Guernica Mural—Picasso and Social Protest" published in "Science and Society" in 1941. This polarity is the characteristic mark of the confusion of esthetic thought in our present situation. One tendency exalts Picasso's expression as (in the Marinello essay) "the most perfect artistic witness of his time," while the other finds the "Guernica" impotent "to bear the weight of social meaning." Somewhere in between is the aloofness of the remark in the Museum of Modern Art's "Picasso: Forty Years of His Art," which observes that after the total destruction of the tiny Basque village, Picasso "prepared to take an artist's revenge." May we hope to arrive any closer to truth?

The distinguished Soviet cinematographer, Sergei M. Eisenstein, observes in his critique on the film art, "The Film Sense," that "It is quite obvious that the theme as such is capable of exciting emotionally, independently of the form in which it

is presented. A brief newspaper report of the victory of the Spanish Republicans at Guadalajara is more moving than a work by Beethoven." In the light of this observation, we may consider that the sentence quoted from Señor Marinello's essay is correct. In the light, however, of the esthetic and human expressiveness of the "Guernica" it seems to be false. This is also part of the esthetic confusion of our period—the proneness to substitute the important social or historic meaning of a theme for an appropriate formal expression. One might add that the prose style of the Declaration of Independence or of Tom Paine's pamphlets is superior to the style of Barlow's poems. Here the statement would have an esthetic significance, because the pamphleteers and the political theoreticians of the American Revolution had had a long experience of the prose of polemics—first in the sermons of the theocracy, then in a growing secular literature. In this example, historic experience had created both a tradition and a language of expression.

Convention Lacking

On the contrary, in the case of Picasso, and of social artists in general, the experience of the past century has produced no language, convention, idiom, with which social meanings could be stated. The newspaper headline, as Eisenstein points out, has such a convention, but not the painter or the composer in modern middle class culture. The effect of the "Guernica" then was perhaps

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	AHB	XI.I.5

moral rather than esthetic, as the great mural became the symbol of the conscience of the artist, and of mankind. But how far its light could be thrown is another question—perhaps not far beyond the orbit of the lamp painted on the canvas' flat surface. This is due to the fact that the trend of conscience and of art in the modern world has been increasingly individual and protestant. Without the authority or discipline of the feudal state to uphold action and expression, the artist had to fall back upon himself. The final stage of the process is the present intense preoccupation with purely personal and subjective symbols. For this reason, Picasso's has always been a "private" art. Thus when finally he sought to speak for Spain and for humanity, he had no language but his own disjointed, broken metaphors. To this extent, Clark's resentment is justified when he writes: "The Ivory Tower, embattled at last, watches with just apprehension the advance of its dual enemies. Fascism comes down over the mountains—the people march up from the plains. The half-world may well tremble."

Consider, on the other hand, the example of the great Mexican graphic artist, José Guadalupe Posada (1852-1913), whose work was to be seen at the Brooklyn Museum through the 15th. Producing more than 20,000 subjects in over forty years of artistic labor, Posada had a "public" or social language ready at hand. This was the combined graphic tradition of three centuries of Mexican art from the Conquest on and of the direct, realistic representation of immediate experience. Using folk forms like the "corrido" (ballad) covers and the "calavera"

(based on the Day of Death), he made his social protest also, but in unmistakable terms. The poverty, degradation, misery, corruption of Mexican life were his theme, which he sought to alter by the sharp castigation of his graver. He used the events of every-day life as the supremely topical and telling lash of his art. Not form in a vacuum was the objective of his esthetic search, nor some kind of vague sublimated "self-expression," but urgent communication of meaning and content. A byproduct of his creativeness is, of course, a superb style and formal statement. But one risks very little in asserting that if he had sought style and form first, and meaning afterwards, nothing would have resulted.

A People's Art

Working with the simplest of tools and materials, cheap zinc plates and a graver or two, Posada cut deep down into life to speak to his people. Like many other peoples kept in colonial subjugation, the Mexicans of that era before the Revolution of 1910 were not educated or sophisticated. As today the Chinese "pen-and-brush" guerrillas have to depend on pictures to make clear the issues of the war to a population 90 per cent of which is illiterate, so Posada made his pictures tell their story without any equivocation or false "esthetic" emphasis. Realism within the framework of the historic experience of Mexican art was the language he had at hand, and the life of every day was his vast, all-embracing theme. Fernando Gamboa in his essay, "José Guadalupe Posada: The Man, His Art, His Times," in the catalog published by the Art Institute of Chicago in connection with its pre-

miere North American showing of the Posada prints earlier in the season, describes the social channels through which this people's art flowed to the Mexican people. Through the publishing house of Vanegas Arroyo, who believed "that his role was that of spreading culture among the great masses," Posada made the portrait of Mexican life. Señor Gamboa writes:

"No news ever escaped the editor. No remarkable occurrence, be it a 'miracle,' an earthquake or a flood, the birth of a freak or the appearance of nickel money, ever went unnoticed. . . . The importance of the work carried on by Posada and Vanegas Arroyo can be measured by the amazing fact that certain editions . . . reached a circulation of approximately five million copies."

The gulf between Posada and Picasso is plainly one of social experience and inheritance, rather than of intention. Surely, we all know by now that Picasso's purpose in painting the "Guernica" was not to obtain "revenge" in a narrowly personal emotional sense, but to express to

the world the burning truth at the heart of the War in Spain—the right of human beings to be inviolate in their lives and their pursuit of freedom. Picasso saw art at this moment as a weapon, which he would wield against fascism. However, though art is in its centuries-long unfolding the mold of feeling, thought and action, yet in the modern period it has abdicated this function, and function in esthetics can no more be resumed as a gesture than it can in the inert muscles of a wounded arm. The needed re-education is a matter of time for both. The greatness of Picasso's theme and of his intention does not alter this reality of lag between purpose and achievement. Posada, more fortunate in having inherited a tradition which had never cut itself off from the people, had no such formidable gulf to bridge. He could work freely, and he did work freely, in the confidence that his audience would understand his message and respond. The essential lesson of the "Guernica" is, therefore, how we may once again evolve an esthetic language as powerful for our time as Posada's was for his.

AN ABSTRACT PAINTER ON ABSTRACT ART

(Continued from page 5)

broken architecture, the bull, the shining light, are symbols, not from the laboratory, but from life. Here the brush of the artist has the same frantic tempo as history itself, the speed and impact of those fascist bombers who annihilated the little village's 7,000 inhabitants and 3,000 refugees in half an hour. Thus Picasso has united space and time, although, alas, in what Thomas Mann has

called "a universal feast of death."

Today, in 1944, we can look ahead and believe that artists hereafter will celebrate life and human freedom. Moreover, that as the peaceful and constructive future to which we look will see science and technology devoted not to mass destruction but to mass construction, so here will be a new frontier for art.

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	AHB	XI.I.5

A. C. A. NEWS

HELEN HERSPERGER opened the season at the Gallery. She is a youthful artist of fifty-seven, who has been painting for two years and who "showed a group of arresting gouaches . . . in strong if low-keyed color woven in abstractly based design. Several of them make one think of the impact of some of Marsden Hartley's seacoast paintings."—Howard Devree in the "New York Times."

S. LEV-LANDAU, winner of the Seventh Annual Competitive Exhibition for a One-Man Show conducted by the Gallery, was the next exhibitor. Mr. Landau's show, according to Emily Genauer, art critic of the "World-Telegram," was "something of a surprise, it's so good." The exhibition, wrote Miss Genauer, consisted "of eighteen pictures full of human warmth, sensitive brush work, rich surface quality."

NAT WERNER'S exhibition entitled "Music and Dance in Sculpture" is scheduled to be opened October 16th. The theme of the show was suggested by Walt Whitman's "I Hear America Singing." Werner served with the Seabees in 1943; and while in a Naval hospital waiting for a medical

discharge, he organized an entertainment group and played several instruments himself. This is his fourth one-man show at the Gallery.

PHILIP EVERGOOD'S paintings created for Russian War Relief for reproduction on a 1945 calendar will be on view at the Gallery for two weeks commencing November 12th. They depict moments from American history illustrating American-Russian friendship.

FORTHCOMING EVENTS include a show by James Turnbull who served as an artist war correspondent in Trinidad. It will include seventeen paintings done from sketches. Another important exhibition that is being planned will be "Social Art Today."

HARRY GOTTLIEB will soon start on a tour to lecture on art at five mid-Western colleges.

LOUIS RIBAK writes from Taos, New Mexico: "It may interest you to know that I got second prize for a portrait at the State Fair at Albuquerque last week. . . . So I'm happy. I am painting again."

HY COHEN announces that his program over WNYC which stresses the relationship of the artist and the layman will commence November 10th and continue every Friday at 8:15 P.M.

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From Gertrude Stein

My dear

catalogue,

to add

I do think you have made an extremely good
selection of the illustrations and that in the
as my good whole, the whole thing is extremely
well done, I am very the portrait were put there
but evidently the conditions you suggested were
not unimportant, we are settled down here for
the winter and when it
always with the

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BILLONIN
PAR KELLEY
A12

My dear Barn,

Thanks so much for the Picasso catalog,

I do think you have made an extremely good
selection of the illustrations and that in the
as my good whole, the whole thing is extremely
well done, I am very glad that you got there
but evidently the conditions you suggested were
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