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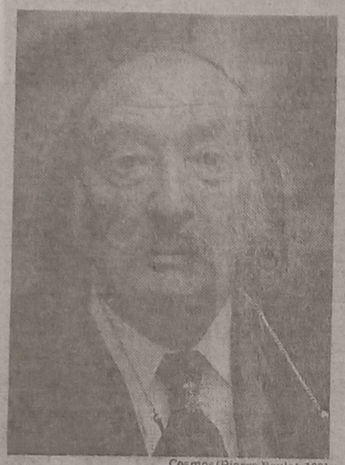
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Salvador Dali, Pioneer Surrealist, Dies at 84

1/24/89

By JOHN RUSSELL



Cosmos/Pierre Boulat, 1981

Salvador Dali, pioneer of European Surrealism and for more than half a century one of the best-known and most bitterly contested figures in the international art world, died yesterday at Figueras Hospital in Figueras, Spain. He was 84 years old.

The artist had been hospitalized for treatment of heart problems three times since late November and had used a wheelchair since suffering burns in a fire in his home in 1984.

Dali will have a permanent place in the history of art. When still in his 20's, and in competition with some of the most gifted artists of the day, he made an inventive and enduring contribution to European Surrealism.

Max Ernst and Joan Miró — to name only two — were at the top of their form at the end of the 1920's. But it was Salvador Dali, with his meticulous and persuasive visions of a world turned inside out, who brought home to the public at large the full potential of Surrealism. More than anyone else, he made his audience believe that nonsense could make the best sense (and the most memorable sense, too).

As he grew older, Dali became known to an even larger public as an inveterate irritant, a tease who never gave up teasing and a prankster who made headlines for decades.

Master of the Outrageous

He was a master of what was once called "the aristocratic pleasure of displeasing," and it was a pleasure of which he did not tire. With Luis Buñuel, he produced two Surrealist films, "Un Chien Andalou" (1929) and "L'Age d'Or" (1931), which will live in the history of outrage.

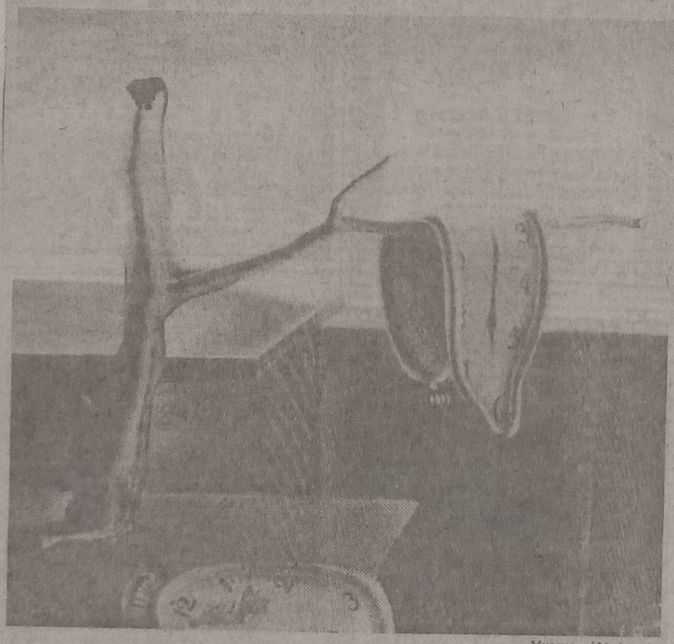
But it was not in Dali's nature to play Gilbert to someone else's Sullivan, and in general he liked to work on his own. So successfully did he do so that by the end of his life there was hardly a department of design he had not strayed into, or a lucrative use for his name that he had not explored. (This latter proclivity caused André Breton, the self-appointed leader of the Surrealist movement, to rearrange the letters of Salvador Dali to spell Avida Dollars.)

Despite his commercial activity, Dali never stopped painting and drawing, and in 1980 the Pompidou Center in Paris mounted a retrospective that included 168 paintings, 219 drawings, 38 objects, some 2,000 documents and a specially built "Dali environment."

Dali also had the joy in his last years of seeing a Dali Museum opened in Figueras, in northern Spain, just a few miles from his home in the little seacoast village of Port Lligat.

Salvador Dali was born in Figueras

Continued on Page D23, Column 1



Museum of Modern Art

Detail from Dali's 1931 painting "The Persistence of Memory."

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Salvador Dali, Pioneer of European Surrealism, Is Dead at 84

Continued From Page A1

on May 11, 1904, the son of Salvador Dali, a lawyer, and his wife, Felipa Dome Domenech.

He showed a precocious gift for art, both in Figueras and at the National School of Fine Arts in Madrid, where he began his studies in 1921. He impressed immediately as one of nature's winners - a student who could turn his hand to anything and bring it off.

But he also impressed as a troublemaker. In 1924 he was suspended for a year on suspicion of inciting the students to revolution, and in May of that year he served brief sentences in jail in Figueras and Gerona for antigovernment activities. Welcomed back to school in Madrid in 1925, he was expelled for good a year later after refusing to take an examination in the history of art.

Meanwhile, his lifelong facility allowed him to paint and draw in a wide variety of styles, both ancient and modern.

Dali's international career began in 1928, when he went to Paris and was made welcome by Breton and the other members of the Surrealist group. The group at that time was in need of a recruit who could explore the labyrinth of the unconscious and would not be deterred by Breton's dictatorial ways. Dali went back to Spain and painted the pictures that were to make him famous.

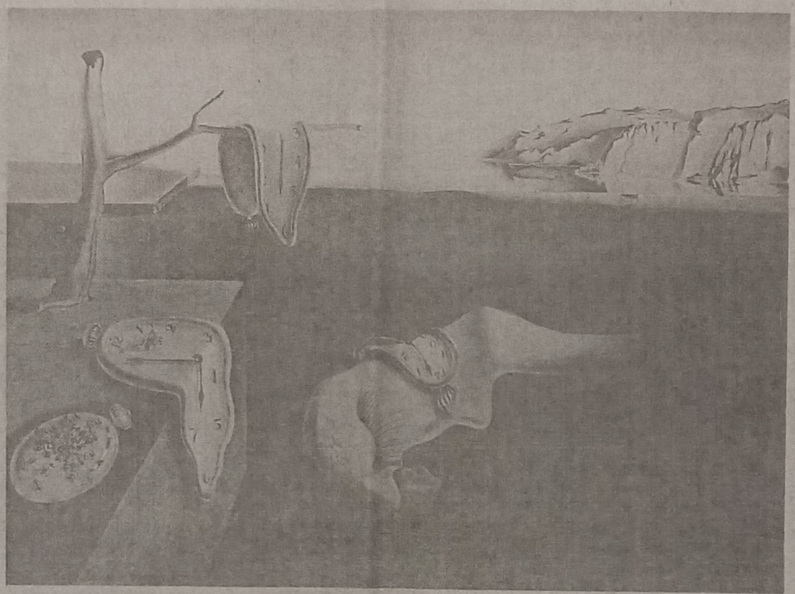
The best of these are as impressive today as they ever were. Dali had a way of overturning reality that was not merely whimsical. When he did strange things with the human body, they were things that play upon people's most private fears of illness and incapacity. When he did strange things with objects, they were things that made those who saw them feel that the world as they knew it had suddenly vanished. The observer was adrift in nightmare, but the terms of that nightmare corresponded to disquiets that most people prefer not to admit to. The unconscious preyed on the conscious in these early paintings of Dali's, as a tiger might play with a fat white rabbit.

So it was not surprising that Dali returned to Paris as the anointed favorite of Breton and the natural successor of those earlier favorites who, like Ernst and Miró, had proved too independent for the inner councils of the Surrealist movement.

His first exhibition in Paris (at the Galérie Goemans in 1929) was as successful as anyone could have wished.

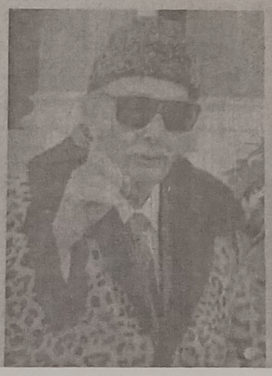
Unlike his predecessors in the Surrealist group, Dali produced mirrorlike images that at first sight conformed exactly to the conventions of traditional oil painting.

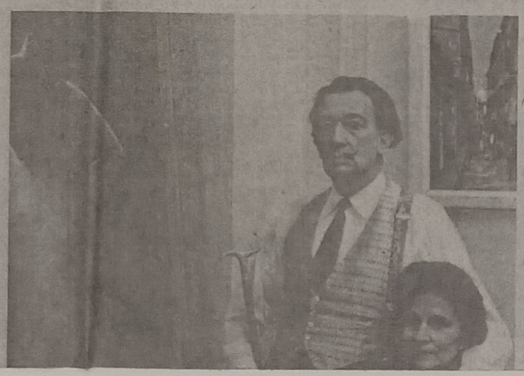
There was nothing he could not do in the way of exactitude: When the occasion called for a representation of a landscape, a seascape, a skyscape, a beautiful woman, a loaf of bread or an expensive watch, he did it to perfection in a style that was all reassurance. Only after a closer look did it become clear that the watch had gone soft like overripe Camembert, that very peculiar things were happening to the beautiful woman, and that it would be a mistake to put too much trust in the lyrical perfection of the land and the sea and the sky.



Museum of Modern Art

'Soft Watches': Among Dali's best-known paintings is "The Persistence of Memory," 1931, also known as "Soft Watches."





caviar, and caviar is the extravagance and the very intelligence of taste."

And again: "The main idea of my collection," he said when he went into fashion designing, "is to do away with breasts. Breasts are only in the way, no matter what the situation. My solution will be to make women look like angels. From now on, breasts will be worn in the back and will be collapsible. With the aid of a helium tank, they will rise when we wish them to do so."

When asked for his opinions on art, Dali never failed to say something outrageous. Nothing gave him greater pleasure than to make mock of current orthodoxies.

"Cézanne is very popular at the moment," he said, "but in time to come Meissonier will sell for much, much more. Cézanne's work is just so much caricature. He is the clumsiest painter I have ever come across."

"Well, there you are," he would say after an outburst of that kind. "You've got your money's worth. Time's up now."

Inspiration From Science

As Dali saw it, he never stopped growing and experimenting. In his last years he looked to science for fresh inspiration, and while other famous artists were content to repeat themselves, he worked with holograms, the stereoscopic 3-D image and many another technical innovation. If people found these experiments both empty and overblown, he was ready to rebut them.

All his life he remained the man who once said: "At 7, I wanted to be Napoleon. My ambition has been growing steadily ever since."

Dali was married in 1935 to the former Elena Dianranoff, universally known as Gala. She had previously been married to the French poet Paul Eluard and had also had an association with Max Ernst. There were no children of the marriage, which was one to which Dali referred continually, both in his work and in conversation, as an ideal union. After her death in June 1982 at the age of 88, Dali spent much of his time in a remote castle in Pubol, in Catalonia, that he had given her some years earlier.

His last years were marked not only by failing health but also by rumors and recriminations about the abuse of his name, his signature and his artistic output. It was al-

> When the artist hallucinated in the late 1920's, the world hallucinated with him.

leged among other things that many thousands of sheets of paper bore a legitimate Dali signature but were otherwise blank, facilitating the addition of images that, whether or not by Dali, would be worth a lot

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When Dali hallucinated in the late 1920's, the whole world hallucinated with him, not least the Museum of Modern Art in New York, where James Thrall Soby was later to say that Dali had portrayed "the unreal world with such extreme realism that its truth and validity could no longer be questioned." Americans saw in Dali both a winner and a doer.

Where the other Surrealists remained essentially private people, Dali was a born performer, a man who needed an audience and responded to it. He found that audience in America, and for many years he kept it impressed and amused.

He was a dreamer, but he dreamed for a particular reason. He wanted, in his own words, to systematize confusion and to discredit the world of everyday reality. He did this in his paintings, but also in life.

Asked to lecture, he turned up in a diving bell and insisted on speaking from inside it. Asked to contribute a three-dimensional object to an exhibition, he sent along a life-size taxicab inside which rain fell throughout the duration of the show. He specialized in the poetics of disquiet, and until well into the 1930's he produced idea after idea that captured the popular imagination.

He had his first New York show at the Julien Levy Gallery in 1933, and from 1934 on he was a familiar figure in this country.

He talked, he wrote, he perfected his public appearances, and he had glamour of a kind that now has to be manufactured. In his case it was an amalgam of mischief, high spirits, idiosyncratic looks and an adman's instinct for professional advantage. With his popping eyes, his upturned and perfectly waxed mustache, his sober but perfectionist taste in dress and his large collection of canes, he was an unmistakable figure.

He went on painting pictures that pressed hard on the nerve of their time. He was very good on sexual anxiety, for instance. He was very good on the idea that civilization might suddenly go to rot. And he was very good indeed on the idea that war — civil war, above all — was the ultimate pestilence and the irremediable crime against humanity.

It was possible to argue, as George Orwell argued in 1942, that Dali's paintings "are diseased and disgusting, and any investigation ought to start out from that fact."

Yet it can also be argued that at his best Dali wrote out a declaration of independence for the human imagination in a way that is still valid. His "Soft Construction With Boiled Beans — Premonition of Civil War" of 1936 remains one of the most extraordinary documents of its date, epitomizing all the savagery of the imminent Spanish civil war.

But Dali was not always at his best, and in later years his best became rare to the point of invisibility. Lucrative but fatuous concerns took up much of his time. His nimble intelligence seemed to whir in a vacuum. Where once his fancies had had a universal application, they became more and more a matter of merchandising, though Dali never ceased to have a grandiose idea both of his stature among living artists and of his mission as the redeemer of modern art. ("At 45," he wrote in 1948, "I want to paint a masterpiece and save Modern Art from chaos.")

Agence France-Presse

Dapper Dali: The painter wearing a fur coat during an appearance in Monte Carlo in 1980.



Family Portrait: Dali with his wife, Gala, in a portrait taken in 1962.

David Gahr

Dali Turns to the Church

Whereas in former years blasphemy had been high on the list of his preferred instruments of terror, he turned to the church in the late 1940's and began to treat traditional religious subjects on a large-scale and with dexterous attention to effects of perspective, lighting and levitation.

These did not please critics and historians, but undeniably they won him a large new public that asked for nothing better than to see the events of the New Testament recorded in Dali's blandest and newly saccharine style. His "Crucifixion (Corpus Hypercubus)" was given to the Metropolitan Museum of Art by Chester Dale in 1955, and his "Last Supper" is in the National Gallery of Art in Washington.

In August 1940, Dali moved to the United States, where he put his manifold gifts to every conceivable advantage. He turned up on Broadway, in Hollywood, in store after store on Fifth Avenue and elsewhere. He designed for opera and dance. But whereas in the 30's he had had both an intuitive awareness of the way the world was going and the wit to say something memorable about it, in later life Dali was the prisoner of Dali.

He did not think so. Nor did the large public who followed his activity closely. He gave interviews on every possible occasion, and no audience was too silly or too small. He was never at a loss for something startling to say, and quite often there was just enough truth in what he said to make it quotable.

"We Surrealists are not artists," he once said. "Nor are we really scientists. We are

After quarreling in 1974 with Peter Moore, the Englishman who for many years had managed his business affairs, Dali fell into reputedly unscrupulous hands. His copyrights and reproduction rights were said to have been sold on a worldwide basis in ways that gave him no share in the profits.

A. Reynolds Morse of Cleveland, for many years a friend of Dali and a collector of his work, formed an organization called Friends to Save Dali in 1980. Mr. Morse said that thanks to "untender care" by Dali's wife and to the "terroristic methods" of his Spanish business manager and former secretary and bodyguard, Enrique Sabater, Dali was being defrauded of much of his income.

An Apotheosis at the End

Never one to give in easily either to misfortune or to infirmity, Dali issued a statement to the press in March 1981 that began: "I declare that for several years, and above all since my sickness, my confidence has been abused in many ways and my wishes have not been respected."

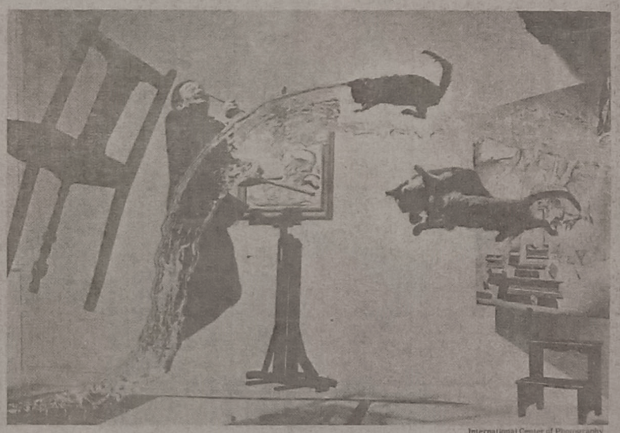
Though much trivial or inauthentic work still bears his signature, Dali toward the end of his life enjoyed something of an apotheosis in his native Spain, thanks both to the friendly concern of the Spanish royal family and to the success in 1983 of a major Dali retrospective at the Museum of Contemporary Art in Madrid.

In his prime, Dali was not only an artist of intermittent substance but also a man whose wit, style, panache and readiness to take on all comers in conversation added to the gaiety of more than one capital city. To the day he died he was — as he would have wished to be — a subject of controversy, though in recent years the controversy had more to do with the activities of his associates than with creative powers that had subsided long ago.



National Gallery of Art

Religious View: Dali's "Sacrament of the Last Supper," painted in 1955.



International Center of Photography

Cosmic Artist: Philippe Halsman's 1948 photo, "Dali With Flying Cats."

with your feelings. . . .

The principal document from the Beat side for the self-expressiveness admired in McClure's "Ode to Jackson Pollock" is the essay on "The Essentials of Spontaneous Prose" written by Kerouac to explain his writing method to Burroughs and Ginsberg, who admired it. This had appeared one issue earlier than the "Ode" in the *Evergreen Review* for Summer 1958. Kerouac felt his approach to composition to be influenced by jazz phrasing and described it as a process of "sketching." Interestingly, even the widely prevalent contemporary interest in jazz improvisation—and Baroque instrumental improvisation as well—

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SURREALISM AND NEW YORK PAINTING 1940-1948: A REMINISCENCE

John Bernard Myers

Ideas move about as softly as though on doves' feet.
—Friedrich Nietzsche

The convergence of Surrealists on New York began with Max Ernst and continued when the leader of the movement, André Breton, also arrived in the early 1940s. These were only two of many artist refugees from France who had escaped the ongoing crunch of the German army. New Yorkers had, of course, already heard of Surrealism. Some American painters—for instance the "Magic Realists"—imagined that they were producing local versions of Surrealism. But the bona fide proponents were as yet unknown in the flesh. Their impact was larger than was realized even while they were living in New York, and their influence is not yet fully understood. The misunderstandings which surrounded them in the 1940s remain today.

One reason for the incomprehension of the Surrealist impact on American painting was that it had little to do with the continuation of prevailing art conventions. With painting and sculpture considered as a progressive development of Western esthetics (shall we say from David to 1910-12 Cubism?) the Surrealists were not concerned.

Perhaps my own experience with the Surrealist movement might cast some light on the ways in which the Surrealist program affected at least one American.

When I was a pupil at Lafayette High School in Buffalo, I belonged to a coterie of young people that had been bracketed off by the faculty as "the high I.Q.-ers." All of us were attracted to literature and radical politics, and by the time most of us were 16 or 17, we became members of the Young Communist League. We were ardent about Karl Marx and French poetry. We ran a depot for the Spanish Loyalists to collect clothing and money. We marched in front of the Italian Consulate and shouted, "Down with Mussolini. Down with Fascism." We picketed the leading synagogue urging Jews to boycott all German imports. It was our liking for literature, however, which got us into trouble with the local Communist party. "Why waste time with poetry when your talents would be better employed writing pamphlets?" it asked. Later we were found consorting with what were called the "Yipsils"—in plain language, the Trotskyites.

It is difficult to imagine in 1977 what anathema could be implied to left-wing liberals, fellow travelers and actual party members by the very word "Trotskyite." But Trotskyites we were called, and before long, a few other of my friends and I were expelled from the Young Communist League. The Spanish war was by now over and the Moscow trials had begun. The bookish and literary young were lined up against each other, arguing passionately whether Trotsky was right or if Stalin, with his systematic elimination of all opponents, was or was not a monster.

Our coterie grew smaller. Many of us had gone off to study elsewhere, but those who remained in Buffalo for college became disillusioned with politics. The Nazi-Soviet Pact was, of course, the final disillusionment. A few of my friends died in Spain and, after



Carl van Vechten, *Charles Henri Ford*, 1935, photograph

Pearl Harbor, still more of them died in the Pacific. But social consciousness is not easily put to one side. We believed in a necessary revolution which would eliminate war and persecution, a revolution which would destroy both capitalism and totalitarian governments. But could society be changed with so much wickedness in the world? The appalling murder of Jews in Germany, of dissidents in Russia, the barbarism of modern warfare, the misery in underdeveloped countries—were these not an outgrowth of man's imperfect nature?

We in Buffalo were not aware that these same questions were being discussed at length and in depth among a group of intellectuals in Paris who called themselves "Surrealists." However, one day I discovered them in the Albright Gallery (now the Albright-Knox). The museum in Buffalo was and is an excellent one with a good library—on the shelves of which I found *Minotaure*, the chief publication of the Surrealist movement, as well as copies of *Cahiers d'art*, Surrealist catalogues, and, most wonderful of all, reproductions of the work of Max Ernst. His phantasmagorical landscapes both fascinated and repelled me. Luckily, the director of the museum, Gordon Washburn, with whom I had taken many courses in art history, had stocked much literature of the Dadaist movement as well as Surrealism. My immediate excitement amounted to an epiphany. I had discovered an answer.

Our coterie had begun to publish a magazine called *Upstate*, the purpose of which was to air our ideas about art and literature. Except for the final issue, the emphasis was regional; we were concerned with "culture in Buffalo" (to quote John Latouche's funny song). There was one painter, and the rest of us wrote fiction, poetry, and criticism. Our "studio," as we called our workshop where we produced *Upstate*, was also a meeting place where endless, mostly political, discussions took place. We admired Marx, Trotsky, and Freud. Group cohesion, however, was severely shaken when I began to pontificate about Surrealism. I found myself saying things like, "Duchamp and Tristan Tzara were right in denouncing the art of the past. It is stultifying to have all that art around. Let us paint mustaches not only on the Mona Lisa but on all overpowering masterpieces which discourage new art from emerging." Even my Trotskyite friends got the shivers. Our one artist nervously wanted to know where we would start (he was thinking of his own rather sweet, lyrical figure paintings).

My immediate answer was, "Let us start with the academic artists in Buffalo. Down with the Annual Show of Western New York. Down with the Clay Club. Down with Charles Burchfield and Eugene Speicher!" I then explained how the Unconscious contained the residue of all we know and that true freedom can come about only when the conscious mind and the Unconscious are aware of each other. Having by this time saturated myself in the First Surrealist Manifesto of André Breton, I read aloud:

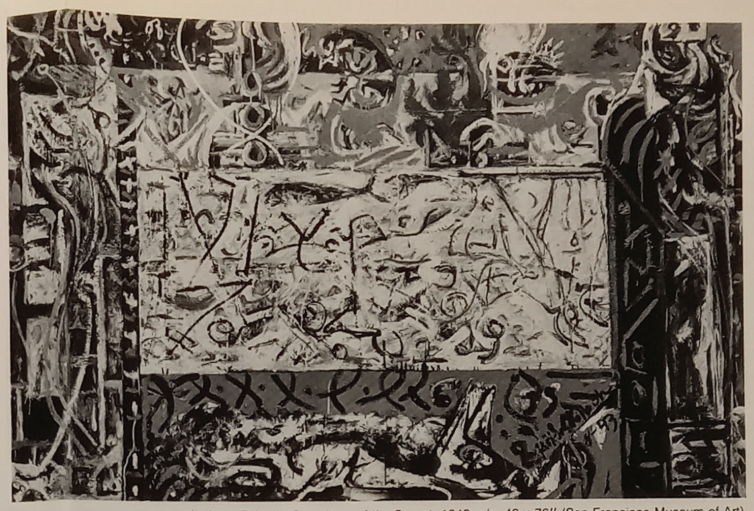
> Logical methods are applicable only to solving problems of secondary interest. The absolute rationalism that is still in vogue allows us to consider only facts relating directly to our experience. Logical ends, on the contrary, escape us. It is pointless to add that experience itself is increasingly circumscribed. It leans for support on what is most immediately expedient, protected by the sentinels of common sense. Under the pretense of civilization and progress, we have managed to banish from the mind everything that may rightly or wrongly be termed superstition or fancy: Forbidden is any kind of search for truth which is not in conformance with accepted practices. It was apparently by pure chance that a part of our mental world which we pretended not to be concerned with any longer and, in my opinion, by far the most important part, has been brought back to light. For this we must give thanks to the discoveries of Sigmund Freud. On the basis of these discoveries a current of opinion is finally forming by means of which the human explorer will be able to carry his investigations much further, authorized, as he will henceforth be, not to confine himself solely to the most summary realities. The imagination is perhaps on the point of reasserting itself, of reclaiming its rights. If the depths of our mind contain within it strange forces capable of augmenting those on the surface or of waging a victorious battle against them, there is every reason to seize them and submit them to the control of our reason. The psychoanalysts have everything to gain but no means has been designated for carrying out this undertaking, thus, until further notice, it can be

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Adolph Gottlieb, *The Sea Chest*, 1942, o/c, 26 x 34" (The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum).



Jackson Pollock, *Guardians of the Secret*, 1943, o/c, 48 x 76" (San Francisco Museum of Art).

construed to be the province of poets as well as scholars . . .

I quoted then some random sentences which I thought important:

Freud very rightly brought his critical faculties to bear upon the dream.

The time of pure dreaming, that is, the dreams of sleep, is not inferior to the sum of the moments of reality, the moments of being awake. I have always been amazed at the way an ordinary observer lends so much more credence and attaches so much more importance to waking events than to those occurring in dreams.

Cannot the dream be used in solving the fundamental questions of life?

I believe in the future resolution of the two states, dream and reality, which are seemingly so contradictory, into a kind of absolute state of reality, a *sur-reality*, if one may so speak.

Let us note the *hate of the marvelous* which rages in certain men. Let us not mince words: The marvelous is always beautiful, in fact, only the marvelous is beautiful.

Breton apparently believed, along with Rousseau, that man is basically Good and that it is society that is Evil and must therefore be changed to allow mankind the freedom to become fully human and virtuous. All Surrealist manifestations must in some way contribute to this interior revolution. At the same time fascist and Stalinist tyranny must be sharply opposed. Even in Paris much of the polemic which appeared in pamphlets and journals was therefore devoted to analyzing political thought and action which was considered oppressive or dangerous. Trotsky was heavily defended: Breton even made a special visit to see him in Mexico. Both men were too intelligent to wish to transform art into propaganda or to place artists in straightjackets, as they had been in Russia.

In 1942, on a visit to New York, I became friendly with the poet Parker Tyler, who was an editor of a publication called *View*. It was the first American magazine to espouse the cause of Surrealism, although it was also involved with the movement called Neo-Romanticism (meaning Tchelitchew, Bérard, Léonid and Berman). I, of course, read every issue of *View* with rapt attention and felt increasingly that our Buffalo magazine was provincial and rudderless. One last issue came out—an issue devoted entirely to Latin American poetry. It was professionally printed, and after Parker Tyler received a copy he suggested I come to New York and work as the managing editor of *View*. I jumped at the chance, and in October of 1944 I was working with the magazine. The owner and chief editor was Charles Henri Ford. Contributing editors were such writers of stature as Meyer Schapiro, James Johnson Sweeney, Paul Goodman, Nicolas Calas, Marius Bewley, Eduard Roditi, and Harold Rosenberg.

In the two or three years previous a great many "artists in exile" had come to New York by the escape route of Marseilles. Breton and his friend Claude Lévi-Strauss were broadcasting to France through Radio Free Europe. Marcel Duchamp organized the great French Refugee Aid exhibition. After that came Breton's newest publication, *Triple V*. Breton's followers in New York were, finally, more French than Surrealist (or any other kind of "ist"). Breton disliked English so much he refused to speak it or learn it. He found the Americans—except for the happy few in New York—to be barbaric and politically infantile. On the radio he heaped his scorn on Hitlerism and the Vichy government with powerful rhetoric. Meanwhile he was composing poems of considerable grandeur, which few American writers seemed to read. One who did, however, was William Carlos Williams; he was filled with admiration for the purity and elegance of Breton's classic French.

Breton remained intransigently dictatorial with his followers. Nico Calas was assigned the role of castigating Salvador Dali—one of the first major excommunications. Dali was denounced in a brilliant article in *View* entitled "I Say His Flies Are Ersatz." And from a Surrealist point of view, Dali had done the unforgivable: he had become sympathetic to General Franco and Spanish Fascism. Even worse, he had returned to the Roman Catholic Church. The poets Louis Aragon and Paul Eluard were put under interdict for going over to the Communist Party and hence being partisan to the murderous Joseph Stalin. The excommunications continued, depending on Breton's political and intellectual shifts. By 1948 only two of his original followers remained, Duchamp and Tanguy.

You may well ask what all this had to do with American art. In what way had the Surrealists and other literary people affected the generation of artists that rose in the late 1930s and early 1940s? In my opinion, there was an important influence, but one which is not obvious in the canvases and sculpture which came about. One exception is the direct and definable influence which can be seen in the work of Joseph Cornell. Nineteenth-century romanticism is at the core of Cornell's obsessive nostalgia for an elusive past and the poets who long for "*le merveilleux*," a wish for the sublime. But the specific Surrealist admiration for such poets as Nerval, Noralis, Mallarmé, Rimbaud is plainly alluded to in Cornell's boxes.

The poetic notion of the self as the repository of all truth and the role of an entity called the Unconscious seemed to have appeal for many artists. I once asked Jackson Pollock if he had ever been influenced by the Surrealists. He said yes, in one way: their belief in "automatism" or making a picture without "conscious" control of what would happen on the canvas before beginning one. He felt that Masson in particular had obtained some happy results utilizing "automatism."

Two Americans who came directly under the sway of Breton—Robert Motherwell and David Hare—collaborated specifically with the Surrealists in producing the publication *Triple V*. They learned that the artist ought to serve society as seer, prophet, or magician in order to free all men of their bonds. To put this into realistic language, American artists should take themselves seriously as important members of society and never apologize for such a vocation. Three American writers, Paul Goodman, Lionel Abel and Harold Rosenberg, wrote poems and essays proclaiming not only the possibility but the need for

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wider latitude—more freedom from conventional esthetic restraints. It was Paul Goodman who located the fact of the gesture as being one's personal mark in the same autobiographical sense that handwriting can be an indication of character. Despite his addiction to psychoanalysis, he was among the few to understand the foolishness of examining subject matter as a revelation of the artist's personality. (Harold Rosenberg's phrase "action painting" emerges as a further vindication of automatism as a useful technique if we examine the roots of this notion. Artists would no longer have to put up with hearing that a key represents a penis, a box indicates a vagina, a melting watch the passing of time, along the lines of such "psychoanalytic" exegesis. This in no way did away with the notion of "subject matter" in painting and sculpture, but only the naive interpretation of imagery as a way to understand artworks.

Three more publications appeared between 1946 and 1948, all of them influential in shaping the ideas of artists of the New York School: *Instead,* edited by Lionel Abel and Matta; *Possibilities,* edited by Harold Rosenberg; and *The Tiger's Eye,* edited by the poet Ruth Stefan. The first two were more concerned with importing the writing of such European thinkers as Jean Wahl, Jean-Paul Sartre, Nicolas Chiaramonte and others who were in reaction to the Surrealists. *The Tiger's Eye* was largely devoted to the artists exhibiting with Betty Parsons, and this publication gives perhaps the best indication of how Americans were assimilating the Surrealist program.

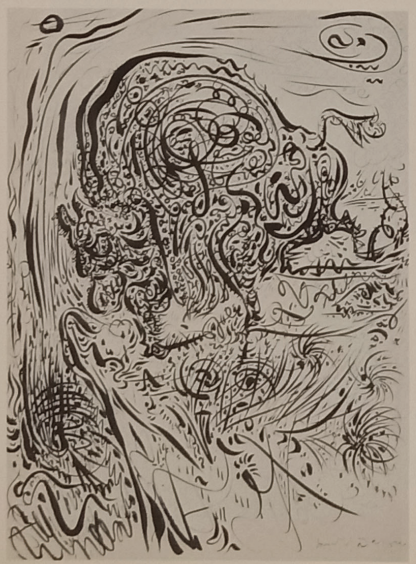
Breton's fascination with aboriginal and primitive art was reflected in the early image painting of Adolph Gottlieb, Lee Krasner, Bradley Walker Tomlin and Mark Tobey. The obsession with strange creatures in nature—the "biomorphic" image—appeared in the work of Stamos, Baziotes and Arshile Gorky. Max Ernst's geologic metamorphosis was renewed in Clyfford Still. Mark Rothko's early 1940s concern with myths (a notion he had picked up through Stamos) was an echo of the studies of primitive mythology so close to Kurt Seligmann. Almost all categories of subject to which the Surrealists gave their attention—magic, insanity, sexual perversions, black humor—were of equal interest to the New York painters. But the fact is that many of the Surrealists were not first-class artists. And if, in general, the Americans disliked much of their work, it was because they felt it was old-fashioned, too literal and, in a curious way, even academic—a throwback to 19th-century Romanticism, to Gustave Moreau and the Pre-Raphaelites.

As for Breton's political ideas, which changed from month to month, few even then could follow their labyrinthine path, certainly not the New York artists. In the light of subsequent events I find myself astonished that I could have been as bemused as I was by Surrealist pronouncements. Present-day feminists, for instance, are appalled by the sheer depth and silliness of the Surrealist cult of "The Woman" which actually was no more than male chauvinist piggery. Today we no longer accept as gospel the theories of Freud, since work in the psychiatric sciences has become more empirical and less theoretical. The notion of a body/mind dualism, or the state of the Conscious versus the Unconscious, seems antediluvian—bad philosophy and bad science. We know more today about the mechanism of dreams.

However, the poetry of the Surrealists continues, quite stubbornly, to be readable and moving. Their belief in *"le merveilleux"* (the marvelous) as that which makes life tolerable informs their writing with an irresistible liveliness. And at the time that enthusiasm was in itself attractive.

If the Surrealists did not practically advance the cause of Liberty for all mankind by one iota, it can be said that their vigor, their energy and their feeling for poetry left its mark upon the artists of New York. A new freedom had come about which did much to encourage fresh achievements in painting and sculpture. Breton and many other of the artists in exile returned to France or moved elsewhere. By 1949 the movement had ended, and for some years afterward the art of the Surrealists seemed old-fashioned, even passé. What was once made to shock the bourgeoisie the rich now eagerly acquire. Besides, the worst nightmares invented by the Surrealists have been surpassed by actual events that have occurred in society. Breton's dream of world revolution brings a wry smile.

Poetic texts have always had a profound influence on the visual arts, and if today we find it fasionable to believe artists are better off if they are semiliterate, this is a mistake which can only drag art down into the vulgarity and commercialism now everywhere evident. (The myth of a Jackson Pollock as a dumb, drunken cowboy is only one example of the sort of hagiography which passes for the truth.) The connections between words and pictures may often be quite vague, and I am not proposing that art in any way be simply a form of illustration. But I am remembering that poetry can arouse the imagination. And I refuse to declare that the word "inspiration" is a worn-out old tag. Painting and sculpture do *not* spring full-born from the artist's head, Athena-like. The poets of the early 1940s, both American and European, played an important role in inspiring some of the best art we have had in the United States. ■



André Masson, *Bison on the Brink of a Chasm,* ink, 31½ x 23".



Mark Rothko, *Baptismal Scene,* 1945, watercolor, 19⅞ x 14" (Whitney Museum of American Art).



Jackson Pollock, *Echo,* 1951, duco on canvas, 92 x 86¼".

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A NOTE ON SURREALISM AND THE BEATS

Joseph Masheck

The Beat writers were not out of touch with modernity in painting. Lawrence Ferlinghetti wrote art criticism, as the San Francisco correspondent for *Arts Digest* (now *Arts Magazine*) from 1953 to 1955. Allen Ginsberg studied art history with Meyer Schapiro, wrote an early poem ("Cézanne's Ports") about the great *Gulf of Marseilles Seen from L'Estaque* (c. 1883-85) in the Metropolitan, and considered his own writing to be influenced by Cézanne. He eventually drank and fraternized with "the Club" of the Abstract Expressionists in New York. Furthermore, only after the first reading of his recently written "Howl" at an artists' and poets' cooperative gallery (6 Gallery) in San Francisco in 1955 did Ginsberg feel part of a sympathetic creative community.

Michael McClure published in the Autumn 1958 *Evergreen Review* an "Ode to Jackson Pollock" that celebrates the kinship he felt with the tragic hero of Abstract Expressionism with as much grateful homage as Hart Crane on Whitman (a connection that later affected Jasper Johns in post-Abstract-Expressionist painting): ". . . I say / we. I—you. You saw the brightness / of pain." Further: "I mean you. Held / yourself in animal suffering. / You made your history. Of pain." McClure even touches on one of the main relations between Action Painting and Beat writing, the (even specifically *gestural*) process of suspending the conscious mind in dredging up the resources of the self.

> Put it all down
> in disbelief—waiting—forcing.
> Each gesture painting.—Caught on
> to the method of making each motion
> your speech, your love, your rack
> and found yourself. Heroic—huge—burning
> with your feelings. . . .

The principal document from the Beat side for the self-expressiveness admired in McClure's "Ode to Jackson Pollock" is the essay on "The Essentials of Spontaneous Prose" written by Kerouac to explain his writing method to Burroughs and Ginsberg, who admired it. This had appeared one issue earlier than the "Ode" in the *Evergreen Review* for Summer 1958. Kerouac felt his approach to composition to be influenced by jazz phrasing and described it as a process of "sketching." Interestingly, even the widely prevalent contemporary interest in jazz improvisation—and Baroque instrumental improvisation as well—compare with the emphasis on Baroque oil sketches and the less polished studies of Constable and Turner, among the Romantics, in art scholarship during the heyday of Abstract Expressionist painting. But the roots of Kerouac's attitude trace back, as in the case of Pollock (whose Jungian psychoanalysis made clinical use of spontaneous drawing when verbalization seemed to fail), to the equally visual and literary preoccupations of Surrealism in the 1920s.

Kerouac's recommendation that one "If possible write 'without consciousness' in semi-trance (as Yeats' later trance writing) allowing subconscious to admit in its own interesting necessary and so 'modern' language what conscious art would censor" recapitulates the Freudian-influenced "automatic writing" advocated in André Breton's 1924 *Manifesto of Surrealism.* Breton described "a monologue spoken as rapidly as possible without intervention on the part of the critical faculties." The part of the *Manifesto* headed "Secrets of the Magical Surrealist Art; Written Surrealist Composition; or, First and Last Draft" includes the advice—"Write quickly, without any preconceived subject, fast enough so that you will not remember what you're writing and be tempted to reread what you've written."

Of course, there are differences between Kerouac's attitude and Breton's. The Freudianism and revolutionary politics that were essential to Breton struck Kerouac as distastefully liberal-intellectual, even if Ginsberg, who turned to Kerouac for encouragement in spontaneity, would not have had this difficulty with Breton's inspirations. All this involves Kerouac's entire world-view, his blue-collar background as well as his freewheeling but compulsive personality. For instance, Breton's ideal of the dream state has about it a distinct character of suspension from the controlling circuitry of a hostile external order, even in explicitly political terms, whereas Kerouac's up-all-night writing frenzies can seem more a capitulation to alienating drudgery than a joyride, whatever he kept telling himself, although on his own terms even Kerouac produced a *Book of Dreams* (1961). Still, Surrealism was fundamental to both Abstract Expressionist painting and Beat literature, especially because Breton and other continental Surrealists were in New York in the early 1940s, thanks to World War II.

One remarkably direct point of contact between Surrealist modes of inspiration and Beats predates Kerouac's essay, if not his actual employment of spontaneity, by several years. Ferlinghetti wrote a review of an exhibition at the Oakland Museum of paintings by the Belgian Surrealist poet Henri Michaux for the October 1 number of *Arts Digest* in 1954. To him Michaux was an inspiration more for his poetic method than as a plastic artist, yet his admiring quotation of Michaux fits right in with Breton's *Manifesto,* Kerouac's "spontaneous prose," and even McClure's ode to Pollock:

> Draw without any particular intention, scrawl unconsciously, there practically always appear faces on the paper. . . . As soon as I take a pencil, a brush, one after the other they come to me on the paper, ten, fifteen, twenty. And savages for the most part. . . . Are they me, all these images? Are they others? From what depths do they come? . . . There is a certain interior phantom one must paint. . . .

In Ferlinghetti's view the contamination by any pictorial imagery of what should always be an uncompromisingly non-representational expressiveness in abstract painting was a serious fault. This he repeatedly made clear in his critical essays, where the highest praise for an expressionist abstraction is that it is "true 'open-form' " painting. And yet Michaux had made the affinity between Surrealism and "Beatitude" all the clearer: ". . . It is the eye of the poet that looks out at you, the gone eye of a barbarian in Oakland."

To suggest the continuity of a Surrealist *tradition* in Beat art and literature involves an irony like that of speaking of "anarchist tradition," since the drift of the Surrealist movement itself was so anti-traditional. In a sense, with regard to the Beats, the writings of men like Blake and Whitman and Ginsberg constitute the exploration of a single poetic terrain, all along the same ground, rather than an additive, layered, formative tradition per se. Indeed, the relation of Abstract Expressionism itself to earlier, especially Germanic, Expressionism is a similar question.

There is within the Beat movement itself a fascinating dialectic between radical originality and a more or less deliberate vindication of antecedents. Sometimes this ambivalence backfires onto the reader, as in moments when, attentive and responsive to the Beat meaning, we may be tempted to such ambivalent extremes as quitting scholarship or bringing pedantry to bear, at almost the same time—a dilemma itself reminiscent of the famous dispute between Nietzsche and Flaubert about active versus sedentary lifestyles. (See?) Both Surrealist and Beat materials maintain a similar slipperiness toward "serious" investigation. Compare Ferlinghetti standing before Michaux's paintings in Oakland: "What does it mean to find Michaux hung up on the walls of a municipal museum in this bright *banlieue*?"

Take as an example of the dialectic of tradition and spontaneity the very title and theme of Kerouac's definitively "spontaneous" *On the Road* (1957). The notion of being uprooted, on the move, and open to life as a steady stream of possible experiences itself implicates any number of "road" themes, from St. Paul on the road to Damascus to Whitman's "Song of the Open Road" to Marcel Duchamp's 1912 note in *The Green Box* about the autobiographical "headlight child" who, like a comet with its tail in front, "absorbs

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Andre Breton, Father of Surrealism, Dies at 70

Poet and Critic Influenced Art and Letters of 1900's

Special to The New York Times

PARIS, Sept. 28 — André Breton, who as the father of surrealism exercised a worldwide influence on the art and literature of this century, died of a heart ailment here this morning. The poet and critic was 70 years old.

Decisive Meeting With Freud

André Breton's first adult friend was the poet Paul Valéry. Mr. Breton was then 17 and had just come to Paris from his native Normandy. From Valéry he learned the musical values of words. He met another poet, Guillaume Apollinaire, at the height of World War I. As a young medical student, Mr. Breton was serving in the psychiatric wards of military hospitals. The kinship of madness with dreams and poetry fascinated him, and after the war he visited Sigmund Freud in Vienna to learn more about that new field of exploration of the soul—psychoanalysis. That meeting, in 1921, was to be decisive for Mr. Breton.

Two years earlier, with the poets Louis Aragon and Philippe Soupault, he had started a magazine Littérature. In it he published his earliest surrealistic writings, notably "Magnetic Fields," an experiment in "automatic writing." In the "Manifesto of Surrealism" in 1924, Mr. Breton defined this technique of creation as one "by which one strives to express orally, in writing or in any other fashion the genuine functioning of the mind in the absence of all control exercised by reason."

Epidemic of Verbal Violence

Not only was rationality to be excluded from artistic creation, but "all preoccupation with esthetics and morals," as well. From an inquiry into the nature of poetry and a domestication of Freudian methods for the purpose of creation, surrealism began to branch out into esthetics, ethics and politics. It sought to arrogate the authority of a secular church preaching general subversion in everything from art to sexual mores. As the high priest of the movement—he was often called its "pope" — Mr. Breton would thunder ex cathedra at turbulent public rallies identified with all that was "way-out" in the arts. He would give his benediction to some, excommunicate others —writers, painters or political leaders— and formulate dogma in the frequent manifestoes and pamphlets.

The many nationalities represented in the movement explain in part why surrealism, with its verbal violence, intense subjectivity, basic pessimism and passion for the erotic, spread quickly beyond France. Among the early leaders of the movement were the painters Giorgio de Chirico (from Italy), Max Ernst (from Germany), Salvador Dal (from Spain) and René Magritte (from Belgium).

By 1924 surrealism had reached a feverish pitch of activity. As Aragon, Soupault and Paul Elouard were publishing "A Corpse," the savage epitaph on the death of Anatole France, the novelist, Mr. Breton was opening a Bureau of Surrealist Research and setting up another magazine, Surrealist Revolution.

In 1925 he published a novel "Nadja" and the "Second Manifesto of Surrealism." "Immaculate Conception," "Communicating Vessels" and countless other pamphlets followed in the early nineteen-thirties.

Domineering and Lonely

By that time, the movement was hopelessly bogged down in political squabbles. In 1925 surrealism declared its allegiance to the extreme left. But upon Mr. Breton's insistence, Marxist "control" had been specifically denied over "the experiences of inner life." In 1927, he and most of his friends joined the Communist Party for an uneasy union between Communist rationalism and the boisterous anarchism of the group.

By 1933 Mr. Breton was out of the party, although many of his friends stayed on. In 1936, with Trotskyite friends, he founded a "Commission of Inquiry into the Moscow Trials" of Stalin. Two years later, he went to Mexico to meet Leon Trotsky. Together they set up an international, anti-Stalin artists association.

By the start of World War II, politics had alienated Mr. Breton from half of his friends from the early twenties, and most of the other half had either left the movement on their own or had been excluded by him. The massive and magnetic poet, with leonine features, huge domed forehead and a shock of steely-gray hair, would tolerate no contradictions.

When in 1949 his "Anthology of Black Humor" was banned in Vichy France, he left, a lonely man, for the United States. Two years later in New York he started the magazine V.V.V. and organized a surrealist exhibition. He then lectured at Yale and traveled through New Mexico, Arizona and the Caribbean islands studying native rituals and occult practices.

When Breton returned to France in 1946, the world had changed. If such painters as Matta or Wifredo Lam had given surrealist art a new lease of life, existentialism was dominating the literary scene. Letterism came next, and then the cult of the absurd followed the wane of his literary influence.

Nevertheless he continued to write, publishing two magazines, a work on Rimbaud, poems and essays, none of which were considered the equal of "Najda," his study of mad love.

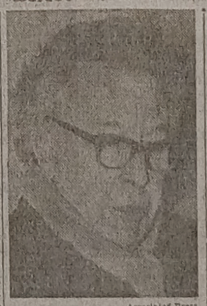
In politics he endorsed Gary Davis's short-lived World Citizens movement. He organized two major art exhibitions recently. One at the Galerie L'Oeil in 1965, grouped such surrealist predecessors as Gustave Moreau and artists at one time influenced by Mr. Breton—Picasso, Giacometti, Man Ray and Victor Brauner.

The last years of his life were spent in a country house in southwestern France and in an apartment at the bottom of Montmartre littered with manuscripts, books and African art. He was suffering from Marcel Proust's disease, asthma, and recently told a friend that the one writer he envied was Victor Hugo "because at his funeral were all the people of Paris."

Among the numerous tributes tonight, came one from Eugene Ionesco, the playwright, who said: "I place Breton on the same level as Einstein, Freud, Jung and Kafka."



The New York Times
C. Kowal



Associated Press
André Breton in 1962



Mr. Breton in a drawing that was made a number of years ago by Pablo Picasso.

With Trotsky, Set Up World Anti-Stalin Artists Group

C. WHEELER, ENGINEER, 94

Wheeler, a retired
er and surveyor
uesday in Tranquil
lescent Hospital, a
e in Warren, Conn.
ears old.
ler began his ap-
here in the eight-
with his late fa-
A. Wheeler, a civil
d surveyor, building
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lower Manhattan.
father and son did
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. Wheeler, in part-
ith a brother, Albert
new streets in Wash-
ights. In World War
hers worked as engi-
l surveyors in the
of naval housing at
/a.
ember of the Chamber
erce of Washington
where he lived then
eler was active in the
forties in having New
y trolley cars replaced

d also resided in Yon-

Wheeler married twice,
ier Florence Kehoe and
ner Charlotte Richards.
redeceased him.
ving, in addition to his
Albert, is another
Maurice M. Wheeler.

ARD CONDON, 73, OLICE INSPECTOR

rd A. Condon, former
nt Chief Inspector of
died Tuesday at the
f a sister, Mrs. Margaret
at 162 Eighth Avenue,
m. His age was 73.
Condon retired in 1956,
time he was in com-
he police in Brooklyn.
irman of the Police
Society's annual
breakfast, he at-
ear's function in
having lost a leg
ecause of com-
oscierosis.
Calle Acad-
ecet, Mr.
as a
an

John Kent of Vermont U.; Classical Languages Head

Special to The New York Times

BURLINGTON, Vt., Sept. 28 —Dr. John Harvey Kent, chairman of the classical languages department at the University of Vermont and dean of the graduate college from 1953 to 1960, died yesterday at his home. He was 57 years old.

Starting in 1930, Dr. Kent taught at Dalhousie University in Halifax, N. S.; at the McCallie School in Chattanooga and at Southwestern College in In 1950 he came to Roberts Professor anguages.

Deaths

HARVEY—Professor Merry T. of White Plains, N. Y. on September 27, 1966. Survived by daughter Mrs. Mary Ann Harwood and a brother Leland Thurston of West Palm Beach, Fla. and two grandsons, R. Stephen and R. Michael Harwood both of California and six great-grandchildren. Services will be held at McMahon Funeral Home, 491 Mamaroneck Ave., White Plains, N. Y., Thursday, September 29 at 3 P.M.

HAUPT—Ollie E. Sr., in Beverly Hills, California, devoted husband of Josephine W., beloved father of Oliver E. Haupt, Jr., Robert A. Haupt and Gloria H. Keating, cherished grandfather. Services, Friday, 10:30 A.M., Gates, Kingsley & Gates, 4220 Sepulveda Bl., Culver City, California.

HEMSHEL—Augusta, beloved wife of Leo, devoted mother of Harriet Shuff, dear sister of Frances Weinstein, and Harold Markowitz, darling grandmother. Esteemed member of Brookdale Hospital Workers Auxiliary. Sisterhood of Ahavath Achim Talmud Torah of Ahavath Achim. Services were held yesterday at "The Riverside" Brooklyn.

KAIAEB—Elizabeth. Congregation pa[illegible] him regrets with profound sorr[illegible]

Deaths

McDERMOTT—Katherine. Sept. 27, 1966, of Manhasset, wife of the late Peter P. and mother of Peter J., Richard G., John H., Mrs. Katherine Heenan and Mrs. Patricia Mann also survived by 13 grandchildren. Funeral from the Fairchild Church, 1370 Northern Blvd., Manhasset, L. I. Solemn Requiem Mass, St. Mary's R. C. Church, Manhasset, 9:30 A.M. Friday. Interment Holy Rood Cemetery, Westbury, L. I.

MALONE—Twyla, Sept. 27, 1966, beloved wife of Edward, dear sister of Fay [illegible] Services at Walter B. Cooke Funeral [illegible] 69-70 Roosevelt Ave., Jackson[illegible] Thursday, 8 P.M. Funeral [illegible]

MUZZY—Margaret (McCo[illegible] ton, Connecticut, Sa[illegible] Sussex, N. J., Van Saun M[illegible] Bissers, [illegible] and [illegible]

Deaths

Ackerman, Helen R. — Litt, Herman W.
Azzara, Mary Victorina — Luke, Donald K.
Borkow, Manuel — Lydon, Michael J.
Cass, Frank S. — McDermott, Katharine
Citrin, Lillian — Malone, Twyla
Claxton, Allen E. — Muzzy, Margaret
Cohen, Esther — Nelson, Charles A.
Condon, David A. — Nichols, Edith L.
Cornwell, Maude F. — Olaussen, George
Edsen, Gus — Osherowitz, Lena
Engel, Leonard — Pando, Fanita
Enzer, Sadie — Queen, Evelyn B.
Feinerman, Ida — Regan, Thelma C.
Genevich, Bruno J. — Roche, Mary A.
Genfan, Charles — Rose, Sarah
Geftel, Joseph R. — Rosenbaum, Samuel C.
Golde, Edward — Sahlmann, Erna
Gordon, Samuel — Schmaltholz, Jennie B.
Grabal, Louis — Schneider, Doris (Dru
Harris, Averell — Schwartz, Bertha
Harris, Mildred Moses — Schwartz, Charles
Harvey, Merry T. — Schwartz, David
Haupt, Ollie E. Sr. — Schwartz, Julia
Hemshel, Augusta — Siegel, Tillie
Kamen, Elizabeth — Smith, Lillian
Kaia, Archie — Stanton, Otis C.
Kelly, Edward A. — Stroh, Mabel
Kennedy, Elsie — Tullo, Ralph
Kramer, Rose — Valerio, Pietro
Lamer, Victor Kuhn — Wellmer, Herman
Landau, Irving — Wheeler, George C.
Lohmann, Melanie — Whittle, Edna G.
Leichter, Mary Lou Da — Williams, Frances M.
Lichtman, Maxwell — Zwerin, Victoria
Lipnack, Charles

SCHWARTZ—Bertha, beloved wife of the late Max, devoted mother of Evelyn Goldman and Judith Schwartz, loving daughter of Rose and the late Gustave Rothwell, dear sister of Elsa Brown and Mildred Barbash and beloved grandmother. Services Friday 12:45 P.M. "The Riverside", 76th St. and Amsterdam Ave.

SCHWARTZ—Charles, beloved husband of Marcia, Devend father of Carol and Stuart. Cherished grandfather. Loving son of Herman Dear brother of Carl, Samuel and Frieda. Services Friday 12 noon, "The Riverside", Bronx, 179 St. and Grand Concourse.

SCHWARTZ—Charles. The Members of the Fifty Club are saddened by the sudden loss of their dear brother Charlie. To the bereaved wife and family our sincerest condolences.

Agnes Evarson, President
Joseph Zinn, Secretary

SCHWARTZ—Charles. We mourn the loss of our associate, Charles Schwartz. We extend our deepest sympathy to the members of the family.

Star Lumber Salesmens Club
JOE WEISSBERG, President
HAROLD ENGEL, Secretary

SCHWARTZ—Charles. The Rose Sam Family Circle mourns the passing of our honorary member and former President, and extends their deepest sympathy to his wife, Marcy Schwartz and children, Carol Bader and Stephen Schwartz.

SCHWARTZ—David, beloved husband of Adelle, devoted father of Dr. Howard L. and Stephen, loving brother of Rose, Gizella Klein, Pauline Weintraub and Viola Oesterreicher, loving grandfather. Services Friday, 2 PM at "The Riverside", 76 Street and Amsterdam Ave.

SCHWARTZ—Julie, on Sept. 28, aunt of Dr. John E. Bergman, Harry R. Lustig, Mrs. Eleanor Cecil, Rosalind Frank and Mrs. Campbell. Madison Ave., at 81st St.

SIEGEL—Tillie, on Sept. 28, 1966, beloved mother of Leah and Arnold, dear sister of Estelle Gross, devoted grandmother of Judith. Funeral from the Walter B. Cooke Funeral Home, 50 Ave. at 85th St. Services Friday morning, 10:30.

SMITH—Lillian. The National Women's Division of the American Jewish Congress notes with sorrow the passing of Lillian Smith, distinguished writer, humanitarian and fearless defender of human rights. Her life and work will serve as a lasting inspiration for all who seek equality, dignity and peace. We remember with pride and affection her words she expressed in accepting our 1965 Convention Award for courage and commitment in advancing human freedom. To her family and friends we express our deepest sympathy.

Mrs. Charles Andow, President

STANTON — Otis C. in South Dartmouth, Mass. September 27, age 77 years, husband of Mary (Francis) Stanton, father of Mrs. Emily Stanton Pierce, Mrs. Mary S. Tompkins, Miss Sarah F. Stanton, Frederick R., Wilfred C., Peter W. Stanton. Services at St. Peters Episcopal Church, South Dartmouth, Friday at 2 P.M. Relatives and friends are invited to attend. In lieu of flowers, if desired, suggested donations may be made to the Memorial Fund at St. Luke's Hospital, New Bedford, Mass. In memory of Mr. Stanton.

STROH—Mabel, beloved wife of the late David, devoted mother of Gilda M[illegible] ckville, Dr. Charles and Alan, dear [illegible] of Manny Isaacs, Ruth Eisner, Rosenberg and Frances Pistrucker, grandmother of Robert and Ja[illegible] court. Services Friday, 12 noon, "The Riverside," 76th Street and Amsterdam Avenue.

TULLO—Ralph on Sept. [illegible] husband of Angela [illegible] father of Alex [illegible] Haines and [illegible] of Orang[illegible] Italy. [illegible]

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Ma Ernst, Catalytic Figure in 20th Century Art, Die



"Ubu Imperator," an Ernst work from 1924

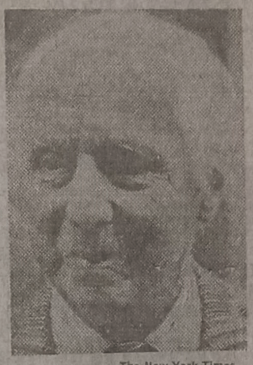
By JOHN RUSSELL

Max Ernst, the Surrealist artist, who was conspicuous even before World War I for his exceptional gifts and his power to startle and provoke, died in Paris yesterday. He would have been 85 years old today.

Ernst was prominent in the Dada movement as well as in the Surrealist movement; he made his mark as painter, sculptor, writer and maker of enigmatic objects. But above all he functioned as a source of imaginative energy and as a witness to the evolution of the century.

He was an indispensable observer, but he was also an indispensable participator: a one-man early-warning system who over and over again suggested that Europe was in a bad way and likely to get worse.

His importance was not so much that he made covetable works of art—though he did indeed do that, and in great numbers—but that, as much as Sigmund Freud or Franz Kafka, he was a part of his time.



The New York Times

Max Ernst

Max Ernst was born on April 2, 1891, in the little town of Brühl, near Cologne, Germany. His father, Philipp Ernst, was a schoolmaster who taught the deaf. He was also a stern disciplinarian, something of a mystic and a particularly pedestrian Sunday painter. Max Ernst was brought up in the strictest Roman Catholic tradition, but his inquiring and insubordinate nature soon brought him into conflict with his family, his school and his church. Deciding that small-

Continued on Page 37, Column 1

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Max Ernst, Catalytic Figure in 20th Century Art, Dies

Continued From Page 1, Col. 4

town thoughts and small-town ways were not for him, he became a precocious student both of Nietzsche and of Freud, whose "Interpretation of Dreams" came out while Max Ernst was in high school. He also concerned himself with abnormal psychology and in particular with the artistic achievement of mental patients, which were then beginning to be investigated.

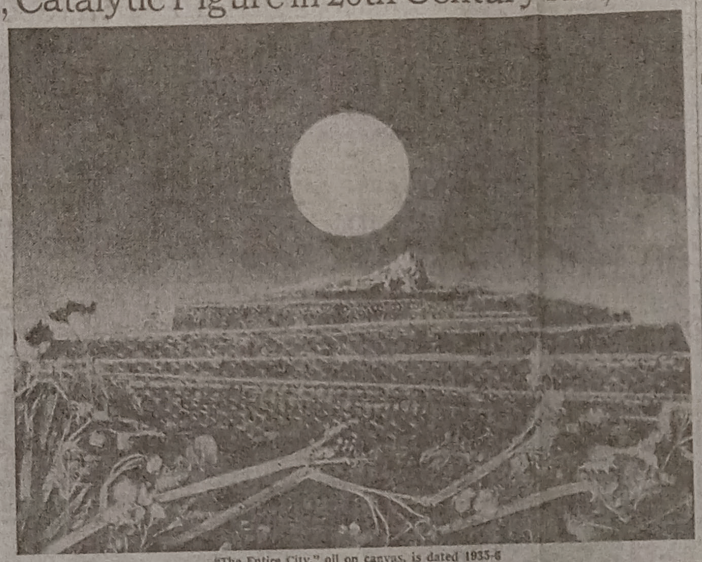
Good Judge of Talent

He traveled as and when he could from the age of 15, visiting museums, painting and drawing from nature, discovering a kinship with the early German painters who could be seen, then as now, in the museum in Cologne. By the time he entered the University of Bonn in the winter of 1909-9 he had read all the new books and seen many of the new paintings that were setting the tone for the 20th-century in Europe.

He learned fast, and he was a very good judge of talent in others. He soon came to know the "Young Rhineland" group, which included Franz Marc and August Macke, both of whom made a considerable mark as painters before being killed in the first weeks of World War I. He was one of the young Germans who met the French poet Guillaume Apollinaire and the French painter Robert Delaunay when they visited the Rhineland in 1913. This confirmed him in the belief that Paris was the city in which he most wanted to live. Meanwhile, he showed his work in the First German Autumn Salon in Berlin in 1913; his fellow exhibitors included Paul Klee, Marc Chagall and members of the Italian Futurist group.

He got to Paris briefly in 1913, but any plans for a longer sojourn were confounded in August 1914 by the outbreak of World War I. Ernst served throughout the war in the German Army, partly in France and partly in what is now Poland. He was a reluctant but apparently invulnerable soldier whose immunity to even the heaviest blow on the head was such that his comrades nicknamed him "the man with the iron skull." He managed to go on painting, and in 1916 he again showed his paintings in Berlin; on that occasion he made the acquaintance of George Grosz.

Through his contacts in the art world he knew of the Dada movement, which had begun in New York and Zurich and eventually made its way to Cologne, Hanover, Berlin and Paris. One of its co-founders, Jean Arp, had been a friend of his since 1914; and when Ernst



"The Entire City," oil on canvas, is dated 1935-6

come Mrs. Salvador Dali). Before long he became known for such monumental paintings as "The Elephant Celebes" (now in the Tate Gallery in London), "Oedipus Rex" and "Ubu Imperator." These combined solid craftsmanship with imagery that has never lost its power to disturb.

But the notion of settling down as a man who kept office hours, painted regularly for an annual exhibition and, in general, fitted into the traditional patterns of the art world was as abhorrent to Ernst in the mid-1920's as it had been immediately after his discharge from the Army. He acted by instinct and on impulse. In 1924, for instance, he sold his entire output to a dealer in Düsseldorf and set out for the Far East to join Eluard on what seemed to their friends to have been an unmotivated escapade.

Unfettered Imagination

By the time he returned to Paris in October 1924, Breton had published his "First Surrealist Manifesto." The role of the unconscious in art had been formulated in terms not altogether unlike those that Ernst might have formulated for himself as a student before 1914, and he himself was regarded as

seemed to him too slow, too labored, too lacking in spontaneity.

It was for this reason that so many of his most memorable achievements were owed to techniques of a freakish or idiosyncratic sort. Rubbing on wood, cutting with a sharp pair of scissors, importing ready-made elements like the ones used in the "Two Children Threatened by a Nightingale," which is now in the Museum of Modern Art in New York, he kept expectation at bay. In his art he was a born solitary, even if at times he drew close to friends like Arp and Joan Miró or was delighted to join with Eluard in publishing a book of poems in which it is very difficult to tell which lines were owed to which hand. In the Surrealist Group, over which Breton ruled as an absolute autocrat, he was an irreducible renegade to whom the very name of discipline was odious. It was not surprising that in 1926 he fell foul of Breton for having made stage designs (with Miró) for Diaghilev ballet called "Romeo and Juliet." There ensued between Ernst and Breton a hostility that continued until the day Breton died.

It was in 1927 that Ernst shuttered and shattered. Disquiets of a more intimate sort were hinted at in painting after painting. (After his divorce from his first wife Ernst, in 1927, married Marie-Berthe Aurenche; but it was not until his long and happy third marriage to the American painter Dorothea Tanning that he ceased to take the gloomiest possible view of the conjugal tie).

In 1929 Ernst published what he called his "collage-novel," "La Femme 100 Têtes." Like its successor, "Une Semaine de Bonté" (1934), this was made up primarily of altered engravings; plates from 19th-century novels, magazines of adventure or manuals of technical instruction he recombined in ways that could never be predicted. Taken together, these two books form an encyclopedia of our century's anxieties and for its resource, its fiendish wit and its rare moments of lyrical repose.

In 1933, the year the Nazis came to power in Germany, Ernst painted "The Petrified City," in which an unnamed acropolis is seen to have been turned to stone in the aftermath of an unidentified catastrophe. Paintings like "The Barbarians March West" (1935)

rankle him that it should ever have been leveled.

Arizona and the Colorado River were a source of unendless pleasure to Ernst, as were the films of W. C. Fields and his new wife's natural gaiety of spirit and freedom of speech. But fundamentally he was still a European, and once World War II was over, he began to think of returning to France. A first postwar visit to Paris in 1950 was the occasion of heartwarming re-encounters with Arp, Eluard, Tzara, Alberto Giacometti and others. But in practical terms it was not quite so successful, since Ernst even at the age of 59 had nothing like the reputation he deserved.

He was, indeed, the last of the old masters of modern art to be given his due. But when he was awarded the grand prize for painting at the Venice Biennale in 1954, public feeling at last began to swing his way; and over the next 20 years his reputation mounted steadily and without interruption. He was almost to the end of his life a terrific worker. Nothing dropped him. If his doctor was worried about his heart, Ernst took the cardiogram and used it as an ingredient in a picture. If his doctor told him to stop

FROZEN METHANE SIGHTED ON PLUTO

Planet May Be Smaller Than Thought and Could Have Been Moon of Neptune

By WALTER SULLIVAN

Evidence has been found that Pluto, the outermost of the nine planets circling the sun, is partly covered with methane ice. This has raised the possibility that Pluto is much smaller than has been supposed and may, in fact, be a former moon of Neptune.

Neptune, the next-to-outermost planet, is massive, being 27,600 miles in diameter. A figure widely used for the diameter of Pluto is 4,000 miles, half that of the earth.

The Pluto estimate, however, was based on its brightness as a pinpoint of light observed through the great, 200-inch telescope on Mount Palomar in California. If Pluto is largely covered with methane ice, it could be much smaller and still shine as brightly in reflected sunlight.

The new observations have been made at the Kitt Peak National Observatory in Arizona.

It has been calculated that in the near-vacuum environment of Pluto methane gas would freeze only at temperatures below minus 373 degrees Fahrenheit—37 degrees above absolute zero, the total absence of heat.

Frozen methane has never been detected on planets or moons closer to the sun. Its apparent existence on Pluto indicates that at no time since the ice formed has the sun burned hotly enough for its heat to boil off the methane on that most distant planet. A number of astronomers believe that the sun was much hotter during the earliest phase of solar system development.

A Basic Gas Form

Methane, a gas in which four hydrogen atoms are attached to a single carbon atom, is thought to have been one of the original components of the earth's atmosphere. It is the primary constituent of natural gas. Because it occurs in mines, causing explosions, it is known to miners as "fire damp." It is also generated as "swamp gas" by fermentation.

Its occurrence on Pluto has been determined by three University of Hawaii scientists using the 158-inch reflector on Kitt Peak: Dr. Dale P. Cruik-

Freedom Train Rolls On As It Marks a Birthday

By WILLIAM K. STEVENS

Special to The New York Times

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., April 1—Into Jefferson City they rolled, bus after yellow bus, convoys from all over the mid-Missouri countryside heading toward the brilliantly hued, red-white-and-blue steam locomotive with the words "American Freedom Train" emblazoned on the cars it pulled.

It was the train's first birthday today, and the Mayor of Jefferson City said there had been some worry that not enough people would show up here to celebrate—just as a year ago, there were predictions of failure attached to the whole Freedom Train venture.

No one need have worried, it seems. The Freedom Train, after what its operators admit was a "bumpy start," is packing them in these days, and Jefferson City is no exception.

Legions of schoolchildren burst from the buses this morning and mixed with crowds of grown-ups who had come in cars. They formed a line four and five deep, 500 yards or more long. They waited for an hour or more to get into the train with its traveling display of memorabilia and artwork, its appeal to nostalgia and its historical documents, its kaleidoscopic, multimedia evocation of America's past.

A Birthday Party

While they waited, the birthday party started. The roadway alongside the tracks became the midway for an old-fashioned celebration of American national sentiment, almost an anachronism in the hip, sophisticated world of the 1970's. But there it was.

Twenty-five Bicentennial flags snapping in the wind while the Jefferson City High School Band played "Seventy-Six Trombones" and "Anchors Away." A choir singing "America." Girl Scouts and Boy Scouts in uniform. A detachment of volunteers in blue-and-buff continental Army uniforms, brass buckles glinting in the sun. Hot dogs, cotton candy and popcorn. Speeches by politicians.

"Neat-O!" and "Decent!" schoolboys exclaimed inside the train, impressed by the model of a submarine or a mockup of the inside of an Apollo spaceship, or the size 20 sneaker donated to the train's sports section by Bob Lanier, Detroit Pistons center.

How the Freedom Train will play next July when construction loans and managing towards a break-even point" at the end of the train's 21-month journey next December.

The Freedom Train "is alive, well, and doing the job" of helping to tie together the national Bicentennial celebration, says Harry Allendorfer, special events director for the American Bicentennial Commission in Washington.

Since the train began its journey in Wilmington, Del., a year ago, its operators say, it has been visited by 4.2 million paying customers (eight million are eventually expected), has stopped in 74 of the scheduled 135 host cities, and has been in 31 states.

According to Mr. Spurney, the project will cost $17.5 million. Of that, $15.5 million has been donated so far by private givers, primarily corporations. Another $3.9 million has been raised through admission (an average of $1.50 per person) and concession revenues. The project receives no Government funds.

The foundation had to borrow $2.2 million to get started, and Mr. Spurney says it has so far paid back about $700,000.

In the early days of the train's run, one of the major complaints against it was that a moving walkway whisked viewers through the train's exhibits too quickly. After having stood in line an average of one to two hours, and sometimes as much as four of five, visitors would zip through the 10 cars in 15 minutes, rarely catching a good glimpse of anything.

Consequently, the conveyor was slowed. It now takes 22 minutes to go through the train. Many visitors here complained that was still too fast. But the train's managers say that if the conveyor went any slower, viewers would have to stand in line much longer, and some would never get in at all.

A Trip Through

The difficulty is evident on one's first trip through the train. Pomo Indian basket, Zuni necklace, golden spike, first English Bible, first edition of Poe, Henry Aaron's home run bat, Edward G. Robinson as Little Caesar, the familiar, sinister voice intoning "The Shadow knows," Thomas Hart Benton's painting, Gerald R. Ford proclaiming, "Our Constitution works"—more than half a

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...le and Arp were of one mind about the state of the world and the state of art.

"We young people came back from the war," he said later, "in a state of stupefaction at the absurdity, the total swinishness and imbecility of what had gone on for four years. We had to get back somehow at the 'civilization' which was responsible for the war."

Magic in His Fingers

Ernst was ideally suited to the provocative and wholly unexpected methods of the Dada movement. Like its other progenitors—Francis Picabia, Marcel Duchamp, Man Ray, Kurt Schwitters and Arp—he took it for granted that the physical life of what he produced might be short. Using whatever materials lay at hand—old engravings, objects found in the street, news photographs—he turned out to have magic in his fingers' ends. (It was a magic that was still in full operation nearly 60 years later). He wanted to restate the claims of the imagination at a time when Europe had ground to a halt and every single one of the beliefs on which the prewar world had been founded had proved to be false.

Dada in Cologne was a matter of intense exasperation both to the British army of occupation and to the German police. Ernst was delighted when the police closed the Cologne Dada exhibition, and even more delighted when they came to him a few days later and said: "Would you mind opening up again? Having to shut it down has given the police such a bad name."

Not long after his return to Cologne he married Louise Strauss, an art historian, and in 1920 his son, Jimmy, was born. (Jimmy Ernst has for many years been well known in New York as a painter).

The circumstances of Max Ernst's life did not, however, favor a settled domesticity. He was determined to get to Paris, where he already had a certain reputation with André Breton, the future author of the "Surrealist Manifestoes," and with Tristan Tzara, one of the founders of Dadaism. His first Paris exhibition was held at the Galerie au Sans Pareil in 1921; it consisted of collages that he had mailed in a brown paper parcel and it established him immediately as an artist conspicuous for his nimble wit, his seemingly unlimited powers of invention and his dazzling way with the French language.

Known for 'Celebes'

During the summer of 1921 Ernst's links with France were further consolidated by his meeting with the poet Paul Eluard, who thereafter became one of his closest friends. In 1922 he entered France illegally and set up house with Eluard and his wife, Gala (later to be...

...continued to invent new ways of making and combining images, some of them calculated, others involuntary. He aimed at all times to keep his imagination unfettered; and for that the procedures of traditional painting in oils often for the last time a great city in effect a portrait of the Europe that was to come. In "The Horde," he showed a demonic army on the march. In "A Vision Inspired by the Porte St.-Denis at Night," he showed for the first but by no means indeed one of the most sinister images in modern painting.



Museum of Modern Art

"The King Playing With the Queen," 1944, is a bronze sculpture cast from plaster.



Museum of Modern Art

"Two Children Are Threatened by a Nightingale," oil on wood with wood construction, 1924.

Moved to Avignon

Ernst had been singled out for disfavor among the Nazis ever since 1933, when he made it quite clear in "Europe After the Rain II" that in his view Europe was threatened by a calamity that could be likened to a great flood tide of filth. All Nature was poisoned for him by the changes that he saw in mankind. But instinct led him even at the worst of times to build an ark for himself; and in 1938 he moved with the painter Leonora Carrington to a house not far from Avignon, France, which he set himself to restore and decorate as if he would be living there forever.

With the outbreak of World War II he found himself, on the contrary, in trouble with the French, who interned him as an enemy alien. When the German armies forced the French to surrender, it became a matter of life and death for him to escape from France. Few men could be more difficult to imprison, but even after repeated escapes it was as much as he could do to make his way, with the help of his son, Jimmy, and other Americans, to the United States.

In 1941, he arrived in New York with Peggy Guggenheim, who eventually became his fourth wife. He had his first show in New York at the Julien Levy Gallery in 1932, and in 1936 Alfred Barr included him in the "Fantastic Art, Dada, Surrealism" exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art. Though not unknown, therefore, he found it difficult to make a living by his work in the United States during World War II. Once again he decided to make himself an ark; this time in Sedona, Ariz., which he first visited in 1943. It was during that year that he painted the large picture called "Vox Angelica," which is in effect a pictorial autobiography divided into well-judged compartments.

Unlike many Europeans who came to the United States as exiles at that time, Ernst took an enormous delight in the landscape, the speech habits and the imaginative traditions of the United States. What he did not so much care for—and what never ceased to rouse him to a fine fury of imprecation—was the accusation of "moral turpitude" that came his way when his tempestuous private life finally came to an idyllic culmination in the company of the young painter Dorothea Tanning. This accusation was silenced when he and Miss Tanning were married in 1946, but it never ceased to...

...no doubt that Ernst considered both society in general and the institution of domesticity to be in the worst possible way. The war dance of the supposed angel in "The Angel of Hearth and Home" is

...used them too as an ingredient in a picture. If illness came his way, he bore it with a Roman stoicism.

He had all the honors that he cared to accept in the 1960's and 70's. All the exhibitions, also. (The last great Ernst show was one that began at the Guggenheim Museum in New York in 1975 and later moved to the Grand Palais in Paris). To those who met him at those times it seemed as if fame had long ago taken him by one hand and fortune by the other. But it had not been so: for him to survive at all had needed a heart of iron and a nature of steel.

The late work lent itself even so to a euphoric interpretation. It had an enforced gaiety, a freshness and a felicity of invention that rarely failed him even when the demands for new work came in at a rate that would have daunted a man half his age. There was still magic in his fingers' ends, just as he had the same command of language, the same upright and fiery stance before life and the same spectacularly fine looks that had astonished his new friends in France more than 50 years earlier. He carried himself to the end as what he was: the only one of his kind.

Failure of Engine on Big Jets Worries Safety Board

By RICHARD WITKIN

The National Transportation Safety Board said yesterday that it was "concerned" about a possible repetition of the "catastrophic engine failure" that destroyed a DC-10 jumbo jet here last fall.

The agency termed "inadequate" the procedures used in 1970 to test the General Electric engine's ability to withstand collisions with birds, and it called for "immediate retesting" in compliance with all criteria of the Federal Aviation Administration.

Until any needed engine changes are made, the safety board said, the F.A.A. should require regular and frequent use of bird patrols to clear runways before takeoffs are made at affected airports by planes using the engine, designated the CF-6. The CF-6 is used not only on the McDonnell Douglas DC-10, but also on the European A-300B Airbus and on some Boeing 747 jumbo jets.

An Angry Reply

The safety board's action drew an angry reply from the General Electric Company. The company contended that the language in the letter to the F.A.A. was "inflammatory," that the implications about the 1970 test were "untrue," and that singling out its engine was "unfair and improper."

Gerhard Neumann, the company's vice president for jet engines, said the possible need for tougher F.A.A. bird-strike requirements was an issue affecting all jumbo jet engines, not just the CF-6. He also said that new tests already undertaken by General Electric had isolated the cause of the engine failure that led to the accident last fall, and had demonstrated a solution to the problem.

The accident involved an Overseas National Airways DC-10 that was taking off Nov. 12 from Kennedy International Airport, bound for Saudi Arabia to take Moslem pilgrims on charter flights to Mecca. Halfway down the runway, the plane ran into a flock of seagulls.

Engine Falls Apart

As the pilot pulled back the throttle and hit the brakes, portions of the right-wing engine fell on the runway and flames erupted from the engine area. The plane was steered sharply to the left onto the last taxiway to avoid running into a blast fence at the end of the runway.

After the airliner stopped, all 139 on board slid down escape chutes before the fire spread in a series of explosions that destroyed the $20-million aircraft. All of the passengers were airline employees. Most safety experts agree that there would have been many deaths and injuries if the plane had carried regular passengers less familiar with escape procedures.

In response to yesterday's safety board proposals, the F.A.A. said it was already looking into some of them and would keep the board informed of the progress of tests and studies.

The board accepted one of the proposals, promising that within seven days it would advise all airlines using CF-6 engines of the dangers of engine ingestion of birds or other objects.

Airline Is Confident

United Airlines, which operates more DC-10's (37) than any other airline, issued a statement saying that it had "confidence in their dependability and integrity." It also said that procedures to sweep birds from runways had been an integral part of its requirements at all airports with a bird problem.

Bird patrols had been in use at Kennedy International Airport even before the accident last fall. Since then, their use has been intensified, both there and at other airports.

General Electric spokesmen said that recent tests simulating bird strikes had pinpointed the shortcoming that led to the accident at Kennedy. This was their explanation:

When the gulls struck the engine, the tips of some whirling fans broke off and whole...

...engine began rotating in an out-of-balance fashion. This caused other fan blades to rub against the inside of their casing, igniting an epoxy material used for reinforcement of the casing.

Surge in Pressure

The fire produced a surge in the pressure of the air racing through the engine. The overpressure in turn caused the rupture of a compressor casing to the rear, resulting in the rapid disintegration that led to the plane's destruction.

In the most recent test, the epoxy—a compound in which an oxygen atom is joined to two carbon atoms to form an adhesive used in glues and enamel coatings—was replaced by an aluminum honeycomb. When a bird strike was simulated, there was no fire, no over-pressure and no engine disintegration.

However, this solution still has to be demonstrated in more stringent tests to be conducted under F.A.A. scrutiny.

Storm Blamed for Crash

WASHINGTON, April 1 (UPI) —Blaming storm winds for an Eastern Air Lines crash that claimed 113 lives last year, the safety board warned today that pilots and air controllers tend to ignore storm hazards near the ground in an effort to keep airport operations smooth.

...cury departs substantially from this pattern, its orbit being tilted 7 degrees. The orbit of Pluto, is tilted 17 degrees and is highly elongated, the planet's distance from the sun varying between 2.76 and 4.59 billion miles. This carries it inside the orbit Neptune, but the orbits are such that there is no danger of collision.

Presumably the planet is not entirely covered with methane ice, for there are marked variations in the brightness of its surface areas. The brightness varies cyclicly 6.4 earth days indicating the planet's spin rate of the sun.

So far is Pluto from the sun that it appeared possible to the three astronomers that methane ice might occur there. To an observer on Pluto, the sun would be so distant that it would appear in the sky only as an unusually bright star.

The search for methane was conducted by observing the planet through two filters. One passed a narrow band of infrared wavelengths characteristic of water ice. The other passed the wave lengths reflected intensely by methane ice.

The response, according to Dr. Cruikshank, "was exactly as predicted for methane ice." To test the system, several moons of Saturn were also observed. They showed evidence for water ice, as expected, but no methane ice.

Unusual Orbit

That Pluto might be a former moon of Neptune, drawn out of its original orbit by the gravity of some passing body, has long been suspected by some astronomers. The other planets circle the sun in rather circular orbits. The orbits are also concentric to one another, all lying in the plane of the ecliptic.

Apart from Pluto, only Mercury is more cynical than out here in the heartland," in the words of one of the train's spokesmen—is unknown. Out here, at least, it plays fine.

In Kansas City, Topeka and Wichita, a maximum crowd of 16,500 trooped through the train during each 14-hour visiting day. Maximum attendance is now the rule, especially during 1975.

As a result of the upturn, says Peter L. Spurney, the president of the non-profit American Freedom Train Foundation, "we are operating in the black, and making timely payments on our

...focus.

"I think it's not what it's cracked up to be," an elderly woman wearing a tam and carrying a cane said last night after going through the train.

Other visitors interviewed at random say that even with the wait, the relatively quick trip through the train is worth it.

And even the elderly woman in the tam said she had come to the train although she suspected that it wouldn't be worthwhile. "Well, of course you go," she said. "It's all for the country, isn't it?"

Once its percentage of ice cover has been determined, perhaps by observations from space, it should be possible to make more reliable estimates of Pluto's size based on overall brightness.

Neptune has two known moons: Triton, believed to be 1.4 times the diameter of the earth's moon, and Nereid, estimated at less than one-hundredth the moon's diameter. Nereid was discovered in 1949. Pluto was first detected in 1930. It requires 247 earth years to complete one orbit

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Now All Artists Are Surrealists

By MARTIN ESSLIN

A RE-EMERGENCE of surrealism — or perhaps we should call it a new awareness of the continuing influence of that school — has been evident this season in retrospective exhibitions of the work of several surrealist painters and sculptors and in the publication of critical studies of the movement's leading poets and dramatists—artists who, as recently as ten years ago, were looked upon as passé and insignificant. The influence of the surrealists is clear in several areas of the avant-garde art of today—from the Beat poets to the action painters and the Pop artists, from the inventors of "happenings" to the practitioners of "concrete verse."

The surrealists were even more shocking and revolutionary in their day than artistic innovators usually are. They aimed particularly violent and insulting invectives at their opponents, calling Anatole France a corpse when he was still very much alive; scorning Paul Claudel, the great Catholic poet (who admittedly had called them pederasts); and arranging for cries of "Long live the Germans!" at a public function in Paris not long after the end of World War I. Their initial claims as inventors of a wholly new art were particularly extravagant and, in addition, they presented to the outside observer a picture of continuous internal feud and factional strife which could not but reinforce the impression of a crowd of silly humbugs.

And yet, behind this façade of silliness and mutual recrimination, the surrealists produced major works in literature, the drama, painting and sculpture, as well as in the cinema, in

MARTIN ESSLIN, a London theatrical producer and director of drama for B.B.C., is the author of "Brecht: The Man and His Work," and "Theater of the Absurd."

THIS WAS THE MOVEMENT THAT WAS (AND IS)



Museum of Modern Art.

Salvador Dali's famous "The Persistence of Memory," painted in 1931.



"The Enigma of Isidore Ducasse," by Man Ray, Philadelphia's contribution to surrealism.



Guillaume Apollinaire—he wrote a "*drame surrealiste*" in 1903.



A scene from "The Chairs." Ionesco's work clearly shows the influence of the surrealist school.



Collection of D. & J. de Menil, Houston.

René Magritte's "Golconda" (1953), a study representing the standardization of 20th-century man.



Louis Aragon, poet, who later became editor of the pro-Communist Paris newspaper Ce Soir.

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photography and in a number of totally new artistic fields. The literary output of their major poets, however—difficult of access, recognized by relatively few critics at the time—is only now coming into its own, often as a result of the success of a new generation of writers who have achieved greater popular success (Ionesco, for example, would be unthinkable without Artaud and Vitrac). In painting and sculpture, the surrealists suffered from the fact that surrealism, being a literary movement and a literary idea, does not really represent a recognizable style. In a period in which criticism of the fine arts concentrated entirely on form, texture and color, it became only too easy to dismiss all surrealist painters and sculptors as illustrators. This is probably the main reason why surrealism's reputation, in the fine arts at least, declined as much as it did in the late forties and fifties.

Time, the great solvent and clarifier in art history, is now restoring the balance. The figures emerge. Max Ernst, René Magritte, Giacometti, Picabia, Man Ray, Chirico, Dali, Henry Moore (a member of the surrealist movement between 1935 and 1939), André Masson, Arp, Yves Tanguy are all being recognized as major artists in their own right—each different from the others, each with his own approach to the world and his own technique, yet all of them owing a great debt to surrealist theory and practice.

WHAT then is it that the surrealists have contributed to the art of our time? What *is* surrealism? Above all: Surrealism is more than merely a method of painting, or a style of writing. It is an attitude of mind, almost a way of life; certainly a way of looking at the world. That is why it is not confined to literature or the visual arts. It covers the spectrum of artistic activity.

The term surrealism was first used by Guillaume Apollinaire (1880-1918), the eccentric French poet of Polish origin—his real name was Wilhelm-Apollinaris de Kostrowitsky and he was born in Rome, the illegitimate son of a Polish lady and an unknown father who was rumored to have been an ecclesiastical dignitary—who exercised an enormous influence not only on the avant-garde poetry of his time, but also on painting. Apollinaire's short and zany play "The Breasts of Tiresias" (first performed in 1917, but written in 1903) is subtitled *"drame surréaliste."* In his preface, and in the prologue to the play, Apollinaire explained that what he meant by surrealism was a mode of capturing the essence of reality not by copying nature, but by expressing it in ways that make the work of art *more real* *(Continued on Page 35)*

The nose-thumbing artists of 40 years ago whose aim was the creation of the 'super-real'—or 'sur-real'—today exert an influence that surpasses even their extravagant predictions.

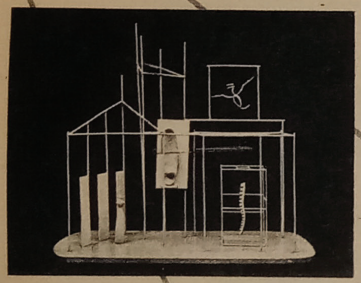


The film "Le Chien Andalou" (1928), a Luis Bunuel-Dali collaboration.



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Max Ernst's "Birds Above the Forest," painted in 1929.



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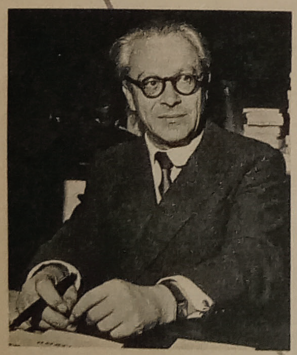
Giacometti's wood-string-glass-wire work, "The Palace at 4 A.M."



A scene from Cocteau's oft-revived "The Blood of the Poet," surrealist-influenced, though he denounced the surrealists and they him.



André Breton—his first Surrealist Manifesto officially inaugurated the movement in 1924.



Tristan Tzara, leader of the dadaists, whose "destructive antics" were absorbed into surrealism.

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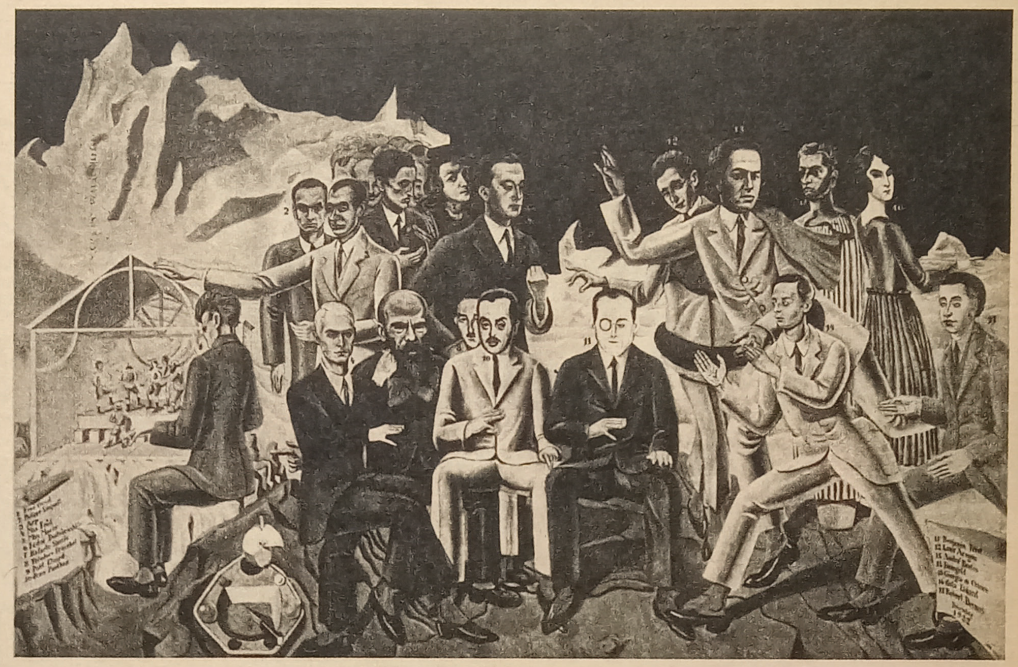
Now All Artists Are Surrealists

(Continued from Page 33)

than reality, i.e. super-real, sur-real. "When man wanted to imitate the action of walking, he created the wheel, which does not resemble a leg," Apollinaire wrote. In the prologue he argued that the artist must be completely free to reshape the world in order to achieve this superreality: "His universe is the play/ Within which he is God the Creator/ Who disposes at will/Of sounds, gestures, movements, masses, colors/Not merely in order/To photograph what is called a slice of life/But to bring forth life itself in all its truth . . ."

Apollinaire died on Armistice Day, 1918. It was a significant, a symbolic date. For the World War which ended on that day had not only destroyed the political mold, but also the seemingly unshakably solid structure of the social life of 19th-century Europe and the seemingly unshakable canons of what had once been regarded as the sublime and beautiful in art. The seeds sown in the prewar era by men like Jarry, Apollinaire (and the Cubist and post-impressionist painters he had championed), the early German expressionists, the abstract experiments of painters like Malevich and Kandinsky, the destructive antics

(Continued on Following Page)



Collection Dr. Lydia Bau, Hamburg, Germany.

THE GANG WAS ALL THERE—Max Ernst painted leading surrealists in 1922. Front row: René Crevel, Ernst (seated on Dostoevski's lap), Theodore Fraenkel, Jean Paulhan, Benjamin Peret, Johannes Baargeld, Robert Desnos. Back row: Philippe Soupault, Hans Arp, Max Morise, Rafaele Sanzio, Paul Eluard, Louis Aragon, André Breton, Giorgio di Chirico, Gala Eluard.

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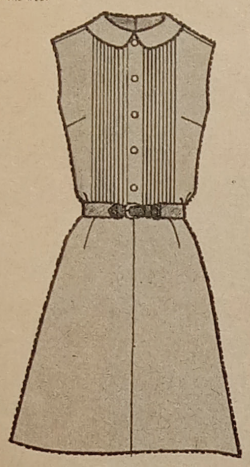


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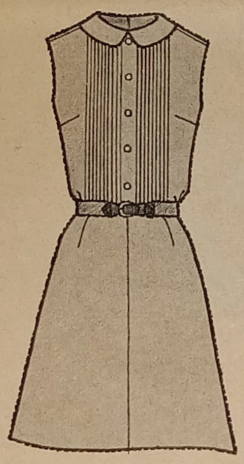
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dreams. This first nucleus of surrealists already contained men of the highest talent: Aragon, the brilliant poet and fanatic, who once said that compared to the surrealist revolution the Russian revolution was a miserable little thing (and has ended up a loyal follower of the Communist party line); Paul Eluard (1895-1952), one of the greatest poets France has produced in this century, who during World War II became the great spokesman of the Resistance; Max Ernst, the German romantic painter and poet, with the gift of turning any accidental blob of paint into a dream landscape of haunting power and lyrical delicacy; Robert Desnos (1900-1945), another poet of the dream vision, who developed an uncanny ability to dream with his eyes open and then write down what he had seen (he died in a German concentration camp, at the very moment of the liberation); René Crevel (1900-1935), an eccentric bohemian poet who committed suicide; Jacques Rigaut (1899-1929), a black humorist who publicly condemned himself to death in 1919, when he was 20, granted himself a stay of execution for 10 years, and promptly killed himself at the age of 30; and Francis Picabia (1879-1953), poet and painter, an older man of established reputation who had been a dadaist and looked at the surrealist movement with a mixture of enthusiasm and irony.

IN his *"Manifeste du Surréalisme"* (the first Surrealist Manifesto), which officially inaugurated the movement in 1924, Breton describes their efforts to remove rationality, and conscious deliberation, from the creative process. He and Soupault had endeavored to write down anything that came into their minds *at extreme speed.*

"At the end of the first day," Breton says, "we were able to read to each other some 50 pages we had obtained by this method and to start to compare results. On the whole, Soupault's efforts and my own showed a remarkable analogy: the same faults of construction, the same shortcomings, but also, on the other hand, an impression of extraordinary fervor, a great deal of emotion, a considerable number of images of a quality of which we should not have been able to produce even a single example by deliberate rational effort, a very special picturesqueness, and, here and there, some passage of a sharply comic flavor."

Here, then, we have the principle of surrealism as Breton and his school understood it: the absolute supremacy of the subconscious impulse in the process of artistic creation. Hitherto, art had been regarded as an act of supreme deliberateness and rationality, the application of the highest degree of conscious design, learned skills and ingenious methods

(Continued on Page 40)

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developed to produce foreseeable and intentional effects.

Freud had pointed out that *behind* the deliberate plan of the artist, however, there had always been at work a subconscious motivation which made use of and molded his conscious efforts. Breton was the first to base artistic activity on a voluntary abdication of conscious planning, a deliberate passive yielding to the promptings of the subconscious.

There is a world of difference between this conception and Apollinaire's use of the term surrealism. Nevertheless, Breton and Soupault followed Apollinaire in christening their new method. "In homage to Guillaume Apollinaire," Breton continues in his account in the first Surrealist Manifesto, "who had just died and who, we felt, had at various occasions followed a similar impulse without, however, having abandoned mediocre literary methods in its favor, Soupault and I gave the name Surrealism to the new pure method of expression which we now had at our disposal and which we made available to our friends without delay."

The first Surrealist Manifesto includes a dictionary-like definition of the new term by Breton:

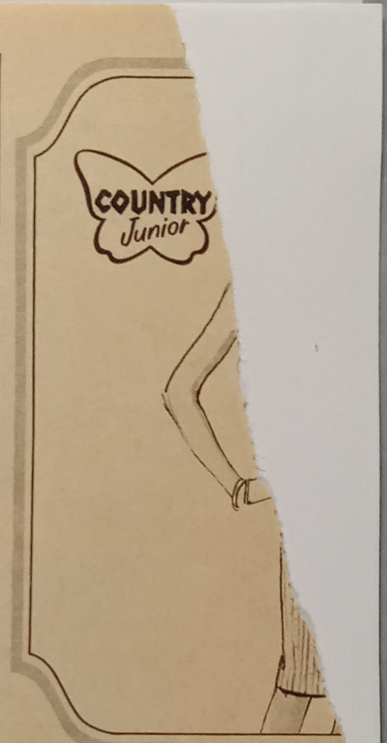
SURREALISM. Noun. Masculine. Pure psychic automatism by which it is intended to express, be it verbally, in writing or by any other means, the true functioning of thought. Dictation of thought without any control by reason, and outside any aesthetic or moral preoccupation.

And Breton followed this definition with a short description of the kind found in encyclopaedias:

Surrealism is based on the belief in the superior reality of certain forms of association hitherto neglected, in the omnipotence of the dream, in the free play of thought. It tends toward the definitive destruction of all other psychic mechanisms and to put itself in their place in the solution of the main problems of life . . .

While insisting that nobody before him had consciously practiced surrealism as a method, Breton nevertheless listed a number of writers and painters who, he felt, had, without knowing it, sometimes used similar processes of direct expression of the currents of the subconscious. Chief among these was that mysterious and eccentric genius of the Romantic Agony, Isidore Ducasse (1847-1870), a native of Montevideo who had written, under the pen name Comte de Lautréamont, a strange prose-poem of wild dreamlike fantasy about hatred, evil and madness, "*Les Chants de Maldoror.*" It contains the surreal-

(Continued on Page 43)



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ists' favorite definition of beauty: "Beautiful as the unexpected meeting on a dissection table of a sewing machine and an umbrella . . ."

Among other precursors named by Breton in his first manifesto we find Swift, de Sade, Chateaubriand (for his exoticism), Constant, Hugo, Poe (surrealist of adventure), Baudelaire, Rimbaud, Mallarmé, Jarry, St.-John Perse, Roussel and others. In a footnote, Breton added some names of painters who qualified as surrealist precursors: "In the past only Uccello, in modern times Seurat, Gustave Moreau, Matisse, Derain, Picasso (by far the purest), Braque, Duchamp, Picabia, Chirico, Klee, Man Ray, Max Ernst and André Masson."

AFTER publication of the first Surrealist Manifesto, with Breton as high priest of the movement, the title of the review *Littérature* was changed to *La Révolution Surréaliste* and a Bureau of Surrealist Research was established in premises in the Rue de Grenelle off the Boulevard St. Germain.

The revolutionary implication of the title of the new publication was quite seriously meant. Breton insisted that the movement was far more than

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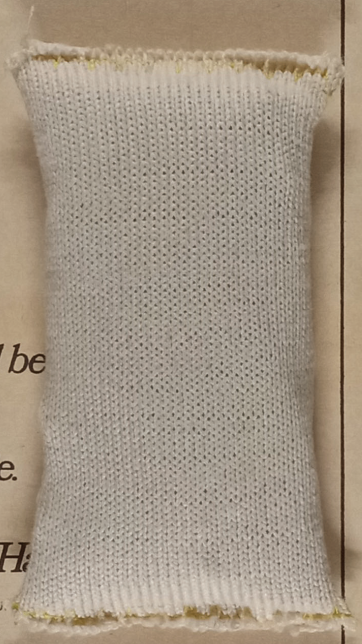


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CERAMIC—Joan Miro was a signatory of the first Surrealist Manifesto. This is his "Head."

Nobody told you he would be
It rained on your wig.
And he hates you in purple.

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Surrealism is more than a style, it is almost a way of life

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purely artistic, that it had two basic slogans: "To change life!", derived from Rimbaud, and "To transform the world!", derived from Marx. For believers in the supreme power of the subconscious to have put their faith in Marx, the extreme rationalist who wanted to transform the world on verifiable scientific principles (however mistaken he may have been in this conviction), must appear as the ultimate paradox. Nevertheless, in those heady days following the Bolshevik revolution all antibourgeois elements in Europe (and the United States as well) were bound to pin their highest hopes on the vociferously antibourgeois Communists. Many of the bitter feuds within the surrealist movement had their origin in the consequences of this first commitment to Marxism. Aragon, Eluard and a number of others became loyal party members and were eventually lost to the cause of surrealism. Breton grew increasingly disgusted with the dogmatism of the party, briefly hitched his wagon to the star of Leon Trotsky (whom he visited in his Mexican exile in 1938) and later even became for a time a supporter of the postwar world-citizen movement of Garry Davis.

Breton's assumption of the mantle of the supreme arbiter of surrealism, with the power to adopt and to expel anyone he wished, has made the history of the movement an endless record of heresies and their persecution, of violent rifts and schisms, the creation of splinter groups and the most complicated maneuvers and countermaneuvers among the various factions. One has, in fact, to distinguish between officially recognized surrealists and an outer fringe composed of artists who were merely influenced by Breton's ideas at a distance, or have at one time or another belonged to the movement before being expelled and excommunicated.

One can, however, quite safely venture to say that it is the *outer,* rather than the *inner,* circle which will give the measure of the true importance of surrealism. Indeed, some of the most considerable creative artists who bear witness to the influence of the surrealist movement have never formally belonged to it at all, or may not even have been conscious of its direct influence. On the other hand, this should not lessen the value of Breton's insistence on the purity of the inner circle. It was, after all, from this inner core, and from Breton himself, that the initial impulse radiated.

WHAT of Breton's insistence on *pure automatism?* Most of the writers and painters concerned *used* the concept in the sense that they were able to incorporate ideas produced by yielding to passive subconscious impulses into conscious and deliberate work. Such use was, necessarily, far less possible for those working in such fields as the theater or cinema.

Over all, the recognition of the value of the subconscious impulse proved immensely fruitful. Automatic writing is only one of these methods. The painters and sculptors among the surrealists developed a number of procedures by which their subconscious could be stimulated: drawing at extreme speed (Masson); collages —i.e., the more or less chance juxtaposition of snippets of illustrations, newspaper cuttings, etc.; working a blob of paint on a piece of paper into a pattern of surprising forms by folding the paper, rubbing other paper against it, etc.; Marcel Duchamp's "ready-mades," which were constructions including real objects that appealed to his subconscious—a lavatory bowl, a bicycle handlebar, etc. From these Max Ernst, Kurt Schwitters, Arp and Dali developed more complex collages of real objects.

Present-day Pop art is the direct descendant of these techniques. And action painting clearly derives from the method of ultra-rapid drawing and reliance on the element of chance. Max Ernst's advice to young painters in 1942 was: "Attach an empty tin can to a thread a meter or two long, punch a small hole in the bottom, fill the can with paint, liquid enough to flow freely. Let the can swing from the end of the thread over a piece of canvas resting on a flat surface, then change the direction of the can by movements of the hands, arms, shoulder and entire body. Surprising lines thus drip upon the canvas. The play of association then begins."

ALL these techniques of painting and sculpture are concerned with *formal invention* by free association. Another group of surrealist painters and sculptors proceeded in a totally different way: they used well-established traditional formal techniques for the meticulous depiction of *subconscious contents.* If the former group might be called subconscious formalists, the latter are the naturalists of the imagination.

Chief among the "naturalists" are undoubtedly the Belgian René Magritte (1898) and the Spaniard Salvador Dali (born 1904). Dali, long since excommunicated by Breton, who objected to his commercialism and publicity-consciousness (he renamed him, in an anagram, Avida Dollars), nevertheless remains one of the chief glories of surrealism. However bizarre his behavior (he once gave a lecture at the Sorbonne with his bare right foot soaking in a pan of milk), however cynical his attitude (in a recent interview in the Paris periodical Arts he declared that he lived in New York "because there I am in the middle of a cascade of cheques which arrive like diarrhea"), Dali is a very considerable painter with the power to project genuine dream images onto his canvas.

Magritte, less showy and less pub-

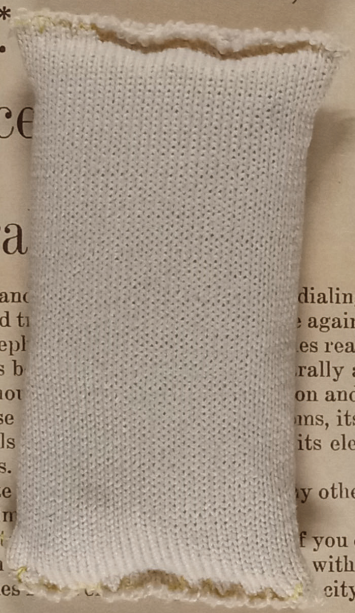
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(Continued from Page 44)

licity-conscious, is perhaps even more powerful a painter of bizarre nightmare images. Using a Pop pictorial style, Magritte manages to displace his audience's sense of reality by investing objects of every-day life with frightening changes of place and emphasis: a marble statue of a nude woman which appears to be composed of flesh above the navel—but lacks a head; an athlete raising a pair of dumbbells—one of them covers his head—no, it *is* his head, etc.

One of the century's greatest sculptors, Alberto Giacometti, of Italian-Swiss origin (1901-1966) also derived a great deal of inspiration from both official and unofficial surrealists: his forests of thin, elongated bodies walking through a dessicated world are among the most powerful images of our time. His "Palace at 4 A.M." at the Museum of Modern Art is a fine example of his surrealist period.

"The influence of surrealist techniques and conceptions is even wider in the field of literature than in the fine arts."

Man Ray (born 1890 in Philadelphia), the first American to join Breton's circle, was among the precursors of the movement in New York during the First World War. He is a painter, maker of surrealist objects, collagist, and, above all, a virtuoso with photographic techniques: he invented rayograms, pictures taken without a lens which turn the most ordinary objects into fantastic apparitions.

Joan Miró (born 1893), another Spaniard and a signatory of the first Surrealist Manifesto, is, unlike Dali, an almost nonrepresentational painter who builds up his canvas from the simplest blobs of paint—schematized, childlike images of reality, ideographs.

Paul Klee (1879-1940) never officially belonged to the surrealists, but was revered by them: he, too, uses ideographs, in a manner not unlike Miró's.

IN the field of literature the influence of surrealism is certainly even wider than in the fine arts; yet the fact that it is so widespread—and the influence often indirect—makes it far more difficult to be specific in showing how the work of a certain poet or novelist derives from surrealist inspiration.

Modern French poetry is certainly profoundly affected by surrealist techniques and conceptions. In addition to the founder members of the

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movement, René Char, Jacques Prévert (the author of many of the most famous popular *chansons* of the last decade and scenarist of many famous films), Raymond Queneau, who is also a novelist, Julien Gracq and René Daumal were at one time or another active supporters of Breton. (But is there, in point of fact, any major poet now active in France who does not bear the mark of his influence?)

As to non-French literature—where is one to draw the line? e. e. cummings certainly shows surrealist influences. So do the Beat poets, with their insistence on spontaneity. So does Samuel Beckett, in his prose works—a record of a multitude of voices speaking from the subconscious (although Beckett, a great master of form, consciously shapes the material).

In drama, there is Antonin Artaud (1896-1948), the theoretician of the Theater of Cruelty, who was one of the most active members of the surrealist movement until he was excommunicated by Breton for the sin of wanting to start a company playing to a paying public. Artaud deeply influenced modern playwriting, as well as techniques of staging, thus carrying the surrealist influence far and wide into the contemporary theater. Ionesco, Adamov and the numerous adherents of the Theater of the Absurd clearly also derive from the surrealist impulse to seek the sources of creative energy in the dream and the subconscious.

In the cinema, too, surrealist influence has been powerful and pervasive. One of the greatest French directors, René Clair, started out as an avant-gardist deeply influenced by the surrealists (one of his first films, "Entr'acte," was made in collaboration with Picabia); Man Ray made a number of highly influential experimental films; the surrealist poet Robert Desnos wrote several scenarios; and Luis Buñuel made two films in collaboration with Dali—*"Le Chien Andalou"* (1928), and *"L'Age d'Or"* (1930). The first of these contains one of the most frequently quoted surrealist images: a group of monks dragging a piano on which lie the rotting carcasses of asses. Nor can Cocteau's films be considered uninfluenced by the surrealists, although the surrealists strenuously denounced Cocteau—and Cocteau, equally strenuously, the surrealists. And again: which film-maker of imagination now active would claim not to have felt the influence of one or more of these great pio-

(Continued on Page 52)

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"A GIRL POSSESSED"—Paul Klee was not officially of the surrealists, but was revered by them.

(Continued from Page 48)

neers, and thus ultimately that of the surrealists themselves?

ANDRE BRETON, the founder of the surrealist movement, was 70 years old on Feb. 18 of this year. Most of the pioneers who are still alive have already passed, or are rapidly approaching, the Biblical age of three score and ten. The avant-gardists of the twenties and thirties have become revered elders. When the numerous, and often ludicrously petty, controversies generated by Breton's pose as the Pope of Surrealism were at their height, the temptation to dismiss him and all his works as the expression of childish fads and pretentious crankiness was understandably great. Today we can overlook these storms and merely be amused at the almost incredible political naiveté displayed by what, after all, were artists who had no idea whatever about politics.

But if we disregard these aspects of surrealism, what remains is a truly impressive achievement: no less than a complete reshaping of man's concept of artistic creativeness, the uncovering of vast areas of new sources of creative energy. Insofar as there can hardly be an artist today who is unaware of the fact that his creative power has subconscious sources, which he must deliberately nourish and cultivate, *all* artists are surrealists in our time.

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The New York Times Book Review

DECEMBER 26, 1965 © 1965, by The New York Times Company SECTION 7

A STATE OF MIND

THE HISTORY OF SURREALISM. By Maurice Nadeau. Translated by Richard Howard from the French, "Histoire du Surréalisme." With an introduction by Roger Shattuck. Illustrated. 351 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company. $6.95.

DIARY OF A GENIUS. By Salvador Dali. Translated by Richard Howard from the French, "Journal d'un Génie." With a foreword and notes by Michael Déon. Illustrated. 230 pp. New York: Doubleday & Co. $5.95.

By HAROLD ROSENBERG

IN popular usage "surrealist" is synonymous with "whacky." One reason (and the judgments of the crowd are rarely altogether baseless) is the stress in surrealist texts and paintings on the irrational and the subrational and its cult of the madman, natural and self-made. Another reason is that surrealism is known in this country chiefly through its dream-building and psychotic-mimicking professionals, in particular Salvador Dali, the 20th-century leading bit player of The Mad Genius.

Maurice Nadeau's "History of Surrealism" throws its weight on an entirely different side of this literary and artistic movement: its development as a profound, historically conscious revolt against the crushing of individual and collective life by the system of forms that constitutes the official culture of civilized nations. Emerging in the early twenties from the recoil of the dadaists against World War I, surrealism undertook a total transformation of both art and daily existence.

To the members of the movement, surrealism was a discipline, a Way, in the total sense of a mystical order. It was a brotherhood not of quiet withdrawal into art and poetry but of action and demonstration. It stubbornly intruded into public events, from causing a scandal during the national mourning for Anatole France to risking arrest for revolutionary agitation. In the end, the predicted catastrophe of World War II compelled the surrealists to go underground or to flee Europe.

It was during the exile in the United States of André Breton and his associates that surrealism is said to have expired — Dali in his "Diary" dates its demise from a day in 1940 when he failed to keep an appointment with Breton in New York. As an avant-garde style in literature and painting, however, surrealism was rather played out by the middle thirties. On the other hand, the death of surrealism can still be denied, so long as Breton continues to edit magazines and issue manifestoes.

For Nadeau, surrealism is eternally alive as a "state of mind," and as a mode of behavior. Moreover, he claims "the problems that the surrealists attempted to solve are those that still face the younger generation today." Surrealism, then, represents a continuing confrontation of the epoch brought into being by World War I. As such, regardless of the value assigned to surrealist poems and paintings, it has a vital place in the modern intellectual tradition.

Nadeau makes a strong case for the centrality of the surrealist experience in regard to the situation of the socially conscious artist during the past half century. Within the disintegrating Europe of the 1920's, surrealism inaugurated a tireless experiment in combining radical political action with the freedom, including the caprice, of individuals. At first this dual interest could be served through organized provocations by means of publications, public demonstrations, exhibitions. As the crisis of Europe thickened, however, pressure mounted to put aside the "revolution of the mind" in behalf of revolutionary discipline. Leading surrealists (Pierre Naville, Louis Aragon, later Paul Eluard) defected to the Communist party on this issue, and the effort was made to place the entire movement under its direction.

Breton and his group, while continuing its radical attack on the existing order, stubbornly rejected any substitute for the surrealist project of total liberation of individual desire and imagination. He sensed that to renounce feeling in favor of social action, or to make it serve the ends of action, meant not only to surrender a chief source of revolutionary vitality but to lose the human standpoint from which to criticize revolutionary catchwords. To the argument—politics now, individual freedom later—Breton responded with a series of counterstatements carefully specifying for the radical mind the relation between the political act and the art act. The movement of surrealism toward and away from the Communist party, and, finally, in the direction of the exiled Trotsky, was accompanied by a line of principled reasoning without comparison in the literature of the arts—Breton's rigorous position-taking has more in common with the "Apologia" of Newman or the "What Is to Be Done?" of Lenin than with the expressions of sentiment of literary men.

The chapters of "The History of Surrealism" devoted to these maneuvers are the most significant in the book; they demonstrate not only the seriousness of the surrealists but their advanced thinking on issues still highly relevant. The conflict in the United States between radical, or progressive, politics, with its organizational and popular culture demands, as against the individualism and "usefulness" of avant-garde art has yet to be dealt with on the intellectual level of surrealist polemics.

Besides the worth of its example in dealing with the issue of the artist in a conformist mass society that uses culture to disguise its crises, surrealism must also be credited with discovering, or developing systematically, many of the forms now conspicuous in art and literature. These include displacement of things and images in the art of *(Continued on Page 10)*



"Nude," 1954: Dali self-portrait, and, in the sky, the face of his wife Gala.
Private collection.

Mr. Rosenberg, who is associated with the Southern Illinois University artist-in-residence program, is the author of "The Anxious Object."

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A State of Mind

(Continued from Page 1)

the "found object," collages and assemblages; manipulation of scale (tiny mountains, huge cats); double meanings in words and pictures that fool the eye; dream narratives and settings; imitation of the art of children, the untaught and the hallucinated. Each of these devices had been used earlier, but surrealism brought them into focus with the actual operations of the mind and with a point of view. (As used today, most have fallen back into being devices.)

From the experiments of surrealism came also automatism and spontaneous combination as creative methods, which postwar American artists have adapted to new ends. With surrealism, art as the fabrication of cultural commodities gave way to its practice as a continuing research into the hidden resources of the psyche and the media. Its passion to set aside the logic and forms of Western civilization, and to replace them with the symbolism and myth-making of man as such, lifted art into a global current beyond the earlier international style of Europe and North America.

Nadeau's "History," written in 1944 and with a second look added in 1957, is long overdue. Its intelligent and exact, if somewhat academic, text, its bibliography and bibliographical notes, its collection of significant documents (the reproductions of surrealist art are absurdly inadequate) should be studied by everyone who seeks enlightenment about the contemporary mind.

One misses here an exacting criticism of surrealism—its assumptions, attitudes, judgments, esthetic preferences. Surrealist diabolism, its "air of orime" derived from Rimbaud, its lack of subtlety in regard to Freud, its ambivalence toward science, its taste for con men, quacks and vampires, its idolization of Lautréamont, Sade and the Poe of "Ulalume," its vein of privileged nastiness are reflexes of the time and place of its origin. These reflexes need to be filtered out of its intuitions of the release of the creative, its passion for a new state of being and new human relations, its tonic responses to the oddnesses of the everyday. Unfortunately, this critical task was not undertaken by Nadeau. Nor is it carried very far in the introduction by Roger Shattuck which, in "reappraising" surrealism, finds that "love and laughter . . . are the areas in which surrealism left its mark most deeply on the avant-garde in this century" — in short, that surrealism was just another dish in the French banquet of charm.

Dali's "Dairy of a Genius" has plenty of love (for himself and his "angel" Gala) and some degree of laughter (he is funniest as an art critic). Yet Shattuck notwithstanding, Dali represents precisely those elements of surrealism that are most thoroughly played out: its identification of individuality with "paranoia" and the artist with pseudo-obsessive whimsies. This was the perverse strain in surrealism, and though Nadeau intimates that in extolling Hitler ("he seemed to me of incomparable catastrophic value"), in embracing Franco and the church and in his greed for money (which Dali interprets in Freudian terms), Dali distorted or abandoned surrealism, Dali has logic on his side when he says that "imbued with Lautréamont and the Marquis de Sade, I entered the group, armed with a Jesuitical good faith . . . I was finally expelled because I was too surrealist." He did not betray surrealism; he chose to attach himself to its dying limbs.

The Decision Was His to Make

(Continued from Page 5)

early victory. There is little reason to believe that the German military leaders any more than the Allies would have accepted moderate terms of the sort Wilson envisaged in January, 1917, when he went before Congress to deliver his famous "Peace Without Victory" message.

Yet even after the precipitation of unrestricted submarine warfare led Wilson to break off diplomatic relations with Germany, he was disposed to continue the United States on a neutral course. For some days in March, 1917, he hoped the United States could stay out of full-scale war through arming its merchantmen and keeping the sea-lanes open—a policy of armed neutrality.

Several factors led Wilson to change his mind. One upon which Link lays especial stress was the Zimmerman note, the blundering German effort to bring Mexico into the war against the United States by dangling Texas and the Southwest as prizes. It caused Wilson to lose all illusions concerning German good faith. There was also the apparently democratic revolution in Czarist Russia, one of the Allies, making the war seem an alignment of democracies against autocracies. Finally there was the growing realization that the Germans would not exercise restraint but were bent relentlessly upon sinking American shipping without warning. As for armed neutrality, it was not better than a half-way course which, of necessity, would expand into full war.

On the positive side, Wilson hoped through American intervention to shorten the war, and to present his idealistic views effectively at the peace conference. So it was that finally, on March 20, 1917, Wilson polled his Cabinet; they all voted for war. He reached his decision. "We are glad," he told Congress on April 2, "to fight thus for the ultimate peace of the world and the liberation of its peoples . . . The world must be made safe for democracy."

Uncle Charlie's Uncle Charlie

(Continued from Page 4)

himself. William Jennings Bryan was "a pinchbeck Christ," Theodore Roosevelt "a sciolist [pretender] in history and a fraud in politics," and a famous foreign policy message of Cleveland's was a "drunken rodomontade." Adams's principal aide in running the Union Pacific reminded Adams "of nothing so much as a great, bewildered old barnyard hen, which goes flapping and fluttering about in abject terror"; in the shorthand of Adams's invective this man became "Flabby-guts." As a Harvard student and busy beau, Charles was struck by his contemporaries' childless marriages —"Copulation may vigorously proceed," he wrote, "but conception is at a standstill."

He was certain his upbringing had been a failure, overhung as it was by excessive tradition, and his father's "Roman" sternness. Reading over one of his youthful writings "I did blush and groan and swear over its . . . immaturity and ineptitude, its conceit, its weakness and its cant."

As Mr. Kirkland very wisely observes: "Charles did not resent having been born; he simply resented having been born young."



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The Quiet Necromancer

By JOHN CANADAY

A GENERATION ago (in 1928-29) René Magritte painted a poster-size picture of a pipe, so realistic, even so banal in rendering, that it could have served as an advertisement in a tobacco shop, if accompanied by a legend as to manufacturer and price. But as a legend Magritte inscribed beneath the pipe, in the neatest, most precise script, "Ceci n'est pas une pipe"—"This is not a pipe." The painting, included in the Magritte retrospective that opened last week at the Museum of Modern Art, is not much more than a symptomatic expression of the impertinence and cultivation of the unexpected that was attractive in dada and early surrealism—if taken by itself.

But in context with Magritte's total work, his declaration that his objectively described pipe is not a pipe becomes a declaration of principle that he has sustained and developed ever since, a principle that boils down to "Things are not what they seem." Magritte has cultivated a manner so precise, so dry and so literal that inch by inch his paintings are commonplace. But his commonplace rendering of a tuba announces "This is not a tuba" because the tuba has burst into flames, which is not the habit of brass objects. A rock declares that it is not a rock because it not only assumes the dimensions of a mountain but floats in air, leaving us to recognize it doubly as a small object enormously enlarged and as an enormous object reduced to the dimensions of a canvas, in either case violating the laws of nature in spite of the fact that it seems to have been formed by them. It is a rock so like any other that we are invited to doubt the condition of our own reason because we find it behaving in an unusual fashion.

*

The constant implication in a painting by Magritte is that nothing unusual is going on, and that only our own dull-wittedness in the experience of daily life has kept us from seeing for ourselves the nature of Magritte's fantastic world. As a fantasist he is the least exhibitionistic of artists. He never brings off his effects with a flourish; it is his very commonplaceness that does the trick. A match, a goblet, a comb, a cake of soap and a shaving brush, accurately scaled to one another, and described with an ungarnished accuracy appropriate to representations in a mail order catalogue, are disposed as monsters in a room where they dwarf the furniture (painted with equal dryness but at a different scale) with the further confusion that the walls of the room have been painted out to become a summer sky filled with white clouds—a sky, however, that turns at right angles where the wall should. One is never sure where one is, or what size anything is, or what is transparent and what solid, what alive and what dead. But Magritte keeps assuring us that all this is perfectly normal, since it is there to be seen. If it weren't true, how could it be painted so truthfully?

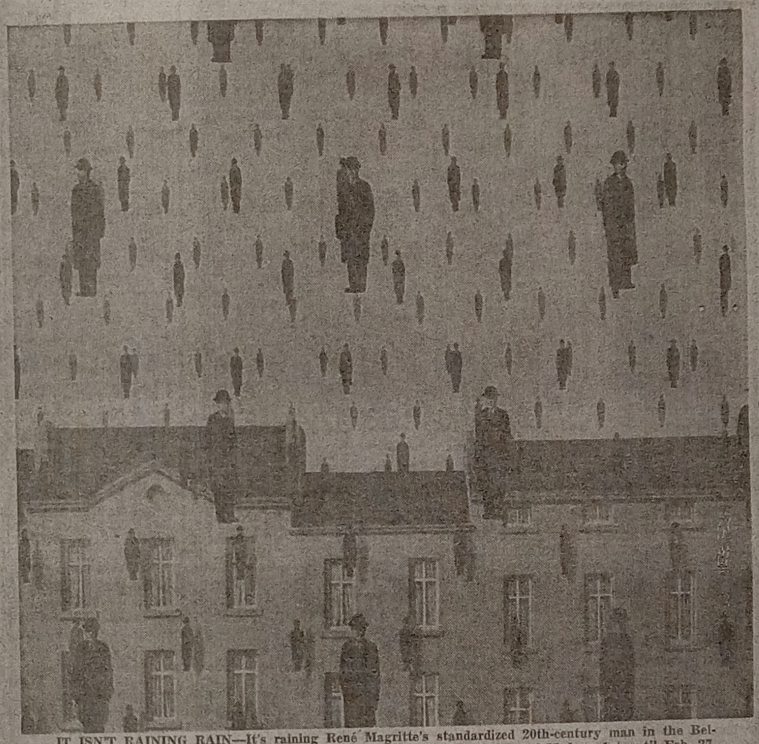
At other times Magritte seems to be commenting on the unity of the broad and miniscule aspects of life by letting them stand in for one another. A tree becomes a leaf, its bare branches turning into the veins, its trunk into the stem. And a man standing on a bridge—a figure represented up to the neck, with all the imaginative flair of a tailor's dummy offering the new fall model—is capped not by a head but by a large globe that is an enormous glass eye, staring flatly ahead, at nothing.

*

These examples have been chosen for their adaptability to comment, but it has been typical of Magritte that as his iconographical catalogue has accumulated over the years (and no matter to what degree, if any, he has defined a symbolic system within this catalogue) he has become less and less describable and also less and less identifiable with the surrealist movement. He is a fantasist not quite comparable to any other. There are Magritte fans who have written indignant letters to this department on occasion, finding the most abstruse philosophical systems in his paintings where we have found none at all. But their wordy searches have always seemed to me to lessen, or to be oblivious to, the inherent nature of his work, which alone in contemporary fantastic art has managed to identify the prosaic with the supernatural.

I suspect that the titles Magritte gives his paintings are often tongue-in-cheek (the pipe that is not a pipe is called "The Wind and the Song") and they sometimes drag in superfluous side references. The downpour of solid business men illustrated here is called "Golconda," the name of the ancient Indian diamond-cutting city that has become synonymous with any source of great wealth. Perhaps in Magritte's Golconda we are supposed to make an ironic connection between the pursuit of money and the dreary uniformity of most lives spent in that pursuit today. As an indirect reference the title may add a little something to the painting, but the painting stands better by itself. Most fantastic painting too easily turns literary, but Magritte's remains insistently pictorial. That is his greatest strength.

An interview with Magritte appears on page 19.



IT ISN'T RAINING RAIN—It's raining René Magritte's standardized 20th-century man in the Belgian artist's "Golconda," a painting in his retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art until Feb. 27.

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paint, but what you have to say. Painting for me is a description of a thought," he said, detailing the way he went about such works as "Les Valeurs Personelles" (see photograph). "The thought can only consist of visible objects, which exist in my head as clear images. A comb, for example. I may make a lot of drawings of it. That in turn will suggest other images—a wine glass, a shaving brush."

Putting the seemingly unrelated objects in juxtaposition, Magritte explained, was in reality a union. "It is a union that suggests the essential mystery of the world. Art for me is not an end in itself, for the one-shot performance must be purchased in advance at the museum, 92d Street and 5th Avenue.

PRIVATE VIEW

Culture-rich Palm Beach will get a new art museum around Feb. 15—but the public will not be invited. Its founder: Chicago investment banker J. Patrick Lannan, a collector of art from Sumerian to post-Op, and patron of the Lannan Foundation, which aids painters, writers, and performing artists. The museum structure is a half-underground pavilion added to the rear of Lannan's home, "Four Winds," whose grounds stretch from ocean to lake on

COLLAGE

The $2.2 million Rembrandt "Titus" portrait, bought at auction last March by industrialist Norton Simon and hung for 6 months in Washington's National Gallery, was recently transferred to its new home, the Los Angeles County Museum. Snug in the custody of a curator, it made the plane trip wrapped as a Christmas package, with a tag reading "To Mother" . . . For its golden anniversary year, beginning next June 14, the august Cleveland Museum will stage a dozen 1-man exhibitions of contemporary art, each lasting a month. First two on the schedule: Fairfield Porter, Joseph Albers.

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Art Notes

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Bob Greene

René Magritte and "Les Valeurs Personnelles"
Painting is a description of a thought

A Bottle Is a Bottle

By GRACE GLUECK

LOAVES of French bread floating past a window. A nude partitioned into five parts. A wall-to-wall apple in a room. In the 40-odd years that the Belgian surrealist René Magritte has been painting these disquieting riddles, he has rarely left his quiet home in a residential section of Brussels. But last week, lured for the opening of his show at the Museum of Modern Art, he materialized (with his wife, Georgette, and the family dog, Lou-Lou) on his first United States visit.

Pleasant, sober-suited and resembling more a Sorbonne political science *professeur* than a high priest of surrealism, the 67-year-old painter held amiable audience in a midtown hotel suite. It was immediately determined that (a) he found New York "astonishing," (b) he was eager to visit the Bronx cottage of Edgar Allan Poe (whose work has inspired him) and (c) he hadn't much use for most contemporary art.

"Do the Pop artists claim me?" he asked in mock surprise. "Excuse me, but I think Pop is window dressing, advertising art." And what American painters did he admire? "Caspar David Friedrich" (a 19th-century German artist), he blandly replied. So much for *that*.

A surrealist almost since birth of the movement, Magritte declares that he settled on his own way of painting ("after much research") around 1926. And he hasn't been swayed since by art fashions. "It isn't the way you paint, but what you have to say. Painting for me is a description of a thought," he said, detailing the way he went about such works as "Les Valeurs Personelles" (see photograph). "The thought can only consist of visible objects, which exist in my head as clear images. A comb, for example. I may make a lot of drawings of it. That in turn will suggest other images —a wine glass, a shaving brush."

Putting the seemingly unrelated objects in juxtaposition, Magritte explained, was in reality a union. "It is a union that suggests the essential mystery of the world. Art for me is not an end in itself, but a means of evoking that mystery."

Magritte is testy about "symbolic" or psychoanalytic interpretations of his strange imagery. "Art is rebellious to psychoanalysis," he insists. "The thought expressed in my work is absolute—it can't be interpreted. In my painting, a bird is a bird. And a bottle is a bottle, not a symbol of a womb."

MAYHEM ON 92D ST.

All right, another breakthrough at the Jewish Museum (currently showing the motion sculptures of Jean Tinguely). On Wednesday night, starting promptly at 9, three of the clattering, ratchitic machines will join an all-star cast of poets and painters in a murder-drama, "The Tinguely Machine Mystery," or "The Love Suicides at Kahuka." The play is by Kenneth Koch, poet, assistant professor of English at Columbia, and a long-time art world collaborationist. Touted as the first dramatic presentation ever to bring artists and machines together in an art museum (beat that for a first!) "The Tinguely Machine Mystery" will include painter Larry Rivers as a police chief, his wife Clarice as a princess, Tinguely himself as a Japanese lover, and his wife, artist Niki de Saint-Phalle, as the Spirit of the Night. Painter Jane Freilicher is billed as the City of Odessa (it says here). And poets Frank O'Hara, John Ashbery and Arnold Weinstein will take other featured roles. Special music has been composed by Morton Feldman. Tickets ($2) for the one-shot performance must be purchased in advance at the museum, 92d Street and 5th Avenue.

PRIVATE VIEW

Culture-rich Palm Beach will get a new art museum around Feb. 15—but the public will not be invited. Its founder: Chicago investment banker J. Patrick Lannan, a collector of art from Sumerian to post-Op, and patron of the Lannan Foundation, which aids painters, writers, and performing artists. The museum structure is a half-underground pavilion added to the rear of Lannan's home, "Four Winds," whose grounds stretch from ocean to lake on Palm Beach's Gold Coast. It will be open to artists, scholars and such on request, five days a week from 1 to 5. "Strictly a private affair," says Lannan. "I don't want to offend my neighbors. It will house works from my collection, plus whatever outside shows we might want to bring in."

For its splashy (private) opening next February, the new museum has already flushed its first show—a selection of work by young painters and sculptors of New York's Park Place Gallery, down on West Broadway.

GREENER GRASS

In the hopped-up week between Christmas and New Years' (beginning Dec. 27), the Allan Stone Gallery on East 86th Street will willfully take on the look of a thrift shop or rummage sale. It is all the doing of the assemblagist Arman, a stocky, pleasant-faced Frenchman perpetually draped with cameras. Arman's idea: a quid pro quo exhibition at which owners weary of their belongings—paintings, objets d'art, books, records, furniture—may shed them and take whatever they fancy in exchange.

"I'll make a huge pile of objects," says Arman. "When people come in with their discards and start to poke through it, I'll take pictures every five seconds of their expressions. After some days, I should have enough for a strange movie."

And what if some Arman assemblages should find their way onto the pile? "Okay by me," says Arman.

COLLAGE

The $2.2 million Rembrandt "Titus" portrait, bought at auction last March by industrialist Norton Simon and hung for 6 months in Washington's National Gallery, was recently transferred to its new home, the Los Angeles County Museum. Snug in the custody of a curator, it made the plane trip wrapped as a Christmas package, with a tag reading "To Mother" . . . For its golden anniversary year, beginning next June 14, the august Cleveland Museum will stage a dozen 1-man exhibitions of contemporary art, each lasting a month. First two on the schedule: Fairfield Porter, Joseph Albers.

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An Apology for Surrealism

NYT - 12/19/65

By PAUL WALDO SCHWARTZ

PARIS.

NOT to be outdone by massive revisionism in Moscow or by profound reorganization in Rome, the French poet André Breton has massed the present and past personnel of his 40-year-old surrealist empire in yet another crack at salvation. The statement of the new high presidium takes the form of an 11th International Surrealist Exhibition, held at the Left Bank gallery of the magazine L'Oeil, and dubbed "L'Ecart Absolu."

Breton launched the tenth round in Paris in 1959, but on a more limited scale. That exhibition only dealt with eroticism. Last year a historical panorama of surrealism took place, but a non-Bretonized version not to be mentioned aloud in surrealist circles. This, then, is the new, authorized version, and the changes are manifest.

At 69, Breton himself remains an indefatigable montage of François Villon, Lenin and Boss Tweed, with mellifluent overtones of the elder poet. Remarkably enough, he remains the archpriest of a present as well as a past surrealism. For it turns out that each and every afternoon, despite the super-surrealism of the space age, Breton and his disciples meet at their surrealist café to debate, codify, affirm, deny and dissent, just as in the old days.

Changes

Thirty years ago, it was the Closerie des Lilas on Boulevard Montparnasse. Today, it's something less gracious, a stark little joint near Les Halles, with the too-surrealist-to-be-true name of La Promenade de Venus. The cult of woman, one of the surrealist movement's brightest tenets, has not been altered.

Also present and accounted for is the surrealist prejudice that a word is worth a thousand pictures, and that a thousand words will happily take the place of one. The 11th International catalogue contains more words in its multiple declarations, prefaces, postscripts and parentheses than the complete works of Rimbaud.

But the changes are both visual and ideological. The underlying theme is one of protest against the enormities of modern life—a far cry from the Nietzschean days when it was the limitations of life itself that constituted the surrealist target.

Prepared Critiques

Thus, the central piece of the exhibition is a collectively devised monster-machine with a mechanical voice stuttering the sounds of a taxi-radio, and a washing machine belly cleaning up a newspaper. The head is a TV screen and the back is fashioned of the silken accoutrements of a bridal trousseau.

The negativism involved is at least defensible, but the banality is disappointing and underscores the second underlying current of the show—a tone not of ferocious self-assertion but of ferocious apology.

Included in the exhibition's literature is a series of three press notices which critics are invited to print either edited or as is, all set down on beautiful leaves of pastel colored paper that would gladden an impressionist's heart. These pages contain nasty words about the exhibition, calculated to predetonate any critical explosion.

The pre-critiques acknowledge that pop art has siphoned off a bit of the surreal thunder, but they add that surrealism made pop possible. They acidly discount the view of those who would apply esthetic standards to the abiding revolution that is surrealism. For the surrealists have always stood against the idea that their doctrine was just another artistic program, to be savored for its esthetic effects, preferring to regard themselves as true revolutionaries of the spirit.

The written diatribes and the symbolic exhibits, including a "flower" constructed of stuffed rats, protest against the assault of mass technology and mass publicity.

Some new voices have been admitted to the surrealist circle. The work of Pierre Alechinsky, of Enrico Baj or of Hervé Telemaque are scarcely in the eclectic main current of the movement. Alberto Gironella's object-painting is closer to it, but of a maverick sensibility. Instead, these new disciples of Breton's correspond far more to the league of those happy few who responded to the brilliant flames of the movement, absorbed their warmth, and quickly departed.

Some of these happy exiles are included in the lists, thanks largely perhaps to the innate gallantry of the otherwise dogmatic Breton. The supreme example is, of course, Picasso, whose "Object-Still Life" in wood comes across as classical, serene and aloof.

Beautiful, Alas

An early Tanguy can be described as quietly elegant, second only perhaps to the handsome contributions of Arp and Miró. There is also a fine early Kandinsky which even Breton might be tempted to admire on esthetic grounds.

Max Ernst is represented too, handsomely, and in happy recognition of the primacy of expression over doctrine. For Ernst ranks high among the artists whom Breton has brusquely excommunicated.

Thus, despite the ritual washing machine and the unsightly rodents, the heresy can safely be uttered that this is perhaps the most beautiful Surrealist International in a great many years. That is one body blow apparently unanticipated at La Promenade de Venus.

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Books of The Times

Art Succeeded, but Life Failed

By ERIK WENSBERG

THE HISTORY OF SURREALISM. By Maurice Nadeau. Translated from the French by Richard Howard. With an introduction by Roger Shattuck. 352 pages. Macmillan. $6.95.

FEW works of intellectual history can surpass Maurice Nadeau's "History of Surrealism" in solemnity, completeness and rigid adherence to authenticated doctrine. One would rather say "in seriousness, broadness and fidelity to the relevant facts," but no.

One would rather, because here are not only glimpses of the root purposes and possibilities of the surrealist movement, but also this "school" in literature, art and politics (at its strongest, and here examined, between 1918 and 1940) and our own most prominent new artists, their often apocalyptic views, and the tone of much current political agitation on the lively cultural fringes.

Semaphore Between Lines

At the end of his admirable introduction to Nadeau's book, Roger Shattuck points out, with a kind of dire semaphore between the lines, "Nadeau . . . directs his attention exclusively to history and theory—as expressed in statements, manifestos, expository texts, programs and anecdotes—and thus does not convey any sense of the works produced." It should be said that there do appear, in a little anthology of documents at the close of this edition, a scattering of poems and bits of essays.

But on the whole, Mr. Nadeau confines us almost entirely within the limits of a doctrinal history. Thus, thanks largely to the movement's Confounding Fathers, André Breton and Louis Aragon, and to their prodigious gifts of promulgation, obloquy and spleen, the book is immensely rich in "testimony"; but as history, it resembles the proceedings of an interminable little Ecumenical Council from which all considerations of a church, past or present, have been omitted.

But clearly the church continues: the surrealist movement was inspiring, inspiriting, relevant, and productive of works of art and later apostles. In the last connection, the author does well to point out that in fact the very success of surrealist art in the 1930's marks the failure of the movement in its original intent; that the very mastery of, especially, its painters—Max Ernst, Giorgio di Chirico, René Magritte and the egregious Dali—betrayed the central surrealist tenet: that all accustomed occupations, standards, objects and categories should be swept away in a mental and social revolution. It is just here that Nadeau's book is most enlightening, in restoring to our understanding of surrealism its intention *"to change life."*

We are more familiar with the psychic side of the movement: its pursuit of whatever truth might be revealed in the random associations of automatic writing, of dreams, of found objects contemplated in isolation, of "coincidences" in everyday life. Any inquiry that would liberate the mind and feelings (spurious distinction!) from what seemed an intolerably narrow range the surrealists pursued with immense vigor and advertisement.

What Nadeau takes pains to show is that the movement founded its hectic corporate career on a state of despair over the concrete and actual events of two astounding slaughters, the ironically named Great Wars; and over social conditions similar to those that bred the neighboring Russian Revolution; over bourgeois materialism and purblind scientism. Thus, they could exhort the workers of France to rise, and could form agonized alliances with Leninist and Trotskyist organizations, with the same initial ardor given to sublimely sensual poems to beautiful women. Yet neither Breton's commitment to Communism (fleeting) nor Aragon's (lasting) could finally join the surrealist end—mental liberation—with the Soviet means—political authoritarianism.

Indeed, the only shared tendencies in these attempted alliances may have been to murderous rhetoric, paranoid organization and merciless purges. It is this whole edge to the surrealist movement that cleaves Mr. Shattuck's introduction from Mr. Nadeau's book, and the documentary evidence in the latter is hard to resist. One is haunted by the dictum of Breton in his second pontifical manifesto: "The simplest surrealist act consists in going out into the street, revolver in hand, and firing at random into the crowd as often as possible."

Granted that surrealism would be, first and last, mental, the note of brutality resounds through these pages. Perhaps sensing this, Mr. Shattuck invokes a description of the movement—relying on its ready accommodation of chance and opposites and outrage—as "holding open for love and laughter a wide space in our lives." The case he makes is persuasive enough on its own, and it may be that his argument (see his book "The Banquet Years") will carry the day. He has at least the wit that Mr. Nadeau's text so noticeably lacks.

It remains to say that antecedents of some of our own cultural furniture crowd this book—the "happenings" *(manifestations)* of the Dadaist branch, the dissertations on suicide that Camus resumed, the *objets trouvés* and so forth. To know where we are going, it is as well to see how far they got, and why.

End Papers

THE SEX LIFE OF THE ANIMALS. By Herbert Wendt. Translated from the German by Richard and Clara Winston. 383 Pages. Simon & Schuster. $7.95.

Current interest in population control adds timeliness to Herbert Wendt's excellent account of animal reproduction from a behavioral and evolutionary point of view. Written in generally nontechnical terms, his book is thorough and competent, covering hundreds of animals from crabs to butterflies to humans and telling what science knows about the sexual conduct of each. Of almost equal interest is Mr. Wendt's explanation of how that knowledge has been acquired and his vignettes of the men who obtained it. Unhappily for the book's content, chapter titles such as "The Factory of the Termites" suggest Robert Benchley on an off-day. The text is well enough written and sufficiently important so that it can be served up without such hokum.

—ALDEN WHITMAN