

NEW-YORK HERALD TRIBUNE

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'Biennale de Paris' Art Show Is Inaugurated by Malraux

French Minister of Cultural Affairs André Malraux inaugurated yesterday the first "Biennale de Paris" art show, an exhibition devoted to the works of young painters and sculptors from 40 nations.

The show displays the works of artists from 20 to 35 years old and includes sculptures, paintings, engravings and drawings.

It is being held at the Musée d'Art Moderne, Avenue du Président-Wilson. It will remain open until Oct. 25.

M. Malraux called the show of "capital importance."

Majority Abstract

Noting that the majority of the works shown were in the abstract category, M. Malraux said that "painting must be such as the painters make it and not such as the theoreticians would want it."

As far as the state is concerned, M. Malraux said, there should be no interference except to help artists and encourage freedom of expression.

"Painting has found in Paris a total freedom of expression," he concluded.

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Art and Artists in Paris

Innocence, Experience

By Annette Michelson

"MODERN painting," said George Moore, "is uninteresting because there is no innocence left in it." We will assume he meant a painter's visual innocence, but M. Malraux has been insisting, and not without reason, that painting has not, for some time, had anything to do with this, and that its sources lie not in the artist's confrontation with life, but in his experience of re-shaped reality, of art.

The Paris Biennale would seem to bear this out only too well. In all that vast bazaar, only Cambodia and a few semi-colonial countries preserve an awful, perverted innocence. Those travel posters ("Come to Cambodia, land of . . .") and tourists' mementoes are pathetic blunders; they jar like helpless niccups at a concert of 12-tone music. But they raise no problems. Neither does the socialist realism of Hungarian and Romanian painting, nor the thin dregs of the Mexican "revolutionary" generation.

The problems lie elsewhere—in Poland, for example. Poland's position has always been strange, though not unique—comparable, perhaps, to that of Ireland. Feudalism, Catholicism, a climate of frustration and insurrection produced the literary archetype of the proud, talkative Pole, revolutionary and charmer, sweeping through the romantic melodrama of 19th-century history with something of the Irishman's swagger. His relationship to Russia seemed somewhat less ambiguous than that of the Irishman's to England, but that was possibly because Russia itself had, since the 18th century, been nourished by Western ideology and

art and lacked England's core of cultural autonomy.

By what now seems the happiest of accidents, Poland never did completely resign from the cultural community of the West. This has been evident these last two years or so in its films—not only those which have come from the professional studios, but those being made by Polanski and other students of his generation at the State Film School. These have a freedom, a wildness and, in the case of Kantor's abstract films, a consciously anarchic violence which testify not only to an extreme permissiveness on the part of the state, but to a mastery of Surrealist and Dadaist vocabulary.

This continuity, a triumph over Stalinism, has had its disadvantages. The Polish painters represented at the Biennale are hearteningly "up-to-date," when compared to the Romanians and Hungarians, but distressingly fashionable. Poland seems, in fact, to have its Dufour in Pagowska (the most solid of the lot), its Fichtel in Ziemiński, and, in Lebensztejn, its official prize-winner, a prospective Cuixart.

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